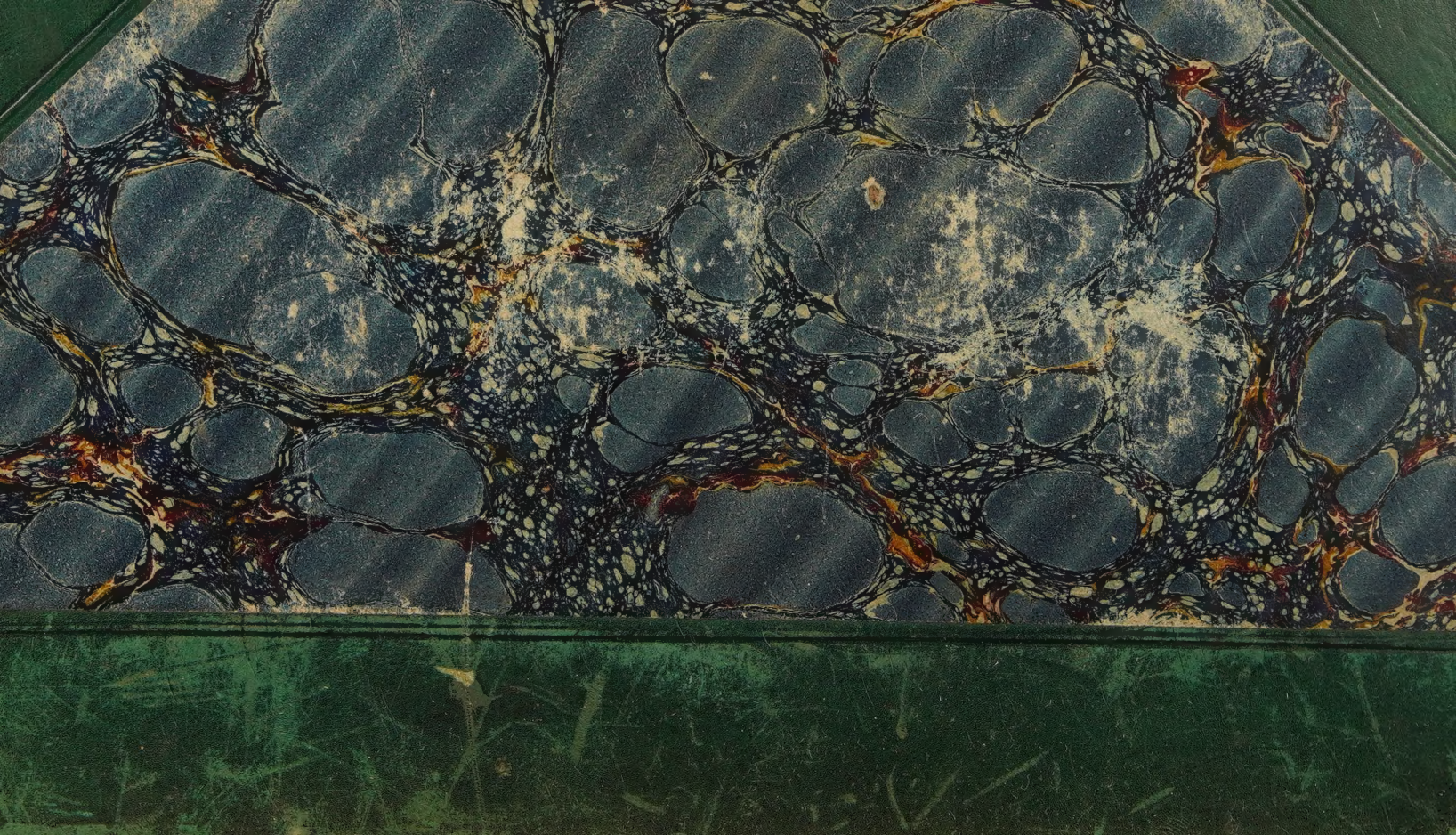

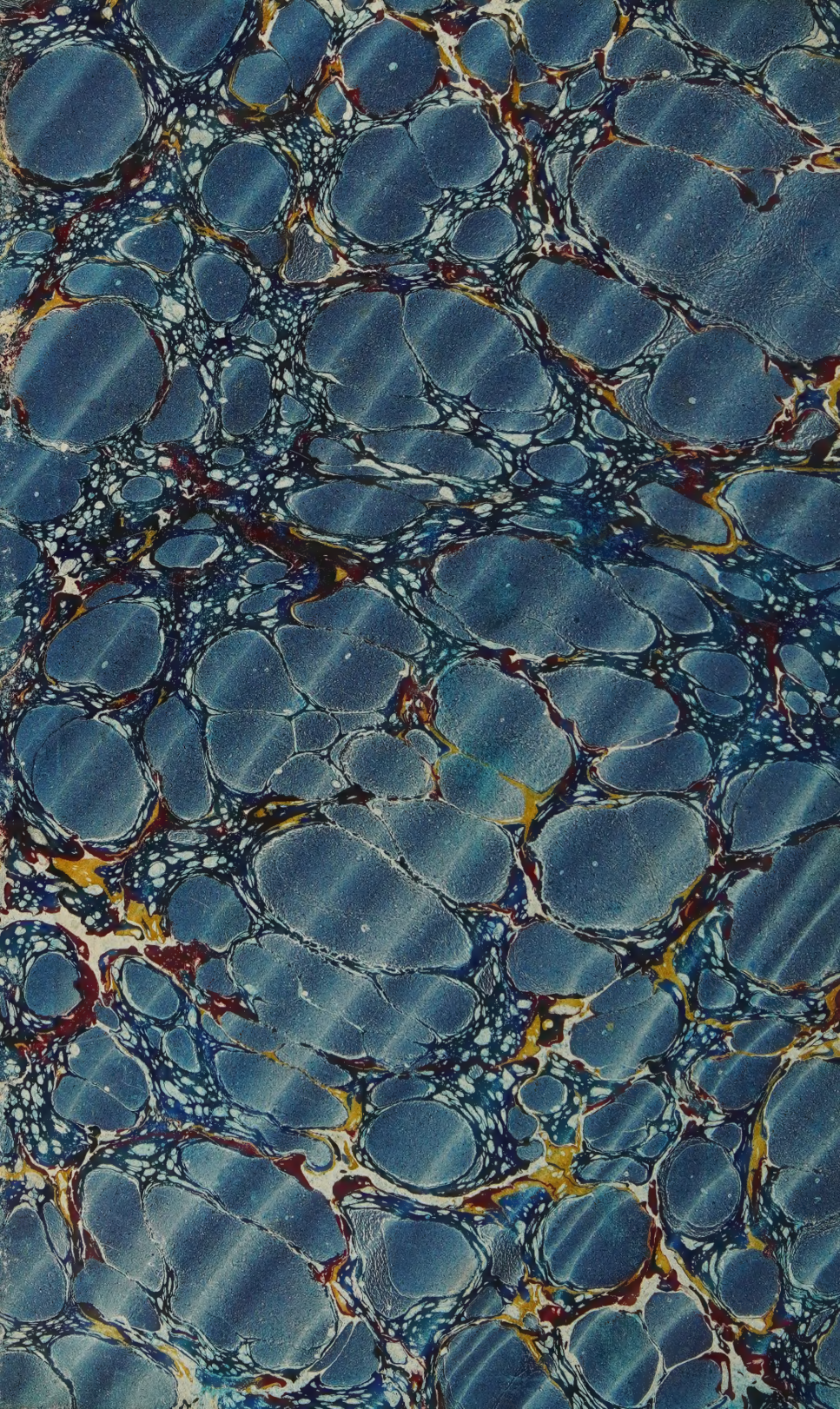

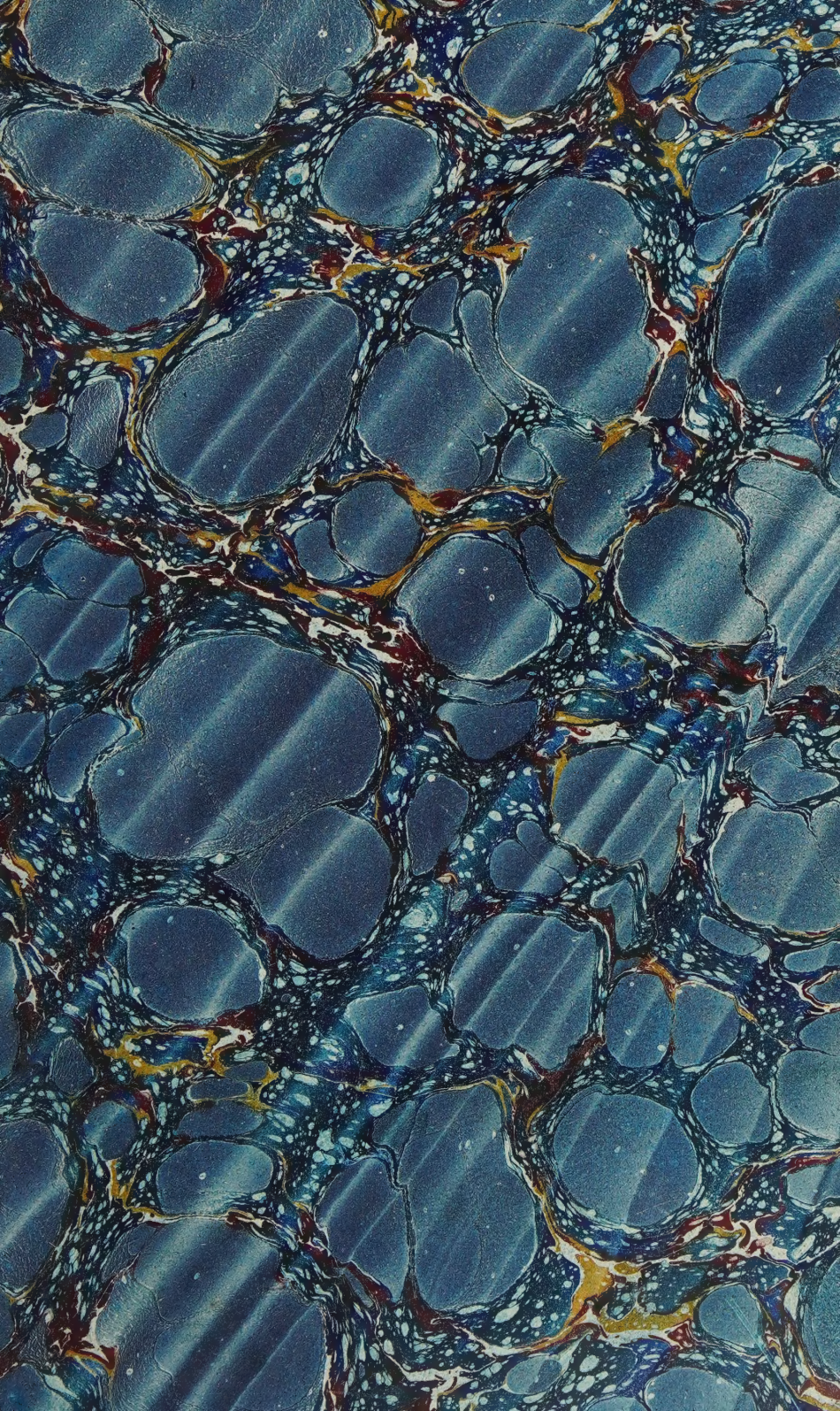

R. N. Todd

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"YOU DIDN'T THINK IT WAS SO PRETTY DID YOU?"

THE

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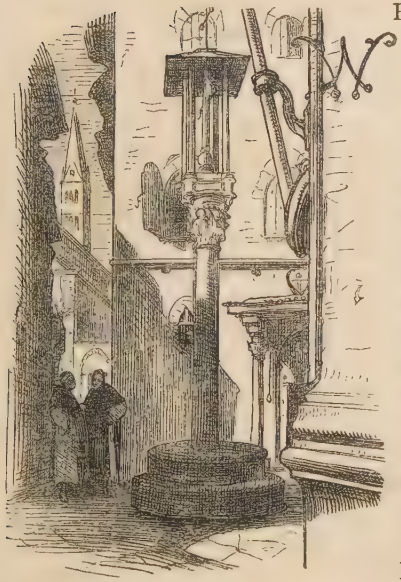
JANUARY, 1863.

Romola.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BALDASSARRE MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE.



WHEN Baldassarre was wandering about Florence in search of a spare outhouse where he might have the cheapest of sheltered beds, his steps had been attracted towards that sole portion of ground within the walls of the city which is not perfectly level, and where the spectator, lifted above the roofs of the houses, can see beyond the city to the protecting hills and far-stretching valley, otherwise shut out from his view except along the welcome opening made by the course of the Arno. Part of that ground has been already seen by us as the hill of Bogoli, at that time a great stone quarry; but the side towards which Baldassarre directed his steps was the one that sloped down behind the Via de' Bardi, and was most commonly called the hill of San Giorgio. Bratti had told him that Tito's dwelling was in the Via de' Bardi; and, after surveying that street, he turned up the slope of the hill which he had observed as he was crossing the bridge. If he could find a sheltering outhouse on that hill, he would be glad: he had now for some years been accustomed to live with a broad

sky about him; and, moreover, the narrow passes of the streets, with their strip of sky above, and the unknown labyrinth around them, seemed to intensify his sense of loneliness and feeble memory.

The hill was sparsely inhabited, and covered chiefly by gardens; but in one spot was a piece of rough ground jagged with great stones, which had never been cultivated since a landslip had ruined some houses there towards the end of the thirteenth century. Just above the edge of this broken ground stood a queer little square building, looking like a truncated tower roofed in with fluted tiles, and close by was a small outhouse, apparently built up against a piece of ruined stone wall. Under a large half-dead mulberry-tree that was now sending its last fluttering leaves in at the open doorways, a shrivelled, hardy old woman was untying a goat with two kids, and Baldassarre could see that part of the outbuilding was occupied by live stock; but the door of the other part was open, and it was empty of everything but some tools and straw. It was just the sort of place he wanted. He spoke to the old woman; but it was not till he got close to her and shouted in her ear, that he succeeded in making her understand his want of a lodging, and his readiness to pay for it. At first, he could get no answer beyond shakes of the head and the words, "No—no lodging," uttered in the muffled tone of the deaf. But, by dint of persistence, he made clear to her that he was a poor stranger from a long way over seas, and could not afford to go to hostelries; that he only wanted to lie on the straw in the outhouse, and would pay her a quattrino or two a week for that shelter. She still looked at him dubiously, shaking her head and talking low to herself; but presently, as if a new thought occurred to her, she fetched a hatchet from the house, and, showing him a chump that lay half covered with litter in a corner, asked him if he would chop that up for her: if he would, he might lie in the outhouse for one night. He agreed, and Monna Lisa stood with her arms akimbo to watch him, with a smile of gratified cunning, saying low to herself,

"It's lain there ever since my old man died. What then? I might as well have put a stone on the fire. He chops very well, though he does speak with a foreign tongue, and looks odd. I couldn't have got it done cheaper. And if he only wants a bit of straw to lie on, I might make him do an errand or two up and down the hill. Who need know? And sin that's hidden 's half forgiven.* He's a stranger: he'll take no notice of *her*. And I'll tell her to keep her tongue still."

The antecedent to these feminine pronouns had a pair of blue eyes, which at that moment were applied to a large round hole in the shutter of the upper window. The shutter was closed, not for any penal reasons, but because only the opposite window had the luxury of glass in it: the weather was not warm, and a round hole four inches in diameter served all the purposes of observation. The hole was unfortunately a little too high, and obliged the small observer to stand on a low stool of a

* "Peccato celato è mezzo perdonato."—PROV.

rickety character ; but Tessa would have stood a long while in a much more inconvenient position for the sake of seeing a little variety in her life. She had been drawn to the opening at the first loud tones of the strange voice speaking to Monna Lisa; and darting gently across her room every now and then to peep at something, she continued to stand there until the wood had been chopped, and she saw Baldassarre enter the outhouse, as the dusk was gathering, and seat himself on the straw.

A great temptation had laid hold of Tessa's mind ; she would go and take that old man part of her supper, and talk to him a little. He was not deaf like Monna Lisa, and besides she could say a great many things to him that it was no use to shout at Monna Lisa who knew them already. And he was a stranger—strangers came from a long way off and went away again, and lived nowhere in particular. It was naughty, she knew, for obedience made the largest part in Tessa's idea of duty ; but it would be something to confess to the *padre* next Pasqua, and there was nothing else to confess except going to sleep sometimes over her beads, and being a little cross with Monna Lisa because she was so deaf; for she had as much idleness as she liked now, and was never frightened into telling white lies. She turned away from her shutter with rather an excited expression in her childish face, which was as pretty and pouting as ever. Her garb was still that of a simple contadina, but of a contadina prepared for a *festa:* her gown of dark green serge, with its red girdle, was very clean and neat, she had the string of red glass beads round her neck, and her brown hair, rough from curliness, was duly knotted up and fastened with the silver pin. She had but one new ornament, and she was very proud of it, for it was a fine gold ring.

She sat on the low stool, nursing her knees, for a minute or two, with her little soul poised in fluttering excitement on the edge of this pleasant transgression. It was quite irresistible: she had been commanded to make no acquaintances, and warned that if she did, all her new happy lot would vanish away, and be like a hidden treasure that turned to lead as soon as it was brought to the daylight; and she had been so obedient that when she had to go to church she had kept her face shaded by her hood and had pursed up her lips quite tightly. It was true her obedience had been a little helped by her own dread lest the alarming step-father Nofri should turn up even in this quarter, so far from the Por' del Prato, and beat her at least, if he did not drag her back to work for him. But this old man was not an acquaintance ; he was a poor stranger going to sleep in the outhouse, and he probably knew nothing of step-father Nofri ; and, besides, if she took him some supper, he would like her, and not want to tell anything about her. Monna Lisa would say she must not go and talk to him, therefore Monna Lisa must not be consulted. It did not signify what she found out after it had been done.

Supper was being prepared, she knew—a mountain of macaroni, flavoured with cheese—fragrant enough to tame any stranger. So she tripped downstairs with a mind full of deep designs, and first asking

with an innocent look what that noise of talking had been, without waiting for an answer, knit her brow with a peremptory air, something like a kitten trying to be formidable, and sent the old woman upstairs: she chose to eat her supper down below. In three minutes Tessa, with her lantern in one hand and a wooden bowl of macaroni in the other, was kicking gently at the door of the outhouse, and Baldassarre, roused from sad reverie, doubted in the first moment whether he was awake as he opened the door and saw this surprising little handmaid, with delight in her wide eyes, breaking in on his dismal loneliness.

"I've brought you some supper," she said, lifting her mouth towards his ear and shouting, as if he had been deaf like Monna Lisa. "Sit down and eat it, while I stay with you."

Surprise and distrust surmounted every other feeling in Baldassarre, but, though he had no smile or word of gratitude ready, there could not be any impulse to push away this visitant, and he sank down passively on his straw again, while Tessa placed herself close to him, put the wooden bowl on his lap, and set down the lantern in front of them, crossing her hands before her, and nodding at the bowl with a significant smile, as much as to say, "Yes, you may really eat it." For, in the excitement of carrying out her deed, she had forgotten her previous thought that the stranger would not be deaf, and had fallen into her habitual alternative of dumb show and shouting.

The invitation was not a disagreeable one, for he had been gnawing a remnant of dried bread, which had left plenty of appetite for anything warm and relishing. Tessa watched the disappearance of two or three mouthfuls without speaking, for she had thought his eyes rather fierce at first; but now she ventured to put her mouth to his ear again and cry—

"I like my supper, don't you?"

It was not a smile, but rather the milder look of a dog touched by kindness but unable to smile, that Baldassarre turned on this round blue-eyed thing that was caring about him.

"Yes," he said; "but I can hear well—I'm not deaf."

"It is true; I forgot," said Tessa, lifting her hands and clasping them. "But Monna Lisa is deaf, and I live with her. She's a kind old woman, and I'm not frightened at her. And we live very well: we have plenty of nice things. I can have nuts if I like. And I'm not obliged to work now. I used to have to work, and I didn't like it; but I liked feeding the mules, and I should like to see poor Giannetta, the little mule, again. We've only got a goat and two kids, and I used to talk to the goat a good deal, because there was nobody else but Monna Lisa. But now I've got something else—can you guess what it is?"

She drew her head back, and looked with a challenging smile at Baldassarre, as if she had proposed a difficult riddle to him.

"No," said he, putting aside his bowl, and looking at her dreamily. It seemed as if this young prattling thing were some memory come back out of his own youth.

"You like me to talk to you, don't you?" said Tessa, "but you must not tell anybody. Shall I fetch you a bit of cold sausage?"

He shook his head, but he looked so mild now that Tessa felt quite at her ease.

"Well, then, I've got a little baby. Such a pretty *bambinetto*, with little fingers and nails! Not old yet; it was born at the Natività, Monna Lisa says. I was married one Natività, a long, long while ago, and nobody knew. O Santa Madonna! I did't mean to tell you that!"

Tessa set up her shoulders and bit her lip, looking at Baldassarre as if this betrayal of secrets must have an exciting effect on him too. But he seemed not to care much; and perhaps that was in the nature of strangers.

"Yes," she said, carrying on her thought aloud, "you are a stranger; you don't live anywhere or know anybody, do you?"

"No," said Baldassarre, also thinking aloud, rather than consciously answering, "I only know one man."

"His name is not Nofri, is it?" said Tessa, anxiously.

"No," said Baldassarre, noticing her look of fear. "Is that your husband's name?"

That mistaken supposition was very amusing to Tessa. She laughed and clapped her hands as she said,—

"No, indeed! But I must not tell you anything about my husband. You would never think what he is—not at all like Nofri!"

She laughed again at the delightful incongruity between the name of Nofri—which was not separable from the idea of the cross-grained step-father—and the idea of her husband.

"But I don't see him very often," she went on, more gravely. "And sometimes I pray to the Holy Madonna to send him oftener, and once she did. But I must go back to my *bambinetto* now. I'll bring it to show you to-morrow. You would like to see it. Sometimes it cries and makes a face, but only when it's hungry, Monna Lisa says. You wouldn't think it, but Monna Lisa had babies once, and they are all dead old men. My husband says she will never die now, because she's so well dried. I'm glad of that, for I'm fond of her. You would like to stay here to-morrow, shouldn't you?"

"I should like to have this place to come and rest in, that's all," said Baldassarre. "I would pay for it, and harm nobody."

"No, indeed; I think you are not a bad old man. But you look sorry about something. Tell me, is there anything you shall cry about when I leave you by yourself? *I* used to cry once."

"No, child; I think I shall cry no more."

"That's right; and I'll bring you some breakfast, and show you the *bambino*. Good-night."

Tessa took up her bowl and lantern, and closed the door behind her. The pretty loving apparition had been no more to Baldassarre than a faint rainbow on the blackness to the man who is wrestling in deep

waters. He hardly thought of her again till his dreamy waking passed into the more vivid images of disturbed sleep.

But Tessa thought much of him. She had no sooner entered the house than she told Monna Lisa what she had done, and insisted that the stranger should be allowed to come and rest in the outhouse when he liked. The old woman, who had had her notions of making him a useful tenant, made a great show of reluctance, shook her head, and urged that Messer Naldo would be angry if she let any one come about the house. Tessa did not believe that. Messer Naldo had said nothing against strangers who lived nowhere; and this old man knew nobody except one person, who was not Nofri.

"Well," conceded Monna Lisa, at last, "if I let him stay for awhile and carry things up the hill for me, thou must keep thy counsel and tell nobody."

"No," said Tessa, "I'll only tell the *bambino*."

"And then," Monna Lisa went on, in her thick undertone, "God may love us well enough not to let Messer Naldo find out anything about it. For he never comes here but at dark; and as he was here two days ago, it's likely he'll never come at all till the old man's gone away again."

"Oh, me! Monna," said Tessa, clasping her hands, "I wish Naldo had not to go such a long, long way sometimes before he comes back again."

"Ah, child, the world's big, they say. There are places behind the mountains, and if people go night and day, night and day, they get to Rome, and see the Holy Father."

Tessa looked submissive in the presence of this mystery, and began to rock her baby, and sing syllables of vague loving meaning, in tones that imitated a triple chime.

The next morning she was unusually industrious in the prospect of more dialogue and of the pleasure she should give the poor old stranger by showing him her baby. But before she could get ready to take Baldassarre his breakfast, she found that Monna Lisa had been employing him as a drawer of water. She deferred her paternosters, and hurried down to insist that Baldassarre should sit on his straw, so that she might come and sit by him again while he ate his breakfast. That attitude made the new companionship all the more delightful to Tessa, for she had been used to sitting on straw in old days along with her goats and mules.

"I will not let Monna Lisa give you too much work to do," she said, bringing him some steaming broth and soft bread. "I don't like much work, and I dare say you don't. I like sitting in the sunshine and feeding things. Monna Lisa says work is good, but she does it all herself, so I don't mind. She's not a cross old woman—you needn't be afraid of her being cross. And now, you eat that, and I'll go and fetch my baby and show it you."

Presently she came back with the small mummy case in her arms. The mummy looked very lively, having unusually large dark eyes, though no more than the usual indication of a future nose.

"This is my baby," said Tessa, seating herself close to Baldassarre. "You didn't think it was so pretty, did you? It is like the little Gesù, and I should think the Santa Madonna would be kinder to me now, is it not true? But I have not much to ask for, because I have every thing now—only that I should see my husband oftener. You may hold the *bambino* a little if you like, but I think you must not kiss him, because you might hurt him."

She spoke this prohibition in a tone of soothing excuse, and Baldassarre could not refuse to hold the small package. "Poor thing! poor thing!" he said, in a deep voice which had something strangely threatening in its apparent pity. It did not seem to him as if this guileless loving little woman could reconcile him to the world at all, but rather that she was with him against the world, that she was a creature who would need to be avenged.

"Oh, don't you be sorry for me," she said; "for though I don't see him often, he is more beautiful and good than anybody else in the world. I say prayers to him when he's away. You couldn't think what he is!"

She looked at Baldassarre with a wide glance of mysterious meaning, taking the baby from him again, and almost wishing he would question her as if he wanted very much to know more.

"Yes, I could," said Baldassarre, rather bitterly.

"No, I'm sure you never could," said Tessa, earnestly. "You thought he might be Nofri," she added with a triumphant air of conclusiveness. "But never mind; you couldn't know. What is your name?"

He rubbed his hand over his knitted brow, then looked at her blankly and said, "Ah, child, what is it?"

It was not that he did not often remember his name well enough; and if he had had presence of mind now to remember it, he would have chosen not to tell it. But a sudden question appealing to his memory, had a paralyzing effect, and in that moment he was conscious of nothing but helplessness.

Ignorant as Tessa was, the pity stirred in her by his blank look taught her to say,

"Never mind: you are a stranger, it is no matter about your having a name. Good-by now, because I want my breakfast. You will come here and rest when you like; Monna Lisa says you may. And don't you be unhappy, for we'll be good to you."

"Poor thing!" said Baldassarre again.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

No Place for Repentance.

Messer Naldo came again sooner than was expected: he came on the evening of the twenty-eighth of November, only eleven days after his previous visit, proving that he had not gone far beyond the mountains;

and a scene which we have witnessed as it took place that evening in the Via de' Bardi may help to explain the impulse which turned his steps towards the hill of San Giorgio.

When Tito had first found this home for Tessa, on his return from Rome, more than a year and a half ago, he had acted, he persuaded himself, simply under the constraint imposed on him by his own kindliness after the unlucky incident which had made foolish little Tessa imagine him to be her husband. It was true that the kindness was manifested towards a pretty trusting thing whom it was impossible to be near without feeling inclined to caress and pet her; but it was not less true that Tito had movements of kindness towards her apart from any contemplated gain to himself. Otherwise, charming as her prettiness and prattle were in a lazy moment, he might have preferred to be free from her; for he was not in love with Tessa—he was in love for the first time in his life with an entirely different woman, whom he was not simply inclined to shower caresses on, but whose presence possessed him so that the simple sweep of her long tresses across his cheek seemed to vibrate through the hours. All the young ideal passion he had in him had been stirred by Romola, and his fibre was too fine, his intellect too bright, for him to be tempted into the habits of a gross pleasure-seeker. But he had spun a web about himself and Tessa, which he felt incapable of breaking: in the first moments after the mimic marriage he had been prompted to leave her under an illusion by a distinct calculation of his own possible need, but since that critical moment it seemed to him that the web had gone on spinning in spite of him, like a growth over which he had no power. The elements of kindness and self-indulgence are hard to distinguish in a soft nature like Tito's; and the annoyance he had felt under Tessa's pursuit of him on the day of his betrothal, the thorough intention of revealing the truth to her with which he set out to fulfil his promise of seeing her again, were a sufficiently strong argument to him that in ultimately leaving Tessa under her illusion, and providing a home for her, he had been overcome by his own kindness. And in these days of his first devotion to Romola he needed a self-justifying argument. He had learned to be glad that she was deceived about some things. But every strong feeling makes to itself a conscience of its own—has its own piety; just as much as the feeling of the son towards the mother which will sometimes survive amid the worst fumes of depravation; and Tito could not yet be easy in committing a secret offence against his wedded love.

But he was all the more careful in taking precautions to preserve the secrecy of the offence. Monna Lisa, who, like many of her class, never left her habitation except to go to one or two particular shops, and to confession once a year, knew nothing of his real name and whereabout: she only knew that he paid her so as to make her very comfortable, and minded little about the rest, save that she got fond of Tessa, and liked the cares for which she was paid. There was some mystery behind, clearly,

since Tessa was a contadina, and Messer Naldo was a signor; but, for aught Monna Lisa knew, he might be a real husband. For Tito had thoroughly frightened Tessa into silence about the circumstances of their marriage, by telling her that if she broke that silence she would never see him again; and Monna Lisa's deafness, which made it impossible to say anything to her without some premeditation, had saved Tessa from any incautious revelation to her, such as had run off her tongue in talking with Baldassarre. And for a long while Tito's visits were so rare, that it seemed likely enough he took journeys between them. They were prompted chiefly by the desire to see that all things were going on well with Tessa; and though he always found his visit pleasanter than the prospect of it—always felt anew the charm of that pretty ignorant lovingness and trust—he had not yet any real need of it. But he was determined, if possible, to preserve the simplicity on which the charm depended; to keep Tessa a genuine contadina, and not place the small field-flower among conditions that would rob it of its grace. He would have been shocked to see her in the dress of any other rank than her own; the piquancy of her talk would be all gone if things began to have new relations for her, if her world became wider, her pleasures less childish; and the squirrel-like enjoyment of nuts at discretion marked the standard of the luxuries he provided for her. By this means, Tito saved Tessa's charm from being sullied; and he also, by a convenient coincidence, saved himself from aggravating expenses that were already rather importunate to a man whose money was all required for his avowed habits of life.

This, in brief, had been the history of Tito's relation to Tessa up to a very recent day. It is true that once or twice before Bardo's death, the sense that there was Tessa up the hill, with whom it was possible to pass an hour agreeably, had been an inducement to him to escape from a little weariness of the old man, when, for lack of any positive engagement, he might otherwise have borne the weariness patiently and shared Romola's burden. But the moment when he had first felt a real hunger for Tessa's ignorant lovingness and belief in him had not come till quite lately, and it was distinctly marked out by circumstances as little to be forgotten as the oncoming of a malady that has permanently vitiated the sight and hearing. It was the day when he had first seen Baldassarre, and had bought the armour. Returning across the bridge that night, with the coat of mail in his hands, he had felt an unconquerable shrinking from an immediate encounter with Romola. She, too, knew little of the actual world; she, too, trusted him; but he had an uneasy consciousness that behind her frank eyes there was a nature that could judge him, and that any ill-founded trust of hers sprang not from pretty brute-like incapacity, but from a nobleness which might prove an alarming touchstone. He wanted a little ease, a little repose from self-control, after the agitation and exertions of the day; he wanted to be where he could adjust his mind to the morrow, without caring how he behaved at the present moment. And

there was a sweet adoring creature within reach whose presence was as safe and unconstraining as that of her own kids,—who would believe any fable, and remain quite unimpressed by public opinion. And so on that evening when Romola was waiting and listening for him, he turned his steps up the hill.

No wonder, then, that the steps took the same course on this evening, eleven days later, when he had had to recoil under Romola's first outburst of scorn. He could not wish Tessa in his wife's place, or refrain from wishing that his wife should be thoroughly reconciled to him; for it was Romola, and not Tessa, that belonged to the world where all the larger desires of a man who had ambition and effective faculties must necessarily lie. But he wanted a refuge from a standard disagreeably rigorous, of which he could not make himself independent simply by thinking it folly; and Tessa's little soul was that inviting refuge.

It was not much more than eight o'clock when he went up the stone steps to the door of Tessa's room. Usually she heard his entrance into the house, and ran to meet him, but not to-night; and when he opened the door he saw the reason. A single dim light was burning above the dying fire, and showed Tessa in a kneeling attitude by the head of the bed where the baby lay. Her head had fallen aside on the pillow, and her brown rosary, which usually hung above the pillow over the picture of the Madonna and the golden palm branches, lay in the loose grasp of her right hand. She had gone fast asleep over her beads. Tito stepped lightly across the little room, and sat down close to her. She had probably heard the opening of the door as part of her dream, for he had not been looking at her two moments before she opened her eyes. She opened them without any start, and remained quite motionless looking at him, as if the sense that he was there smiling at her shut out any impulse which could disturb that happy passiveness. But when he put his hand under her chin, and stooped to kiss her, she said:—

"I dreamed it, and then I said it was dreaming—and then I awoke, and it was true."

"Little sinner!" said Tito, pinching her chin, "you have not said half your prayers. I will punish you by not looking at your baby; it is ugly."

Tessa did not like those words, even though Tito was smiling. She had some pouting distress in her face, as she said, bending anxiously over the baby,

"Ah, it is not true! He is prettier than anything. You do not think he is ugly. You will look at him. He is even prettier than when you saw him before—only he's asleep, and you can't see his eyes or his tongue, and I can't show you his hair—and it grows—isn't that wonderful? Look at him! It's true his face is very much all alike when he's asleep, there is not so much to see as when he's awake. If you kiss him very gently, he won't wake: you want to kiss him, is it not true?"

He satisfied her by giving the small mummy a butterfly kiss, and

then putting his hand on her shoulder and turning her face towards him, said, "You like looking at the baby better than looking at your husband, you false one!"

She was still kneeling, and now rested her hands on his knee, looking up at him like one of Fra Lippo Lippi's round-checked adoring angels.

"No," she said, shaking her head; "I love you always best, only I want you to look at the *bambino* and love him; I used only to want you to love me."

"And did you expect me to come again so soon?" said Tito, inclined to make her prattle. He still felt the effects of the agitation he had undergone, still felt like a man who has been violently jarred, and this was the easiest relief from silence and solitude.

"Ah, no," said Tessa, "I have counted the days—to-day I began at my right thumb again—since you put on the beautiful chain coat, that Messer Saint Michael gave you to take care of you on your journey. And you have got it on now," she said, peeping through the opening in the breast of his tunic. "Perhaps it made you come back sooner."

"Perhaps it did, Tessa," he said. "But don't mind the coat now. Tell me what has happened since I was here. Did you see the tents in the Prato, and the soldiers and horsemen when they passed the bridges—did you hear the drums and trumpets?"

"Yes, and I was rather frightened, because I thought the soldiers might come up here. And Monna Lisa was a little afraid too, for she said they might carry our kids off; she said it was their business to do mischief. But the Holy Madonna took care of us, for we never saw one of them up here. But something has happened, only I hardly dare tell you, and that is what I was saying more *aves* for."

"What do you mean, Tessa?" said Tito, rather anxiously. "Make haste and tell me."

"Yes, but will you let me sit on your knee? because then I think I shall not be so frightened."

He took her on his knee, and put his arm round her, but looked grave: it seemed that something unpleasant must pursue him even here.

"At first, I didn't mean to tell you," said Tessa, speaking almost in a whisper, as if that would mitigate the offence; "because we thought the old man would be gone away before you came again, and it would be as if it had not been. But now he is there, and you are come, and I never did anything you told me not to do before. And I want to tell you, and then you will perhaps forgive me, for it is a long while before I go to confession."

"Yes, tell me everything, my Tessa." He began to hope it was after all a trivial matter.

"Oh, you will be sorry for him: I'm afraid he cries about something when I don't see him. But that was not the reason I went to him first:

it was because I wanted to talk to him and show him my baby, and he was a stranger that lived nowhere, and I thought you wouldn't care so much about my talking to him. And I think he is not a bad old man, and he wanted to come and sleep on the straw next to the goats, and I made Monna Lisa say, 'Yes, he might,' and he's away all the day almost, but when he comes back, I talk to him, and take him something to eat."

"Some beggar, I suppose. It was naughty of you, Tessa, and I am angry with Monna Lisa. I must have him sent away."

"No, I think he is not a beggar, for he wanted to pay Monna Lisa, only she asked him to do work for her instead. And he gets himself shaved, and his clothes are tidy: Monna Lisa says he is a decent man. But sometimes I think he is not in his right mind. Lupo, at Peretola, was not in his right mind: and he looks a little like Lupo sometimes, as if he didn't know where he was."

"What sort of face has he?" said Tito, his heart beginning to beat strangely. He was so haunted by the thought of Baldassarre, that it was already he whom he saw in imagination sitting on the straw not many yards from him. "Fetch your stool, my Tessa, and sit on it."

"Shall you not forgive me?" she said, timidly, moving from his knee.

"Yes, I will not be angry—only sit down, and tell me what sort of old man this is."

"I can't think how to tell you: he is not like my stepfather, Nofri, or anybody. His face is yellow, and he has deep marks in it; and his hair is white, but there is none on the top of his head: and his eyebrows are black, and he looks from under them at me, and says, 'Poor thing!' to me, as if he thought I was beaten as I used to be; and that seems as if he couldn't be in his right mind, doesn't it? And I asked him his name once, but he couldn't tell it me: yet everybody has a name,—is it not true? And he has a book now, and keeps looking at it ever so long, as if he were a *padre*. But I think he is not saying prayers, for his lips never move;—ah, you are angry with me, or is it because you are sorry for the old man?"

Tito's eyes were still fixed on Tessa; but he had ceased to see her, and was only seeing the objects her words suggested. It was this absent glance which frightened her, and she could not help going to kneel at his side again. But he did not heed her, and she dared not touch him, or speak to him: she knelt, trembling and wondering; and this state of mind suggesting her beads to her, she took them from the floor, and began to tell them again, her pretty lips moving silently, and her blue eyes wide with anxiety and struggling tears.

Tito was quite unconscious of her movements—unconscious of his own attitude: he was in that wrapt state in which a man will grasp painful roughness, and press, and press it closer, and never feel it. A new possibility had risen before him, which might dissolve at once the wretched conditions of fear and suppression that were marring his life. Destiny had

brought within his reach an opportunity of retrieving that moment on the steps of the Duomo, when the Past had grasped him with living quivering hands, and he had disowned it. A few steps, and he might be face to face with his father, with no witness by; he might seek forgiveness and reconciliation; and there was money now, from the sale of the library, to enable them to leave Florence without disclosure, and go into Southern Italy, where, under the probable French rule, he had already laid a foundation for patronage. Romola need never know the whole truth, for she could have no certain means of identifying that prisoner in the Duomo with Baldassarre, or of learning what had taken place on the steps, except from Baldassarre himself; and if his father forgave, he would also consent to bury, that offence. But with this possibility of relief, by an easy spring, from present evil, there rose the other possibility, that the fierce-hearted man might refuse to be propitiated. Well—and if he did, things would only be as they had been before; for there would be *no witness by*. It was not repentance with a white sheet round it and taper in hand, confessing its hated sin in the eyes of men, that Tito was preparing for: it was a repentance that would make all things pleasant again, and keep all past unpleasant things secret. And Tito's soft-heartedness, his indisposition to feel himself in harsh relations with any creature, was in strong activity towards his father, now his father was brought near to him. It would be a state of ease that his nature could not but desire, if that poisonous hatred in Baldassarre's glance could be replaced by something of the old affection and complacency. Tito longed to have his world once again completely cushioned with good-will, and longed for it the more eagerly because of what he had just suffered from the collision with Romola. It was not difficult to him to smile pleadingly on those whom he had injured, and offer to do them much kindness: and no quickness of intellect could tell him exactly the taste of that honey on the lips of the injured. The opportunity was there, and it raised an inclination which hemmed in the calculating activity of his thought. He started up, and stepped towards the door; but Tessa's cry, as she dropped her beads, roused him from his absorption. He turned and said,

"My Tessa, get me a lantern; and don't cry, little pigeon, I am not angry."

They went down the stairs, and Tessa was going to shout the need of the lantern in Monna Lisa's ear, when Tito, who had opened the door, said, "Stay, Tessa—no, I want no lantern: go upstairs again, and keep quiet, and say nothing to Monna Lisa."

In half a minute he stood before the closed door of the outhouse, where the moon was shining white on the old paintless wood.

In this last decisive moment, Tito felt a tremor upon him—a sudden instinctive shrinking from a possible tiger-glance, a possible tiger-leap. Yet why should he, a young man, be afraid of an old one? a young man with armour on, of an old man without a weapon? It was but a moment's hesitation, and Tito laid his hand on the door. Was his father asleep?

Was there nothing else but the door that screened him from the voice and the glance which no magic could turn into ease?

Baldassarre was not asleep. There was a square opening high in the walls of the hovel, through which the moonbeams sent in a stream of pale light; and if Tito could have looked through the opening, he would have seen his father seated on the straw, with something that shone like a white star in his hand. Baldassarre was feeling the edge of his poniard, taking refuge in that sensation from a hopeless blank of thought that seemed to lie like a great gulf between his passion and its aim. He was in one of his most wretched moments of conscious helplessness: he had been poring, while it was light, over the book that lay open beside him; then he had been trying to recall the names of his jewels, and the symbols engraved on them; and though at certain other times he had recovered some of those names and symbols, to-night they were all gone into darkness. And this effort at inward seeing had seemed to end in utter paralysis of memory. He was reduced to a sort of mad consciousness that he was a solitary pulse of just rage in a world filled with defying baseness. He had clutched and unsheathed his dagger, and for a long while had been feeling its edge, his mind narrowed to one image, and the dream of one sensation —the sensation of plunging that dagger into a base heart, which he was unable to pierce in any other way.

Tito had his hand on the door and was pulling it: it dragged against the ground as such old doors often do, and Baldassarre, startled out of his dream-like state, rose from his sitting posture in vague amazement, not knowing where he was. He had not yet risen to his feet, and was still kneeling on one knee, when the door came wide open and he saw, dark against the moonlight, with the rays falling on one bright mass of curls and one round olive cheek, the image of his reverie—not shadowy—close and real like water at the lips after the thirsty dream of it. No thought could come athwart that eager thirst. In one moment, before Tito could start back, the old man, with the preternatural force of rage in his limbs, had sprung forward and the dagger had flashed out. In the next moment the dagger had snapped in two, and Baldassarre, under the parrying force of Tito's arm, had fallen back on the straw, clutching the hilt with its bit of broken blade. The pointed end lay shining against Tito's feet.

Tito had felt one great heart-leap of terror as he had staggered under the weight of the thrust: he felt now the triumph of deliverance and safety. His armour had been proved, and vengeance lay helpless before him. But the triumph raised no devilish impulse; on the contrary the sight of his father close to him and unable to injure him, made the effort at reconciliation easier. He was free from fear, but he had only the more unmixed and direct want to be free from the sense that he was hated. After they had looked at each other a little while, Baldassarre lying motionless in despairing rage, Tito said in his soft tones, just as they had sounded before the last parting on the shores of Greece,

"*Padre mio!*" There was a pause after those words, but no movement or sound till he said,—

"I came to ask your forgiveness!"

Again he paused, that the healing balm of those words might have time to work. But there was no sign of change in Baldassarre: he lay as he had fallen, leaning on one arm: he was trembling, but it was from the shock that had thrown him down.

"I was taken by surprise that morning. I wish now to be a son to you again. I wish to make the rest of your life happy, that you may forget what you have suffered."

He paused again. He had used the clearest and strongest words he could think of. It was useless to say more, until he had some sign that Baldassarre understood him. Perhaps his mind was too distempered or too imbecile even for that: perhaps the shock of his fall and his disappointed rage might have quite suspended the use of his faculties.

Presently Baldassarre began to move. He threw away the broken dagger, and slowly and gradually, still trembling, began to raise himself from the ground. Tito put out his hand to help him, and so strangely quick are men's souls that in this moment when he began to feel his atonement was accepted, he had a darting thought of the irksome efforts it entailed. Baldassarre clutched the hand that was held out, raised himself and clutched it still, going close up to Tito till their faces were not a foot off each other. Then he began to speak, in a deep trembling voice,

"I saved you—I nurtured you—I loved you. You forsook me—you robbed me—you denied me. What can you give me? You have made the world bitterness to me; but there is one draught of sweetness left—that you shall know agony."

He let fall Tito's hand, and going backwards a little, first rested his arm on a projecting stone in the wall, and then sank again in a sitting posture on the straw. The outleap of fury in the dagger-thrust had evidently exhausted him.

Tito stood silent. If it had been a deep yearning emotion which had brought him to ask his father's forgiveness, the denial of it might have caused him a pang which would have excluded the rushing train of thought that followed those decisive words. As it was, though the sentence of unchangeable hatred grated on him and jarred him terribly, his mind glanced round with a self-preserving instinct to see how far those words could have the force of a substantial threat. When he had come down to speak to Baldassarre, he had said to himself that if his effort at reconciliation failed, things would only be as they had been before. The first glance of his mind was backward to that thought again, but the future possibilities of danger that were conjured up along with it brought the perception that things were *not* as they had been before, and the perception came as a triumphant relief. There was not only the broken dagger, there was the certainty from what Tessa had told him, that

Baldassarre's mind was broken too, and had no edge that could reach him. Tito felt he had no choice now: he must defy Baldassarre as a mad, imbecile old man; and the chances were so strongly on his side that there was hardly room for fear. No, except the fear of having to do many unpleasant things in order to save himself from what was yet more unpleasant. And one of those unpleasant things must be done immediately: it was very difficult.

"Do you mean to stay here?" he said.

"No," said Baldassarre, bitterly, "you mean to turn me out."

"Not so," said Tito. "I only ask."

"I tell you, you have turned me out. If it is your straw, you turned me off it three years ago."

"Then you mean to leave this place?" said Tito, more anxious about this certainty than the ground of it.

"I have spoken," said Baldassarre.

Tito turned and re-entered the house. Monna Lisa was nodding: he went up to Tessa, and found her crying by the side of her baby.

"Tessa," he said, sitting down, and taking her head between his hands. "Leave off crying, little goose, and listen to me."

He lifted her chin upward, that she might look at him, while he spoke very distinctly and emphatically.

"You must never speak to that old man again. He is a mad old man, and he wants to kill me. Never speak to him or listen to him again."

Tessa's tears had ceased, and her lips were pale with fright.

"Is he gone away?" she whispered.

"He will go away. Remember what I have said to you."

"Yes; I will never speak to a stranger any more," said Tessa, with a sense of guilt.

He told her, to comfort her, that he would come again to-morrow; and then went down to Monna Lisa to rebuke her severely for letting a dangerous man come about the house.

Tito felt that these were odious tasks; they were very evil-tasted morsels, but they were forced upon him. He heard Monna Lisa fasten the door behind him, and turned away, without looking towards the open door of the hovel. He felt secure that Baldassarre would go, and he could not wait to see him go. Even *his* young frame and elastic spirit were shattered by the agitations that had been crowded into this single evening.

Baldassarre was still sitting on the straw when the shadow of Tito passed by. Before him lay the fragments of the broken dagger; beside him lay the open book, over which he had pored in vain. They looked like mocking symbols of his utter helplessness; and his body was still too trembling for him to rise and walk away.

But the next morning very early, when Tessa peeped anxiously through the hole in her shutter, the door of the hovel was open, and the strange old man was gone.

CHAPTER XXXV.

What Florence was thinking of.

For several days Tito saw little of Romola. He told her gently, the next morning, that it would be better for her to remove any small articles of her own from the library, as there would be agents coming to pack up the antiquities. Then, leaning to kiss her on the brow, he suggested that she should keep in her own room where the little painted tabernacle was, and where she was then sitting, so that she might be away from the noise of strange footsteps. Romola assented quietly, making no sign of emotion: the night had been one long waking to her, and, in spite of her healthy frame, sensation had become a dull continuous pain, as if she had been stunned and bruised. Tito divined that she felt ill, but he dared say no more; he only dared, perceiving that her hand and brow were stone cold, to fetch a furred mantle and throw it lightly round her. And in every brief interval that he returned to her, the scene was nearly the same: he tried to propitiate her by some unobtrusive act or word of tenderness, and she seemed to have lost the power of speaking to him, or of looking at him. "Patience!" he said to himself. "She will recover it, and forgive at last. The tie to me must still remain the strongest." When the stricken person is slow to recover and look as if nothing had happened, the striker easily glides into the position of the aggrieved party; he feels no bruise himself, and is strongly conscious of his own amiable behaviour since he inflicted the blow. But Tito was not naturally disposed to feel himself aggrieved; the constant bent of his mind was towards propitiation, and he would have submitted to much for the sake of feeling Romola's hand resting on his head again, as it did that morning when he first shrank from looking at her.

But he found it the less difficult to wait patiently for the return of his home-happiness, because his life out of doors was more and more interesting to him. A course of action which is in strictness a slowly-prepared outgrowth of the entire character, is yet almost always traceable to a single impression as its point of apparent origin; and since that moment in the Piazza del Duomo, when Tito, mounted on the bales, had tasted a keen pleasure in the consciousness of his ability to tickle the ears of men with any phrases that pleased them, his imagination had glanced continually towards a sort of political activity which the troubled public life of Florence was likely enough to find occasion for. But the fresh dread of Baldassarre, waked in the same moment, had lain like an immovable rocky obstruction across that path, and had urged him into the sale of the library, as a preparation for the possible necessity of leaving Florence, at the very time when he was beginning to feel that it had a new attraction for him. That dread was nearly removed now: he must wear his armour still, he must prepare himself for possible demands on his coolness and ingenuity, but he did not feel obliged to take the inconvenient step of

leaving Florence and seeking new fortunes. His father had refused the offered atonement—had forced him into defiance; and an old man in a strange place, with his memory gone, was weak enough to be defied.

Tito's implicit desires were working themselves out now in very explicit thoughts. As the freshness of young passion faded, life was taking more and more decidedly for him the aspect of a game in which there was an agreeable mingling of skill and chance.

And the game that might be played in Florence promised to be rapid and exciting; it was a game of revolutionary and party struggle, sure to include plenty of that unavowed action in which brilliant ingenuity, able to get rid of all inconvenient beliefs except that "ginger is hot in the mouth," is apt to see the path of superior wisdom.

No sooner were the French guests gone than Florence was as agitated as a colony of ants when an alarming shadow has been removed, and the camp has to be repaired. "How are we to raise the money for the French king? How are we to manage the war with those obstinate Pisan rebels? Above all, how are we to mend our plan of government, so as to hit on the best way of getting our magistrates chosen and our laws voted?" Till those questions were well answered trade was in danger of standing still, and that large body of the working men who were not counted as citizens and had not so much as a vote to serve as an anodyne to their stomachs were likely to get impatient. Something must be done.

And first the great bell was sounded, to call the citizens to a parliament in the Piazza de' Signori; and when the crowd was wedged close, and hemmed in by armed men at all the outlets, the Signoria (or Gonfaloniere and eight Priors for the time being) came out and stood by the stone lion on the platform in front of the Old Palace, and proposed that twenty chief men of the city should have dictatorial authority given them, by force of which they should for one year choose all magistrates, and set the frame of government in order. And the people shouted their assent, and felt themselves the electors of the Twenty. This kind of "parliament" was a very old Florentine fashion, by which the will of the few was made to seem the choice of the many.

The shouting in the Piazza was soon at an end, but not so the debating inside the palace: was Florence to have a Great Council after the Venetian mode, where all the officers of government might be elected, and all laws voted by a wide number of citizens of a certain age and of ascertained qualifications, without question of rank or party; or, was it to be governed on a narrower and less popular scheme, in which the hereditary influence of good families would be less adulterated with the votes of shopkeepers? Doctors of law disputed day after day, and far on into the night; Messer Pagolantonio Soderini alleged excellent reasons on the side of the popular scheme; Messer Guidantonio Vespucci alleged reasons equally excellent on the side of a more aristocratic form. It was a question of boiled or roast, which had been prejudged by the palates of the disputants, and the excellent arguing might have been protracted a

long while without any other result than that of deferring the cooking. The majority of the men inside the palace, having power already in their hands, agreed with Vespucci, and thought change should be moderate; the majority outside the palace, conscious of little power and many grievances, were less afraid of change.

And there was a force outside the palace which was gradually tending to give the vague desires of that majority the character of a determinate will. That force was the preaching of Savonarola. Impelled partly by the spiritual necessity that was laid upon him to guide the people, and partly by the prompting of public men who could get no measures carried without his aid, he was rapidly passing in his daily sermons from the general to the special—from telling his hearers that they must postpone their private passions and interests to the public good, to telling them precisely what sort of government they must have in order to promote that good—from "Choose whatever is best for all" to "Choose the Great Council," and "the Great Council is the will of God."

To Savonarola these were as good as identical propositions. The Great Council was the only practicable plan for giving an expression to the public will large enough to counteract the vitiating influence of party interests; it was a plan that would make honest impartial public action at least possible. And the purer the government of Florence could become—the more secure from the designs of men who saw their own advantage in the moral debasement of their fellows—the nearer would the Florentine people approach the character of a pure community, worthy to lead the way in the renovation of the church and the world. And Fra Girolamo's mind never stopped short of that sublimest end: the objects towards which he felt himself working had always the same moral magnificence. He had no private malice, he sought no petty gratification. Even in the last terrible days, when ignominy, torture, and the fear of torture, had laid bare every hidden weakness of his soul, he could say to his importunate judges, "Do not wonder if it seems to you that I have told but few things; for my purposes were few and great."*

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Ariadne discrowns Herself.

It was more than three weeks before the contents of the library were all packed and carried away. And Romola, instead of shutting her eyes and ears, had watched the process. The exhaustion consequent on violent emotion is apt to bring a dreamy disbelief in the reality of its cause; and in the evening, when the workmen were gone, Romola took her hand-

* "Se vi pare che io abbia detto poche cose, non ve ne maravigliate, perchè le mie cose erano poche e grandi."

lamp, and walked slowly round amongst the confusion of straw and wooden cases, pausing at every vacant pedestal, every well-known object laid prostrate, with a sort of bitter desire to assure herself that there was a sufficient reason why her love was gone and the world was barren for her. And still, as the evenings came, she went and went again; no longer to assure herself, but because this vivifying of pain and despair about her father's memory was the strongest life left to her affections. And on the 23rd of December, she knew that the last packages were going. She ran to the loggia at the top of the house that she might not lose the last pang of seeing the slow wheels move across the bridge.

It was a cloudy day, and nearing dusk. Arno ran dark and shivering; the hills were mournful; and Florence with its girdling stone towers had that silent, tomb-like look, which unbroken shadow gives to a city seen from above. Santa Croce, where her father lay, was dark amidst that darkness, and slowly crawling over the bridge, and slowly vanishing up the narrow street, was the white load, like a cruel, deliberate Fate carrying away her father's life-long hope to bury it in an unmarked grave. Romola felt less that she was seeing this herself than that her father was conscious of it as he lay helpless under the imprisoning stones, where her hand could not reach his to tell him that he was not alone.

She stood still even after the load had disappeared, heedless of the cold, and soothed by the gloom which seemed to cover her like a mourning garment and shut out the discord of joy. When suddenly the great bell in the palace tower rang out a mighty peal: not the hammer-sound of alarm, but an agitated peal of triumph; and one after another every other bell in every other tower seemed to catch the vibration and join the chorus. And as the chorus swelled and swelled till the air seemed made of sound; little flames, vibrating too, as if the sound had caught fire, burst out between the turrets of the palace and on the girdling towers.

That sudden clang, that leaping light, fell on Romola like sharp wounds. They were the triumph of demons at the success of her husband's treachery, and the desolation of her life. Little more than three weeks ago she had been intoxicated with the sound of those very bells; and in the gladness of Florence she had heard a prophecy of her own gladness. But now the general joy seemed cruel to her; she stood aloof from that common life—that Florence which was flinging out its loud exultation to stun the ears of sorrow and loneliness. She could never join hands with gladness again, but only with those whom it was in the hard nature of gladness to forget. And in her bitterness she felt that all rejoicing was mockery. Men shouted pæans with their souls full of heaviness, and then looked in their neighbours' faces to see if there was really such a thing as joy. Romola had lost her belief in the happiness she had once thirsted for: it was a hateful, smiling, soft-handed thing, with a narrow, selfish heart.

She ran down from the loggia, with her hands pressed against her ears,

and was hurrying across the ante-chamber, when she was startled by unexpectedly meeting her husband, who was coming to seek her.

His step was elastic, and there was a radiance of satisfaction about him not quite usual.

"What! the noise was a little too much for you?" he said; for Romola, as she started at the sight of him, had pressed her hands all the closer against her ears. He took her gently by the wrist, and drew her arm within his, leading her into the saloon surrounded with the dancing nymphs and fauns, and then went on speaking: "Florence is gone quite mad at getting its Great Council, which is to put an end to all the evils under the sun; especially to the vice of merriment. You may well look stunned, my Romola, and you are cold. You must not stay so late under that windy loggia without wrappings. I was coming to tell you that I am suddenly called to Rome about some learned business for Bernardo Rucellai. I am going away immediately, for I am to join my party at San Gaggio to-night, that we may start early in the morning. I need give you no trouble; I have had my packages made already. It will not be very long before I am back again."

He knew he had nothing to expect from her but quiet endurance of what he said and did. He could not even venture to kiss her brow this evening, but just pressed her hand to his lips, and left her. Tito felt that Romola was a more unforgiving woman than he had imagined; her love was not that sweet clinging instinct, stronger than all judgments, which, he began to see now, made the great charm of a wife. Still, this petrified coldness was better than a passionate, futile opposition. Her pride and capability of seeing where resistance was useless had their convenience.

But when the door had closed on Tito, Romola lost the look of cold immobility which came over her like an inevitable frost whenever he approached her. Inwardly she was very far from being in a state of quiet endurance, and the days that had passed since the scene which had divided her from Tito had been days of active planning and preparation for the fulfilment of a purpose.

The first thing she did now was to call old Maso to her.

"Maso," she said, in a decided tone, "we take our journey to-morrow morning. We shall be able now to overtake that first convoy of cloth, while they are waiting at San Piero. See about the two mules to-night, and be ready to set off with them at break of day, and wait for me at Trespiano."

She meant to take Maso with her as far as Bologna, and then send him back with letters to her godfather and Tito, telling them that she was gone and never meant to return. She had planned her departure so that its secresy might be perfect, and her broken love and life be hidden away unscanned by vulgar eyes. Bernardo del Nero had been absent at his villa, willing to escape from political suspicions to his favourite occupation of attending to his land, and she had paid him the debt without a personal interview. He did not even know that the library was sold, and

was left to conjecture that some sudden piece of good fortune had enabled Tito to raise this sum of money. Maso had been taken into her confidence only so far that he knew her intended journey was a secret; and to do just what she told him was the thing he cared most for in his withered wintry age.

Romola did not mean to go to bed that night. When she had fastened the door she took her taper to the carved and painted chest which contained her wedding-clothes. The white silk and gold lay there, the long white veil and the circlet of pearls. A great sob rose as she looked at them: they seemed the shroud of her dead happiness. In a tiny gold loop of the circlet a sugar-plum had lodged—a pink hailstone from the shower of sweets: Tito had detected it first, and had said that it should always remain there. At certain moments—and this was one of them—Romola was carried, by a sudden wave of memory, back again into the time of perfect trust, and felt again the presence of the husband whose love made the world as fresh and wonderful to her as to a little child that sits in stillness among the sunny flowers: heard the gentle tones and saw the soft eyes without any lie in them, and breathed over again that large freedom of the soul which comes from the faith that the being who is nearest to us is greater than ourselves. And in those brief moments the tears always rose: the woman's lovingness felt something akin to what the bereaved mother feels when the tiny fingers seem to lie warm on her bosom, and yet are marble to her lips as she bends over the silent bed.

But there was something else lying in the chest besides the wedding-clothes: it was something dark and coarse, rolled up in a close bundle. She turned away her eyes from the white and gold to the dark bundle, and as her hands touched the serge, her tears began to be checked. That coarse roughness recalled her fully to the present, from which love and delight were gone. She unfastened the thick white cord and spread the bundle out on the table. It was the grey serge dress of a sister belonging to the third order of St. Francis, living in the world but specially devoted to deeds of piety—a personage whom the Florentines were accustomed to call a Pinzochera. Romola was going to put on this dress as a disguise, and she determined to put it on at once, so that, if she needed sleep before the morning, she might wake up in perfect readiness to be gone. She put off her black garment, and as she thrust her soft white arms into the harsh sleeves of the serge mantle and felt the hard girdle of rope hurt her fingers as she tied it, she courted those rude sensations: they were in keeping with her new scorn of that thing called pleasure which made men base—that dexterous contrivance for selfish ease, that shrinking from endurance and strain, when others were bowing beneath burdens too heavy for them, which now made one image with her husband.

Then she gathered her long hair together, drew it away tight from her face, bound it in a great hard knot at the back of her head, and

taking a square piece of black silk, tied it in the fashion of a kerchief close across her head and under her chin; and over that she drew the cowl. She lifted the candle to the mirror. Surely her disguise would be complete to any one who had not lived very near to her. To herself she looked strangely like her brother Dino: the full oval of the cheek had only to be wasted; the eyes, already sad, had only to become a little sunken. Was she getting more like him in anything else? Only in this, that she understood now how men could be prompted to rush away for ever from earthly delights, how they could be prompted to dwell on images of sorrow rather than of beauty and joy.

But she did not linger at the mirror: she set about collecting and packing all the relics of her father and mother that were too large to be carried in her small travelling wallet. They were all to be put in the chest along with her wedding-clothes, and the chest was to be committed to her godfather when she was safely gone. First she laid in the portraits; then one by one every little thing that had a sacred memory clinging to it was put into her wallet or into the chest.

She paused. There was still something else to be stript away from her belonging to that past on which she was going to turn her back for ever. She put her thumb and her forefinger to her betrothal ring; but they rested there, without drawing it off. Romola's mind had been rushing with an impetuous current towards this act for which she was preparing: the act of quitting a husband who had disappointed all her trust, the act of breaking an outward tie that no longer represented the inward bond of love. But that force of outward symbols by which our active life is knit together so as to make an inexorable external identity for us, not to be shaken by our wavering consciousness, gave a strange effect to this simple movement towards taking off her ring—a movement which was but a small sequence of her energetic resolution. It brought a vague but arresting sense that she was somehow violently rending her life in two: a palpitating presentiment that the strong impulse which had seemed to exclude doubt and make her path clear might after all be blindness, and that there was something in human bonds which must prevent them from being broken with the breaking of illusions.

If that beloved Tito who had placed the betrothal ring on her finger was not in any valid sense the same Tito whom she had ceased to love, why should she return to him the sign of their union, and not rather retain it as a memorial? And this act, which came as a palpable demonstration of her own and his identity, had a power, unexplained to herself, of shaking Romola. It is the way with half the truth amidst which we live, that it only haunts us and makes dull pulsations that are never born into sound. But there was a passionate voice speaking within her that presently nullified all such muffled murmurs.

"It cannot be! I cannot be subject to him. He is false. I shrink from him. I despise him!"

She snatched the ring from her finger and laid it on the table against

the pen with which she meant to write. Again she felt that there could be no law for her but the law of her affections. That tenderness and keen fellow-feeling for the near and the loved which are the main outgrowth of the affections, had made the religion of her life: they had made her patient in spite of natural impetuosity; they would have sufficed to make her heroic. But now all that strength was gone, or, rather, it was converted into the strength of repulsion. She had recoiled from Tito in proportion to the energy of that young belief and love which he had disappointed, of that life-long devotion to her father against which he had committed an irredeemable offence. And now it seemed as if all motive had slipped away from her, except the indignation and scorn that made her tear herself asunder from him. She was not acting after any precedent, or obeying any adopted maxims. The grand severity of the stoical philosophy in which her father had taken care to instruct her, was familiar enough to her ears and lips, and its lofty spirit had raised certain echoes within her; but she had never used it, never needed it as a rule of life. She had endured and forborne because she loved: maxims which told her to feel less, and not to cling close lest the onward course of great Nature should jar her, had been as powerless on her tenderness as they had been on her father's yearning for just fame. She had appropriated no theories: she had simply felt strong in the strength of affection, and life without that energy came to her as an entirely new problem.

She was going to solve the problem in a way that seemed to her very simple. Her mind had never yet bowed to any obligation apart from personal love and reverence; she had no keen sense of any other human relations, and all she had to obey now was the instinct to sever herself from the man she loved no longer.

Yet the unswerving resolution was accompanied with continually varying phases of anguish. And now that the active preparation for her departure was almost finished, she lingered: she deferred writing the irrevocable words of parting from all her little world. The emotions of the past weeks seemed to rush in again with cruel hurry, and take possession even of her limbs. She was going to write and her hand fell. Bitter tears came now at the delusion which had blighted her young years: tears very different from the sob of remembered happiness with which she had looked at the circlet of pearls and the pink hailstone. And now she felt a tingling shame at the words of ignominy she had cast at Tito—"Have you robbed some one else who is *not* dead?" To have had such words wrung from her—to have uttered them to her husband seemed a degradation of her whole life. Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

That heart-cutting comparison of the present with the past urged itself upon Romola till it even transformed itself into wretched sensations: she seemed benumbed to everything but inward throbbings, and began to feel the need of some hard contact. She drew her hands tight along the harsh

knotted cord that hung from her waist. She started to her feet and seized the rough lid of the chest: there was nothing else to go in? No. She closed the lid, pressing her hand upon the rough carving, and locked it.

Then she remembered that she had still to complete her equipment as a Pinzochera. The large leather purse or scarsella, with small coin in it, had to be hung on the cord at her waist (her florins and small jewels, presents from her godfather and cousin Brigida, were safely fastened within her serge mantle)—and on the other side must hang the rosary. It did not occur to Romola as she hung that rosary by her side that something else besides the mere garb would perhaps be necessary to enable her to pass as a Pinzochera, and that her whole air and expression were as little as possible like those of a sister whose eyelids were used to be bent and whose lips were used to move in silent iteration. Her inexperience prevented her from picturing distant details, and it helped her proud courage in shutting out any foreboding of danger and insult. She did not know that any Florentine woman had ever done exactly what she was going to do: unhappy wives often took refuge with their friends, or in the cloister, she knew, but both those courses were impossible to her; she had invented a lot for herself—to go to the most learned woman in the world, Cassandra Fedele, at Venice, and ask her how an instructed woman could support herself in a lonely life there. She was not daunted by the practical difficulties in the way or the dark uncertainty at the end. Her life could never be happy any more, but it must not, could not be ignoble. And by a pathetic mixture of childish romance with her woman's trials, the philosophy which had nothing to do with this great decisive deed of hers had its place in her imagination of the future: so far as she conceived her solitary loveless life at all, she saw it animated by a proud stoical heroism, and by an indistinct but strong purpose of labour, that she might be wise enough to write something which would rescue her father's name from oblivion. After all, she was only a young girl—this poor Romola, who had found herself at the end of her joys.

There were other things yet to be done. There was a small key in a casket on the table—but now Romola perceived that her taper was dying out, and she had forgotten to provide herself with any other light. In a few moments the room was in total darkness. Feeling her way to the nearest chair, she sat down to wait for the morning.

Her purpose in seeking the key had called up certain memories which had come back upon her during the past week with the new vividness that remembered words always have for us when we have learned to give them a new meaning. Since the shock of the revelation which had seemed to divide her for ever from Tito, that last interview with Dino had never been for many hours together out of her mind. And it solicited her all the more, because while its remembered images pressed upon her almost with the imperious force of sensations, they raised struggling thoughts which resisted their influence. She could not prevent herself from hearing inwardly the dying prophetic voice saying again

and again,—"The man whose face was a blank loosed thy hand and departed; and as he went, I could see his face, and it was the face of the Great Tempter . . . . And thou, Romola, didst wring thy hands and seek for water, and there was none . . . . and the plain was bare and stony again, and thou wast alone in the midst of it. And then it seemed that the night fell, and I saw no more." She could not prevent herself from dwelling with a sort of agonized fascination on the wasted face; on the straining gaze at the crucifix; on the awe which had compelled her to kneel; on the last broken words and then the unbroken silence—on all the details of the death-scene, which had seemed like a sudden opening into a world apart from that of her life-long knowledge.

But her mind was roused to resistance of impressions that, from being obvious phantoms, seemed to be getting solid in the daylight. As a strong body struggles against fumes with the more violence when they begin to be stifling, a strong soul struggles against phantasies with all the more alarmed energy when they threaten to govern in the place of thought. What had the words of that vision to do with her real sorrows? That fitting of certain words was a mere chance; the rest was all vague —nay, those words themselves were vague; they were determined by nothing but her brother's memories and beliefs. He believed there was something fatal in pagan learning; he believed that celibacy was more holy than marriage; he remembered their home, and all the objects in the library; and of these threads the vision was woven. What reasonable warrant could she have had for believing in such a vision and acting on it? None. True as the voice of foreboding had proved, Romola saw with unshaken conviction that to have renounced Tito in obedience to a warning like that, would have been meagre-hearted folly. Her trust had been delusive, but she would have chosen over again to have acted on it rather than be a creature led by phantoms and disjointed whispers in a world where there was the large music of reasonable speech, and the warm grasp of living hands.

But the persistent presence of these memories, linking themselves in her imagination with her actual lot, gave her a glimpse of understanding into the lives which had before lain utterly aloof from her sympathy—the lives of the men and women who were led by such inward images and voices.

"If they were only a little stronger in me," she said to herself, "I should lose the sense of what that vision really was, and take it for a prophetic light. I might in time get to be a seer of visions myself, like the Suora Maddalena, and Camilla Rucellai, and the rest."

Romola shuddered at the possibility. All the instruction, all the main influences of her life had gone to fortify her scorn of that sickly superstition which led men and women, with eyes too weak for the daylight, to sit in dark swamps and try to read human destiny by the chance flame of wandering vapours.

And yet she was conscious of something deeper than that coincidence

of words which made the parting contact with her dying brother live anew in her mind, and gave her a new sisterhood to the wasted face. If there were much more of such experience as his in the world, she would like to understand it—would even like to learn the thoughts of men who sank in ecstasy before the pictured agonies of martyrdom. There seemed to be something more than madness in that supreme fellowship with suffering. The springs were all dried up around her: she wondered what other waters there were at which men drank and found strength in the desert. And those moments in the Duomo when she had sobbed with a mysterious mingling of rapture and pain, while Fra Girolamo offered himself a willing sacrifice for the people, came back to her as if they had been a transient taste of some such far-off fountain. But again she shrank from impressions that were alluring her within the sphere of visions and narrow fears which compelled men to outrage natural affections as Dino had done.

This was the tangled web that Romola had in her mind as she sat weary in the darkness. No radiant angel came across the gloom with a clear message for her. In those times, as now, there were human beings who never saw angels or heard perfectly clear messages. Such truth as came to them was brought confusedly in the voices and deeds of men not at all like the seraphs of unfailing wing and piercing vision—men who believed falsities as well as truths, and did the wrong as well as the right. The helping hands stretched out to them were the hands of men who stumbled and often saw dimly, so that these beings unvisited by angels had no other choice than to grasp that stumbling guidance along the path of reliance and action which is the path of life, or else to pause in loneliness and disbelief, which is no path, but the arrest of inaction and death.

And so Romola, seeing no ray across the darkness, and heavy with conflict that changed nothing, sank at last to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Tabernacle Unlocked.

Romola was waked by a tap at the door. The cold light of early morning was in the room, and Maso was come for the travelling wallet. The old man could not help starting when she opened the door, and showed him, instead of the graceful outline he had been used to, crowned with the brightness of her hair, the thick folds of the grey mantle and the pale face shadowed by the dark cowl.

"It is well, Maso," said Romola, trying to speak in the calmest voice, and make the old man easy. "Here is the wallet quite ready. You will go on quietly, and I shall not be far behind you. When you get out of

the gates, you may go more slowly, for I shall perhaps join you before you get to Trespiano."

She closed the door behind him, and then put her hand on the key which she had taken from the casket the last thing in the night. It was the original key of the little painted tabernacle: Tito had forgotten to drown it in the rno, and it had lodged, as such small things will, in the corner of the embroidered scarsella which he wore with the purple tunic. One day, long after their marriage, Romola had found it there, and had put it by, without using it, but with a sense of satisfaction that the key was within reach. The cabinet on which the tabernacle stood had been moved to the side of the room, close to one of the windows, where the pale morning light fell upon it so as to make the painted forms discernible enough to Romola, who knew them well,—the triumphant Bacchus, with his clusters and his vine-clad spear, clasping the crowned Ariadne; the Loves showering roses, the wreathed vessels, the cunning-eyed dolphins, and the rippled sea; all encircled by a flowery border, like a bower of paradise. Romola looked at the familiar images with new bitterness and repulsion: they seemed a more pitiable mockery than ever on this chill morning, when she had waked up to wander in loneliness. They had been no tomb of sorrow, but a lying screen. Foolish Ariadne! with her gaze of love, as if that bright face, with its hyacinthine curls like tendrils among the vines, held the deep secret of her life!

"Ariadne is wonderfully transformed," thought Romola. "She would look strange among the vines and the roses now."

She took up the mirror, and looked at herself once more. But the sight was so startling in this morning light that she laid it down again, with a sense of shrinking almost as strong as that with which she had turned from the joyous Ariadne. The recognition of her own face, with the cowl about it, brought back the dread lest she should be drawn at last into fellowship with some wretched superstition—into the company of the howling fanatics and weeping nuns who had been her contempt from childhood till now. She thrust the key into the tabernacle hurriedly: hurriedly she opened it, and took out the crucifix, without looking at it; then, with trembling fingers, she passed a cord through the little ring, hung the crucifix round her neck, and hid it in the bosom of her mantle. "For Dino's sake," she said to herself.

Still there were the letters to be written which Maso was to carry back from Bologna. They were very brief. The first said,

Tito, my love for you is dead; and therefore, so far as I was yours, I too am dead. Do not try to put in force any laws for the sake of fetching me back: that would bring you no happiness. The Romola you married can never return. I need explain nothing to you after the words I uttered to you the last time we spoke long together. If you supposed them to be words of transient anger, you will know now that they were the sign of an irreversible change.

I think you will fulfil my wish that my bridal chest should be sent to my godfather, who gave it me. It contains my wedding clothes and the portraits and other relics of my father and mother.

ESCAPED.

She folded the ring inside this letter, and wrote Tito's name outside. The next letter was to Bernardo del Nero :—

DEAREST GODFATHER,—If I could have been any good to your life by staying, I would not have gone away to a distance. But now I am gone. Do not ask the reason; and if you loved my father, try to prevent any one from seeking me. I could not bear my life at Florence. I cannot bear to tell any one why. Help to cover my lot in silence. I have asked that my bridal chest should be sent to you : when you open it, you will know the reason. Please to give all the things that were my mother's to my cousin Brigida, and ask her to forgive me for not saying any words of parting to her.

Farewell, my second father. The best thing I have in life is still to remember your goodness and be grateful to you.

ROMOLA.

Romola put the letters, along with the crucifix, within the bosom of her mantle, and then felt that everything was done. She was ready now to depart.

No one was stirring in the house, and she went almost as quietly as a grey phantom down the stairs and into the silent street. Her heart was palpitating violently, yet she enjoyed the sense of her firm tread on the broad flags—of the swift movement, which was like a chained-up resolution set free at last. The anxiety to carry out her act, and the dread of any obstacle, averted sorrow; and as she reached the Ponte Rubaconte, she felt less that Santa Croce was in her sight than that the yellow streak of morning which parted the grey was getting broader and broader, and that, unless she hastened her steps, she should have to encounter faces. Her simplest road was to go right on to the Borgo Pinti, and then along by the walls to the Porta San Gallo, from which she must leave the city, and this road carried her by the Piazza di Santa Croce. But she walked as steadily and rapidly as ever through the piazza, not trusting herself to look towards the church. The thought that any eyes might be turned on her with a look of curiosity and recognition, and that indifferent minds might be set speculating on her private sorrows, made Romola shrink physically as from the imagination of torture. She felt degraded even by that act of her husband from which she was helplessly suffering. But there was no sign that any eyes looked forth from windows to notice this tall grey sister, with the firm step, and proud attitude of the cowled head. Her road lay aloof from the stir of early traffic, and when she reached the Porta San Gallo, it was easy to pass while a dispute was going forward about the toll for panniers of eggs and market produce which were just entering.

Out ! Once past the houses of the *Borgo*, she would be beyond the last fringe of Florence, the sky would be broad above her, and she would have entered on her new life—a life of loneliness and endurance, but of freedom. She had been strong enough to snap asunder the bonds she had accepted in blind faith : whatever befel her, she would no more feel the breath of soft, hated lips warm upon her cheek, no longer feel the breath of an odious mind stifling her own. The bare wintry morning, the chill

air, were welcome in their severity: the leafless trees, the sombre hills, were not haunted by the gods of beauty and joy, whose worship she had forsaken for ever.

But presently the light burst forth with sudden strength, and shadows were thrown across the road. It seemed that the sun was going to chase away the greyness. The light is perhaps never felt more strongly as a divine presence stirring all those inarticulate sensibilities which are our deepest life, than in these moments when it instantaneously awakens the shadows. A certain awe which inevitably accompanied this most momentous act of her life became a more conscious element in Romola's feeling as she found herself in the sudden presence of the impalpable golden glory and the long shadow of herself that was not to be escaped. Hitherto she had met no one but an occasional contadino with mules, and the many turnings of the road on the level prevented her from seeing that Maso was not very far ahead of her. But when she had passed Pietra and was on rising ground, she lifted up the hanging roof of her cowl and looked eagerly before her.

The cowl was dropped again immediately. She had seen, not Maso, but — two monks, who were approaching within a few yards of her. The edge of her cowl making a pent-house on her brow had shut out the objects above the level of her eyes, and for the last few moments she had been looking at nothing but the brightness on the path and at her own shadow, tall and shrouded like a dread spectre. She wished now that she had not looked up. Her disguise made her especially dislike to encounter monks: they might expect some pious passwords of which she knew nothing, and she walked along with a careful appearance of unconsciousness till she had seen the skirts of the black mantles pass by her. The encounter had made her heart beat disagreeably, for Romola had an uneasiness in her religious disguise, a shame at this studied concealment, which was made more distinct by a special effort to appear unconscious under actual glances.

But the black skirts would be gone the faster because they were going down hill; and seeing a great flat stone against a cypress that rose from a projecting green bank, she yielded to the desire which the slight shock had given her, to sit down and rest.

She turned her back on Florence, not meaning to look at it till the monks were quite out of sight; and raising the edge of her cowl again when she had seated herself, she discerned Maso and the mules at a distance where it was not hopeless for her to overtake them, as the old man would probably linger in expectation of her.

Meanwhile she might pause a little. She was free and alone.

Society.

M. Victor Hugo's novel, *Les Misérables*, has put, for the moment, a new gloss on a very old topic. This topic is Society. What are the functions and duties of society? How ought it to discharge them? In what particulars does it fail to do so? Every one who is at all acquainted with the contemporary history of France knows the ardour with which these questions have been debated there for many years, and the strange, and at times incredibly extravagant, forms into which different speculators have thrown their conclusions. Definite schemes of this character are seldom if ever put before the public at the present day, at all events in our own country; but the spirit which prompted their construction is so far from being extinct, that it operates more widely than ever; and as those who are under its influence generally keep their enthusiasm on this side of extravagance, and are undoubtedly actuated by genuine benevolence, there is every reason to believe that in the progress of time they may come to exercise a most powerful influence over the thoughts and actions of the nation at large. It is thus important to try to get clear notions about the principles of a controversy which may at any moment be invested with immediate practical importance.

In all such inquiries the best evidence is commonly to be found in the ordinary usage of words. The common use of the word "society" implies that those who use it suppose that mankind forms a vast body corporate, the special function of which is to promote to the utmost the happiness of each of its individual members in every possible way, and that if any one's lot in the world does not correspond to his reasonable desires, "society" must be to blame if the particular person himself is not. The question, What desires are reasonable? is one on which few writers care to be distinct. Generally speaking, they appear to think that society is to blame if an able-bodied man, ready and willing to work, has no work, or if he is not paid a sufficient sum to maintain himself and his family in that degree of comfort to which the average members of his class are accustomed. They would also hold for the most part that the wish to have some degree of instruction—as much at least as will enable a man to use common opportunities of obtaining and improving this degree of comfort—is a reasonable desire. They would generally add that it is reasonable for a man to wish to be provided with a suitable sphere for the exercise of any special talents which he may possess, and that "society" ought to be so organized as to provide people with such spheres, or at least with the opportunity of reaching them, without efforts which most men would be unable to make, and good fortune which no one can be sure of commanding.

Probably the list of desires which would be considered reasonable by those who take the view of society just indicated might be, to some extent, enlarged, but those which have been mentioned are sufficiently comprehensive to illustrate the theory in question. If such desires are not reasonable, none are. If they are reasonable, and if there is a body called society, which is under the obligation of making arrangements to satisfy them, its duties are sufficiently wide and important.

There is abundant evidence to show that this view of society and its functions is, in point of fact, taken by a large number of persons. The constant use of such expressions as "social injustice," "social duty," "social evil," proves that people consider that "society"—whatever that may be—has a code of laws which may be good or bad, and that these laws are sometimes enforced in an unjust or partial manner; that it has duties which may be neglected, and that the neglect of those duties produces bad results, for which it may properly be blamed. Thus we constantly hear it said that society has no right to permit a child to grow up in ignorance, and then to punish it for the crimes which it may commit in consequence; that society is extremely unjust to able men who have to lead lives of obscurity, whilst persons of much inferior ability rise to eminence; that if society leads people to form an exorbitant estimate of the importance of wealth and luxury, and so deters men from marrying young, it ought to be blamed for the consequences which follow to female virtue, and may be reproached with inconsistency and hypocrisy if it attaches severe penalties to all lapses from it.

Such is the view of the nature of society which the common use of language implies, and the most important questions which it suggests is, whether or not it is true. Is there any such great body corporate as the common language upon the subject suggests? If so, what is its constitution? What are its laws? Where are they recorded? How are, and how ought they to be administered?

The answer to the first question is obvious. The word "society" has no precise meaning at all. It is a mere abstraction, and even as an abstraction, is much less definite than many other abstract words, such, for example, as Church or Nation. There is a much nearer approach to a meaning in the assertion that the English nation acts unjustly, than in the assertion that society is to blame for crime and folly, though neither of the two expressions is really precise. On the other hand, the statement that the City of London has certain rights by charter, or that Trinity College, Cambridge, is the patron of such a living, is precise. The City of London and Trinity College are abstract terms, but the meaning of them is fixed with perfect accuracy. The City of London means, in some cases, the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Court of Common Council. In others, it means the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen only. Trinity College, Cambridge, means sometimes the Master and Fellows, sometimes the Master and the Senior Fellows, sometimes the Master alone; but the true sense of the expression, whatever it may be, in any particular

case, can always be assigned with complete accuracy, and therefore a perfectly intelligible meaning can always be assigned to propositions into which it is introduced.

With the word "society" the case is different. It cannot be defined at all, and therefore, a certain degree of obscurity will always remain in every proposition into which it is introduced. It does not, however, follow that the word is unmeaning because it is indefinite. Abstract words of this kind are in the nature of guesses at truth. They are the means by which people give shape to the vague conjectures and impressions which come into their mind, and are the first steps towards solid knowledge of the subject matter to which they refer. This is probably true of all words whatever, if they are examined with sufficient strictness. Every one uses the word "I" with perfect confidence, and with a most vivid notion of his own meaning, but probably no one knows precisely what are the limits of his own meaning: what is the precise point at which he draws the line between himself and the circumstances by which he is surrounded. So again, every one who has occasion to do so, talks of "electricity," and there is a large and most important class of scientific facts, which it would be impossible to investigate at all without the use of that word; yet no one knows precisely what it means. The assignment of a precise signification to it will be the crowning achievement of the science which is concerned with the subject. Thus, the fact that the word "society" is continually used, and that no precise meaning can be attached to it, is not an argument against its use, but a reason for trying to ascertain what it ought to mean, by inquiring whether there are any facts to the description of which it might be conveniently restricted.

In the first place, Society is a noun of multitude, denoting men. Nouns of multitude relating to men generally denote all the persons who are connected together by some relation common to them all. For example, the word "family" denotes either the members of the same household, or the descendants of the same ancestors. "Nation" represents the subjects of the same sovereign. "Church" denotes all the persons who stand to each other in certain religious relations; and there are many other words of the same kind. In order to ascertain precisely, or approximately, the meaning of any one of them, it is necessary to ascertain specifically what are the relations which they assert to exist between those to whom they apply. For example, does the word "church" imply that all the persons whom it includes hold the same religious opinions, or that they join in the same worship, or that they are under the same spiritual government, or that they are animated by the same sentiments on religion? When we speak of a nation including the subjects of the same sovereign, in what sense do we use the word "sovereign?" Do the Austrian dominions form one nation? Is a foreigner *resident* in London—is a foreigner *domiciled* in London—is a French Canadian—is a native of the Ionian Islands, a member of the

English nation? When we speak of a family as the members of the same household, or the descendants of common ancestors, where do we draw the line in either case? Is a visitor, staying in my house, a member of my family, or a lodger, or one who both boards and lodges with me? Is my son at a boarding-school, a member of my family? Would he cease to be a member of my family if he were sent to a reformatory? Is a man's married daughter a member of his family? Suppose she and her husband live in his house, does that make any difference? How is it if they pay for their board and lodging? If common descent from the same ancestor is the test, where does it stop before we get either to Noah or Adam? Is the descent, in both male and female lines, or in some only, and which? Such questions as these always arise when the words which suggest them are put to any definite use, and it is only when they have been carefully and consistently solved, that we have notions which are precise, and which may be useful if the answers are judicious. As to their truth, notions of this kind cannot be said to be either true or false. Men can use words in whatever sense they please, so long as they use them consistently; the propositions into which they form them may be equally true, but unless they are judiciously framed it is almost impossible to use them consistently, and they are sure to mislead those who use them otherwise.

The questions suggested by the word "society" are of the same kind as those suggested by the words church, nation, and family. Society may be defined as the name of men considered in their social relations to each other; and this suggests the question, whether there is any class of relations between men which may be distinguished from others by the epithet "social," and what is the common property in virtue of which they deserve that name? This question is to be answered by reference to the common use of language. It would be described as a social duty to instruct the ignorant, to relieve distress, in a word, to cultivate philanthropy. People also frequently assert on the one hand, and deny on the other, that it is a social duty in every man to spend a proportion of his means, regulated by the common opinion on the subject, on his style of living. For example, if a great nobleman dressed like a groom, he would be said to neglect a social duty. If he lived much less splendidly, and gave far fewer and less handsome entertainments than is usual with persons in his rank of life, it would be asserted by some persons, and eagerly denied by others, that he failed to perform what society had a right to expect of him; but those who affirmed and those who denied the obligation would both admit that it was a question of social duty whether or not such expenses ought to be incurred. These are broad and familiar examples of what people do mean when they speak of social duties.

It is equally easy to give broad illustrations of what they do not mean. No one would say that to abstain from breaking the Ten Commandments is a social duty. They would describe the obligations which they impose as religious, moral, or legal, according to circumstances. Yet duties do

not need to be social because they happen also to be religious, moral, and even legal. For example, abstinence from profane swearing is a legal duty (though it is never enforced); it is also a religious and a moral duty, and, under particular circumstances, it is a social duty also. It is a legal duty, because there is an Act of Parliament which inflicts penalties on all persons who profanely curse and swear. It is a religious and a moral duty because it is enjoined by Divine command and by established moral rules, and the sphere of each of these obligations is nearly co-extensive, for the Act forbids "profane cursing and swearing" in perfectly general terms, and there can be no doubt that the religious and moral obligation would not only reach the case of swearing in private conversation, but also the case of a man swearing to himself, or in the company of persons who could not be either offended or impressed by his language. With regard to social duty, the case is different. No one would say that a man who swore to himself, or in a private room, where no one could hear him, committed any social offence, and it might be contended with considerable force that profane swearing in the company of persons who did not dislike and could not be injured by it, was no breach of social duty, though it would be both a religious and also a moral offence. It might, on the other hand, be said that every one is under a social obligation to make his conversation as beneficial as possible to his company, though he is not under any religious, legal, or moral obligation to that effect.

From this and other illustrations of the same kind (which might be multiplied to any extent), a twofold inference may be drawn as to the specific nature of the social relations. In the first place, they are founded on the benevolent part of human nature, and, in the second place (which is a consequence of this), they are, for the most part, positive. This supplies the distinction between them, and moral and religious duties. Religious, moral, and legal duties are always enforced by commands; they are for the most part negative, and are founded partly on fear, partly on respect for superiors, and partly on all the various feelings which are included under the word self-interest, when that word is used in its widest sense, so as to apply not merely to the wish to obtain external satisfaction, but also to the wish, which every one ought to feel, to see his own character developed upon as large and good a scale as possible.

These observations on the nature of social duty make it possible to assign a meaning to the word "society" sufficiently definite for practical purposes. Society means men viewed in those relations to each other which are founded upon the benevolent sentiments. This mode of using the word is perfectly consistent with its common employment in a much narrower sense. Society is often used to mean a small part of mankind assumed to be distinguished from the rest of it by the circumstance that those who belong to it are more than usually dependent upon, or devote a greater part than usual of their time, or employ themselves more skilfully in communicating together, merely for the sake of the pleasure which that pursuit gives them. For example, a man is said to be in society

when he forms one of a small number of people who habitually invite each other to parties of different kinds, which are supposed to be superior to all other parties of the same kind, either by reason of the rank, the manners, the fashion, or some other quality of the guests. The word in this case is used in its proper sense, though the application of it is confined. The "society" referred to is a body of people who communicate together for the sake of pleasing themselves and each other. The primary object of their association is the production of pleasure, though a man may, and, no doubt, often does, wish to form a member of it for other reasons; but the pleasure, and not the collateral objects (such as ambition, or the transaction of business), is the foundation on which the system rests. A man who was invited to such parties merely as a mark of respect due to his official dignity would hardly be considered as a member of "society." During one part of his reign, William IV. used to be said to be "out of society;" and absurd as the phrase both seemed and was, the manner in which the word "society" was used in it was perfectly correct. The other members of the body in question ceased, for the time being, to receive him into their houses, or to go to his court, as a matter of pleasure. They acted, or rather professed to act, as a matter of duty; they obeyed his commands as king, instead of accepting his invitation.

When the word is used in its wider sense, it would be convenient to apply it in the same manner, and to denote by it the aggregate of those relations between men which arise from the benevolent sentiments to the exclusion of all others. If this were done consistently, it would become easy to affix a clear meaning to a variety of expressions which are at present made the occasion of a great deal of vague declamation, and to arrive at some conclusion as to the degree of truth which those expressions as they are generally used convey. The commonest and most important of these expressions are those which have been already mentioned. They are the justice and injustice of society, the duty of society, the evils of society. Assuming that the word society is to be used in the sense just assigned, the phrases justice and injustice of society, or (which is the same thing) social justice or injustice, will mean the partiality or impartiality with which men, in such of their relations as spring from the benevolent feelings, apply those rules upon the subject which, if generally acted on, would, under the existing circumstances of the human race, generally produce the greatest amount of happiness. This phrase is unavoidably complicated and difficult, but the thought which it expresses is, in reality, simple enough, when it is a little expanded. Some of the relations in which people stand to each other arise from feelings of benevolence. For example, meeting a man in a railway carriage, I begin to talk to him for the sake of the mutual pleasure which we shall both derive from conversation. This creates a relation, namely the relation of two persons engaged in casual conversation, and as this relation grows out of the benevolent feelings, it is a social relation. Now, there are a variety of rules, well understood by mankind in general, by the general

observance of which a maximum of pleasure to both parties may generally be obtained in the course of a casual conversation. If I observe these rules throughout, I do social justice to the person to whom I talk. If I do not observe them, I commit a breach of the rules, and so commit a social injustice.

This is a trifling example; others of much greater importance will readily occur to the mind. For example, there are sufficiently well-known rules by which people could, if they pleased, greatly diminish nearly every known form of suffering by diminishing its causes, such as ignorance, vice, and extreme poverty. Such rules may intelligibly be said to impose social duties. Their partial application would amount to social injustice, and the objects toward which they might be directed may be appropriately called social evils, that is, evils which the exercise of the benevolent sentiments would diminish, or possibly abolish.

Thus speaking broadly, it may be said that the general meaning of the phrases under consideration is to assert that the persons to whom they are applied are not so benevolent as the interests of the world at large would require them to be; and the question whether, on the whole, society can fairly be described in the language which is so often applied to it, resolves itself into the further question, whether the benevolent sentiments hold as large a place and perform as great a part in life as they ought. In other words, how much benevolence ought there to be in the world? How much is there?

Of these two questions the first may appear to be absurd. It may seem like asking how much health, or how much long life ought there to be in the world, questions which would generally be shortly answered by saying, the more the better. For some practical purposes this is no doubt quite true. When there is any specific thing to be done, any distress to be remedied, any evil to be avoided, any mistake to be set right, it would, of course, be in the last degree absurd to stop to consider whether benevolence had not gone far enough, and whether it was not desirable to let matters alone, on the ground that there was already as great an amount of benevolence and happiness in the world as was desirable for the human race. There are, however, other practical purposes besides those which have the diminution of suffering for their object, and in relation to these, the question, how much benevolence there ought to be in the world, is anything but idle. It is, for example, a most important object that men should not be unreasonably dissatisfied with themselves, their pursuits, or the world in which they live; that they should not allow themselves to be frightened by chimæras on the one hand, or to neglect real dangers on the other; in a word, that they should go about their common vocations with a quiet mind and with a settled conscience. These objects are deeply involved in the question, how much benevolence there ought to be in the world, for it is conceivable that answers might be given to it which would make it a crime to be comfortable. Indeed, such answers often are given, and the present question is whether or not they are true.

The meaning of the question, how much benevolence there ought to be in the world, is, what proportion of human affairs would be transacted under the direct influence of the benevolent sentiments, if human affairs were so conducted as to produce a maximum of human happiness, taking the word in its largest sense, and the first point to be noticed is that no definite answer to the question is possible. The quantity of happiness which can be obtained for mankind is a mere matter of conjecture, and even for conjecture there are hardly any reasonable grounds. It is absurd to set up an ideal standard of happiness as the right of mankind, and then to debit the want of benevolence with the deficiency. For aught we know, the highest pitch of perfection that could possibly be attained in the different arrangements of life, would leave a vast deal of wretchedness still existing, and might not only fail to provide people with any exalted objects of desire, but might disclose to them the fact that no such objects existed, and so stamp human affairs with ineffable littleness and insufferable tedium. It appears, however, that even if the attainment by mankind of the utmost possible amount of happiness be assumed, an immense proportion, perhaps the great bulk of it, would arise from other sources than benevolence. At least, if this were not so, human life, as it then stood, would differ from its present condition not merely in degree, but in kind. The sphere of benevolence in the present day is assignable in general terms, though not specifically. It has two great functions: first, it is the natural instrument for making most of the relations pleasant in which people stand to each other. Love between the sexes, or between relations, friendship in all its shapes, kindly feeling between superiors and inferiors, are all forms of benevolence. Secondly, it is one of the influences by which evils which admit of it are either remedied or mitigated, and, in this department it is suicidal, for it constantly tends to supersede the necessity for its own existence. Should suffering ever be reduced to a minimum, benevolence would have deprived itself of one of its two great functions, and would be restricted to that department in which it procures direct satisfaction, not only for its object, but also for its subject. It is thus clear that human life is not based upon benevolence. It is not the foundation, but a part of the superstructure, and a part which owes its present prominence and importance to the imperfection of the building. It is not, and cannot be the food of man, except to a limited extent. In one of its functions, it is nothing more than a medicine which our present infirmities render indispensable.

Hence may be inferred part of the answer to the question—how much benevolence ought there to be in the world? There ought to be as much as is wanted to sweeten certain relations of life, and to stop certain leaks; but what are the relations to which benevolence is thus to be applied? They are the great constituent elements of life, the motive powers by which the system is worked. It would be an abuse of terms to describe these powers as benevolent: they are desires seeking their own satisfaction without reference to anything else; such are the desire to live, the

desire to act (which is another form of the same thing), all the personal individual desires by which the great mass of all the affairs of life are set on foot and carried out—in a word, the self-regarding passions in all their different shapes. Out of these passions, and out of the various restraints which are enforced by them, by religion, and morality, spring all the great institutions which play the chief share in human life—nations, churches, governments, armaments, and the like. Recurring to the definition of society given above (that it is the name of men as they stand related to each other by the benevolent affections), it will appear that society itself is but a part of a whole; that it is not, as many people seem to suppose, the foundation out of which religion, law, science, and government spring, but something dependent upon, springing out of, and limited by these things, both in its powers and in its objects. Its function is to do so much of what they leave undone as will not interfere with their being efficiently conducted. The great functions of life must be carried on vigorously, whatever happens, and before anything else is provided for. Whatever else they are to be, men must be men, and active ones, and they must, in a very large sense of the words, be just before they are generous: that is, they must bear in mind the fact that ploughing and sowing, buying and selling, making and executing laws, and a thousand other occupations as old as the race itself, must all be set going and kept going at full speed, and notwithstanding the vast amount of individual hardship and wretchedness which they may produce before benevolence comes in to set things to rights. A man must live, and must have been living to some purpose, and must also have fallen ill in the course of his living before he sends for the doctor, and if the doctor is a wise man he will bear in mind the fact that the best he can ever hope to do for his patient is to remit him to the baker and butcher.

A man who has once succeeded in fully grasping the essentially relative and dependent character of benevolence, will find it comparatively easy to deal with the second of the two questions stated above: "Is there as much benevolence as there ought to be?" In one sense of the word "ought," of course there is not. Of course it is true that the amount of kind feeling which exists in any given nation, certainly in this nation, is not great enough at any given time to stop all the leaks which are produced by the play of those great permanent passions by which life is carried on. This, however, is a mere commonplace, and answers the question in one sense, and that a sense in which no one would think of asking it. It may bear a totally different sense, and require a totally different answer, for it may be meant to ask whether people who live, as busy and prosperous men usually do live in this country, are, as a general rule, open to blame for the course which they take in regard to benevolence. Ought they to be in the main content with the course which they usually take with regard to it, or ought they so far to change their ordinary way of life as to make the specific relief of distress a far more prominent object than they do at present? This is a question which fre-

quently forces itself upon thinking men when they read of the misery in which considerable classes of the population are involved, and of the efforts which are being made for the relief of it.

In order to answer it consistently with the principles stated above, it is necessary to describe in general terms the conduct which, as a rule, would be pursued by members of the class in question. A prosperous Englishman is, generally speaking, a busy, and not an unkind man. Supposing him to be a man of average health and strength, he usually spends the whole of his working day on his business, whatever that may be, and it may be assumed that few such men could be expected, reasonable regard being had to their health and efficiency, to make a very material increase either in the length or in the number of their working days. Of this time the whole, or nearly the whole, is systematically directed, exceptions excepted, to the personal objects of the man himself and those of his family; the merchant tries to make money, the professional man struggles for success, and reputation as well; and the politician for distinction and power. In addition to this, most men so situated would give a certain amount of personal time and trouble, more or less, to charitable objects, and almost every one would give money; as much, probably, as would not interfere with his settled plans and special objects in life. Probably there are very few people who live altogether on a cheaper scale, or follow less expensive amusements, than they would if there were neither poverty nor vice in the world. Waiving, however, all questions of the positive amount of time and money devoted to such objects, what is to be said of the general principle? Taking into account the facts with which we are all familiar about the wretchedness and degradation of considerable sections of the community, is this way of life justifiable, or ought those who adopt it to make considerable changes in their way of life for the express purpose of devoting themselves systematically to benevolent objects. The practical answer to this question is not likely to be doubtful. In fact, it is already answered in the negative by the existence of that uniform practice, the propriety of which it calls in question. But ought it; that is, is it for the general good that it should be so answered? The principles explained above appear to show that it ought. The general good is composed of the good of all the members who go to make it up; and if it be true that the individual desires supply the framework, or rather supply the material, out of which the framework of nations and all other bodies of men are made, it inevitably follows that the principal part of each individual person's life must be occupied by efforts to satisfy those desires, and that his efforts to satisfy the benevolent desires must be exceptional and occasional.

It may appear needless to take the trouble to explain the theoretical grounds of a proposition which is generally accepted unconsciously and as a matter of course, but it is one of vast practical importance, for it exposes the fallacy of the view of society which is described at the beginning of this essay, a view as common as it is fallacious, and which has more

than once caused great calamities when it has been enthusiastically embraced. This view, as has been shown from the phraseology of those who hold it, appears to be that human society—using the word not as it has been used throughout the body of this essay for men considered in certain relations, but as the name for the aggregate of all the relations in which men stand to each other—is a vast corporation which ought to give every one a fair chance of obtaining satisfaction for all his reasonable desires, especially the desire of being instructed and of maintaining himself and his family in comfort by employments suitable to his natural capacity. The answer to this is that the larger part, indeed the largest and most important part of the life of every human being, is occupied, in fact, and with an eye to the general interest ought to be occupied, by individual pursuits, that we can tell nothing of the ultimate objects for which mankind exists, or of the degree of happiness which they may be ultimately capable of attaining, but that in any state of things sufficiently like our own for us to be able to reason or even to think about it, benevolence must be the adjective, and the self-regarding passions and desires the substantive, part of our nature.

The practical inferences from these two views of the nature and functions of society (which may be called without offence the socialist and the individualist) would not differ much in any particular case. Produce, for example, an ignorant and vicious child, and both the socialist and the individualist would agree that it is an object of great importance that it should be properly taught to earn its living and do its duty. Yet they would say so on very different grounds. The one would say the child is the victim of a social wrong. Society ought not to have left it in this state. It is its duty to save it from that state, and if it does not do so it must thank itself for the consequences. The other would content himself with saying, here is an evil which can be remedied, or at any rate alleviated. Let us do so accordingly. But he would not invent any abstraction for the sake of laying the blame upon it. The importance of this is that in practice the abstraction "society" always comes to be identified with people who are well off in the world, and who are accordingly supposed to have profited by the iniquitous arrangements which "society" is supposed to have made; and this would be true, or at least intelligible, if those who hold this view could get over the preliminary difficulty of showing what particular constitution of things they understand by the word "society;" on what grounds they formed their conception; and when, how, and by whom, that model had been debased so as to produce the bad results which excite their indignation. Till they can do that, they must be content to take the world as they find it, to assume that it will remain substantially what it is, and to use such means as it affords for the remedy or alleviation of its misfortunes as the opportunity for doing so arises.

Indian Cossacks.

The notions entertained in England respecting irregular cavalry are very vague. A confused picture, compounded of the ancient Scythian, the Arab of the desert, the Cossack, and the Bashibazouk, rises up in the mind. According to the popular idea, the Indian irregular horseman is a sort of mounted bandit, ready to serve us, if it be made worth his while, and so long as he is permitted to do so in his own way and with sufficient licence. This opinion is very far removed from the truth.

Irregular cavalry differ from regular cavalry,* in having a smaller number of officers; and in the fact that the former provide their own horses, arms,† and uniform, and receive a higher rate of pay accordingly, while regular cavalry are treated in the same manner as English dragoons, except that they draw no rations for themselves. It does not follow, however, that an irregular cavalry regiment is a motley, ill-mounted rabble. The horses and arms must be approved of by the commanding officer, who also chooses a uniform to which the corps is obliged to adhere. The men are subjected to pretty nearly the same drill and discipline as their fellows in the regular service, though perhaps the system is carried on in a somewhat looser manner. The officers of the former branch are few in number, but then they are generally young, picked men, and possess many opportunities of distinction denied to their fellows in a regular regiment. The following is the complement of English officers: Commandant, second in command, adjutant, assistant-surgeon. Besides the above, two or three "doing-duty officers" are now appointed to each corps.

The uniform of the irregular cavalry is ordinarily as follows, colour and lace varying according to the fancy of the respective commandants: A long tunic of cloth, a scarf round the waist, a turban, breeches of a sort of drill, and dyed some light colour, and long jack-boots. Each man carries a tulwar,‡ as well as either a carabine or lance, besides sometimes on the day of battle, pistol and dagger. In the matter of slinging the tulwar, a useful hint is afforded to our dragoon officers. It is suspended from the waistbelt by a couple of straps only two or three inches long. Thus fastened, it makes none of that jingling which betrays the movements of European cavalry from so great a distance, neither is the razor-

* All native cavalry either has been or is to be made irregular.

† On the application of commandants, Government issues a certain number of carabines to each corps; the men, however, paying for the same.

‡ A tulwar is the broad, curved, and sometimes very heavy, sabre used by the natives of India.

like edge of the tulwar, the blade of which is encased in a sheath of wood and leather, injured by constant banging about. The pay of a private trooper is 36*l.* a year, out of which he has to find and keep a horse, arms, and uniform, besides feeding himself.

Most irregular corps, whether infantry or cavalry, have been called into existence by one of two exigencies: hostilities necessitated a sudden increase of troops, or else a corps for a particular service, or to garrison a newly conquered district, was required. When this want occurred, some smart officer was told to raise a regiment. Men whose only means of livelihood lies between the alternative of war or rapine, abound throughout India; consequently, recruits already more than half-trained to the profession of arms soon flocked to his standard. A few weeks, in cases of emergency, are deemed sufficient for drill and organization; the regiment is then employed at once. Generally, the first commandant gives his name to the corps; and occasionally an officer is allowed to raise a complete little force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, all to serve under his own immediate command. This was the case with Rattray during the late mutiny.

As the readiest means of giving a clear idea of what irregular cavalry are, we purpose taking a particular regiment, and presenting the reader with a short sketch of its exploits against the mutineers. The corps we select is Cureton's regiment of Mooltance cavalry.* The men composing this regiment are remarkable for certain peculiarities, yet these do not so much divorce them from the remainder of their branch of the service, but what their history may present a tolerably accurate delineation of the whole.

The Mooltanees are a wild tribe, residing in the city of Mooltan and that portion of the trans-Indus country called the Derajat. A wild, barren, desolate district this last, but they regard it with feelings of the most devoted attachment. With the Mooltanees, who are of pure Pathan blood,† and very proud of it too, are mingled many Beloochee families, who have in course of time come to be frequently known by the same name, and indeed to share most of the Mooltanee's good qualities. He is remarkable for gallantry, truthfulness, love of home, and a chivalrous sense of honour. As brave as the Pathan of Afghanistan, courage is not, as with the latter, obscured by treachery and ferocity. Splendid swordsmen, horsemen whom no exertion can weary, soldiers whom no odds can appal, subjects whom no temptation can withdraw from their allegiance, unsurpassed either in the charge, the pursuit, or the scouting party, and hating the Sikhs most intensely—the value of the Mooltanees to the Punjaub Government is great. Unfortunately, the tribe is a small one, numbering no more than 2,500 fighting men. During the Sikh

* It may be as well to mention that the writer of this article is not, and never has been, connected with the regiment in question.

† Pathan, not Afghan, is the proper name of the inhabitants of Afghanistan.

rebellion of 1848–49, they formed a portion of that force by means of which Herbert Edwardes was enabled to stem Moolraj's progress. In 1857, the outbreak of the Indian mutiny found Herbert Edwardes—then Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Edwardes, C.B.—commissioner of Peshawur. That station was in a very critical position. The garrison was composed almost entirely of doubtful or disaffected native soldiers, to keep whom in order there was but a small number of English troops, whilst succour from elsewhere was hopeless. In the midst of these difficulties, Herbert Edwardes bethought him of his gallant comrades of the second Sikh war, and summoned them to his assistance. Spite of the apparently desperate state of our affairs, and disregarding every inducement of ambition, all the ties of race and of religion, they at once responded to the appeal. On the 20th of May, Herbert Edwardes's letter reached Dehra Ishmael Khan, their principal city; and on the 1st of June, Gholam Hussan Khan, together with other chiefs and their followers, amounting to 300 horsemen, appeared in arms at Peshawur. They were thus the very first natives in the Punjaub who espoused our cause. Whilst at that station they did good service against the mutinous sepoys, who soon broke into open revolt, and were, to use the grim term of the day, almost all accounted for. When at last the security of our northern frontier was re-established, and the Mooltanees were no longer required at Peshawur, Gholam Hussan Khan and his kinsfolk petitioned to be allowed to form a regiment of 600 troopers for service in Hindoostan. Their request was granted; and at Lahore, early in January, 1858, the regiment was raised. The appointment of commandant was given to Captain Charles Cureton, an irregular cavalry officer of some experience. The other officers were Lieutenant Dixon, second in command; Lieutenant Williams, adjutant; Lieutenant Gosling and Lieutenant B. M. Smith, doing duty; Assistant-surgeon Baillie, medical officer. Gholam Hussan Khan, the man of highest rank and influence in the tribe, was appointed native commandant, and the other chiefs were made native officers. The regiment consisted of five troops of Mooltanee Pathans, and one of Mooltanee Beloochees, each troop numbering one hundred sabres. A large proportion of the men had been employed as frontier police, and many had served as auxiliaries to the British in the second Sikh war. This circumstance, combined with their national habits and tastes, rendered them the best possible material for a body of light cavalry.

Cureton only stayed at Lahore the short time required to embody the regiment, and on the 14th January started with it for Roorkee, the men taking with them a promise from Sir John Lawrence that their absence from the Punjaub should not exceed a year. Troops were urgently required in the field, so drill and marching had to proceed together. A motley, wild-looking crew had Cureton to deal with: men with so ardent a love of home, and so great repugnance to drill and discipline, that they were now for the first time taking regular service: proud, fierce warriors,

but imbued with the most chivalrous notions of fidelity, and capable of the greatest attachment to their leaders. The task of acquiring influence with these wild soldiers of fortune, of controlling and directing their impulsive natures, was difficult. It was, however, one to which Captain Cureton was fully equal. Experienced, indefatigable, courteous yet firm, and possessing the tact to adapt means to materials, Cureton did credit to Sir John Lawrence's choice. He had upwards of 600 first-rate swordsmen and splendid horsemen, every man, however, armed and clothed according to his individual fancy, and quite unacquainted with drill or discipline. These he was called on to organize and lead into the field, without the delay of a day. Under such circumstances, he made no attempt to get them into order, according to the pipeclay notion of the term. He knew that to re-cast such a heterogeneous mass would not only demand time which could not be afforded, but would substitute for their own mode of fighting an imperfectly understood system, more calculated to hamper than to aid them in the day of trial. He therefore determined not to do too much. As to dress and arms—which latter consisted of sword, matchlock or lance, pistol, and dagger—he confined himself to causing their clothes to be dyed khakee, or mud-colour, and adding a few English carabines. In drill, he limited his efforts to teaching a few elementary manœuvres, so as to enable them to work together. With regard to discipline, he endeavoured to put himself in the position of their khan. He inflicted but few punishments, but when he *did* punish it was done with great severity. His great difficulty was to overcome their horror of even that elementary drill which he taught them. Indeed, it seemed as if his efforts were to be overthrown on the very threshold; for when he endeavoured to form them into two ranks, their pride took the alarm, and not a man would go into the rear rank. At length they arranged among themselves that it should be composed of men of inferior position and family. After a march of 270 miles, the Mooltanees arrived at Roorkee, which is situated about 70 miles to the south-east of Umballa. They were forthwith incorporated in the force assembled there under the command of Brigadier General Jones, and destined to operate against the rebels in Rohilcund. It was composed, besides the Mooltanees, of a battalion of the 60th Rifles, 1st Punjaub Infantry, 1st Sikh Infantry, 17th Punjaub Infantry, and Austin's Field Battery, and on the 17th April opened the campaign by crossing the Ganges near Hurdwar.

Having said so much for our Indian Cossacks, we now proceed to illustrate their value as soldiers, their modes of fighting.

Let the reader imagine a body of wild, uncouth, fiery-eyed, swarthy horsemen, drawn up in line. A tract of low, thick brushwood is on the right hand and on the left; in front a clear open space, in some places covered with coarse grass, in others with patches of green corn; in the background a small cluster of mud huts, from amongst which the white-domed mosque is conspicuous. Who are these dark horsemen? Are they mutineers, or loyal soldiers of the Queen's? To one fresh from England it

would be difficult, at the first glance, to decide this question. On looking more attentively, however, he would perceive a little in front of the line a small knot of horsemen whom, in spite of turbans and waist-shawls, in spite of Oriental-looking tunics, long beards, and swarthy complexions, he would discover to be the English officers of Cureton's Mooltanee Cavalry. These officers, as well as their men, eagerly watch the conflict which is being carried on in the adjoining jungle, listening to the shots and shouts which mark the progress of the fray. The din of battle becomes louder and louder, and soon in the distance one or two wounded rebels break from the jungle, dragging themselves painfully along in the direction of the village. In a few minutes a score of fugitives follow, and shortly after a large body of the enemy's artillery, cavalry and infantry, numbering some 1,600 men, in orderly retreat, appear in the open space about half a mile from the British cavalry. On catching sight of the foe, the officers take post in front of the line, while the haughty Pathans they lead, with eyes flashing from excitement, raise their hands towards heaven, muttering rapidly, "Allah, Allah Ackbar!" The next instant the quiet-looking, slightly built English officer, their leader, gives the word to draw swords and charge. Onwards, like a torrent, rush the gallant band, officers, both native and English, in front; while the six kettle-drummers beat their drums with energy.* As the line approaches the enemy, some three or four of the Mooltanees, anxious to gain the approbation of their officers, rush to the front and plunge into the hostile ranks. A second after, their comrades are with them. The enemy, meanwhile, finding flight impossible, stand at bay, fire a scattered volley, draw their swords, and with sullen desperation await the onset. For a few moments nothing is to be made out but a surging, shifting crowd of mingled horsemen and infantry engaged in mortal combat, for in those days quarter was unheard of. Swords, bayonets, and lance-heads gleam in the sun, groans and curses rise up to heaven, while here and there a figure sinking amidst the waves of this human sea, shows that some brave Mooltanee, some base rebel has fought his last fight. The most terrific blows are given and received. One rebel's head is severed from his body by a light sweep from a Mooltanee sabre, while the British leader's horse is cut almost literally in two by a mutineer.

The English officers, led by their ardour into the thickest of the enemy's ranks, are in some instances surrounded. Using their revolvers with deadly effect, they succeed in defending themselves until a cry being raised that their leaders are in danger, numbers of the Mooltanees rush to their aid, anxious to avoid the deep disgrace which according to Oriental notions they would incur, should any of them be slain. Down go the rebels in scores, but they are numerous and desperate, while the Mooltanees are

* Among the Mooltanees, the kettle-drummer is usually an old and trusted dependant of the chief. It is a point of honour with Orientals not to touch kettle-drummers in action, while, at the same time, the capture of a kettle-drum is looked upon as equal to that of a standard.

comparatively few in number. A good cause, brave leaders and a gallantry which can not be surpassed, however, aid the latter. In martial fury, some of them seize their mounted adversaries round the waist, and fling themselves to the ground with them in a death struggle. After a while individuals become separated from the mass, and numerous single combats take place. By ones and twos the combatants fall on every side, till at length the rebels, leaving the ground strewed with their dead, flee in all directions, the victors pursuing them.

General Jones, after crossing the river, advanced boldly yet with caution into the forest which skirted its bank. He had not proceeded more than four miles, when his advanced guard fell in with the enemy strongly posted in a thick jungle, near a place called Bhagneewalla. The fire of the artillery and 60th Rifles, together with a charge made by Lieutenant Gosling at the head of a troop of Mooltanees, soon compelled him to retreat. The general now made use of Cureton's regiment, which, supported by Austin's Field Battery, charged the rebels whenever they attempted to form. The retreat soon became a rout, the fugitives abandoning their camp equipage and guns, casting away their arms, and even throwing off their clothes to facilitate escape. The Mooltanees followed them for some miles, cutting up a large number and capturing four guns. On this occasion Lieutenant Gosling killed eight men with his revolver, every other man in the regiment disposing of three at least. The natives say that the spirits of the dead still haunt the scene, and that their groans may be heard in the night. The loss of the regiment was—killed, one trooper and one horse; wounded, sixteen of all ranks, and nineteen horses.

The morning after the action at Bhagneewalla, Captain Cureton having reason to think that the rebels defeated on the previous day were concealed in some thick jungle to the north of Nujeejabad, sent out Jemadar Emam Buksh Khan, and forty troopers, to patrol in that direction. Whilst carrying out this duty, Emam Buksh received information from villagers, that some miles off, in a fort called Khote, was a rebel Nawab and five hundred followers. With happy audacity, the jemadar promptly marched to the fort, and surrounding it, summoned the garrison to surrender and give up the Nawab. He threatened that in case his demand was not complied with, he would put every soul to the sword. The rebels, imposed upon by his bold bearing, and probably dispirited by the reverse of the preceding day, abandoned all idea of flight or resistance. The Nawab came out and gave himself up, was disarmed and placed under a strong escort. Emam Buksh then entered the fort, placed a guard at the gate, turned out the garrison, first depriving them of their arms, and then sent information to camp of the brilliant exploit he had achieved. For this dashing deed, Jemadar Emam Buksh Khan received the third class of the Order of Merit.

On the 18th April, General Jones pushing on first to Nujeejabad, and afterwards to the fort of Futtehghur, found them both abandoned by the enemy, who had left behind in the two places eight guns, besides ammu-

nition and grain. On the 21st, having by this time been joined by four heavy guns and a squadron of the carabineers, he proceeded to attack a body of the rebels at Nugeenah, amounting to 10,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and 15 guns; and, after a smart action, totally defeated them. The loss of the rebels on this occasion was estimated at 800 killed, besides wounded—among the former being several people of distinction—and all their guns. The British loss was but slight. The share the Mooltance cavalry took in this brilliant, well-conducted affair was important and distinguished. It seems to have been, as far as they were concerned, the hardest fought of any they have been yet engaged in.

The regiment—of which, it would appear, only half the number was present with the commandant, the remainder being probably employed on other duties over a different part of the field—was posted on the left of the line. On the enemy's cavalry threatening an attack in that quarter, Captain Cureton was ordered to charge, and, after dispersing them, to turn the right of the rebel infantry. Just as he received this order, a young gentleman of seventeen or eighteen rode up to Captain Cureton and asked permission to accompany him as a volunteer. Gladly acceding to the youth's request, he gave the word to advance at a trot. When within a hundred yards of the foe, the Mooltanees increased their pace to a gallop, charged and dispersed the cavalry, cutting up many (not, however, without loss to themselves) and capturing three guns. Here Lieutenant Williams's horse fell under him, the rider fortunately escaping with only a few bruises. Here also the young volunteer before mentioned, with only a couple of Mooltanees to back him, attacked a knot of the rebels, and though the swords of the gallant three did good execution, the brave boy received some very severe and dangerous wounds. After the capture of the guns Cureton crossed a nullah (a small ravine or watercourse) for the purpose of attacking a body of infantry drawn up in rear of it. He had just re-formed the regiment, after the disorder consequent on passing this obstacle, and was advancing to charge the enemy, when Lieutenant Gosling, who had shown himself a good soldier both at Bhagneewalla and in that day's fight, came across a dismounted rebel trooper. Gosling unhesitatingly attacked him, but was at once shot through the chest by his adversary. Gosling's death was soon avenged, the enemy's infantry being quickly dispersed and driven off the field, with the loss of a hundred men.

Nothing now remaining in his immediate front, Cureton, confident of victory, and with that happy instinct which made him so excellent a leader of irregular cavalry, determined to ascertain the rebel's line of retreat. Sweeping at a rapid pace across the plain, in rear of the enemy's position, he cut up many scattered fugitives as he went. The Hindoostance is like a rat; when compelled to fight he will resist to the last, and many of these fugitives fought desperately; at length, on reaching a spot about five miles in rear of the enemy's extreme left, he perceived the foe in full retreat, while immediately in front was a party of chiefs

mounted on six elephants, and surrounded by cavalry and infantry. To see, to charge, to defeat, was the work of a few moments. The elephants were captured, the chiefs killed, the party dispersed, and an English telegraph signaller delivered. This man, who had been captured some time previously, and been taken into the field in order that he might be a spectator of the defeat of his countrymen, was rescued by Captain Cureton at great personal danger to himself.

Scarcely have the victors time to congratulate themselves on their success, than they perceive that more peril, more glory, is in store for them. A large body of the enemy is discerned approaching, and the position of the little band—they do not exceed 200 sabres—becomes critical. Retreat, however, is not to be thought of. Cureton withdraws into a grove by the roadside, and there awaits the arrival of the rebels. On come the doomed men, inspired with a feeling of security by the sight of the captured elephants with the party, which they consequently deem to be composed of their own people. Nearer and nearer they approach, hurrying to avoid the bayonets of the victorious British infantry in their rear. They are now seen to amount to 800 infantry, 500 cavalry, and some guns; and Cureton, as he turns from them to gaze on his own scanty host, feels that his is a desperate venture. On come the rebels, and the grove, containing their supposed friends, is almost reached. Still not a sound issues from the trees, not a greeting strikes the ear, not a signal meets the eye. Suddenly a clear English voice rings out the word "Charge!" and in an instant the Mooltanees are in the midst of the panic-stricken foe. Taken by surprise, daunted by the fury of the onset, the rebels do not resist long, but flee in all directions, leaving upwards of one hundred dead on the ground, and a green standard and several guns as trophies. With this feat of arms end the gallant deeds of Cureton and his Mooltanees in the action of Nugeenah. They may well be proud of that day; for to defeat cavalry and artillery, then infantry, then again cavalry, artillery, and infantry combined, in the latter case contending against enormous odds, were exploits of which even a veteran corps might boast. How much more, then, a young regiment only three months raised, and engaged that day in its second action!

Lieutenants Dixon, Williams, Smith, and Thomas were each of them in the course of the day engaged in single combats with the rebels. Jemadar Emam Buksh Khan, the captor of Khote, similarly distinguished himself. He did not, however, escape without receiving two sword-cuts. The total loss of the regiment in killed, wounded, and missing on this occasion was one English officer, one volunteer, three native officers, three non-commissioned officers, twenty-three troopers, and fifty-eight horses.

On the return of the regiment to camp, Captain Cureton ascertained that the youth who had accompanied him as a volunteer, and whose desperate gallantry had procured him two dangerous wounds, was not, as he imagined, a British officer, but a student of the Roorkee Civil Engineer College, led by an adventurous spirit to follow the force to the field. A

strong recommendation in his favour having been made by Captain Cureton, and backed up by the general, Mr. Hanna, for such was his name, obtained an unattached commission as the reward of his intrepidity. Subsequently he was appointed to do duty with the 1st Punjaub Irregular Cavalry, and is now adjutant of Fane's Horse. We are sorry to add that he will limp to his dying day, from the effect of the wounds received at Nugeenah.

After this action the Mooltanees had little of any importance to do until the capture of Bareilly. In the operations which led to this result they did good service, particularly in opening communication with Lord Clyde, who was attacking the place from one side, while General Jones was co-operating with him from the other. On this occasion they fell in with several Ghazees. These desperate fanatics—men who have devoted themselves to death in destroying the infidels, and have prepared themselves for that holy sacrifice by drinking bhang to intoxication—attacked the Mooltanees with the most savage resolution. To use the words of Captain Cureton, "as they rushed frantically about, more like mad dogs than anything else, they were very difficult to kill." In some instances during the campaign, they actually dismounted and cut right and left, even creeping under the stomachs of their adversaries' horses, in their determination to inflict and obtain death. In their religious madness death was a boon above all price, for would it not carry them straight to paradise?

Information being received that the garrison left in Shahjehanpore by Lord Clyde on his advance was hard pressed, and had been compelled to take refuge in the jail, General Jones, with a considerably augmented force, was at once sent out to effect its relief. In this successful operation, as well as in the attack on the British forces at Shahjehanpore on the 16th May, and the skirmish of the 18th of the same month—at the latter the commander-in-chief himself being present—the Mooltanees were not seriously engaged. Scarcely a day passed, however, without some slight affair taking place between them and the rebels. In the skirmish of the 18th, Lord Clyde, as was his wont, exposed himself very freely, and thereby caused the Mooltanees so much anxiety, that they resolved on trying the effect of a petition. Accordingly, repairing in a body to the tent of their commandant, they proceeded to open their hearts to him. With great earnestness, they spoke of the danger the Lord Sahib incurred, and represented that if anything were to happen to him not a man in the force would be able to hold up his head afterwards. They begged, therefore, that Cureton would, on their behalf, petition the commander-in-chief to take more care of himself for the future. Cureton pointed out to them that Lord Clyde was the chief, and could not be dictated to as to what he should do. This explanation by no means satisfied his auditory, who, much cast down, left his presence shaking their heads, and were greatly relieved when, a few days after, the commander-in-chief quitted the camp, without having sustained any injury.

On the 24th May, General Jones encountered the rebel forces at Bunai, and completely defeated them. The British cavalry—among whom were Cureton's Mooltanees, together with Tomb's troop of Horse Artillery—under Brigadier Hagart, formed the left. The enemy being very strong in this arm, continually outflanked and threatened that portion of the line, invariably retiring whenever the brigade was halted to enable the guns to open fire. Brigadier Hagart's progress was thus considerably impeded, and alternately halting and advancing, he gained but little ground. At length, as the brigade was passing a large grove of mango-trees, Cureton, who formed the extreme left, suddenly received intelligence from his flankers that the rebel horse were charging down on the left flank of his regiment. Hurriedly wheeling up the left squadron, which, though taken by surprise, behaved with admirable steadiness, he had hardly completed the movement, when the enemy were upon them. The rebel chief, with about twenty followers—Ghazees—made such a furious onset, that in an instant they had pierced the line. The regiment did not waver for an instant, and almost immediate death was the reward of their temerity. Not a man of the twenty-one escaped, but ere they fell they had succeeded in killing and wounding several of the Mooltanees. The chief, who was commandant of the whole rebel cavalry, quitted this life tragically. A young Mooltanee made a stroke at him with his spear, and missed. Determined that his prey should not escape, he dropped the faithless weapon, and, clasping him round the waist, the two fell to the ground in mortal struggle. When the fight was over, both were found dead: the trooper with a pistol bullet through the body, and the rebel chief with a dagger in his chest. Meantime, the steadiness and imposing presence of the Mooltanees had prevented the remainder of the rebels from making any vigorous attack. These, amounting to between two and three hundred, had followed their leader with sufficient gallantry till their horses almost touched those of their adversaries. They then pulled short up; and, allowing their leader and his brave followers to rush alone on the road to death and paradise, commenced firing their carabines and dashing their lances at the foe. No sign of confusion or fear gave them any encouragement to charge home, and in a few moments —the Ghazees having been disposed of—Cureton shouted "Charge!" That word was the signal for the rebels to fly at the utmost speed of their horses. As they passed the mango-grove they were joined by another body of equal strength, which had remained concealed on the farther side. Scattering over the country, and better mounted than their pursuers, they managed to escape with the comparatively small loss in the whole affair of twenty-six killed, and about fifty wounded. The broken remnants of the rebel army were pursued for some distance, but without much effect, beyond their being prevented rallying. Little worthy of note occurred during the remaining few days the column continued in the field. The objects of the expedition were fully carried out, but the enemy nowhere made a serious resistance. In the whole of these operations the

Mooltanees took an active part. A few days after their return they were again despatched as part of a force under Brigadier Taylor, and took a prominent part in the action which terminated in the capture of Shahabad.

It is a pretty general idea among military men, that the same troops cannot with efficiency discharge the duties of light cavalry, in the proper acceptation of the term, and also fight in line. A perusal of an account of the exploits of the Mooltanees, and of the above-quoted passage—for it was through this regiment that Cureton obtained information—we hope will serve to dissipate this notion.

From the date of the capture of Shahabad until the beginning of October, the Mooltanees remained at Shahjehanpore. During this interval of comparative inactivity, however, parties of them had several slight encounters with the rebels in the neighbourhood, establishing in most cases a decided superiority as swordsmen over their opponents. The troops were not permitted much time to recruit after the dangers and fatigues they had undergone. The rebels having become more daring from the respite they had received, Sir Thomas Seaton, the successor of General Jones at Shahjehanpore, in the beginning of October marched against, and signally defeated them. On this occasion the Mooltanees rendered great services in the pursuit, killing about one hundred of the enemy, besides wounding others. Of this number seven fell beneath the sabre of one of Cureton's non-commissioned officers.

On the 18th October, 1858, the Mooltanees again took the field with Brigadier Troup's column. That officer marched from Shahjehanpore for the purpose of pressing the rebels in the north and north-east of Oudh, and driving them in the direction of that part of the Terai,* near Baraitch, on which point several other columns, and the commander-in-chief himself at the head of a considerable body of troops, were converging.

In this campaign the Mooltanees were not, with one exception, so hotly engaged as they had been in the preceding one; but their services as scouts and flankers proved invaluable. It was a curious sight on the line of march to behold these wild-looking horsemen performing the duties of rear-guard. On both flanks, riding along in a very *dégagé* manner, might be seen couples of this ragged border cavalry, supported by a disorderly-looking clump or so, from amongst whose ranks a lance with its bright-coloured pennon would here and there emerge. Suddenly a neilghei† or a black buck, disturbed in its lair by the advancing soldiery, makes a rush across the line of march. Immediately the soldier disappears in the hunter, discipline is thrown to the winds, spurs set to their horses, and a dozen or twenty eager horsemen dash furiously after the game.

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* A belt of the forest and jungle running along the foot of the mountains which separate Nepaul from the British territory.

† Literally, "blue cow:" an animal with the body of a cow and the head of a deer. It is very common in some parts of India.

In this, which may be termed the second campaign in Oudh, the Mooltanees were engaged in several actions, and fully maintained their former reputation. We pass over the affairs of Mahadynore, Russoolpore, and the capture of Mithowlie, in all of which they took part, as not presenting anything worthy of record. From Mithowlie, which was taken possession of on the 8th November, the force proceeded to Allygunge On the march to that place a desperate rebel trooper hid himself till the advanced guard reached the place where he was concealed, when he rushed out, and being well mounted, succeeded in passing them. His intention was to try and reach the head of the column, where he expected to find and slay some officer of rank. One of the Mooltanees guessing his object, set spurs to his horse and galloped after him. Cureton, who was riding in front, and a little off the road, had also witnessed the proceedings of the Ghazee, and hurried in pursuit, hoping to be able to cut him off. The chase was now becoming exciting. In advance, in the direction of the column, rode the rebel; a little behind, and on one side, dashed Cureton at the top of his horse's speed; while directly in the rear hotly spurred the Mooltanee. The matter was, however, soon terminated, for just as Cureton was within a few lengths of the fanatic, the Mooltanee took a deliberate aim with his carabine, and though both were going at racing speed, succeeded in putting a bullet through the rebel's heart. Cureton arrived just as the desperado fell from his horse, and only in time to hear him with his dying breath thus address his slayer—"Dog! you have not even let me *see* a cursed infidel's face."

On the 1st December, 1858, Troup came in sight of the enemy under Prince Feroze Shah, at a place called Biswa. Order of battle was promptly formed, when, on a large body of the rebel cavalry threatening his right, Troup ordered Cureton to advance towards them. The movement had scarcely commenced when, led by Feroze Shah in person, the hostile cavalry, taking the initiative, charged with the greatest determination and in excellent order. Putting his regiment to the gallop, Cureton met them gallantly, and after a few minutes' hard fighting, in which some terrific cuts were given, the rebels fled, pursued by the Mooltanees for some distance. This was perhaps one of the finest instances of the shock of cavalry which occurred during the mutiny. Both parties charging home, fought man to man for some time with great resolution, the rebels, who numbered many Ghazees in their ranks, not giving way till in a fair stand-up fight they had both received and inflicted considerable loss. In the charge and pursuit, the Mooltanees had about twenty men killed and wounded, while some fifty or sixty of the rebels were slain. Among the killed in the Mooltanee ranks was one of their best native officers, Jemadar Mowladad Khan, son of Ressaldar Mahomed Khan, also belonging to the regiment. On the termination of the action the bereaved father was the first person to report to Captain Cureton the death of his gallant son. Of the rebels every chief was either killed or wounded.

Some days after, Ishmael Khan, one of the rebel chiefs, and who had

been shot through the heel by a revolver at Biswa, came and surrendered himself at the head of his followers. He said that he had been in arms against the British ever since the capture of Delhi; but that since he had been opposed to the Mooltanees, they and their sahib—meaning Cureton—had done him and his followers more harm than all the rest. He declared that they never felt safe night or day, and therefore surrendered themselves. When he saw Cureton he asked him if he was satisfied with the number he and his regiment had killed. "There is hardly a house in Rohilcund," continued the rebel chief, "where the Mooltanees have not caused grief."

A few weeks later, Colonel Dennis, 60th Rifles, was sent northward with a small force to disperse the rebels who had fled to the outer border of the Terai. Lieutenant Dixon, with a weak squadron of Mooltanees, accompanied the expedition. On one occasion Lieutenant Dixon, supported by some police cavalry, found a large body of rebel infantry with two guns drawn up in his front; charging down upon them he discovered as he approached, that a nullah intervened between him and the enemy. The sight of the obstacle was powerless to check the boiling courage of the Mooltanees and their gallant leader. Onward they sweep with unavailing ardour. A gallant attempt to cross was made; but the enemy maintained a heavy fire on the spot, and the horses became entangled in the quicksands: Dixon himself was shot through the left shoulder and his charger killed, while men and horses fell rapidly around him. Success being clearly impossible, a retreat was ordered. Nothing like a panic however ensued, and in spite of a hot fire the Mooltanees carried off all their wounded. Thus, for the first time since becoming a regiment, did the Mooltanees suffer a repulse—but not a dishonourable one. Lieutenant Dixon died of his wound; and in him her Majesty lost an officer of brilliant promise.

When the regiment was embodied on the 16th January, 1858, the term of absence from the Punjaub was limited to one year. That period had now expired, but the necessities of the State rendered an extension necessary, and, at the request of Sir John Lawrence, the brave and loyal Mooltanees continued to serve, after the expiration of their engagement, not only without murmuring, but with cheerfulness.

Nor was this a slight sacrifice. Fond as is the Mooltanee of fighting, yet even this taste is rivalled by the ardent attachment to home, which is one of his principal characteristics. Moreover, those who were landholders suffered considerable inconvenience and no little loss, by this delay in their return to the Punjaub. Imagining that they would only be away for twelvemonths, according to agreement, they had sub-let or arranged about their land for that time only. Their patience was not, however, long tried; for at the end of February, 1858, the rebellion being now almost stamped out, the different columns were broken up, and the Mooltanees received the route. One regret mixed itself with the joy caused by this intelligence, and that was the thought of being separated

from the 1st battalion 60th Rifles, between which and themselves a great friendship had sprung up.

As soon as the order for the march reached them, those Mooltanees who had lost any relations or connections during the two campaigns obtained leave to go and fetch their bodies. It had been the custom when any man fell for his kinsfolk to embalm the body, and, marking the spot, to bury it in a mount or hedge, till an opportunity occurred of transporting it to his home. They now hastened in every direction to take up the corpses, and bring them to Shahjehanpore, where they were to rejoin the regiment. From Shahjehanpore the Mooltanees marched for Peshawur, carrying with them a long train of carts, laden with coffins enclosing their deceased relations. During a short halt at Umballah, a complaint for the first time was made against the Mooltanees, who even during the temptations of a campaign had exhibited the most exemplary good conduct. Continuing their march, they passed through Rawul Pindee, where a serio-comic incident, in which, however, the comic decidedly predominated, occurred. A young trooper came to Captain Cureton in a great state of excitement, and thus unfolded his grievance. He said that on examining his father's coffin, which he had brought with him from Hindoostan on a cart, he had found it empty. It appeared that the deceased's remains had slipped through a crack in the bottom of the coffin. Now the young trooper had hired the cart to carry his father's body, and, finding that absent, his rude sense of justice revolted at having to pay for an unfulfilled contract. Cureton, however, explained to him that no fault could be attributed to the driver, and that he was bound to pay the hire agreed upon. Satisfied with the award, and this explanation, the trooper left Cureton's presence, and a short time afterwards was seen cooking his dinner with the fragments of the now useless coffin.

The loss of the regiment in killed and wounded during the campaign was as follows:—English officers, 4; native officers, 9; non-commissioned officers and men, 123; horses, 204. Of the English officers belonging to the regiment every one was either killed or wounded, or had his horse killed or wounded.

The Government was not backward in recognizing the brilliant and important services rendered by Cureton and his men. Cureton himself was made, first, Brevet-Major, and subsequently Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. The native commandant, Gholam Hussan Khan, was raised to the rank of Sirdar Bahadur, received the third class Order of Merit and a pecuniary reward, and was further appointed vakeel, or native representative, of the British Government, at the court of the Ameer of Cabul. One ressaldar (a rank answering to that of captain of cavalry) was granted the rank of Bahadur, and nine native officers, non-commissioned officers and troopers, obtained the third class order of merit. The rank of Sirdar Bahadur carries with it an annuity of 72*l.* a year, and that of Bahadur one of 36*l.* a year.

The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Visit to Guestwick.

As the party from Allington rode up the narrow High-street of Guestwick, and across the market square towards the small, respectable, but very dull row of new houses in which Mrs. Eames lived, the people of Guestwick were all aware that Miss Lily Dale was escorted by her future husband. The opinion that she had been a very fortunate girl was certainly general among the Guestwickians, though it was not always expressed in open or generous terms. "It was a great match for her," some said, but shook their heads at the same time, hinting that Mr. Crosbie's life in London was not all that it should be, and suggesting that she might have been more safe had she been content to bestow herself upon some country neighbour of less dangerous pretensions. Others declared that it was no such great match after all. They knew his income to a penny, and believed that the young people would find it very difficult to keep a house in London unless the old squire intended to assist them. But, nevertheless, Lily was envied as she rode through the town with her handsome lover by her side.

And she was very happy. I will not deny that she had some feeling of triumphant satisfaction in the knowledge that she was envied. Such a feeling on her part was natural, and is natural to all men and women who are conscious that they have done well in the adjustment of their own affairs. As she herself had said, he was her bird, the spoil of her own

"WHY, IT'S YOUNG EAMES"

gun, the product of such capacity as she had in her, on which she was to live, and, if possible, to thrive during the remainder of her life. Lily fully recognized the importance of the thing she was doing, and, in soberest guise, had thought much of this matter of marriage. But the more she thought of it the more satisfied she was that she was doing well. And yet she knew that there was a risk. He who was now everything to her might die; nay, it was possible that he might be other than she thought him to be; that he might neglect her, desert her, or misuse her. But she had resolved to trust in everything, and, having so trusted, she would not provide for herself any possibility of retreat. Her ship should go out into the middle ocean, beyond all ken of the secure port from which it had sailed; her army should fight its battle with no hope of other safety than that which victory gives. All the world might know that she loved him if all the world chose to inquire about the matter. She triumphed in her lover, and did not deny even to herself that she was triumphant.

Mrs. Eames was delighted to see them. It was so good in Mr. Crosbie to come over and call upon such a poor, forlorn woman as her, and so good in Captain Dale; so good also in the dear girls, who, at the present moment, had so much to make them happy at home at Allington! Little things, accounted as bare civilities by others, were esteemed as great favours by Mrs. Eames.

"And dear Mrs. Dale? I hope she was not fatigued when we kept her up the other night so unconscionably late?" Bell and Lily both assured her that their mother was none the worse for what she had gone through; and then Mrs. Eames got up and left the room, with the declared purpose of looking for John and Mary, but bent, in truth, on the production of some cake and sweet wine which she kept under lock and key in the little parlour.

"Don't let's stay here very long," whispered Crosbie.

"No, not very long," said Lily. "But when you come to see my friends you mustn't be in a hurry, Mr. Crosbie."

"He had his turn with Lady Julia," said Bell, "and we must have ours now."

"At any rate, Mrs. Eames won't tell us to do our duty and to beware of being too beautiful," said Lily.

Mary and John came into the room before their mother returned; then came Mrs. Eames, and a few minutes afterwards the cake and wine arrived. It certainly was rather dull, as none of the party seemed to be at their ease. The grandeur of Mr. Crosbie was too great for Mrs. Eames and her daughter, and John was almost silenced by the misery of his position. He had not yet answered Miss Roper's letter, nor had he even made up his mind whether he would answer it or no. And then the sight of Lily's happiness did not fill him with all that friendly joy which he should perhaps have felt as the friend of her childhood. To tell the truth, he hated Crosbie, and so he had told himself; and had so told his sister also very frequently since the day of the party.

"I tell you what it is, Molly," he had said, "if there was any way of doing it, I'd fight that man."

"What! and make Lily wretched?"

"She'll never be happy with him. I'm sure she won't. I don't want to do her any harm, but yet I'd like to fight that man,—if I only knew how to manage it." And then he bethought himself that if they could both be slaughtered in such an encounter it would be the only fitting termination to the present state of things. In that way, too, there would be an escape from Amelia, and, at the present moment, he saw none other.

When he entered the room he shook hands with all the party from Allington, but, as he told his sister afterwards, his flesh crept when he touched Crosbie. Crosbie, as he contemplated the Eames family sitting stiff and ill at ease in their own drawing-room chairs, made up his mind that it would be well that his wife should see as little of John Eames as might be when she came to London;—not that he was in any way jealous of her lover. He had learned everything from Lily,—all, at least, that Lily knew,—and regarded the matter rather as a good joke. "Don't see him too often," he had said to her, "for fear he should make an ass of himself." Lily had told him everything,—all that she could tell; but yet he did not in the least comprehend that Lily had, in truth, a warm affection for the young man whom he despised.

"Thank you, no," said Crosbie. "I never do take wine in the middle of the day."

"But a bit of cake?" And Mrs. Eames by her look implored him to do her so much honour. She implored Captain Dale also, but they were both inexorable. I do not know that the two girls were at all more inclined to eat and drink than the two men; but they understood that Mrs. Eames would be broken-hearted if no one partook of her delicacies. The little sacrifices of society are all made by women, as are also the great sacrifices of life. A man who is good for anything is always ready for his duty, and so is a good woman always ready for a sacrifice.

"We really must go now," said Bell, "because of the horses." And under this excuse they got away. "You will come over before you go back to London, John?" said Lily, as he came out with the intention of helping her mount, from which purpose, however, he was forced to recede by the iron will of Mr. Crosbie.

"Yes, I'll come over again—before I go. Good-by."

"Good-by, John," said Bell. "Good-by, Eames," said Captain Dale. Crosbie, as he seated himself in the saddle, made the very slightest sign of recognition, to which his rival would not condescend to pay any attention. "I'll manage to have a fight with him in some way," said Eames to himself as he walked back through the passage of his mother's house. And Crosbie, as he settled his feet in the stirrups, felt that he disliked the young man more and more. It would be monstrous to suppose that there could be aught of jealousy in the feeling; and yet he did dislike him very strongly, and felt almost angry with Lily for asking

him to come again to Allington. "I must put an end to all that," he said to himself as he rode silently out of town.

"You must not snub my friends, sir," said Lily, smiling as she spoke, but yet with something of earnestness in her voice. They were out of the town by this time, and Crosbie had hardly uttered a word since they had left Mrs. Eames' door. They were now on the high road, and Bell and Bernard Dale were somewhat in advance of them.

"I never snub anybody," said Crosbie, petulantly; "that is, unless they have absolutely deserved snubbing."

"And have I deserved it? Because I seem to have got it," said Lily.

"Nonsense, Lily. I never snubbed you yet, and I don't think it likely that I shall begin. But you ought not to accuse me of not being civil to your friends. In the first place I am as civil to them as my nature will allow me to be. And, in the second place—— "

"Well; in the second place ——?"

"I am not quite sure that you are very wise to encourage that young man's—friendship just at present."

"That means, I suppose, that I am very wrong to do so?"

"No, dearest, it does not mean that. If I meant so I would tell you so honestly. I mean just what I say. There can, I suppose, be no doubt that he has filled himself with some kind of romantic attachment for you,—a foolish kind of love which I don't suppose he ever expected to gratify, but the idea of which lends a sort of grace to his life. When he meets some young woman fit to be his wife he will forget all about it, but till then he will go about fancying himself a despairing lover. And then such a young man as John Eames is very apt to talk of his fancies."

"I don't believe for a moment that he would mention my name to any one."

"But, Lily, perhaps I may know more of young men than you do."

"Yes, of course you do."

"And I can assure you that they are generally too well inclined to make free with the names of girls whom they think that they like. You must not be surprised if I am unwilling that any man should make free with your name."

After this Lily was silent for a minute or two. She felt that an injustice was being done to her and she was not inclined to put up with it, but she could not quite see where the injustice lay. A great deal was owing from her to Crosbie. In very much she was bound to yield to him, and she was anxious to do on his behalf even more than her duty. But yet she had a strong conviction that it would not be well that she should give way to him in everything. She wished to think as he thought as far as possible, but she could not say that she agreed with him when she knew that she differed from him. John Eames was an old friend whom she could not abandon, and so much at the present time she felt herself obliged to say.

"But, Adolphus——"

"Well, dearest?"

"You would not wish me to be unkind to so very old a friend as John Eames? I have known him all my life, and we have all of us had a very great regard for the whole family. His father was my uncle's most particular friend."

"I think, Lily, you must understand what I mean. I don't want you to quarrel with any of them, or to be what you call unkind. But you need not give special and pressing invitations to this young man to come and see you before he goes back to London, and then to come and see you directly you get to London. You tell me that he has some kind of romantic idea of being in love with you;—of being in despair because you are not in love with him. It's all great nonsense, no doubt, but it seems to me that under such circumstances you'd better—just leave him alone."

Again Lily was silent. These were her three last days, in which it was her intention to be especially happy, but above all things to make him especially happy. On no account would she say to him sharp words, or encourage in her own heart a feeling of animosity against him, and yet she believed him to be wrong; and so believing could hardly bring herself to bear the injury. Such was her nature, as a Dale. And let it be remembered that very many who can devote themselves for great sacrifices, cannot bring themselves to the endurance of little injuries. Lily could have given up any gratification for her lover, but she could not allow herself to have been in the wrong, believing herself to have been in the right.

"I have asked him now, and he must come," she said.

"But do not press him to come any more."

"Certainly not, after what you have said, Adolphus. If he comes over to Allington he will see me in mamma's house, to which he has always been made welcome by her. Of course I understand perfectly——"

"You understand what, Lily?"

But she had stopped herself, fearing that she might say that which would be offensive to him if she continued.

"What is it you understand, Lily?"

"Do not press me to go on, Adolphus. As far as I can, I will do all that you want me to do."

"You meant to say that when you find yourself an inmate of my house, as a matter of course you could not ask your own friends to come and see you. Was that gracious?"

"Whatever I may have meant to say, I did not say that. Nor in truth did I mean it. Pray don't go on about it now. These are to be our last days you know, and we shouldn't waste them by talking of things that are unpleasant. After all poor Johnny Eames is nothing to me; nothing, nothing. How can any one be anything to me when I think of you?"

But even this did not bring Crosbie back at once into a pleasant humour. Had Lily yielded to him and confessed that he was right, he would have made himself at once as pleasant as the sun in May. But this she had not done. She had simply abstained from her argument

because she did not choose to be vexed, and had declared her continued purpose of seeing Eames on his promised visit. Crosbie would have had her acknowledge herself wrong, and would have delighted in the privilege of forgiving her. But Lily Dale was one who did not greatly relish forgiveness, or any necessity of being forgiven. So they rode on, if not in silence, without much joy in their conversation. It was now late on the Monday afternoon, and Crosbie was to go early on the Wednesday morning. What if these three last days should come to be marred with such terrible drawbacks as these!

Bernard Dale had not spoken a word to his cousin of his suit, since they had been interrupted by Crosbie and Lily as they were lying on the bank by the ha-ha. He had danced with her again and again at Mrs. Dale's party, and had seemed to revert to his old modes of conversation without difficulty. Bell, therefore, had believed the matter to be over, and was thankful to her cousin, declaring within her own bosom that the whole matter should be treated by her as though it had never happened. To no one,—not even to her mother, would she tell it. To such reticence she bound herself for his sake, feeling that he would be best pleased that it should be so. But now as they rode on together, far in advance of the other couple, he again returned to the subject.

"Bell," said he, "am I to have any hope?"

"Any hope as to what, Bernard?"

"I hardly know whether a man is bound to take a single answer on such a subject. But this I know, that if a man's heart is concerned, he is not very willing to do so."

"When that answer has been given honestly and truly——"

"Oh, no doubt. I don't at all suppose that you were dishonest or false when you refused to allow me to speak to you."

"But, Bernard, I did not refuse to allow you to speak to me."

"Something very like it. But, however, I have no doubt you were true enough. But, Bell, why should it be so? If you were in love with any one else I could understand it."

"I am not in love with any one else."

"Exactly. And there are so many reasons why you and I should join our fortunes together."

"It cannot be a question of fortune, Bernard."

"Do listen to me. Do let me speak, at any rate. I presume I may at least suppose that you do not dislike me."

"Oh, no."

"And though you might not be willing to accept any man's hand merely on a question of fortune, surely the fact that our marriage would be in every way suitable as regards money should not set you against it. Of my own love for you I will not speak further, as I do not doubt that you believe what I say; but should you not question your own feelings very closely before you determine to oppose the wishes of all those who are nearest to you?"

"Do you mean mamma, Bernard?"

"Not her especially, though I cannot but think she would like a marriage that would keep all the family together, and would give you an equal claim to the property to that which I have."

"That would not have a feather's-weight with mamma."

"Have you asked her?"

"No, I have mentioned the matter to no one."

"Then you cannot know. And as to my uncle, I have the means of knowing that it is the great desire of his life. I must say that I think some consideration for him should induce you to pause before you give a final answer, even though no consideration for me should have any weight with you."

"I would do more for you than for him,—much more."

"Then do this for me. Allow me to think that I have not yet had an answer to my proposal; give me to this day month, to Christmas;—till any time that you like to name, so that I may think that it is not yet settled, and may tell uncle Christopher that such is the case."

"Bernard, it would be useless."

"It would at any rate show him that you are willing to think of it."

"But I am not willing to think of it;—not in that way. I do know my own mind thoroughly, and I should be very wrong if I were to deceive you."

"And you wish me to give that as your only answer to my uncle?"

"To tell the truth, Bernard, I do not much care what you may say to my uncle in this matter. He can have no right to interfere in the disposal of my hand, and therefore I need not regard his wishes on the subject. I will explain to you in one word what my feelings are about it. I would accept no man in opposition to mamma's wishes; but not even for her could I accept any man in opposition to my own. But as concerns my uncle, I do not feel myself called on to consult him in any way on such a matter."

"And yet he is the head of our family."

"I don't care anything about the family,—not in that way."

"And he has been very generous to you all."

"That I deny. He has not been generous to mamma. He is very hard and ungenerous to mamma. He lets her have that house because he is anxious that the Dales should seem to be respectable before the world; and she lives in it, because she thinks it better for us that she should do so. If I had my way, she should leave it to-morrow—or, at any rate, as soon as Lily is married. I would much sooner go into Guestwick, and live as the Eames do."

"I think you are ungrateful, Bell."

"No; I am not ungrateful. And as to consulting, Bernard,—I should be much more inclined to consult you than him about my marriage. If you would let me look on you altogether as a brother, I should think little of promising to marry no one whom you did not approve."

But such an agreement between them would by no means have suited Bernard's views. He had thought, some four or five weeks back, that he was not personally very anxious for this match. He had declared to himself that he liked his cousin well enough; that it would be a good thing for him to settle himself; that his uncle was reasonable in his wishes and sufficiently liberal in his offers; and that, therefore, he would marry. It had hardly occurred to him as probable that his cousin would reject so eligible an offer, and had certainly never occurred to him that he would have to suffer anything from such rejection. He had entertained none of that feeling of which lovers speak when they declare that they are staking their all upon the hazard of a die. It had not seemed to him that he was staking anything as he gently told his tale of languid love, lying on the turf by the ha-ha. He had not regarded the possibility of disappointment, of sorrow, and of a deeply-vexed mind. He would have felt but little triumph if accepted, and had not thought that he could be humiliated by any rejection. In this frame of mind he had gone to his work; but now he found, to his own surprise, that this girl's answer had made him absolutely unhappy. Having expressed a wish for this thing, the very expression of the wish made him long to possess it. He found, as he rode along silently by her side, that he was capable of more earnestness of desire than he had known himself to possess. He was at this moment unhappy, disappointed, anxious, distrustful of the future, and more intent on one special toy than he had ever been before, even as a boy. He was vexed, and felt himself to be sore at heart. He looked round at her, as she sat silent, quiet, and somewhat sad upon her pony, and declared to himself that she was very beautiful,—that she was a thing to be gained if still there might be the possibility of gaining her. He felt that he really loved her, and yet he was almost angry with himself for so feeling. Why had he subjected himself to this numbing weakness? His love had never given him any pleasure. Indeed he had never hitherto acknowledged it; but now he was driven to do so on finding it to be the source of trouble and pain. I think it is open to us to doubt whether, even yet, Bernard Dale was in love with his cousin; whether he was not rather in love with his own desire. But against himself he found a verdict that he was in love, and was angry with himself and with all the world.

"Ah, Bell," he said, coming close up to her, "I wish you could understand how I love you." And, as he spoke, his cousin unconsciously recognized more of affection in his tone, and less of that spirit of bargaining which had seemed to pervade all his former pleas, than she had ever found before.

"And do I not love you? Have I not offered to be to you in all respects as a sister?"

"That is nothing. Such an offer to me now is simply laughing at me. Bell, I tell you what,—I will not give you up. The fact is, you do not know me yet,—not know me as you must know any man before you

choose him for your husband. You and Lily are not alike in this. You are cautious, doubtful of yourself, and perhaps, also, somewhat doubtful of others. My heart is set upon this, and I shall still try to succeed."

"Ah, Bernard, do not say that! Believe me, when I tell you that it can never be."

"No; I will not believe you. I will not allow myself to be made utterly wretched. I tell you fairly that I will not believe you. I may surely hope if I choose to hope. No, Bell, I will never give you up,—unless, indeed, I should see you become another man's wife."

As he said this, they all turned in through the squire's gate, and rode up to the yard in which it was their habit to dismount from their horses.

CHAPTER XIV.

John Eames takes a Walk.

John Eames watched the party of cavaliers as they rode away from his mother's door, and then started upon a solitary walk, as soon as the noise of the horses' hoofs had passed away out of the street. He was by no means happy in his mind as he did so. Indeed, he was overwhelmed with care and trouble, and as he went along very gloomy thoughts passed through his mind. Had he not better go to Australia, or Vancouver's Island, or ———? I will not name the places which the poor fellow suggested to himself as possible terminations of the long journeys which he might not improbably be called upon to take. That very day, just before the Dales had come in, he had received a second letter from his darling Amelia, written very closely upon the heels of the first. Why had he not answered her? Was he ill? Was he untrue? No; she would not believe that, and therefore fell back upon the probability of his illness. If it was so, she would rush down to see him. Nothing on earth should keep her from the bedside of her betrothed. If she did not get an answer from her beloved John by return of post, she would be down with him at Guestwick by the express train. Here was a position for such a young man as John Eames! And of Amelia Roper we may say that she was a young woman who would not give up her game, as long as the least chance remained of her winning it. "I must go somewhere," John said to himself, as he put on his slouched hat and wandered forth through the back streets of Guestwick. What would his mother say when she heard of Amelia Roper? What would she say when she saw her?

He walked away towards the Manor, so that he might roam about the Guestwick woods in solitude. There was a path with a stile, leading off from the high road, about half a mile beyond the lodges through which the Dales had ridden up to the house, and by this path John Eames turned in, and went away till he had left the Manor house behind him, and was in the centre of the Guestwick woods. He knew the whole

ground well, having roamed there ever since he was first allowed to go forth upon his walks alone. He had thought of Lily Dale by the hour together, as he had lost himself among the oak-trees; but in those former days he had thought of her with some pleasure. Now he could only think of her as of one gone from him for ever; and then he had also to think of her whom he had taken to himself in Lily's place.

Young men, very young men,—men so young that it may be almost a question whether or no they have as yet reached their manhood,—are more inclined to be earnest and thoughtful when alone than they ever are when with others, even though those others be their elders. I fancy that, as we grow old ourselves, we are apt to forget that it was so with us; and, forgetting it, we do not believe that it is so with our children. We constantly talk of the thoughtlessness of youth. I do not know whether we might not more appropriately speak of its thoughtfulness. It is, however, no doubt, true that thought will not at once produce wisdom. It may almost be a question whether such wisdom as many of us have in our mature years has not come from the dying out of the power of temptation, rather than as the results of thought and resolution. Men, full fledged and at their work, are, for the most part, too busy for much thought; but lads, on whom the work of the world has not yet fallen with all its pressure,—they have time for thinking.

And thus John Eames was thoughtful. They who knew him best accounted him to be a gay, good-hearted, somewhat reckless young man, open to temptation, but also open to good impressions; as to whom no great success could be predicated, but of whom his friends might fairly hope that he might so live as to bring upon them no disgrace and not much trouble. But, above all things, they would have called him thoughtless. In so calling him, they judged him wrong. He was ever thinking,—thinking much of the world as it appeared to him, and of himself as he appeared to the world; and thinking, also, of things beyond the world. What was to be his fate here and hereafter? Lily Dale was gone from him, and Amelia Roper was hanging round his neck like a millstone! What, under such circumstances, was to be his fate here and hereafter?

We may say that the difficulties in his way were not as yet very great. As to Lily, indeed, he had no room for hope; but, then, his love for Lily had, perhaps, been a sentiment rather than a passion. Most young men have to go through that disappointment, and are enabled to bear it without much injury to their prospects or happiness. And in after life the remembrance of such love is a blessing rather than a curse, enabling the possessor of it to feel that in those early days there was something within him of which he had no cause to be ashamed. I do not pity John Eames much in regard to Lily Dale. And then, as to Amelia Roper,——had he achieved but a tithe of that lady's experience in the world, or possessed a quarter of her audacity, surely such a difficulty as that need not have stood much in his way! What could Amelia do to him if he fairly told

her that he was not minded to marry her? In very truth he had never promised to do so. He was in no way bound to her, not even by honour. Honour, indeed, with such as her! But men are cowards before women until they become tyrants; and are easy dupes, till of a sudden they recognize the fact that it is pleasanter to be the victimizer than the victim,—and as easy. There are men, indeed, who never learn the latter lesson.

But though the cause for fear was so slight, poor John Eames was thoroughly afraid. Little things which, in connection with so deep a sorrow as his, it is almost ridiculous to mention, added to his embarrassments, and made an escape from them seem to him to be impossible. He could not return to London without going to Burton Crescent, because his clothes were there, and because he owed to Mrs. Roper some small sum of money which on his return to London he would not have immediately in his pocket. He must therefore meet Amelia, and he knew that he had not the courage to tell a girl, face to face, that he did not love her, after he had once been induced to say that he did do so. His boldest conception did not go beyond the writing of a letter in which he would renounce her, and removing himself altogether from that quarter of the town in which Burton Crescent was situated. But then about his clothes, and that debt of his? And what if Amelia should in the meantime come down to Guestwick and claim him? Could he in his mother's presence declare that she had no right to make such claim? The difficulties, in truth, were not very great, but they were too heavy for that poor young clerk from the Income-tax Office.

You will declare that he must have been a fool and a coward. Yet he could read and understand Shakspeare. He knew much,—by far too much,—of Byron's poetry by heart. He was a deep critic, often writing down his criticisms in a lengthy journal which he kept. He could write quickly, and with understanding; and I may declare that men at his office had already ascertained that he was no fool. He knew his business, and could do it,—as many men failed to do who were much less foolish before the world. And as to that matter of cowardice, he would have thought it the greatest blessing in the world to be shut up in a room with Crosbie, having permission to fight with him till one of them should have been brought by stress of battle to give up his claim to Lily Dale. Eames was no coward. He feared no man on earth. But he was terribly afraid of Amelia Roper.

He wandered about through the old Manor woods very ill at ease. The post from Guestwick went out at seven, and he must at once make up his mind whether or no he would write to Amelia on that day. He must also make up his mind as to what he would say to her. He felt that he should at least answer her letter, let his answer be what it might. Should he promise to marry her,—say, in ten or twelve years' time? Should he tell her that he was a blighted being, unfit for love, and with humility entreat of her that he might be excused? Or should he write to her mother, telling her that Burton Crescent would not suit him any longer, promising her to send the balance on receipt of his next payment,

and asking her to send his clothes in a bundle to the Income-tax Office? Or should he go home to his own mother, and boldly tell it all to her?

He at last resolved that he must write the letter, and as he composed it in his mind he sat himself down beneath an old tree which stood on a spot at which many of the forest tracks met and crossed each other. The letter, as he framed it here, was not a bad letter, if only he could have got it written and posted. Every word of it he chose with precision, and in his mind he emphasized every expression which told his mind clearly and justified his purpose. "He acknowledged himself to have been wrong in misleading his correspondent, and allowing her to imagine that she possessed his heart. He had not a heart at her disposal. He had been weak not to write to her before, having been deterred from doing so by the fear of giving her pain; but now he felt that he was bound in honour to tell her the truth. Having so told her, he would not return to Burton Crescent, if it would pain her to see him there. He would always have a deep regard for her,"—Oh, Johnny!—"and would hope anxiously that her welfare in life might be complete." That was the letter, as he wrote it on the tablets of his mind under the tree; but the getting it put on to paper was a task, as he knew, of greater difficulty. Then, as he repeated it to himself, he fell asleep.

"Young man," said a voice in his ears as he slept. At first the voice spoke as a voice from his dream without waking him, but when it was repeated, he sat up and saw that a stout gentleman was standing over him. For a moment he did not know where he was, or how he had come there; nor could he recollect, as he saw the trees about him, how long he had been in the wood. But he knew the stout gentleman well enough, though he had not seen him for more than two years. "Young man," said the voice, "if you want to catch rheumatism, that's the way to do it. Why, it's young Eames, isn't it?"

"Yes, my lord," said Johnny, raising himself up so that he was now sitting, instead of lying, as he looked up into the earl's rosy face.

"I knew your father, and a very good man he was; only he shouldn't have taken to farming. People think they can farm without learning the trade, but that's a very great mistake. I can farm, because I've learned it. Don't you think you'd better get up?" Whereupon Johnny raised himself to his feet. "Not but what you're very welcome to lie there if you like it. Only, in October, you know——"

"I'm afraid I'm trespassing, my lord," said Eames. "I came in off the path, and——"

"You're welcome; you're very welcome. If you'll come up to the house, I'll give you some luncheon." This hospitable offer, however, Johnny declined, alleging that it was late, and that he was going home to dinner.

"Come along," said the earl. "You can't go any shorter way than by the house. Dear, dear, how well I remember your father. He was a much cleverer man than I am,—very much; but he didn't know how to

send a beast to market any better than a child. By-the-by, they have put you into a public office, haven't they?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And a very good thing, too,—a very good thing, indeed. But why were you asleep in the wood? It isn't warm, you know. I call it rather cold." And the earl stopped, and looked at him, scrutinizing him, as though resolved to inquire into so deep a mystery.

"I was taking a walk, and thinking of something, I sat down."

"Leave of absence, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Have you got into trouble? You look as though you were in trouble. Your poor father used to be in trouble."

"I haven't taken to farming," said Johnny, with an attempt at a smile.

"Ha, ha, ha,—quite right. No, don't take to farming. Unless you learn it, you know, you might just as well take to shoemaking;—just the same. You haven't got into trouble, then; eh?"

"No, my lord, not particularly."

"Not particularly! I know very well that young men do get into trouble when they get up to London. If you want any—any advice, or that sort of thing, you may come to me; for I knew your father well. Do you like shooting?"

"I never did shoot anything."

"Well, perhaps better not. To tell the truth, I'm not very fond of young men who take to shooting without having anything to shoot at. By-the-by, now I think of it, I'll send your mother some game." It may, however, here be fair to mention that game very often came from Guestwick Manor to Mrs. Eames. "And look here, cold pheasant for breakfast is the best thing I know of. Pheasants at dinner are rubbish,—mere rubbish. Here we are at the house. Will you come in and have a glass of wine?"

But this John Eames declined, pleasing the earl better by doing so than he would have done by accepting it. Not that the lord was inhospitable or insincere in his offer, but he preferred that such a one as John Eames should receive his proffered familiarity without too much immediate assurance. He felt that Eames was a little in awe of his companion's rank, and he liked him the better for it. He liked him the better for it, and was a man apt to remember his likings. "If you won't come in, good-by," and he gave Johnny his hand.

"Good evening, my lord," said Johnny.

"And remember this; it is the deuce of a thing to have rheumatism in your loins. I wouldn't go to sleep under a tree, if I were you,—not in October. But you're always welcome to go anywhere about the place."

"Thank you, my lord."

"And if you should take to shooting,—but I dare say you won't; and if you come to trouble, and want advice, or that sort of thing, write to me. I knew your father well." And so they parted, Eames returning on his road towards Guestwick.

For some reason, which he could not define, he felt better after his interview with the earl. There had been something about the fat, good-natured, sensible old man which had cheered him, in spite of his sorrow. "Pheasants for dinner are rubbish,—mere rubbish," he said to himself, over and over again, as he went along the road; and they were the first words which he spoke to his mother, after entering the house.

"I wish we had some of that sort of rubbish," said she.

"So you will, to-morrow;" and then he described to her his interview.

"The earl was, at any rate, quite right about lying upon the ground. I wonder you can be so foolish. And he is right about your poor father too. But you have got to change your boots; and we shall be ready for dinner almost immediately."

But Johnny Eames, before he sat down to dinner, did write his letter to Amelia, and did go out to post it with his own hands,—much to his mother's annoyance. But the letter would not get itself written in that strong and appropriate language which had come to him as he was roaming through the woods. It was a bald letter, and somewhat cowardly withal.

"Dear Amelia" (the letter ran),—"I have received both of yours; and did not answer the first because I felt that there was a difficulty in expressing what I wish to say; and now it will be better that you should allow the subject to stand over till I am back in town. I shall be there in ten days from this. I have been quite well, and am so; but of course am much obliged by your inquiries. I know you will think this very cold; but when I tell you everything, you will agree with me that it is best. If I were to marry, I know that we should be unhappy, because we should have nothing to live on. If I have ever said anything to deceive you, I beg your pardon with all my heart;—but perhaps it will be better to let the subject remain till we shall meet again in London.

"Believe me to be

"Your most sincere friend,

"And I may say admirer,"—[Oh, John Eames!]

"John Eames."

CHAPTER XV.

The Last Day.

Last days are wretched days; and so are last moments wretched moments. It is not the fact that the parting is coming which makes these days and moments so wretched, but the feeling that something special is expected from them, which something they always fail to produce. Spasmodic periods of pleasure, of affection, or even of study, seldom fail of disappointment when premeditated. When last days are coming, they should be allowed to come and to glide away without special notice or mention. And as for last moments, there should be none such. Let them ever be ended, even before their presence has been acknowledged.

But Lily Dale had not yet been taught these lessons by her world's experience, and she expected that this sweetest cup of which she had

ever drank should go on being sweet—sweeter and still sweeter—as long as she could press it to her lips. How the dregs had come to mix themselves with the last drops we have already seen; and on that same day—on the Monday evening—the bitter task still remained; for Crosbie, as they walked about through the gardens in the evening, found other subjects on which he thought it necessary to give her sundry hints, intended for her edification, which came to her with much of the savour of a lecture. A girl, when she is thoroughly in love, as surely was the case with Lily, likes to receive hints as to her future life from the man to whom she is devoted; but she would, I think, prefer that such hints should be short, and that the lesson should be implied rather than declared;—that they should, in fact, be hints and not lectures. Crosbie, who was a man of tact, who understood the world and had been dealing with women for many years, no doubt understood all this as well as we do. But he had come to entertain a notion that he was an injured man, that he was giving very much more than was to be given to him, and that therefore he was entitled to take liberties which might not fairly be within the reach of another lover. My reader will say that in all this he was ungenerous. Well; he was ungenerous. I do not know that I have ever said that much generosity was to be expected from him. He had some principles of right and wrong under the guidance of which it may perhaps he hoped that he will not go utterly astray; but his past life had not been of a nature to make him unselfish. He was ungenerous, and Lily felt it, though she would not acknowledge it even to herself. She had been very open with him,—acknowledging the depth of her love for him; telling him that he was now all in all to her; that life without his love would be impossible to her: and in a certain way he took advantage of these strong avowals, treating her as though she were a creature utterly in his power;—as indeed she was.

On that evening he said no more of Johnny Eames, but said much of the difficulty of a man establishing himself with a wife in London, who had nothing but his own moderate income on which to rely. He did not in so many words tell her that if her friends could make up for her two or three thousand pounds,—that being much less than he had expected when he first made his offer,—this terrible difficulty would be removed; but he said enough to make her understand that the world would call him very imprudent in taking a girl who had nothing. And as he spoke of these things, Lily remaining for the most part silent as he did so, it occurred to him that he might talk to her freely of his past life,—more freely than he would have done had he feared that he might lose her by any such disclosures. He had no fear of losing her. Alas! might it not be possible that he had some such hope!

He told her that his past life had been expensive; that, though he was not in debt, he had lived up to every shilling that he had, and that he had contracted habits of expenditure which it would be almost impossible for him to lay aside at a day's notice. Then he spoke of entangle-

ments, meaning, as he did so, to explain more fully what were their nature,—but not daring to do so when he found that Lily was altogether in the dark as to what he meant. No; he was not a generous man,—a very ungenerous man. And yet, during all this time, he thought that he was guided by principle. "It will be best that I should be honest with her," he said to himself. And then he told himself, scores of times, that when making his offer he had expected, and had a right to expect, that she would not be penniless. Under those circumstances he had done the best he could for her—offering her his heart honestly, with a quick readiness to make her his own at the earliest day that she might think possible. Had he been more cautious, he need not have fallen into this cruel mistake; but she, at any rate, could not quarrel with him for his imprudence. And still he was determined to stand by his engagement and willing to marry her, although, as he the more thought of it, he felt the more strongly that he would thereby ruin his prospects, and thrust beyond his own reach all those good things which he had hoped to win. As he continued to talk to her he gave himself special credit for his generosity, and felt that he was only doing his duty by her in pointing out to her all the difficulties which lay in the way of their marriage.

At first Lily said some words intended to convey an assurance that she would be the most economical wife that man ever had, but she soon ceased from such promises as these. Her perceptions were keen, and she discovered that the difficulties of which he was afraid were those which he must overcome before his marriage, not any which might be expected to overwhelm him after it. "A cheap and nasty ménage would be my aversion," he said to her. "It is that which I want to avoid,—chiefly for your sake." Then she promised him that she would wait patiently for his time—"even though it should be for seven years," she said, looking up into his face and trying to find there some sign of approbation. "That's nonsense," he said. "People are not patriarchs now-a-days. I suppose we shall have to wait two years. And that's a deuce of a bore,—a terrible bore." And there was that in the tone of his voice which grated on her feelings, and made her wretched for the moment.

As he parted with her for the night on her own side of the little bridge which led from one garden to the other, he put his arm round her to embrace her and kiss her, as he had often done at that spot. It had become a habit with them to say their evening farewells there, and the secluded little nook amongst the shrubs was inexpressibly dear to Lily. But on the present occasion she made an effort to avoid his caress. She turned from him—very slightly, but it was enough, and he felt it. "Are you angry with me?" he said. "Oh, no! Adolphus; how can I be angry with you?" And then she turned to him and gave him her face to kiss almost before he had again asked for it. "He shall not at any rate think that I am unkind to him,—and it will not matter now," she said to herself, as she walked slowly across the lawn, in the dark, up to her mother's drawing-room window.

"Well, dearest," said Mrs. Dale, who was there alone; "did the beards wag merry in the Great Hall this evening?" That was a joke with them, for neither Crosbie nor Bernard Dale used a razor at his toilet.

"Not specially merry. And I think it was my fault, for I have a headache. Mamma, I believe I will go at once to bed."

"My darling, is there anything wrong?"

"Nothing, mamma. But we had such a long ride; and then Adolphus is going, and of course we have so much to say. To-morrow will be the last day, for I shall only just see him on Wednesday morning; and as I want to be well if possible, I'll go to bed." And so she took her candle and went.

When Bell came up, Lily was still awake, but she begged her sister not to disturb her. "Don't talk to me, Bell," she said. "I'm trying to make myself quiet, and I half feel that I should get childish if I went on talking. I have almost more to think of than I know how to manage." And she strove, not altogether unsuccessfully, to speak with a cheery tone, as though the cares which weighed upon her were not unpleasant in their nature. Then her sister kissed her and left her to her thoughts.

And she had great matter for thinking; so great, that many hours sounded in her ears from the clock on the stairs before she brought her thoughts to a shape that satisfied herself. She did so bring them at last, and then she slept. She did so bring them, toiling over her work with tears that made her pillow wet, with heart-burning and almost with heart-breaking, with much doubting, and many anxious, eager inquiries within her own bosom as to that which she ought to do, and that which she could endure to do. But at last her resolve was taken, and then she slept.

It had been agreed between them that Crosbie should come down to the Small House on the next day after breakfast, and remain there till the time came for riding. But Lily determined to alter this arrangement, and accordingly put on her hat immediately after breakfast, and posted herself at the bridge, so as to intercept her lover as he came. He soon appeared with his friend Dale, and she at once told him her purpose.

"I want to have a talk with you, Adolphus, before you go in to mamma; so come with me into the field."

"All right," said he.

"And Bernard can finish his cigar on the lawn. Mamma and Bell will join him there."

"All right," said Bernard. So they separated; and Crosbie went away with Lily into the field where they had first learned to know each other in those haymaking days.

She did not say much till they were well away from the house; but answered what words he chose to speak,—not knowing very well of what he spoke. But when she considered that they had reached the proper spot, she began very abruptly.

"Adolphus," she said, "I have something to say to you,—something to which you must listen very carefully." Then he looked at her, and at once knew that she was in earnest.

"This is the last day on which I could say it," she continued; "and I am very glad that I have not let the last day go by without saying it. I should not have known how to put it in a letter."

"What is it, Lily?"

"And I do not know that I can say it properly; but I hope that you will not be hard upon me. Adolphus, if you wish that all this between us should be over, I will consent."

"Lily!"

"I mean what I say. If you wish it, I will consent; and when I have said so, proposing it myself, you may be quite sure that I shall never blame you, if you take me at my word."

"Are you tired of me, Lily!"

"No. I shall never be tired of you,—never weary with loving you. I did not wish to say so now; but I will answer your question boldly. Tired of you! I fancy that a girl can never grow tired of her lover. But I would sooner die in the struggle than be the cause of your ruin. It would be better,—in every way better."

"I have said nothing of being ruined."

"But listen to me. I should not die if you left me,—not be utterly broken-hearted. Nothing on earth can I ever love as I have loved you. But I have a God and a Saviour that will be enough for me. I can turn to them with content, if it be well that you should leave me. I have gone to them, and——" But at this moment she could utter no more words. She had broken down in her effort, losing her voice through the strength of her emotion. As she did not choose that he should see her overcome, she turned from him and walked away across the grass.

Of course he followed her; but he was not so quick after her, but that time had been given to her to recover herself. "It is true," she said. "I have the strength of which I tell you. Though I have given myself to you as your wife, I can bear to be divorced from you now,—now. And, my love, though it may sound heartless, I would sooner be so divorced from you, than cling to you as a log that must drag you down under the water, and drown you in trouble and care. I would;—indeed I would. If you go, of course that kind of thing is over for me. But the world has more than that,—much more; and I would make myself happy;—yes, my love, I would be happy. You need not fear that."

"But, Lily, why is all this said to me here to-day?"

"Because it is my duty to say it. I understand all your position now, though it is only now. It never flashed on me till yesterday. When you proposed to me, you thought that I,—that I had some fortune."

"Never mind that now, Lily."

"But you did. I see it all now. I ought perhaps to have told you that it was not so. There has been the mistake, and we are both

sufferers. But we need not make the suffering deeper than needs be. My love, you are free,—from this moment. And even my heart shall not blame you for accepting your freedom."

"And are you afraid of poverty?" he asked her.

"I am afraid of poverty for you. You and I have lived differently. Luxuries, of which I know nothing, have been your daily comforts. I tell you I can bear to part with you, but I cannot bear to become the source of your unhappiness. Yes; I will bear it; and none shall dare in my hearing to speak against you. I have brought you here to say the word; nay, more than that,—to advise you to say it."

He stood silent for a moment, during which he held her by the hand. She was looking into his face, but he was looking away into the clouds; striving to appear as though he was the master of the occasion. But during those moments his mind was wracked with doubt. What if he should take her at her word? Some few would say bitter things against him, but such bitter things had been said against many another man without harming him. Would it not be well for both if he should take her at her word? She would recover and love again, as other girls had done; and as for him, he would thus escape from the ruin at which he had been gazing for the last week past. For it was ruin,—utter ruin. He did love her; so he declared to himself. But was he a man who ought to throw the world away for love? Such men there were; but was he one of them? Could he be happy in that small house, somewhere near the New Road, with five children and horrid misgivings as to the baker's bill? Of all men living, was not he the last that should have allowed himself to fall into such a trap? All this passed through his mind as he turned his face up to the clouds with a look that was intended to be grand and noble.

"Speak to me, Adolphus, and say that it shall be so."

Then his heart misgave him, and he lacked the courage to extricate himself from his trouble; or, as he afterwards said to himself, he had not the heart to do it. "If I understand you, rightly, Lily, all this comes from no want of love on your own part?"

"Want of love on my part? But you should not ask me that."

"Until you tell me that there is such a want, I will agree to no parting." Then he took her hand and put it within his arm. "No, Lily; whatever may be our cares and troubles, we are bound together,—indissolubly."

"Are we?" said she; and as she spoke, her voice trembled, and her hand shook.

"Much too firmly for any such divorce as that. No, Lily, I claim the right to tell you all my troubles; but I shall not let you go."

"But, Adolphus—" and the hand on his arm was beginning to cling to it again.

"Adolphus," said he, "has got nothing more to say on that subject. He exercises the right which he believes to be his own, and chooses to retain the prize which he has won."

She was now clinging to him in very truth. "Oh, my love!" she said. "I do not know how to say it again. It is of you that I am thinking;—of you, of you!"

"I know you are; but you have misunderstood me a little; that's all."

"Have I? Then listen to me again, once more, my heart's own darling, my love, my husband, my lord! If I cannot be to you at once like Ruth, and never cease from coming after you, my thoughts to you shall be like those of Ruth:—if aught but death part thee and me, may God do so to me and more also." Then she fell upon his breast and wept.

He still hardly understood the depth of her character. He was not himself deep enough to comprehend it all. But yet he was awed by her great love, and exalted to a certain solemnity of feeling which for the time made him rejoice in his late decision. For a few hours he was minded to throw the world behind him, and wear this woman, as such a woman should be worn,—as a comforter to him in all things, and a strong shield against great troubles. "Lily," he said, "my own Lily!"

"Yes, your own, to take when you please, and leave untaken while you please; and as much your own in one way as in the other." Then she looked up again, and essayed to laugh as she did so. "You will think I am frantic, but I am so happy. I don't care about your going now; indeed I don't. There; you may go now, this minute, if you like it." And she withdrew her hand from him. "I feel so differently from what I have done for the last few days. I am so glad you have spoken to me as you did. Of course I ought to bear all those things with you. But I cannot be unhappy about it now. I wonder if I went to work and made a lot of things, whether that would help?"

"A set of shirts for me, for instance?"

"I could do that, at any rate."

"It may come to that yet, some of these days."

"I pray God that it may." Then again she was serious, and the tears came once more into her eyes. "I pray God that it may. To be of use to you,—to work for you,—to do something for you that may have in it some sober, earnest, purport of usefulness;—that is what I want above all things. I want to be with you at once that I may be of service to you. Would that you and I were alone together, that I might do everything for you. I sometimes think that a very poor man's wife is the happiest, because she does do everything."

"You shall do everything very soon," said he; and then they sauntered along pleasantly through the morning hours, and when they again appeared at Mrs. Dale's table, Mrs. Dale and Bell were astonished at Lily's brightness. All her old ways had seemed to return to her, and she made her little saucy speeches to Mr. Crosbie as she had used to do when he was first becoming fascinated by her sweetness. "You know that you'll be such a swell when you get to that countess's house that you'll forget all about Allington."

"Of course I shall," said he.

"And the paper you write upon will be all over coronets,—that is, if ever you do write. Perhaps you will to Bernard some day, just to show that you are staying at a castle."

"You certainly don't deserve that he should write to you," said Mrs. Dale.

"I don't expect it for a moment,—not till he gets back to London and finds that he has nothing else to do at his office. But I should so like to see how you and Lady Julia get on together. It was quite clear that she regarded you as an ogre; didn't she, Bell?"

"So many people are ogres to Lady Julia," said Bell.

"I believe Lady Julia to be a very good woman," said Mrs. Dale, "and I won't have her abused."

"Particularly before poor Bernard, who is her pet nephew," said Lily. "I dare say Adolphus will become a pet too when she has been a week with him at Courcy Castle. Do try and cut Bernard out."

From all which Mrs. Dale learned that some care which had sat heavy on Lily's heart was now lightened, if not altogether removed. She had asked no questions of her daughter, but she had perceived during the past few days that Lily was in trouble, and she knew that such trouble had arisen from her engagement. She had asked no questions, but of course she had been told what was Mr. Crosbie's income, and had been made to understand that it was not to be considered as amply sufficient for all the wants of matrimony. There was little difficulty in guessing what was the source of Lily's care, and as little in now perceiving that something had been said between them by which that care had been relieved.

After that they all rode, and the afternoon went by pleasantly. It was the last day indeed, but Lily had determined that she would not be sad. She had told him that he might go now, and that she would not be discontented at his going. She knew that the morrow would be very blank to her; but she struggled to live up to the spirit of her promise, and she succeeded. They all dined at the Great House, even Mrs. Dale doing so upon this occasion. When they had come in from the garden in the evening, Crosbie talked more to Mrs. Dale than he did even to Lily, while Lily sat a little distant, listening with all her ears, sometimes saying a low-toned word, and happy beyond expression in the feeling that her mother and her lover should understand each other. And it must be understood that Crosbie at this time was fully determined to conquer the difficulties of which he had thought so much, and to fix the earliest day which might be possible for his marriage. The solemnity of that meeting in the field still hung about him, and gave to his present feelings a manliness and a truth of purpose which were too generally wanting to them. If only those feelings would last! But now he talked to Mrs. Dale about her daughter, and about their future prospects, in a tone which he could not have used had not his mind for the time been true to her. He had never spoken so freely to Lily's mother, and at no time had Mrs. Dale felt for him so much of a mother's love. He apologized for the

necessity of some delay, arguing that he could not endure to see his young wife without the comfort of a home of her own, and that he was now, as he always had been, afraid of incurring debt. Mrs. Dale disliked waiting engagements,—as do all mothers,—but she could not answer unkindly to such pleading as this.

"Lily is so very young," she said, "that she may well wait for a year or so."

"For seven years," said Lily, jumping up and whispering into her mother's ear. "I shall hardly be six-and-twenty then, which is not at all too old."

And so the evening passed away very pleasantly.

"God bless you, Adolphus!" Mrs. Dale said to him, as she parted with him at her own door. It was the first time that she had called him by his Christian name. "I hope you understand how much we are trusting to you."

"I do,—I do," said he, as he pressed her hand. Then as he walked back alone, he swore to himself, binding himself to the oath with all his heart, that he would be true to those women,—both to the daughter and to the mother; for the solemnity of the morning was still upon him.

He was to start the next morning before eight, Bernard having undertaken to drive him over to the railway at Guestwick. The breakfast was on the table shortly after seven; and just as the two men had come down, Lily entered the room, with her hat and shawl. "I said I would be in to pour out your tea," said she; and then she sat herself down over against the teapot.

It was a silent meal, for people do not know what to say in those last minutes. And Bernard, too, was there; proving how true is the adage which says, that two are company, but that three are not. I think that Lily was wrong to come up on that last morning; but she would not hear of letting him start without seeing him, when her lover had begged her not to put herself to so much trouble. Trouble! Would she not have sat up all night to see even the last of the top of his hat?

Then Bernard, muttering something about the horse, went away. "I have only one minute to speak to you," said she, jumping up, "and I have been thinking all night of what I had to say. It is so easy to think, and so hard to speak."

"My darling, I understand it all."

"But you must understand this, that I will never distrust you. I will never ask you to give me up again, or say that I could be happy without you. I could not live without you; that is, without the knowledge that you are mine. But I will never be impatient, never. Pray, pray believe me! Nothing shall make me distrust you."

"Dearest Lily, I will endeavour to give you no cause."

"I know you will not; but I specially wanted to tell you that. And you will write,—very soon?"

"Directly I get there."

"And as often as you can. But I won't bother you; only your letters will make me so happy. I shall be so proud when they come to me. I shall be afraid of writing too much to you, for fear I should tire you."

"You will never do that."

"Shall I not? But you must write first, you know. If you could only understand how I shall live upon your letters! And now good-by. There are the wheels. God bless you, my own, my own!" And she gave herself up into his arms, as she had given herself up into his heart.

She stood at the door as the two men got into the gig, and, as it passed down through the gate, she hurried out upon the terrace, from whence she could see it for a few yards down the lane. Then she ran from the terrace to the gate, and, hurrying through the gate, made her way into the churchyard, from the farther corner of which she could see the heads of the two men till they had made the turn into the main road beyond the parsonage. There she remained till the very sound of the wheels no longer reached her ears, stretching her eyes in the direction they had taken. Then she turned round slowly and made her way out at the churchyard gate, which opened on to the road close to the front door of the Small House.

"I should like to punch his head," said Hopkins, the gardener, to himself, as he saw the gig driven away and saw Lily trip after it, that she might see the last of him whom it carried. "And I wouldn't think nothing of doing it; no more I wouldn't," Hopkins added in his soliloquy. It was generally thought about the place that Miss Lily was Hopkins's favourite; though he showed it chiefly by snubbing her more frequently than he snubbed her sister.

Lily had evidently intended to return home through the front door; but she changed her purpose before she reached the house, and made her way slowly back through the churchyard, and by the gate of the Great House, and by the garden at the back of it, till she crossed the little bridge. But on the bridge she rested awhile, leaning against the railing as she had often leant with him, and thinking of all that had passed since that July day on which she had first met him. On no spot had he so often told her of his love as on this, and nowhere had she so eagerly sworn to him that she would be his own dutiful loving wife.

"And by God's help so I will," she said to herself, as she walked firmly up to the house. "He has gone, mamma," she said, as she entered the breakfast-room. "And now we'll go back to our work-a-day ways; it has been all Sunday for me for the last six weeks."

The Science of Garotting and Housebreaking.

Crimes, like some other diseases, are often epidemical. They appear from time to time in new forms and in strangely gathered force, rage awhile, and then die away; their coming and their going being equally inexplicable, or at least unexplained.

A few years ago the garotte broke out suddenly, like a new plague, infested the streets with danger, infected the community with half-shameful apprehensions, and disappeared without leaving a hint to settle our bewilderment. Winter after winter passed, and the garotter came not again. He was no more heard of than Paul Jones or the Black Death; when suddenly no place was safe from his atrocities. The long summer nights had scarcely ended, the doors of that most civilizing Exhibition at Brompton were not yet closed, when we were surprised by the most inclement ruffianism that ever disgraced a nineteenth century. Once more the streets of London are unsafe, by day or night. The epidemic has come upon us again, and we are just as unprepared and as helpless as before. The doctors who are appointed to regulate our social system are taken by surprise, and the public dread has almost become a panic.

It is certainly not to increase the panic that this paper is written; but simply to expound from the lips of criminals themselves, and for the information of honest men, the most approved and successful methods of burglary and the garotte. The subject is not a pleasant one, and I feel almost apologetic for the slang that I must write. On the other hand, what I have learned amongst burglars and garotters in my prison ministrations may be useful at a time like this; and for the rest, we should remember that dread may encourage the propagation of moral as well as physical disorders. To fear the plague is to be half dead of it; and by the time a gang of desperadoes have intimidated a whole city they have become to other rogues so glorious that they are sure to be imitated, and imitated by bungling ruffians more dangerous even than the original practitioners. This has been shown already in the rise and progress of the garotte system of robbery. At first, it was a scientific operation, abundantly cruel, but not absolutely murderous; the *intention* was neither to kill nor to maim. The audacity of the system, its novelty, and the difficulty of guarding against it, terrified the public; and this terror gave the very best testimony that could be borne to the merits of a practice already too inviting to crime. Rogues with a good heart for such work but no skill, rude unhandy villains, took up the trade, and now it is carried on with a ferocity more than brutal.

We have been told, and the statement is curious if true, that the

garotter first acquired his art in a convict-ship, where her Majesty's jailors practised it on *him* occasionally, whenever he became very outrageous. Finding how easily he was subdued by this method, and how little it injured him if coolly applied, the convict noted the trick, with an eye to business when he should become a ticket-of-leave man. Perhaps it is because the lessons they have received were all at their own sore cost that regular garotters work with great care. They practise upon each other frequently before they venture into the streets—not only to acquire the art of garotting in every possible position and attitude, but that they may learn how long and with what degree of force they may hug their victim's throat without endangering his life or seriously injuring him. They consort in companies of three—a "front stall," a "back stall," and a "nasty man." These designations are perfectly significant of the part each man is expected to play. The "nasty man" is, of course, the actual operator; and, accordingly, he is the leader in all enterprises, and takes a larger share of the plunder.

A regular gang does not often make speculative ventures. They call that "throwing a chance away," meaning that they run extraordinary risks. Only when the rogues are "hard up," or made audacious by drink, or encouraged beyond their cooler judgment by such a run of success as they have achieved in London lately, do they "throw a chance away." The favourite method is to select a promising victim, mark his incomings and outgoings, and await a fair opportunity of time and place. By many unsuspected means, as well as those which are open to everybody, they get to know that such and such a man carries a good "stake" about with him, in money, watch, jewellery, &c., and that he is generally to be found walking in a certain direction at certain seasons. He is marked. Time and place are fixed for the deed; but opportunity is never forced. If success appears doubtful on one occasion, they wait till another comes round, and will dog one man for nights and even weeks together. At last fortune favours the unjust, and the thing is done. The "front stall" walks a few yards in advance of the prey; it is his duty to look out for dangers ahead. The "back stall" comes on at a still further distance behind, or sometimes in the carriage-way—aloof, but at the victim's side. Immediately in his rear walks the "nasty man," approaching nearer and nearer, with steps which keep time with those of him whom he follows. The first stall lifts his hat from his head in token that all is clear beyond; the second stall makes no sign to the contrary; and then the third ruffian, coming swiftly up, flings his right arm round the victim, striking him smartly on the forehead. Instinctively he throws his head back, and in that movement loses every chance of escape. His throat is fully offered to his assailant, who instantly embraces it with his left arm, the bone just above the wrist being pressed against the "apple" of the throat. At the same moment the garotter, dropping his right hand, seizes the other's left wrist; and thus supplied with a powerful lever, draws him back upon his breast and there holds

him. The "nasty man's" part is done. His burden is helpless from the first moment, and speedily becomes insensible; all *he* has now to do is to be a little merciful. An experienced garotter knows immediately when his prey is insensible (or so he boasts), and then he relaxes his embrace somewhat; but if symptoms of recovery should follow too rapidly, the hug is tightened forthwith. Meanwhile the stalls are busy. Their first care after the victim is seized and safely held, is to take off his hat and their comrade's too; hats awkwardly kick about in the scuffle, and it is obviously not well for the garotter to leave anything that is his on the field of strife. This operation is assigned to the "front stall," and is simple enough; but he has sometimes to perform another and a far more onerous one. Should the "nasty man" have a "tumble," or, in language a little plainer, should he find a difficulty in "screwing up" his subject, it is the duty of the "front stall" to assist him by a heavy blow, generally delivered just under the waist. The screwing up is easy after that, and then the second stall proceeds to rifle the victim's pockets. This done, the garotter allows his insensible burden to drop to the ground, carefully avoiding a fall, lest that should arouse him.

I once allowed a thief, whom I visited in his cell, to garotte me. We had a clear understanding that I was not to be made insensible; but he explained that it was necessary that he should screw me hard if I wished to experience the sensation of the garotted, and to know how speedily the trick could be done. I submitted to this view, and in a marvellously short period found that I had gone through almost all that the "nasty man" inflicts in an ordinary way. The operation was exactly what I have above described it; it occupied a few seconds only; and yet, had I been held a few seconds longer, I must have become insensible. As it was, I was wholly helpless, and my throat was not easy again for several weeks afterwards.

Although this is the most approved mode of garotting, there are others—as may be seen from the police reports which have made the news-sheet so hideous lately; it is obvious, moreover, that circumstances must sometimes oblige the best regulated gangs to vary their tactics. A "nasty man" will sometimes work alone, lying in wait in a door-way, or at a street corner. More brutal and inexpert thieves press the fingers of both hands into the victim's throat; others use a short stick, which is passed across the throat from behind, and hauled back at both ends—a plan seldom adopted, though, and one that is of no avail to long-armed ruffians. Another set of thieves, who go the shorter way to work of pouncing on the wayfarer and stunning him with a blow, are not garotters at all; and are as much despised by regular practitioners as both parties are execrated by everybody else.

Sometimes garotters select largely frequented thoroughfares for their work, trusting in that case to the very boldness of their guilt; but, as a rule, they prefer late hours and lonely ill-lighted places. They

are very shrewd in the selection of their subjects, and profess to be able to tell at a glance whether a man is worth "planting."

Garotters are not without expedients to avoid suspicion, should they be interrupted by a passer-by. Their victim is then their friend; and their friend is intoxicated, they are sorry to say; and the stranger will be good enough to pass on, perhaps, as otherwise the police may observe their friend, which would be awkward. Or they pretend that he has been taken suddenly ill, or is in a fit; and starting off, one to fetch a cab and another a doctor, the rogues make good their escape.

Women are seldom garotted; and their exemption is due, perhaps, to some last spark of manly and generous feeling which even a garotter may cherish. There are other motives, to be sure. The unhappy creatures who are or should be the thieves' wives, resent the practice of this outrage on their sex, and many of them have a bitter experience of it; for when they offend their lords, those rascals sometimes "screw them up" by way of punishment. Then, again, women are more difficult to deal with, and more adept at an outcry, than men: such of them as carry money or jewels worth the risk of penal servitude, are rarely found alone in unfrequented places; and it was Adam and not Eve who swallowed the core of the apple. The *pomum Adami* in a woman's throat is so small that it is difficult to choke her on the safest principles of the garotte, and in fact it is safest altogether to allow her to go unmolested.

Garotters declare that more perjury is committed in convicting them than any other class of malefactors. They admit that a prosecutor may generally swear to the identity of the "stalls" with a sure conscience, but seldom or never to the "nasty man," because he keeps out of sight as much as possible from the beginning, and at the moment of attack is always invisible to the sufferer. Possibly there is some truth in this, though not enough to add much to the uneasiness of society.

This uneasiness has been much increased by the observation that garotte robberies, numerous as they have become of late, do not exhaust the energies of our more desperate criminals. Burglary also is alarmingly frequent; and for that, too, there appears no immediate remedy beyond the courage and caution which every man may exercise in his own defence. In aid of these, a little information may be useful, if not exactly agreeable.

First, as to the burglar's tools. These are made for the most part, like the tools of honest men, in Sheffield, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton. The simpler appliances, indeed, such as skeleton keys, a rogue will sometimes make for himself in the intervals of business, and others come readily enough to hand anywhere. An ordinary set of tools comprises a darkey, or small dark lantern; silent matches; a wax taper; a neddy, or life-preserver; a large pruning-knife, useful for cutting panels out; a palette knife, thin and pliant, for opening windows (by insertion between the upper and lower sashes so as to push back the spring fastening); a jemmy or small crowbar about twelve inches long, and splayed or

crow-footed at one end; skeleton keys of various sizes with wards at each end, called "double-enders;" wires to lift lock-tumblers, and a centre-bit. This is a complete set of *ordinary* tools; and they are usually carried in an honest commercial-looking kit or carpet-bag. A capitalist entering on business may obtain the whole budget, nicely fitted, for about five pounds, it is said.

But ordinary tools are for ordinary work alone; and the ingenuity which provides against them has been promptly met. At one time, when our houses and treasures were all protected by old-fashioned warded locks, it was thought that safety was insured if only the key was a very big one. The strong-room keys of that period were monstrous engines, tortured with complex wards of every conceivable shape; and yet neither the weight nor the complexity of these instruments was of much avail against the resources of a thief. It was well known that many of the wards were superfluous, and the housebreaker easily avoided the trouble of copying them in all their intricacy. The accompanying woodcut will assist us to describe the process.

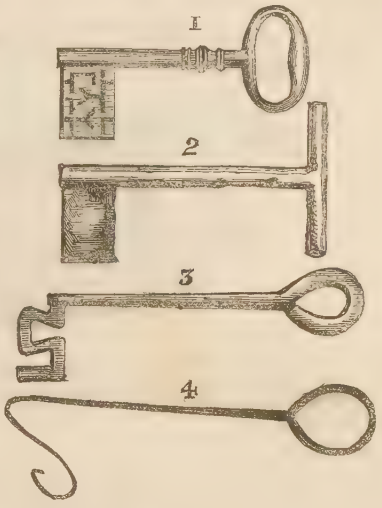
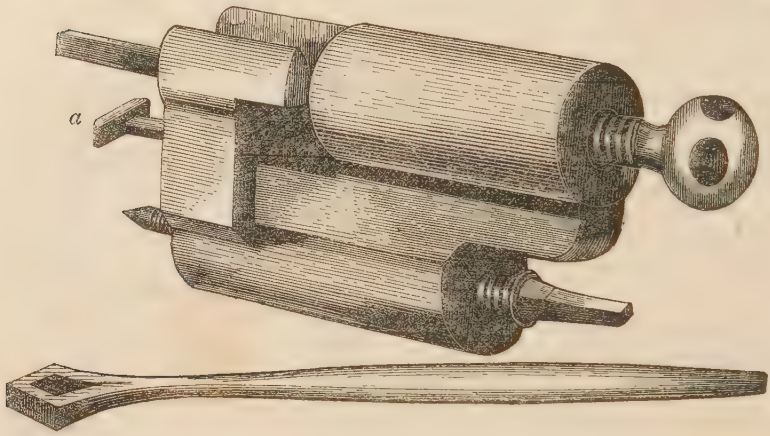


Figure 1 is a key which the thief cannot obtain, and for which he has to find a substitute. To accomplish this he provides himself with a coarsely made *blank* key of tin, one side of which is covered with a layer of wax. Wards being fixed obstructions in these locks, it is only necessary to insert the blank and turn it gently, to receive an impression of them on the wax. From the map of the interior thus obtained a forged key (fig. 3) is made of strong flattened wire. It will be seen that the copy is a much simpler instrument than the original, but it is equally effective: only the prettiness and the pretension of those slits and slots in figure 1 are lost. The pick-lock, figured 4, is of a different character: it acts by working round *outside* the wards, reaching the bolt that way. This key requires more dexterity than the other; but it rarely fails in the hands of a practised thief.

The success of Industry's chevaliers with warded locks brought them into disrepute at length; they were cashiered from all offices of trust in favour of the lever or tumbler lock. Even for these inventions a ponderous key was used: dishonesty had not yet provoked the construction of those admirable locks which throw out any number of great bolts with the smallest of keys. But this important advantage had been gained: the thief's skeleton keys were strained to no effect in the new locks,

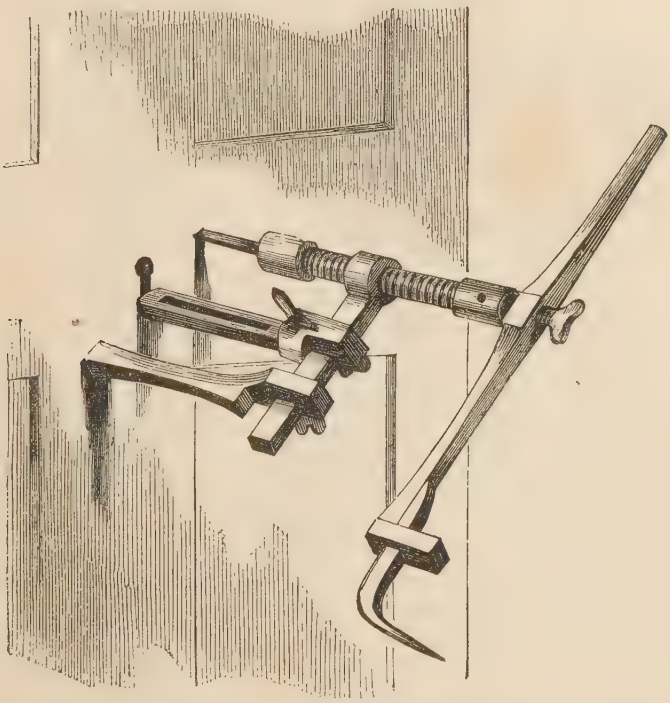
whenever they were well made, with several tumblers. Still, rascaldom was not baffled yet. The locksmith had to be circumvented by fresh means, and they were soon discovered. The jack-in-the-box was invented; a small compact article, and very portable, the use of which was to force the lock off, or rend the case sufficiently to allow its bolts to be drawn back.

Into the keyhole the T piece (*a*)—a separate part of the instrument—was inserted, upright, so that on turning it round it lay broadly across



the keyhole (in the position it has above), forming a fulcrum there. The shank of the T piece was then fitted into the main body of the instrument, the lower screw of which was next advanced, until it bit into the door. The machine was thus rendered quite steady and firm, and nothing remained to be done but to force on the straight iron tool which is seen over the T piece, by means of the larger screw. This tool was also a separate part of the instrument, and varied in dimensions according to the size of the keyhole at which it had to operate. The power of the instrument was resistless. The rather small specimen from which our engraving is made is capable of lifting three tons; and it is not surprising, therefore, that it should force a lock off in a very few moments. This invention was met by a certain improvement in the "detector lock" of Mr. Chubb. Instead of the back plate of the lock being of one sheet of iron, a piece was cut out just behind the keyhole, and its place filled by a separate small plate containing the pin on which the key revolves. This second plate was kept in position by a few slight screws only. When the lock was fixed upon an iron safe, the inner case of the door had *also* a false pin, corresponding in position with that of the lock. The object of all this is obvious. Upon the application of any such instrument as the jack-in-the-box, the false plates give way, and it is of no more use. The tumblers and works of the lock are above the level of the keyhole, and out of reach,

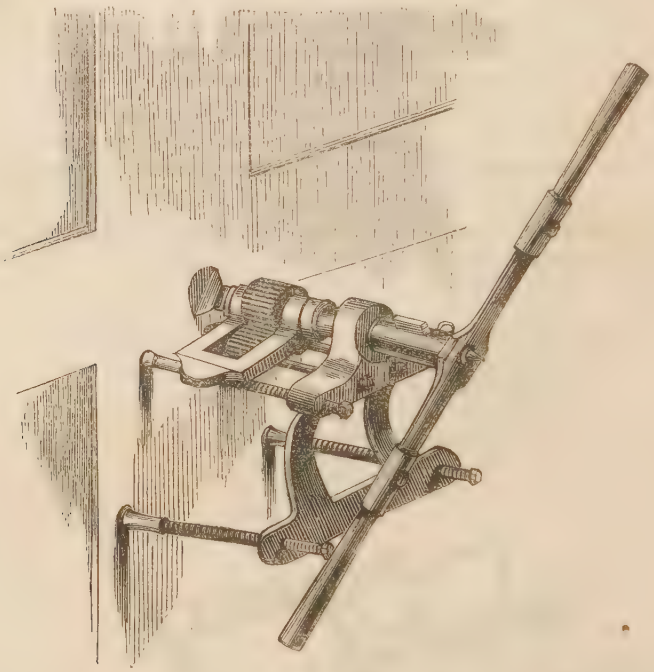
By-and-by the use of locks with large keys was superseded by a system of throwing the bolts of a safe-door by means of a handle, and securing them with a small key. The jack-in-the-box had now no chance at all; the keyhole was too small for it to work upon. Driven from this expedient, the thief's next plan was to drill into and thus destroy the lock, or such parts of it as would give access to the bolts. A clever hand could accomplish this with an ordinary breast-drill and bow. Safe-makers were therefore obliged to protect the lock with a covering-plate of hardened steel. This succeeded well enough till some ingenious mind hit upon a mode of fixing the drill to the lock after the manner of the jack-in-the-box, and so to work it with greater ease and rapidity. In the case of this instrument (which is represented below) the T piece was necessarily very small, to be accommodated to the reduced area of the keyhole, but it sufficed to afford a good fulcrum for the drill.



This machine was good in its way, but it was not good enough. Locks which protected the one coveted treasure were of several kinds, and their vital parts were variously situate; so that the burglar often found himself drilling at random. It was desirable to bore larger holes, for then a single one might suffice. To accomplish this end a really formidable machine was at length constructed—the completest tool in the burglar's

budget. In an engraving below it is shown at work, and a glance at the picture explains its processes.

The centre pin and chief support of the machine is fixed in the key-hole; while several set-screws, passing through the frame of the machine,

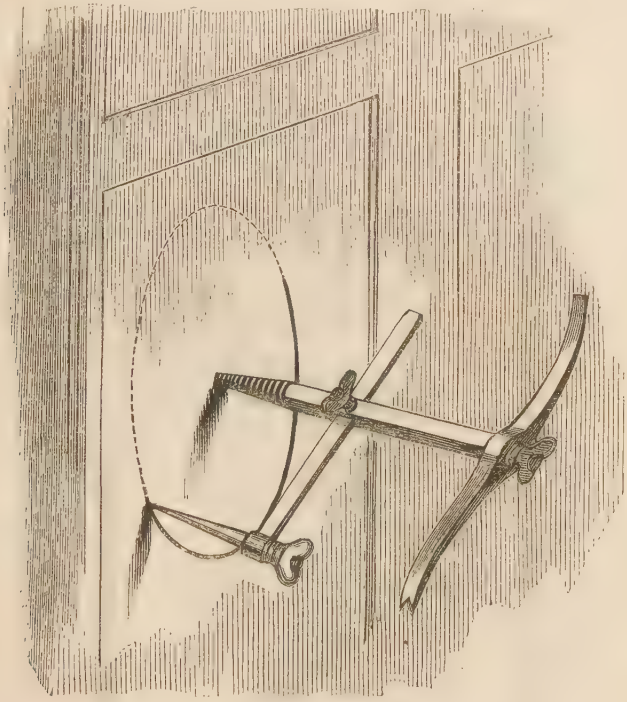


serve to adjust it. The drill itself is worked by a lever handle, which can be lengthened by movable arms to give increased power. The "bits," of various sizes, will make a hole of half an inch to three inches in diameter; and are propelled through their work by a self-adjusting slow-motioned screw at the rate of an eighth of an inch of progress for every sixty turns of the lever; and that can be handled rapidly. Of course the large drills of this machine were as likely to have their edges turned upon a hard steel plate as smaller ones; but there was this difference in the burglar's favour—supposing the larger drills to have penetrated an outer plate of iron, and then to be arrested, or even damaged, by an inner plate of steel, it would still wear away the overlying iron until a considerable surface of the harder metal lay exposed; and it was possible to break that up with a punch, and so proceed till the lock was destroyed.

To meet this difficulty, Mr. Chubb patented an improvement, consisting mainly in the insertion in the substance of the outer iron plate of numerous steel screw-plugs; these were placed so closely together that the larger drills could not avoid them, while the smaller ones were suffi-

ciently checked by the inner lining of steel. To the same end, other manufacturers have adopted the use of case-hardened iron, with steel in plates or bars.

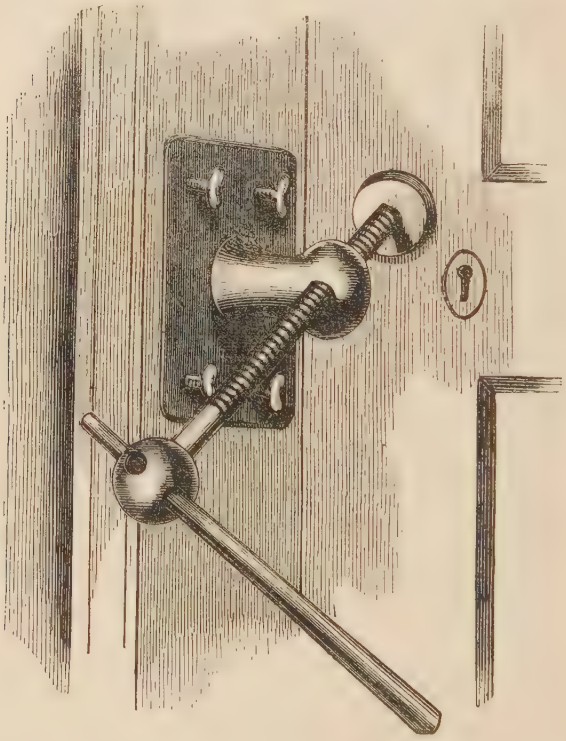
We have now described the most formidable implements of strong-box breaking; and we are happy to say that all the thief's ingenuity seems to have been exhausted upon them. The box-makers, and not the box-breakers, have the advantage at present; and now the hope and dream of these latter is that some one will invent a chemical preparation capable of fretting a lock away or consuming an iron door.



Gentlemen who enjoy not the luxury of a strong-box are as much concerned in the arts of burglary as those who do, perhaps: to them the operation of the "panel cutter," figured above, may be instructive. Now a good lock upon an ordinary timber door suffices to prevent unlawful entry unless the burglar is violent; but violence is noisy; and noise is fatal to the "job;" and therefore the burglar proceeds upon a system which he finds very objectionable when practised on himself—the silent system. Instead of forcing a door, he will cut one of its panels out. This used to be managed by a fine saw worked softly; but a quicker and quieter method was established when the panel-cutter was invented. A strong stem with gimlet point is thrust into the centre of the panel. Through this stem slides a cross-bar, carrying at one extremity a sharp cutting

tool, which, it will be seen, may be adjusted to move at any desired radius. At the head of the stem is fixed a double-armed lever (detached, it forms a powerful "jemmy") which works the whole machine. In a few minutes this instrument will make an aperture large enough to admit the burglar's arm, or his whole body even; and the door is then quickly unfastened. The best safeguard is to have the door lined with sheet-iron, or plaided with metal strips, or studded with nails irregularly disposed.

If it be necessary to force a door, however, the burglar is at no loss: he again becomes mechanical, and produces the apparatus figured below. It consists of a stout metal arm riveted to a plate at the lower end, and having a worm like the screw of a press working through the upper. Sharp-



pointed thumb-screws, passing through each corner of the plate, fix the whole apparatus to the door-jamb. The screw is then worked as shown in our engraving—a stout socket plate being interposed between the end of the worm and the face of the door, so as to obtain a good bearing. This instrument may be applied to the lock, the hinges, or wherever a bolt may be fixed.

A locked door is obviously no difficulty with a thief provided with such apparatus, but if the master of the house is ingenious enough,

having locked the door, to leave the key in it, the burglar's operations are much facilitated. A belief still prevails in many families that to leave the key in the lock is to bar the entrance of picks and skeletons, and very true it is. But in such a case a thief uses neither of these instruments. He introduces into the keyhole a strong and slender pair of forceps, such as we have engraved here, and seizing the extremity

of the householder's key, opens the door therewith by a single turn of the wrist. This is very agreeable to the thief, but particularly annoying to the householder.

Having now described the ordinary and extraordinary tools of a burglar, let us see how he works his own wits. It is pretty well understood that he seldom breaks into a house where there is nothing to be had, or of which he knows nothing. Generally, thieves take care to be well informed on both points: what is to be had, and where to have it. This information they get in many ways; often accidental, but oftenest from hawkers, who are either themselves thieves in disguise, or traders who, while afraid of the law for their own sakes, know no reason why they should not "put a friend up to a good thing." A house chosen for plundering is said to be "planted." The burglars have learned how many people live in it, and when and in what rooms they retire to sleep. Night-lights, burned as a warning that somebody is awake and stirring, never deceive a thief; a few nights' watching discovers the pretence, which thenceforward is of course despised. If it be necessary to watch a house in order to learn this or other particulars, the work is done at all hours, and by various persons. The housebreakers' wives and children, maybe, take their turn during the day; at night, the men themselves watch. On such occasions they often wear "reversibles," or coats which may be worn inside out; one side being of a bright, the other of a dark colour. The use of this garment is obvious. Should the watcher find himself observed, he goes into some quiet corner in the neighbourhood, turns his coat, exchanges his hat for a cap, and returns to his post another man to all appearance; the very policeman knows him not again.

We will suppose a burglary completely arranged, and a dark gusty night arrived to favour its execution; bright nights are never chosen for such enterprises. After drinking a courage cup together, the thieves start away, but not in company. There are usually three in a gang, two to enter the house, and one to keep watch outside. Each man takes his own road to the house; and should any one of them be watched or followed by the police, he avoids the place of rendezvous, and the

"job" is off for the night. The tools are either carried by one of the party in a travelling-bag, or, more frequently, they are bestowed in multitudinous pockets about the person. There is no difficulty in carrying the most complex and formidable apparatus in this way, for such tools are made to separate into many pieces. And the thieves have agreed upon a plan of action for every emergency. Sometimes the motto of the expedition is "every man for himself," in which case each makes his escape as best he can, should the attempt fail; but oftener it is understood that they shall stand by each other from first to last.

The police constable has once more passed the house in his weary round, his footfall sounds far away down the street, and now the burglars commence operations. If you have a watch-dog, it is drugged: if you have a corruptible servant, he has been bribed, perhaps. A mould has been taken of your house-key by some innocent-looking woman, who has got into the hall for a moment on pretended business, and the door yields instantly to the counterfeit. Or perhaps your house is regularly broken into; and there are various ways of accomplishing that feat. "Jumping a crib," is entrance by a window; "breaking a crib," forcing a back door; "grating a crib," through cellar gratings; "garreting a crib," through the roof or by an attic window. Entrance through the roof is sometimes cleverly effected (from the leads of an empty house adjacent) by means of an umbrella. First a few slates are removed, then a small hole is made, and through this aperture a strong springless umbrella is thrust, and shaken open. Again, the thieves go to work upon the hole in the roof, which they widen rapidly, and with perfect confidence, since the débris falls noiselessly into the umbrella pendent beneath.

By one of these means, then, the burglars have entered the house; and when they are determined to come in, it is almost impossible to keep them out: and once within, they fall to work rapidly and noiselessly. At one time housebreakers held to the superstition that no sleeper could awake, and no waking man could see them, if they carried their candle in a dead man's hand. There are no such superstitions now, but there are silent matches and india-rubber goloshes—things far more to the robber's purpose. Or he pulls a pair of thick stockings over his boots, and so moves about unheard within, while his confederate, the "crow," keeps watch without. Plate is the housebreaker's dearest hope—money their fondest aim; and as for the former, they usually know exactly where to lay their hands upon it. It would be far safer than it is in most houses if it were not kept always in one place, which a dishonest servant is able to point out years after his existence is forgotten in the household he betrays. The policeman again passes the house where this treasure is being sought, but nothing is discovered to *him*. Is there not a "crow" outside? and is not that a wary bird, who faithfully signals the constable's approach, so that his confederate may put out the light and be quite still for a while? Even if a panel has been cut from the door, and

the constable, in passing, turns his lantern on the very spot, discovery is by no means certain; for the panel has been replaced by a sheet of grained or painted paper provided for that purpose. The scout's signals are anxiously observed by his comrades. By a cough, a whistle, a stamp of the foot, or by mewing like a cat, perhaps, he is able to inform them instantly, while they are at work in one room, that a light has been struck in another: that the inmates are aroused, in fact, and immediate retreat necessary. Nor do the burglars venture to leave the house, even when the booty is secured, until they are signalled that the way is clear for an escape. Cabs are commonly employed in great operations to get off the thieves and their plunder. In such cases the drivers are not *strictly* confederate with the thieves, and doubtless regard themselves as very innocent men. They do not ask for particulars of those who hire them, but they *do* ask such a price for their aid as puts their intelligence and their dishonesty beyond a doubt. The cab-driver passes through the street now and then while the housebreakers are at work, or waits at a little distance till the burglars have signalled to the scout that they are ready, and the scout signals him. As soon as the thieves reach their quarters they change their clothes: that is the first thing to be done. The next is to get rid of their plunder; than which nothing is easier if it be plate. Jewels also are readily disposed of, but not so profitably for the thieves; the receiver has always the best of the bargain, which has to be repeated through many hands after his. A wounded burglar is conveyed at once, if possible, to another town, where he is said to have met with an accident. Unless the wound is serious no doctor is called in; he is confided to the care of the women of his wicked fraternity. When housebreakers are disturbed, and have to abandon their plunder, they say that they have "rung themselves."

A quick succession of dexterous burglaries occasionally astonishes some quiet country town: the operators are almost always professional thieves from a distance. They come provided with ample information, and with plan, of certain houses, perhaps, in their pockets. This knowledge is often obtained from vagabond thieves called "snell-fencers," who range the country in summer time as hawkers, or "poor needle-makers out of work." From the idle, dissolute fellows who are to be found in every village they gather enough information about this farm-house, or that mansion, to promote either their own petty enterprises, or those of more accomplished and more daring villains. They make notes of every "good crib" they have become familiar with, and on their return to town in winter their knowledge is at the service of any housebreaker who will let them "stand in" for a small share of its profits. In country towns, too, there are local rascals who are in frequent correspondence with city thieves, and who supply them with the knowledge necessary for that which they are too cowardly, or too cautious, to commit themselves.

There is another notable class of criminals, called "jilters," or

"hotel lurkers." They go in pairs, and work in two ways. Sometimes they stay for several days at the hotel they intend to victimize, pay their bills punctually, and steal everything portable that they can lay hands on. Occasionally—but rarely—a waiter is in league with them, and for a consideration leaves a few solid and useful articles of plate in their way. The other method is more summary. One of the "jilters" enters the hotel in the evening, takes his seat, and orders wine. This drunk, he offers a good five-pound note in payment. In small suburban places, this will probably oblige the innkeeper to go upstairs for change. If so, the light he carries is watched by the "jilter" who remains without, and who is thus guided to the room where the money is kept. Signals are exchanged by the thieves, through the coffee-room window; and while the one engages mine host in a lively "affable" conversation, the other slips in and secures the cash-box. "Hotel lurkers" are provided with pick-locks and a "jemmy" in thorough burglarious fashions, and stand at nothing.

Jewellers' shops have great attractions for thieves, and are very provoking to their ingenuity. One clever plan is managed thus: two young women, or a young lady and a young gentleman, enter a jeweller's shop, and ask to see some brooches, rings, and so on. From certain pretty remarks and jocose observations it soon appears that there is a wedding in the wind, and that there stands the bridegroom, or the bride herself. The jeweller, though ordinarily cool and cautious, is still human, and the thought of a wedding-order pleases and confuses him. He has eyes for the bride, or the bride's sister, as well as for his wares; but the bride sees only them, and her fingers are busy in the trays. Certain things are bought and paid for; then others are taken up, and handled with such dexterity that of two trinkets examined one remains concealed between the thumb and the palm till an opportunity occurs of dropping it into a pocket, or between the folds of a parasol hanging half open from the left hand. Stealing wedding-rings in this way is called "twisting for fawnies;" stealing diamond rings, "twisting for sparks."

We will not prolong these observations, which, now that crime is so active, and the long dark nights have come, are timely at any rate. But with caution there is little danger, especially from burglars. These men, who inform themselves so accurately as to what and where they can steal, venture little willingly; and they are careful to learn, among other things, whether you leave your bars and bolts alone to protect your property. No burglar ventures into a house knowingly, where there is a wakeful dog, and a pair of loaded pistols by the master's hand. He has easier prey for the seeking, and he very much prefers it.

Richmond and Washington during the War.

English readers have been familiarized with the general features of Washington by the letters of Tom Moore and Mr. Dickens, and lately by the very accurate pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope. But, beyond some acquaintance with resident notables and a superficial inspection of buildings and bureaux, a stranger learns little of either place. The writer of this brief paper has been a resident of Washington during much of the past fifteen months, and an involuntary sojourner at Richmond for a period of five weeks; but with extraordinary opportunities, at either place, he is ignorant of much that should most be known. During the war Richmond has been a sealed city to the outer world, and our only accounts thereof have been obtained from fugitives and captives. Meanwhile, both cities have grown wonderfully. Richmond, which three years ago had probably 40,000 inhabitants, cannot now have less than 80,000, and Washington has increased in almost the same ratio. Land in and around the latter city has improved in price 400 per cent., and the rent of shops has advanced fabulously. But the new inhabitants are not of the class that give credit to either city—birds of passage and of prey, carrion that gorge themselves upon the common ruin, and fly, surfeited, to their nests and dens.

Washington as it used to be, and Washington as it is, are sorry contrasts. While the South had an interest in the Capitol, its dark beauties and its fiery gentlemen made the sessions of Congress glide by luxuriously. Senators and representatives rivalled each other in the splendour of their evening parties; the levées of the President would have been creditable to a court; gay equipages frequented the "Avenue" of afternoons, and thousands of queenly women thronged the Capitol grounds at marine band promenades. In the interval between the sessions, Washington passed into a solemn slumber: its caravansary hotels were deserted, save by occasional wedding-parties; the small army of Government clerks went home on furlough; and the negro Jehus sat, severe and silent, upon the boxes of their supernumerary hacks. The draw-keeper on the Long Bridge left his post with impunity; the White House stables were locked; and the supple little pages that used to leap at the whistle of a senator strolled out to Kalorama, and fished for perch. The town was, in session, a model of republican enterprise, and, out of session, a model of republican simplicity. Not a gun defended any land approach to the city, and legislators grumbled when repairs were demanded for Fort Washington, a little old shell, twenty miles down the river.

The only lively incidents were those of the periodical caning of Senator Sinick by Representative Thresh, and the challenging of the

Honourable Lipp by Colonel Knox, both of whom backed out, after "publishing cards." Occasionally, Crib, of the Treasury bureau, son of the ex-Vice-President, was detected "abstracting," and then the city was convulsed; or Dash, junior, the handsome phonographer in the gallery, ran off with the daughter of the venerable Phogy on the floor, which made glad half the newspapers and gossips in the realm.

Washington, in those days, had its oddities, and chief of these was "Beau" Hickman, a professional pensioner, or, in the elegant phraseology of the place, a "dead beat." This worthy was a descendant of a fine Carolina family, but he had sunk into the condition of a dependant on strangers and Congress-men. He lounged about hotels, at times elegantly dressed, at others almost ragged, but maintaining through all mutations the manners of a gentleman. He knew Washington society from the days of President Jackson, and preserved in his retentive memory the gossip of Cabinets and Congress-men since that time. Visitors to the Capitol sought introductions to him, and he charged them a dollar for the honour. He drew periodical pittances from senators, and boldly begged loans from Presidents.

The "Hole in the Wall" is another "remarkable institution." If you descend from the Senate Chamber, and turn sharp to the left, you will see, after proceeding some thirty yards through a narrow aisle, a sash-door labelled, "*For Senators Exclusively.*" Pass through, and your progress will be barred again by a door and screen. Beyond these lies a quaint little room, set with lunch-tables, and, at the farther end, an open sideboard displays rows of bottles. The dark divinity of the place bows frigidly, but relaxes somewhat when you rattle the silver in your side-pocket. "What will it be, sir?" he says, gravely, and mingles a cup of icy sweetness with the air of a chief of bureau. What secrets might this African disclose of the weaknesses of greatness! Warmed with these wines, the clarion tenor of Clay rang through the halls above. Here Webster, Seward, and Douglas (the greatest topers of them all), loitered and "smiled" in the hey-day of their renown. Did this imperturbable Ethiop feel no qualms when Wigfall made his memorable adieu, and Breckenridge, for the last time, defied the Senate? The "Hole in the Wall," alas! survives the Union!

Besides these individual eccentricities there were generic characters indigenous to Washington. The first of these were the Washington domestics, negroes who were presumed to have served the household of the great patriot. "Big John" headed the list, by common consent. According to tradition he had been the coachman, but he presented no evidences of the fact beyond a head of white wool, and a statement that he was one hundred and twenty years of age. His account of himself passed all understanding; but his lucidity at the sight of a dime was wonderful to behold. "Charley the Gardener," who lived on the "Island"—an offshoot of the parent city—preserved some recollections of his patron that astounded historians. He was, nevertheless, a very

favourite antiquity, though strongly addicted to drinking ; and having been pensioned upon visitors for many years, he made an engagement at last with a strolling showman. This success turned the heads of all the old negroes in the district, and a Washington household sprang up so formidable numerically, that credence turned pale and sewed up its purse in self-defence. The Government offices contained some enigmatical people that greatly endeared Washington to quiet minds. By these I mean the old clerks who, fulfilling specific and onerous duties, became indispensable to successive administrations. Their usefulness kept them in office, and the calm routine of their lives was proof to political intrigue. They did not join in partisan commotions ; they sometimes did not vote. To and fro, between their homes and their offices, they walked like the few good men in Sodom, and passed away as quietly as they had lived, making no mark upon the history of the nation, though themselves historians. They were the only links that bound the present with primitive Republican days, when office was honour, and pure men ruled. Their glib contemporaries in the executive bureaux call them "fossils ;" but so were the Adamses. However, the race is dying out ; and the few that remain, lost among hordes of greedy contractors and noisy demagogues, are more bewildered than Rip Van Winkle awakened from his dream of years.

The city was not, in former times, notoriously corrupt. Its officials were, for the most part, honest and high-minded. But with the war came enormous outlays for food, clothing, ordnance, ships, and transportation, and the fingers of every third man in America itched for a share of the plunder. The avaricious, the perjured, the peculating, rallied forthwith, and the war and navy departments were placed, virtually, in a state of siege. Sentries barred admittance to public offices, personal applications to secretaries were forbidden, and the qualifications for a chief of bureau were deafness, blindness, and intangibility. Every State in the Union was represented by sharpers. The "lobby" rivalled the army in numbers. No threat could intimidate, no exposure abash, the unprincipled "patriots" who plundered and made merry over the general disaster. Adventurers of every grade intrigued for contracts, from butchers who haggled for hides, tallow, and camp offal, to merchant princes who bargained for gunboats, field-batteries, and monster ordnance. Embalmers clamoured for the bodies of the slain. Inventors piled the arsenal grounds with motley models of tents, knapsacks, rifles, and projectiles. Builders hoped to dispose of their rotten vessels, and stable-keepers to sell their spavined nags. A rogue from New York swindled in steamers, a rogue from Massachusetts in shoes. Pennsylvanians made themselves infamous in shoddy speculations, and Connecticut mill-owners dealt in damaged muskets. Ohio drovers fattened upon emaciated cattle, and Illinois factors throve upon mouldy bread. Jews of a bad class peopled the shops of Pennsylvanian Avenue, and sutlers that should have been in the Penitentiary robbed the troops of their paper pay. Bounty

and claim agents, so called, set up offices under the shadow of the Treasury, and cheated the widow and the orphan. Railway presidents put their heads together and agreed upon a concert of extortion. Physicians, catching the infection, thieved in medicines, and high officers of State enriched themslves at the expense of the country.

"Willard's" and the "National," two vast hotels, presented strange spectacles of an evening, when their halls and "ordinaries" were filled with soldiers and civilians. Here was a quartermaster whispering with a "smart" waggon-maker, and there a Representative listening to a lobbyist, whose tongue ran oil and wine. Professional agents, to procure commissions, button-holed newly-arrived guests, and spruce volunteer officers clustered on the sofas, with their spurs in the air and a glass at their lips. The bars were thronged, and tobacco-smoke rose in suffocating clouds to the ceiling.

The Capitol building became, for a time, a grand barrack, and Fire Zouaves held session in the halls of Congress. Bakeries were built in the cellars, and hogsheads of pork obstructed the marble porticoes and colonnades. Pugilists of rival regiments pummelled each other before the President's mansion, and drunken soldiers were dragged to the guard-house at the heels of horses. The pleasantest mansions in the city were occupied by gamblers. Lights burned at unwonted hours, to show where vice was merry-making.

The plain country gentleman, who had fortuitously been placed at the head of affairs, looked ruefully upon these excesses. Honest himself, he lacked discrimination to detect the chicanery of his subordinates, as well as the will to punish it. No ruler was ever so unfortunate that meant so well. Knaves who listened to his anecdotes picked his pockets as they laughed. His wife made herself unpopular early in his presidential career, and his two nearest associates in the Cabinet were suspected and incapable. He attempted to conciliate the Radical and Conservative, and was the shuttlecock of both. He distrusted his commander-in-chief, but feared to irritate those that upheld him. He proclaimed emancipation, and his doubts of its legality at the same time; in short, he exhibited none of the main elements of executive ability—promptness, dignity, consistency.

But the awkward figure of the President will always be associated with what is pleasantest and best in the revolution. He made merriment wherever he went. The mere mention of his name at one time brought confidence to the eyes of soldiers, and no citizen harboured a doubting or malicious thought toward him. I was riding through the monument-grounds at daybreak one morning, when the sound of what appeared to be file-firing drew me towards the bank of the river. A small shelter-tent stood close to the brink, from which projected the long, rakish barrel of a repeating-rifle. The President had come thus early from his bed to superintend the firing, and I found him upon his knees, turning the crank, his face a-glow, as he shouted boyishly at the grand results attained. His hat lay upon the ground, his watch dangled from his

pocket; and when he had done, he shouted loudly, floundered across a great ditch, and strode towards the city at a tremendous pace.

Public amusements that had before languished in Washington became numerous and profitable as soon as the strife began. A fine new theatre was opened; bands of "serenaders" gave entertainments in various halls; tight-rope dancers performed in the public streets; lecturers held forth at the Smithsonian Institute, and equestrian performers flourished in the public squares. Drinking-houses, or, as they were commonly called, "rum-mills," sprang up at every corner; the streets at night were copies of the Haymarket. M'Clellan's provost-marshal endeavoured in vain to abate the prevailing disturbances. Horsemen were planted at crossings, with instructions to cut down any officer or soldier who rode at a gallop; the casks of disorderly publicans were emptied in the streets; loitering volunteers were compelled to return to camp or go to prison, and a Government detective bureau was organized to apprehend spies, traitors, and swindlers.

The battles that occurred in rapid succession close to the city rendered Washington an immense hospital depôt, and there have been at one time as many as twenty thousand sick and wounded within its walls. All the vehicles in the city have been seized, in emergency, to serve as ambulances. War-meetings have been held in the Capitol grounds; the balcony at "Willard's" has blazed a welcome to scores of returned captives, and the lady of the President has had the taste to hold balls and levées in the midst of reverses almost appalling.

Both city and suburbs have been wofully changed. Railways have been laid in the leading streets, and the rickety piers of the "Long Bridge" quiver beneath the weight of trains and locomotives. The green heights of Arlington are now stretches of yellow clay where a score of forts bake in the sun. The fine colleges at Georgetown are arsenals or hospitals; the navy yard is crowded with masts and smoke-stacks, and military roads have been cut through solid rock at Chain-bridge and the Aqueduct. The loss of the city is not thought possible, perhaps; for workmen pile stone upon stone in the "Treasury extension," and are busy with the great dome of the Capitol. One edifice alone crumbles neglected—the stunted shaft of the Washington monument. I picked my way to the lodge-keeper's one afternoon, and having obtained the key, passed through a slimy field and a herd of army cattle to the tottering steps, ascending which I pushed back the bolts of a wooden door, and stood beneath the temporary roof. The rain had dripped to the floor in a limy puddle, and the blocks of marble, granite, copper, and lead, that composed the shaft, were mouldy and frost-eaten. Lugubriously I read:—

"*Louisiana, ever true to the Union, presents this block of granite.*"

"*Alexandria, the home of Washington, sends this tablet to his monument. —Liberty and Union.*"

"*This specimen of Tennessee marble testifies the undying attachment of the neighbours of Henry Clay to the Union, founded by George Washington, the father of his country.*"

If we now turn to Richmond, hopeful of a higher patriotism, the wish will hardly be realized. However scrupulous as to the end to be attained, the means whereby Secession was developed were not such as impartial history will entirely applaud. Disunion was bred in cabals, and promoted secretly. Officers of the army and navy, commanders of forts and arsenals, were tampered with, and the first step toward devotion to the new government was perjury to the old. It is a struggle of interests alone, founded upon rival ambitions. Each is thoroughly aroused, each persuades itself that it is right, each has sacrificed largely, and each invokes for its cause God, freedom, and humanity. But there is little in the war-cry of "Union" upon one side, or "State Sovereignty" on the other, that touches the sympathy of nations apart. President Lincoln and President Davis are high-minded, amiable men. Both are, I believe, communicants with orthodox churches, and Lord's-Day prayers ascend from all the pulpits in the land for the exaltation of the one and the confusion of the other. But Richmond city, like Washington, has its gambling-houses, its stews, and its lobbymen. Its newspapers are full of grave charges against officers of the army, the cabinet, and Congress. In a journal dated May, 1862, I find the following remarks:—"The curse of this war is avarice. Its advent was the signal for the schemes and plots of monopolists and extortioners, and they have profited enormously by their operations. No class of the community has been shielded from their heartless and unlimited exactions. Their own Government is considered the special victim for their fleecing and swindling operations." The curse of official corruption which has marked almost all popular governments extends North and South. At the South the peculation has been less, perhaps, because there has been less to steal.

Richmond is beautifully situated at an angle of the James River, which tumbles above, over ledges of flint and granite and around miniature islands. A small creek, flowing into the James, bisects the town, and upon the elevated ground adjacent its better residences and public buildings have been built. Two-fifths of the stable population are negroes, and a large number of these are free. The latter are mostly dissolute and idle, and their settlements in the suburbs contrast wretchedly with the handsome mansions of the dominant whites. Congress meets in the State Capitol. The War Office and most of the other Government offices are in Broad and Franklin Streets. The clerks are for the most part Maryland exiles, and the detective force is composed, almost to a man, of members of the disorganized Baltimore police.

Richmond has been for fifty years a brilliant and a bad city. During much of that time it was the political centre of the South, the abode of its most famous orators, jurists, and statesmen, and the chief seat of its newspaper press. Political feeling was nowhere so intense. Brawls and homicide were common antecedents to its elections here, and duelling was frequent amongst its highest residents. Among the first qualifications of its Congress-men were a keen eye and a steady hand. Few Richmond

editors have not passed the ordeal of fire, and some have paid to the "code" the forfeit of their lives. "Barbecues" and monster processions were features of its campaigns, and its "stump" was made famous by such feverish disputants as Patrick Henry, John Randolph, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, and other orators powerful enough there, though unknown in England.

Richmond was the great slave-market whence negroes from the border districts were forwarded to the cotton States. London was never more enveloped in fog than Richmond in tobacco-fumes. It was a trite aphorism there, "Cheaper to indulge than to abstain." The chain-gang is still retained, and the stranger is shocked by the spectacle of squalid men breaking stone on the highways, with iron balls manacled to their legs. Hospitality was always great in Richmond; but charity did not extend to opinion; and to question the legitimacy of any distinctive "institution" of the place was flat felony. The laws did not merely prescribe what one must not do, but what he must not say. The ladies were vivacious and ardently partisan; and the end of every young man's ambition was an elysium of indolence—a thousand acres by the "Jeems" River, and a hundred slaves to mix his juleps and till his wheat and tobacco.

The city has now witnessed almost all the terrible mutations of civil war. With closed doors met the Convention that adopted an ordinance of secession, and the Northern phonographers that reported its deliberations were sworn to secresy. Then came the pulling down of the old flag and the flaunting of the new. The Gulf troops, who had opened the contest at Fort Sumpter, marched into town with the palmetto, the pelican, and the pine-tree colours. The militia that had rallied to expel John Brown's motley handful, turned out again and recruited. A silent doubtful populace listened here to the formal "inaugural" of Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens. Long lines of soldiers poured through the place to rendezvous at Winchester and Manassas. Hopefully and gaily passed the early scenes of secession; but soon the war rolled southward, and the blood of thousands of wounded men was seen in the streets of the "shady city."

First among the great personages of Richmond is the President, with his slight agile figure and intense face. He is a little grey, a trifle haggard and careworn, but as fully equal to the responsibilities of his post as when, sixteen years ago, he met with a few Mississippians the shock of a thousand Mexican lancers. His manners have been likened to those of Washington, to whose position, indeed, his own very much corresponds. Like the great chief, he has been maligned at home and caricatured abroad. The Richmond newspapers have called him incompetent, lukewarm, and hypocritical, but none have been more modest, prudent, or devoted.

The Vice-President goes ambling between his home and the Capitol, bowed, furrowed, and hollow of eye and cheek—something to see with a shudder and never to forget. His position in the Government is a

negative one, and he remains alone at home much of the time, apparently weary of the war and the world. Governor Letcher, the "State executive," is unpopular with all factions, and will be a valuable subject for some future Aristophanes of the Southern Confederacy. His predecessor, now General Henry A. Wise, is one of the most remarkable men of the city. The John Brown raid occurred during his administration, and he retained his office until the old abolitionist and his men were hanged. Governor Wise was once a notorious duellist; he is now famous for his extemporaneous oratory. His career in the field has been generally unfortunate: he revenges himself by delivering political harangues to his men at every dress parade. The eldest of his sons was killed at Roanoke, in a gallant but rash attempt to escape; and the loss has very much embittered the General's declining years.

General Winder, the provost-marshal, every sojourner in the city knows full well. General Butler would rejoice in the possession of so vigilant an officer. While Washington is overrun with the intriguing and the disaffected, Richmond has ears for every whisper, and there can come no stranger to the city whose movements are not watched and his mission understood. To General Winder the whole government of the city is entrusted. To his office every publican and boarding-house keeper must bring daily lists and descriptions of his lodgers. Keepers of livery-stables must return the names and destinations of all who pass the city limits. Forty detective officers go and come like shadows day and night. The city is enclosed with double lines of provost sentries, and unhappy is he who stirs abroad after the beating of tattoo. Offenders are marched, singly, before the provost; he sits absolute and imperturbable, erect, prompt, and positive. He has small, searching eyes, a beaked nose, and white bristly hair, which suggests the unapproachable porcupine. He adopts a harsh voice with prisoners of war, and with his justice may blend just a little retaliation; for his brother has long been shut up in Fort Warren by Federal gaolers.

The prisons of Richmond are in charge of the provost-marshal and his deputies. They were, in August last, nine in number, of which seven were military and two civil. The captives numbered at that time more than 7,000; the State prisoners less than 200. Castle Godwin is the Bastile of Richmond. It is an abandoned negro mart, situate on a low piece of ground, and approached by steps descending from Broad Street. Natives and foreigners—(of the latter class, Germans particularly)—have suffered long confinement here; and some have gone hence, seated on their coffins, to the fair grounds north of the city, where a rope and cross-beam stand always. The rope is attached to their necks, the cart driven off, and they are left dangling. The military prisons—of which the Libby is the most widely known—are chiefly abandoned tobacco-warehouses, built of brick, and generally large, airy, and isolated. The bloody "six days' battles" that redeemed Richmond and the South, crowded them with bruised, mangled, and lunatic captives, for whom little

preparation was possible. The wounds of the sufferers remained unstanched all the night long, and some men who were but scarred lay neglected till mortification ensued. The fevered tossed through many hours with lips a-flame and weary longings for home; and some that died remained unburied for days, in horrible companionship with the living. All suffered from hunger. Contagious diseases appeared. Crimes broke out among the despairing and brutal. Some gamed with cards and dice; others robbed the helpless of what they themselves could seldom keep. When, after the hostile Governments arranged for an exchange, the survivors were marched in bevies to the river and embarked, they huddled upon the open deck, ragged, cold, and tortured with vermin, looking wistfully for the expected transport. And when at length the hull of the relief came in view, with a bit of spangled something that flaunted on the flag-pole, the cripple flung up his crutches, and the sick grew strong for a little while.

The condition of the returned prisoners excited much indignation at the North, and wilful cruelty was imputed to the Richmond authorities. But I am satisfied that they only failed to do what they could not do. Their own wounded filled the city, engrossing all attention, and thousands of their dead covered the field meanwhile. The surgeons were not numerous, and there were no medicines. The best attested case of murder was that of a Federal soldier, who went over to the Confederates, and, being taunted with disloyalty, deliberately shot one of his countrymen. The prisoners were generally insubordinate, and commonly hooted President Davis and his colours, in and out of prison.

The city is badly fortified, and will not compare in this respect with Washington. Spring, Richmond, Fush, Church and Libby Hills, are crested with small earthworks, and a line of alternate breastwork, abattis and swamp, encircles the north and east suburbs; but the only considerable fortifications are built so close to the city that the long-range guns of the Federals could easily shell out the inhabitants. After the battles of Williamsburg and West Point, panic prevailed in the city. The legislative bodies adjourned in haste, and the citizens removed their servants and household furniture. Danville, a railroad village on the North Carolina border, had been selected as the seat of government, and some disinterested patriots broached the burning of the town. But Fort Darling repulsed the Federal navy, and M'Clellan gave over his command to swamp and pestilence.

The high rate of food and clothing at the South is well known; but in Richmond the enormous prices demanded for all articles of necessity may be traced to the speculations of sharpers as well as to the universal scarcity. The depreciation of currency has also had its effect; but the Confederate Government compels the citizens to receive its notes at par. The statement has been frequently denied, that Federal notes, or "greenbacks," are at premium in Richmond. This is, however, true; for by the terms of agreement they must be redeemed in any event; while the

notes of the new Government are only to be redeemed in case of successful revolution. Boots were sold at three and four guineas a pair a year ago, coffee at five shillings a pound, and black tea at thirty shillings, calico at two shillings a yard, and beef, eggs, wine, and spirituous liquors, were equally dear. Tradesmen are frequently arrested by General Winder's police for charging unfair prices; but the harpies continue to thrive, and frequently precede the agents of Government into the interior, outbidding them with the farmers for cattle, grain, &c. The city is full of poor and bereaved people, many of them voluntary exiles from Maryland and the Northern border. The people of Hampton, who submitted to have their beautiful town burned rather than leave it to shelter their enemies, are supplicants on the Government and dependent upon the citizens. A law exists forbidding the giving of employment to foreigners that have not taken the oath of allegiance, and necessitous strangers have no choice but to enlist in the armies.

Not more than five regiments have been at any time quartered in Richmond; but each State has a rendezvous, whither all parcels and mails are sent, and stragglers collected. Notwithstanding every precaution, robberies and brawls are frequent; and the number of "unfortunates" is increased to a degree which excites very painful reflections.

The idleness and business of war are instanced, on the one hand, by the belted and spurred braggarts who lounge about the hotels—the closed shops, the schools that keep perpetual holiday, the old men that gather in the shady side-walks to gossip and bewail, and the negro women that scream delightedly at the peals of music, and often, evading the sentries, escape to the North, that *terra incognita* of their dreams: on the other, by the thousands of workmen that frame oddly-constructed floating batteries at the waterside, and forge great guns at the Tredegar works; the medley of transportation-teams that rumble over the bridges and file along the turnpike roads; the gangs of negro men that are marched under guard to work at entrenchments and Government buildings; the regiments in homespun gray and "butternut," that trail dustily through the high-streets to swell distant camps. War looks at you from hospital churches and through the bright eyes of fever; it thrills you in the limp of cripples that beg at the wayside; it whispers sadly in the rustle of crape, and shouts its discontent in the yell of newsboys. Richmond also is a very altered city. But it contrasts favourably with Washington; it is under firmer control, and its scanty resources are used to better advantage. Washington is overrun with rogues, spies, and demagogues: Richmond is strictly governed by martial law, and a single supreme will, that must not be gainsayed, is all-pervading. If peaceful counsels at length prevail, and the Potomac becomes a dividing line between the sections, Richmond may be the first inland city of the South; but Washington will scarcely be retained as the seat of Federal government. Neither city can be commercially great, but both will be famed as bases for the greatest armies that ever met in the shock of civil war.

A Christmas Carol for 1862.

The skies are pale, the trees are stiff,
The earth is dull and old;
The frost is glittering, as if
The very sun were cold.
And Hunger fell is linked with Frost,
To make men grey and wan:
Come, Babe, from heaven, or we are lost;
Be born, O Child of man.

The children cry, the women shake,
The strong men stare about;
They sleep when they would keep awake—
They wake ere night is out.
For they have lost their heritage—
No sweat is on their brow:
Come, Babe, and bring them work and wage;
Be born, and save us now.

Across the sea, beyond our sight,
Roars on the fierce debate;
Down go the men in bloody fight,
The women weep and hate.
And in the right be which that may,
Surely the strife is long:
Come thou, O Child, thy lowly way,
And right will have no wrong.

Good men speak lies against thine own—
Tongues quick, and hearing slow;
They will not let thee walk alone,
And think to serve thee so:
If they the children's freedom saw,
In thee, the children's king,
They would be still with holy awe,
Or only speak to sing.

Some neither lie, nor starve, nor fight,
Nor yet the poor deny;
But in their hearts all is not right—
They often sit and sigh.
Earth cries with all her nights and days,
Grey frosts and golden corn;
The travailing creation prays:
O Son of God, be born.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Story of Elizabeth.

PART V.

Before he went to bed that night Dampier wrote the end of his letter to Prue. He described, rather amusingly, the snubbing which Elly had given him, the dry way in which Sir John had received his advances, the glances of disfavour with which aunt Jean listened to his advice. "So this is all the gratitude one gets for interfering in the most sensible manner. If you are as ungrateful, Prue, for this immense long letter, I shall, indeed, have laboured in vain. It is one o'clock. Bong! there it went from the tower. Good-night, dear; your beloved brother is going to bed. Love to Miles. Kiss the children all round for their and your affectionate W. D."

Will Dampier was not in the least like his letter. I know two or three men who are manly enough, who write gentle, gossiping letters like women. He was a big, commonplace young man, straight-minded and tender-hearted, with immense energy, and great good spirits. He believed in himself; indeed, he tried so heartily and conscientiously to do what was right, that he could not help knowing more or less that he was a good fellow. And then he had a happy knack of seeing one side of a question, and having once determined that so and so was the thing to be done, he could do so and so without one doubt or compunction. He belonged to the school of athletic Christianity. I heard some one once say that there are some of that sect who would almost make out cock-fighting to be a religious ceremony. William Dampier did not go so far as this; but he heartily believed that nothing was wrong that was done with a Christian and manly spirit. He rode across country, he smoked pipes, he went out shooting, he played billiards and cricket, he rowed up and down the river in his boat, and he was charming with all the grumbling old men and women in his parish, he preached capital sermons—short, brisk, well-considered. He enjoyed life and all its good things with a grateful temper, and made most people happy about him.

One day, Elly began to think what a different creed Will Dampier's was from her stepfather's, only she did not put her thoughts into words. It was not her way.

Tourneur, with a great heart, set on the greatest truth, feeling the constant presence of those mightier dispensations, cared but little for the affairs of to-day: they seemed to him subordinate, immaterial; they lost all importance from comparison to that awful reality that this man had so vividly realized to himself. To Dampier, it was through the simple language of his daily life that he could best express what good was in

"OUT IN THE GARDEN."

him. He saw wisdom and mercy, he saw order and progression, he saw infinite variety and wonder in all natural things, in all life, at all places and hours. By looking at this world, he could best understand and adore the next.

And yet Tourneur's was the loftier spirit: to him had come a certain knowledge and understanding, of which Dampier had scarce a conception. Dampier, who felt less keenly, could well be more liberal, more forbearing. One of these two told Elly that we were put into the world to live in it, and to be thankful for our creation; to do our duty, and to labour until the night should come when no man can work. The other said, sadly, you are born only to overcome the flesh, to crush it under foot, to turn away from all that you like most, innocent or not. What do I care? Are you an immortal spirit, or are you a clod of earth? Will you suffer that this all-wondrous, all-precious gift should be clogged, and stifled, and choked, and destroyed, may be, by despicable daily concerns? Tourneur himself set an example of what he preached by his devoted, humble, holy, self-denying life. And yet Elly turned with a sense of infinite relief to the other creed: she could understand it, sympathize with it, try to do good, though to be good was beyond her frail powers. Already she was learning to be thankful, to be cheerful, to be unselfish, to be keenly penitent for her many shortcomings.

As the time drew near when an answer to her note might be expected, Miss Dampier grew anxious and fidgety, dropped her stitches, looked out for the post, and wondered why no letter came. Elly was only a little silent, a little thoughtful. She used to go out by herself and take long walks. One day Will, returning from one of his own peregrinations, came upon her sitting on the edge of a cliff staring at the distant coast of France. It lay blue, pale like a dream-country, and glimmered in the horizon. Who would believe that there was reality, busy life in all earnest, going on beyond those calm heavenly-looking hills! Another time his aunt sent him out to look for her, and he found her at the end of the pier, leaning against the chain, and still gazing towards France.

In his rough, friendly manner he said, "I wish you would look another way sometimes, Miss Gilmour, up or down, or in the glass even. You make me feel very guilty, for to tell the truth I—I advised John——"

"I thought so," Elly cried, interrupting. "And you were quite right. I advised him too," she said, with a smile. "Don't you think he has taken your advice?"

Will looked down uncomfortably. "I think so," he said, in a low tone.

And, meanwhile, Miss Dampier was sitting in the window and the sunshine, knitting castles in the air.

"Suppose he does not take this as an answer? Suppose Lætitia has found somebody else, suppose the door opens and he comes in, and the sun shines into the room, and then he seizes Elly's hand, and says, 'Though you give me up I will not give up the hope of calling you mine,' and Elly glances up bright, blushing, happy. . . . . Suppose Lady

Dampier is furious, and dear Tishy makes peace? I should like to see Elizabeth mistress of the dear old house. I think my mother was like her. I don't approve of cousins' marriages. . . . . How charming she would look coming along the old oak gallery." Look at the old maid in the window building castles in the air through her spectacles. But it is a ridiculous sight; she is only a fat, foolish old woman. All her fancies are but follies flying away with caps and jingling bells—they vanish through the window as the door opens and the young people come in.

"Here is a letter for you the porter gave me in the hall," said Will, as carelessly as he could; Jean saw Elly's eyes busy glancing at the writing.

Hôtel du Rhin.

My dear Aunt Jean,—Many thanks for your note, and the enclosure. My mother and Lætitia are with me, and we shall all go back to Friar's Bush on Thursday. Elly's decision is the wisest under the circumstances, and we had better abide by it. Give her my love. Lætitia knows nothing, as my mother has had the grace to be silent.—Yours affectionately, J. C. D.

P.S.—You will be good to her, won't you?

Miss Dampier read the note imperturbably, but while she read there seemed to run through her a cold thrill of disappointment, which was so unendurable that after a minute she got up and left the room.

When she came back, Elly said with a sigh, "Where is he?"

"At Paris," said Miss Dampier. "They have saved him all trouble and come to him. He sends you his love, Elly, which is very handsome of him, considering how much it is worth.

"It has been worth a great deal to me," said Elly, in her sweet voice. "It is all over; but I am grateful still, and always shall be. I was very rash; he was very kind. Let me be grateful, dear aunt Jean, to those who are good to me." And she kissed the old woman's shrivelled hand.

Miss Gilmour cheered up wonderfully from that time. I am sure that if she had been angry with him, if she had thought herself hardly used, if she had had more of what people call self-respect, less of that sweet humility of nature, it would not have been so.

As the short, happy, delightful six weeks which she was to spend with Miss Dampier came to an end, she began to use all her philosophy and good resolves to reconcile herself to going home. Will Dampier was gone. He had only been able to stay a week. They missed him. But still they managed to be very comfortable together. Tea-talk, long walks, long hours on the sands, novels and story-books, idleness and contentment—why couldn't it go on for ever? Elly said. Aunt Jean laughed and said they might as well be a couple of jelly-fish at once. And so the time went by, but one day just before she went away, Mr. Will appeared again unexpectedly.

Elly was sitting in the sun on the beach, throwing idle stones into the sea. She had put down her novel on the shingle beside her. It was *Deerbrook*, I think—an old favourite of Jean Dampier's. Everybody knows what twelve o'clock is like on a fine day at the sea-side. It means

little children, nurses in clean cotton gowns, groups of young ladies scattered here and there; it means a great cheerfulness and tranquillity, a delightful glitter, and life, and light: happy folks plashing in the water, bathing-dresses drying in the sun, all sorts of aches, pains, troubles, vanishing like mist, in its friendly beams. Elly was thinking: "Yes, how pleasant and nice it is, and how good, how dear aunt Jean is! Only six months, and she says I am to come to her in her cottage again." (Splash a stone goes into the water.) "Only six months! I will try and spend them better than I ever spent six months before. Eugh! If it was not for Mme. Jacob . . . . I really do love my stepfather, and could live happily enough with him." (Splash.) Suddenly an idea came to Elly—the Pasteur Boulot was the idea. "Why should not he marry Mme. Jacob? He admires her immensely. Ah! what fun that would be!" (Splash, splash, a couple of stones). And then, tramp, tramp, on the shingle behind her, and a cheery man's voice says, "Here you are!"

Elly stares up in some surprise, and looks pleased, and attempts to get up, but Will Dampier—he was the man—sits down beside her, opens his umbrella, and looks very odd. "I only came down for the day," he said, after a little preliminary talk. "I have been with aunt Jean; she tells me you are going home to-morrow."

"Yes," says Elly, with a sigh; "but I'm to come back again and see her in a little time."

"I'm glad of that," says the clergyman. "What sort of place do you live in at Paris."

"It is rather a dull place," says Elly. "I am very fond of my stepfather; besides him, there is Anthony, and five young pupils, there is an old French cook, and a cross maid, and my mother, and a horri——a sister of Monsieur Tourneur's, and Tou-Tou, and Lou-Lou, and me."

"Why, that is quite a little colony," said Dampier. "And what will you do there when you get back?"

"I must see," said the girl, smiling. "Till now I have done nothing at all; but that is stupid work. I shall teach Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou a little, and mind the house if my mother will let me, and learn to cook from Françoise. I have a notion that it may be useful some day or other."

"Do, by all means," said Will; "it is a capital idea. But as years go on, what do you mean to do? Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou will grow up, and you will have mastered the art of French cookery ——"

"How can you ask such things?" Elly said, looking out at the sea. "I cannot tell, or make schemes for the future."

"Pray forgive me," said Will, "for asking such a question, but have you any idea of marrying M. Anthony eventually?"

"He is a dear old fellow," said Elly, flushing up. "I am not going to answer any such questions. I am not half good enough for him—that is my answer."

"But suppose ——?"

"Pray don't suppose. I am not going to marry anybody, or to think

much about such things ever again. Do you imagine that I am not the wiser for all my experience?"

"Are you wise now?" said Will, still in his odd manner. ("Look at that pretty little fishing-smack," Elly interrupted.) "Show it," he went on, never heeding, "by curing yourself of your fancy for my cousin John; by curing yourself, and becoming some day a really useful personage and member of society."

Elly stared at him, as well she might. "Come back to England some day," he continued, still looking away, "to your home, to your best vocation in life, to be happy, and useful, and well-loved," he said, with a sweet inflexion in his voice; "that is no very hard fate."

"What are you talking about?" said Elly. "How can I cure myself? How can I ever forget what is past? I am not going to be discontented, or to be particularly happy at home. I am going *to try*—to try and do my best."

"Well, then, do your best to get cured of this hopeless nonsense," said Mr. William Dampier, "and turn your thoughts to real good sense, to the real business of life, and to making yourself and others happy, instead of wasting and maudling away the next few best years of your life, regretting and hankering after what is past and unattainable. For some strong minds, who can defy the world, and stand alone without the need of sympathy and sustainment, it is a fine thing to be faithful to a chimera," he said, with a pathetic ring in his voice. "But I assure you, infidelity is better still sometimes, more human, more natural, particularly for a confiding and uncertain person like yourself." Was he thinking of to-day as he spoke? Was he only thinking of Elly, and preaching only to her?

"You mean I had better marry him?" said Elly, while her eyes filled up with tears, and she knocked one stone against another. "And yet aunt Jean says, 'No!'—that I need not think of it. It seems to me as if I—I had rather jump into the sea at once," said the girl, dashing the stones away, "though I love him dearly, dear old fellow!"

"I did not exactly mean M. Anthony," said Will, looking round for the first time, and smiling at her tears and his own talk.

Elizabeth was puzzled still. For, in truth, her sad experience had taught her to put but little faith in kindness and implications of kindness—to attach little meaning to the good-nature and admiration a beautiful young woman was certain to meet with on every side. It had not occurred to her that Will, who had done so little, seen her so few times, could be in love with her; when John, for whom she would have died, who said and looked so much, had only been playing with her, and pitying her as if she had been a child; and she said, still with tears, but not caring much—

"I shall never give a different answer. I believe you are right, but I have not the courage to try. I think I could try and be good if I stay as I am; but to be bound and chained to Anthony all the rest of my life—

once I thought it possible; but now—— You who advise it do not know what it is."

"But I never advised it," Will said; "you won't understand me. Dear Elizabeth, why won't you see that it is of myself that I am speaking?"

Elly felt for a moment as if the sea had rushed up suddenly, and caught her away on its billows, and then the next moment she found that she was only sitting crying in the sun, on the sands.

"Look here: every day I live, I get worse and worse," she sobbed. "I flirt with one person after another—I don't deserve that you should ever speak to me again—I can't try and talk about myself—I do like you, and—and yet I know that the only person I care for really is the one who does not care for me; and if I married you to-morrow, and I saw John coming along the street I should rush away to meet him. I don't want to marry him, and I don't know what I want. But, indeed, I have tried to be good. You are stronger than me, don't be hard upon me."

"My dear little girl," said Will, loyally and kindly, "don't be unhappy, you have not flirted with me. I couldn't be hard upon you if I tried: you are a faithful little soul. Shall I tell you about myself? Once not so very long ago I liked Tishy almost as well as you like John. There, now, you see that you have done no great harm, and only helped to cheer me up again, and I am sure that you and I will be just as good friends as ever. As for John," he added, in quite a different tone, "the sooner you forget all about him the better."

Will took her hand, which was lying limp on the shingle, said "Good-by," took up his umbrella, and walked away.

And so, by some strange arrangement, Elly put away from her a second time the love of a good and honourable man, and turned back impotently to the memory—it was no more—of a dead and buried passion. Was this madness or wisdom? Was this the decree of fate or of folly?

She sat all in a maze, staring at the sea and the wavelets, and in half an hour rushed into the sitting-room, flung her arms round Miss Dampier's neck, and told her all that had happened.

Elly expected, she did not know why, that there would be some great difference when she got back to the old house at Paris. Her heart sank as Clementine, looking just as usual, opened the great door, and stepped forward to help with the box. She went into the courtyard. Those cocks and hens were pecketting between the stones, the poplar-trees shivering, Françoise in her blue gown came out of the kitchen: it was like one of the dreams which used to haunt her pillow. This sameness and monotony was terrible. Already in one minute it seemed to her that she had never been away. Her mother and father were out. Mme. Jacob came downstairs with the children to greet her and see her. Ah! they had got new frocks, and were grown—that was some relief. Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou were not more delighted with their little check black-and-white alpacas than Elly was.

Anthony was away—she was glad. After the first shock the girl took heart and courage, and set herself to practise the good resolutions she had made when she was away. It was not so hard as she had fancied to be a little less ill-tempered and discontented, because you see she had really behaved so very badly before. But it was not so easy to lead the cheerful devoted life she had pictured to herself. Her mother was very kind, very indifferent, very unhappy, Elizabeth feared. She was ill too, and out of health, but she bore great suffering with wonderful patience and constancy. Tourneur looked haggard and worn. Had he begun to discover that he could not understand his wife, that he had not married the woman he fancied he knew so well, but some quite different person? Ill-temper, discontent, he could have endured and dealt with, but a terrible mistrust and doubt had come into his heart, he did not know how or when, and had nearly broken it.

A gloom seemed hanging over this sad house; a sort of hopeless dreariness. Do you remember how cheerful and contented Caroline had been at first? By degrees she began to get a little tired now and then—a little weary. All these things grew just a little insipid and distasteful. Do you know that torture to which some poor slaves have been subjected? I believe it is only a drop of water falling at regular intervals upon their heads. At first they scarcely heed it, and talk and laugh; then they become silent; and still the drop falls and drips. And then they moan and beg for mercy, and still it falls; and then scream out with horror, and cry out for death, for this is more than they can bear—but still it goes on falling. I have read this somewhere, and it seems to me that this applies to Caroline Tourneur, and to the terrible life which had begun for her.

Her health failed, and she daily lost strength and interest in the things by which she was surrounded; then they became wearisome. Her tired frame was not equal to the constant exertions she had imposed upon herself: from being wearisome, they grew hateful to her; and, one by one, she gave them up. Then the terrible sameness of a life in which her heart was no longer set, seemed to crush her down day by day: a life never lived from high and honourable motives, but for mean and despicable ends; a life lofty and noble to those who, with great hearts and good courage, knew how to look beyond it, and not to care for the things of the world, but dull and terrible beyond expression to a woman whose whole soul was set amidst the thorns and thistles; and who had only rushed by chance into this narrow path blindfold with passion and despair.

Now she has torn the bandage off her eyes; now she is struggling to get out of it, and beating against the thorns, and wearily trying to trace back her steps. Elly used to cry out in her childish way. Caroline, who is a woman, is silent, and utters not one word of complaint; only her cheeks fall away and her eyes glare out of great black rings.

Elly came home blooming and well, and was shocked and frightened

at first to see the change which had come over her mother. She did not ask the reason of it, but, as we all do sometimes, accepted without much speculation the course of events. Things come about so simply and naturally that people are often in the midst of strangest histories without having once thought so, or wondered that it should be. Very soon all the gloomy house, though she did not know it, seemed brightened and cheered by her coming home. Even Mme. Jacob relented a little when she heard Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou's shouts of laughter one day coming through the open window. The three girls were at work in the garden. I do not know that they were doing much good except to themselves. It was a keen, clear, brilliant winter morning, and the sun out of doors put out the smouldering fires within.

The little girls were laughing and working with all their hearts. Elly was laughing too, and tearing up dried old plants, and heaping broken flower-pots together. Almost happy, almost contented, almost good. . . And there is many a worse state of mind than this. She was sighing as she laughed, for she was thinking of herself, pacing round and round the neglected garden once not so long ago; then she thought of the church on the hill-top, then of Will Dampier, and then of John, and then she came upon a long wriggling worm, and she jumped away and forgot to be sentimental. Besides working in the garden, she set to teaching the children in her mother's school. What this girl turned her hand to, she always did well and thoroughly. She even went to visit some of the sick people, and though she never took kindly to these exercises, the children liked to say their lessons to her, and the sick people were glad when she came in. She was very popular with them all; perhaps the reason was, that she did not do these things from a sense of duty, and did not look upon the poor and the sick as so many of us do, as a selfish means for self-advancement; she went to them because it was more convenient for her to go than for anybody else—she only thought of their needs, grumbled at the trouble she was taking, and it never occurred to her that this unconsciousness was as good as a good conscience.

My dear little Elizabeth! I am glad that at last she is behaving pretty well. Tourneur strokes her head sometimes and holds out his kind hand to her when she comes into his room. His eyes follow her fondly as if he were her father. One day she told him about William Dampier. He sighed as he heard the story. It was all ordained for the best, he said to himself. But he would have been glad to know her happy, and he patted her cheek and went into his study.

Miss Dampier's letters were Elly's best treasures: how eagerly she took them from Clementine's hands, how she tore them open and read them once, twice, thrice. No novels interest people so much as their own—a story in which you have ever so little a part to enact thrills, and excites, and amuses to the very last. You don't skip the reflections, the descriptions do not weary. I can fancy Elly sitting in a heap on the

floor, and spelling out Miss Dampier's; Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou looking on with respectful wonder.

But suddenly the letters seemed to her to change. They became short and reserved, they were not interesting any more. Looked for so anxiously, they only brought disappointment when they came, and no word of the people about whom she longed to hear, no mention of their doings. Even Lady Dampier's name would have been welcome. But there was nothing. It was in vain she read and re-read so eagerly, longing and thirsting for news.

Things were best as they were, she told herself a hundred times; and so, though poor Elly sighed and wearied, and though her heart sank, she did not speak to any one of her trouble: it was a wholesome one, she told herself, one that must be surmounted and overcome by patience. Sometimes her work seemed almost greater than her strength, and then she would go upstairs and cry a little bit and pity herself, and sop up all her tears, and then run round and round the garden once or twice, and come back, with bright eyes and glowing cheeks, to chatter with Françoise, to look after her mother and Stephen Tourneur, to scold the pupils and make jokes at them, to romp with the little girls.

One day she found her letter waiting on the hall-table, and tore it open with a trembling hope. . . . Aunt Jean described the weather, the pigsty, made valuable remarks on the news contained in the daily papers, signed herself, ever her affectionate old friend. And that was all. Was not that enough? Elly asked herself, with such a sigh. She was reading it over in the doorway of the salle-à-manger, bonneted and cloaked, with all the remains of the mid-day meal congealing and disordered on the table.

"Es-tu prête, Elizabeth?" said Tou-Tou, coming in with a little basket—there were no stones in it this time. "Tiens, voilà ce que ma tante envoie à cette pauvre Madame Jonnes."

Madame Jonnes was only Mrs. Jones, only an old woman dying in a melancholy room hard by—in a melancholy room in a deserted street, where there were few houses but long walls, where the mould was feeding, and yellow placards were pasted and defaced and flapping in shreds, and where Elly, picking her little steps over the stones, saw blades of grass growing between them. There was a *chantier*—a great wood-yard—on one side; now and then a dark doorway leading into a black and filthy court, out of which a gutter would come with evil smells, flowing murkily into the street; in the distance, two figures passing; a child in a nightcap, thumping a doll upon a kerbstone; a dog snuffing at a heap; at the end of the street the placarded backs of tall houses built upon a rising ground; a man in a blouse wheeling a truck, and singing out dismally; and meanwhile, good old Mrs. Jones was dying close at hand, under this black and crumbling doorway, in a room opening with cracked glass-doors upon the yard.

She was lying alone upon her bed; the nurse they had sent to her was

gossiping with the porter in his lodge. Kindly and dimly her eyes opened and smiled somehow at the girl, out of the faded bed, out of a mystery of pain, of grief, and solitude.

It was a mystery indeed, which Elizabeth, standing beside it, could not understand, though she herself had lain so lately and so resignedly upon a couch of sickness. Age, abandonment, seventy years of life—how many of grief and trouble? As she looked at the dying, indifferent face, she saw that they were almost ended. And in the midst of her pity and shrinking compassion Elly thought to herself that she would change all with the sick woman, at that minute, to have endured, to have surmounted so much.

She sat with her till the dim twilight came through the dirty and patched panes of the windows. Even as she waited there her thoughts went wandering, and she was trying to picture to herself faces and scenes that she could not see. She knew that the shadows were creeping round about those whom she loved, as quietly as they were rising here in this sordid room. It was their evening as it was hers; and then she said to herself that they who made up so large a part of her life must, perforce, think of her sometimes: she was part of their lives, even though they should utterly neglect and forget and abandon her; even though they should never meet again from this day; though she should never hear their names so much as mentioned; though their paths should separate for ever. For a time they had travelled the same road——ah! she was thankful even for so much; and she unconsciously pressed the wasted hand she was holding: and then her heart thrilled with tender, unselfish gladness as the feeble fingers tried to clasp hers, and the faltering whisper tried to bless.

She came home sad and tired from her sick woman's bedside, thinking of the last kind gleam of the eyes as she left the room. She went straight upstairs and took off her shabby dress, and found another, and poured out water and bathed her face. Her heart was beating, her hands trembling. She was remembering and regretting; she was despairing and longing, and yet resigned, as she had learnt to be of late. She leant against the wall for a minute before she went down; she was dressed in the blue dress, with her favourite little locket hanging round her neck. She put her hand tiredly to her head; and so she stood, as she used to stand when she was a child, in a sort of dream, and almost out of the world. And as she was waiting a knock came at the door. It was Clementine who knocked, and who said, in the sing-song way in which Frenchwomen speak—"Mademoiselle, voilà pour vous."

It was too dark to see anything, except that it was another familiar-looking letter. Elly made up her mind not to be disappointed any more, and went downstairs leisurely to the study, where she knew she should find Tourneur's lamp alight. And she crossed the hall and turned the handle of the door, and opened it and went in.

The lamp, with its green shade on the table, lit up one part of the

room, but in the duskiness, standing by the stove and talking eagerly, were two people whom she could not distinguish very plainly. One of them was Tourneur, who looked round and came to meet her, and took her hand.

Suddenly her heart began to beat so that her breath was taken away. What was this? Who was this ——? What chance had she come upon? Such mad hopes as hers, were they ever fulfilled? Was this moment, so sudden, so unlooked for, the one for which she had despaired and longed; for which she had waited and lived through an eternity of grief? Was it John Dampier into whose hand Tourneur put hers? Was she still asleep and dreaming one of those terrible dreams, from which, ah me! she must awake? In this dream she heard the Pasteur saying, "Il a bien des choses à vous dire, Elizabeth," and then he seemed to go away and to leave them. In this dream, bewildered and trembling, with a desperate effort, she pulled her hand away, and said, "What does it mean? Where is Tishy? Why do you come, John? Why don't you leave me in peace?" And then it was a dream no longer, but a truth and a reality, when John began to speak in his familiar way, and she heard his voice, and saw him before her, and—yes, it was he; and he said, "Tishy and I have had a quarrel, Elly. We are nothing to one another any more, and so I have come to you—to—to—tell you that I have behaved like a fool all this time." And he turned very red as he spoke, and then he was silent, and then he took both her hands and spoke again: "Tell me, dear," he said, looking up into her sweet eyes,—"Elly, tell me, would you—won't you—be content with a fool for a husband?" And Elizabeth Gilmour only answered, "Oh, John, John!" and burst into a great flood of happy tears: tears which fell raining peace and calm after this long drought and misery; tears which made him sad, and yet happier than he had ever dreamt of or imagined; tears which quieted her, soothed her, and healed all her troubles.

Before John went away that night, Elly read Miss Dampier's letter, which explained his explanations. The old lady wrote in a state of incoherent excitement—It was some speech of Will's which had brought the whole thing about.

"What did he say?" Elly asked (looking up from the letter).

Sir John said, "He asked me if I did not remember that church on the hill, at Boatstown? We were all out in the garden, by the old statue of the nymph; Tishy suddenly stopped, and turned upon me, and cried out, when was I last at Boatstown? And then I was obliged to confess, and we had a disagreeable scene enough, and she appealed to William—gave me my congé, and I was not sorry, Elly."

"But had you never told her about ——?"

"It was from sheer honesty that I was silent," said Sir John; "a man who sincerely wishes to keep his word doesn't say, 'Madam, I like some one else, but I will marry you if you insist upon it;' only the worst of it is, that we were both uncomfortable, and I now find she suspected me the whole time. She sent me a note in the evening. Look here:—

The note said—

I have been thinking about what I said just now in the garden. I am more than ever decided that it is best we two should part. But I do not choose to say good-by to you in an angry spirit, and so this is to tell you that I forgive you all the injustice of your conduct to me. Everybody seems to have been in a league to deceive me, and I have not found out one true friend among you all. How could you for one moment imagine that I should wish to marry a man who preferred another woman? You may have been influenced and worked upon; but for all that I should never be able to place confidence in you again, and I feel it is best and happiest for us both that all should be at an end between us.

You will not wonder that, though I try to forgive you, I cannot help feeling indignant at the way in which I have been used. I could never understand exactly what was going on in your mind. You were silent, you equivocated; and not you only, everybody seems to have been thinking of themselves, and never once for me. Even William, who professes to care for me still, only spoke by chance, and revealed the whole history. When he talked to you about Boatstown, some former suspicions of mine were confirmed, and by the most fortunate chance two people have been saved from a whole lifetime of regret.

I will not trust myself to think of the way in which I should have been bartered had I only discovered the truth when it was too late. If I speak plainly, it is in justice to myself, and from no unkindness to you; for though I bid you farewell, I can still sincerely sign myself, yours affectionately, LÆTITIA.

Elly read the letter, and gave it back to him, and sighed, and then went on with Miss Dampier's epistle.

For some time past Jean Dampier wrote she had noticed a growing suspicion and estrangement between the engaged couple. John was brusque and morose at times, Tishy cross and defiant. He used to come over on his brown mare, and stop at the cottage gate, and ask about Elly, and then interrupt her before she could answer and change the talk. He used to give her messages to send, and then retract them. He was always philosophizing and discoursing about first affections. Lætitia, too, used to come and ask about Elly.

Miss Dampier hoped that John himself would put an end to this false situation. She did not know how to write about either of them to Elly. Her perplexities had seemed unending.

"But I also never heard that you came to Boatstown," Elly said.

"And yet I saw you there," said John, "standing at the end of the pier." And then he went on to tell her a great deal more, and to confess all that he had thought while he was waiting for her.

Elly passed her hand across her eyes with the old familiar action.

"And you came to Boatstown, and you went away when you read Tishy's writing, and you had the heart to be angry with me?" she said.

"I was worried, and out of temper," said John. "I felt I was doing wrong when I ran away from Tishy. I blamed you because I was in a rage with myself. I can't bear to think of it. But I was punished, Elly. Were you ever jealous?" She laughed and nodded her head. "I daresay not," he went on; "when I sailed away and saw you standing so confidentially with Will Dampier, I won't try and tell you what I suffered. I could bear to give you up—but to see you another man's wife——Elly,

I know you never were jealous, or you would understand what I felt at that moment."

When their *tête-à-tête* was over they went into the next room. All the family congratulated them, Madame Tourneur among the rest; she was ill and tired that evening, and lying on the yellow Utrecht velvet sofa. But it was awkward for them and uncomfortable, and John went home early to his inn. As Elly went up to bed that night Françoise brought her one other piece of news—Madame Jones was dead. They had sent to acquaint the police. But Elly was so happy, that, though she tried, she could not be less happy because of this. All the night she lay awake, giving thanks and praise, and saying over to herself, a hundred times, "At last—at last!"

At last! after all this long rigmarole. At last! after all these despairing adjectives and adverbs. At last! after all these thousands of hours of grief and despair. Did not that one minute almost repay her for them all? She went on telling herself, as I have said, that it was no dream—that she need never awake. And I, who am writing her story, wonder if it is so—wonder if ever to such dreams as these there may not be a waking one day, when all the visions that surround us shall vanish and disappear for ever into eternal silence and oblivion. Dear faces—voices whose tones speak to us even more familiarly than the tender words which they utter! It would, in truth, seem almost too hard to bear, if we did not guess—if we were not told—how the love which makes such things so dear to us endures in the eternity out of which they have passed.

Happiness like Elly's is so vague and so great that it is impossible to try to describe it. To a nature like hers, full of tenderness, faithful and eager, it came like a sea, ebbing and flowing with waves, and with the sun shining and sparkling on the water, and lighting the fathoms below. I do not mean to say that my poor little heroine was such a tremendous creature that she could compass the depths and wide extent of a sea in her heart. Love is not a thing which belongs to any one of us individually; it is everywhere, here and all round about, and sometimes people's hearts are opened, and they guess at it, and realize that it is theirs.

Dampier came early next morning, looking kind and happy and bright, to fetch her for a walk; Elly was all blue ribbons and blue eyes; her feet seemed dancing against her will, she could hardly walk quietly along. Old Françoise looked after them as they walked off towards the Bois de Boulogne; Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou peeped from their bed-room window. The sun was shining, the sky had mounted Elly's favourite colours.

When I first saw Lady Dampier she had only been married a day or two. I had been staying at Guildford, and I drove over one day to see my old friend Jean Dampier. I came across the hills and by Coombe Bottom and along the lanes, and through the little village street, and when I reached the cottage I saw Elly, of whom I had heard so much,

standing at the gate. She was a very beautiful young woman, tall and straight, with the most charming blue eyes, a sweet frank voice, and a taking manner, and an expression on her face that I cannot describe. She had a blue ribbon in her hair, which was curling in a crop. She held her hat full of flowers; behind her the lattices of the cottage were gleaming in the sun; the creepers were climbing and flowering about the porch.

All about rose a spring incense of light, of colour, of perfume. The country folks were at work in the fields and on the hills. The light shone beyond the church spire, beyond the cottages and glowing trees. Inside the cottage, through the lattice, I could see aunt Jean nodding over her knitting.

She threw down her needles to welcome me. Of course I was going to stay to tea—and I said that was my intention in coming. As the sun set, the clouds began to gather, coming quickly we knew not from whence; but we were safe and dry, sitting by the lattice and gossiping, and meanwhile Miss Dampier went on with her work.

Elly had been spending the day with her, she told me. Sir John was to come for her, and presently he arrived, dripping wet, through the April shower which was now pouring over the fields.

The door of the porch opens into the little dining-room, where the tea was laid: a wood fire was crackling in the tall cottage chimney. Elizabeth was smiling by the hearth, toasting cakes with one hand and holding a book in the other, when the young man walked in.

He came into the room where we were sitting and shook hands with us both, and then he laughed and said he must go and dry himself by the fire, and he went back.

So Jean Dampier and I sat mumbling confidences in the inner room, and John and Elly were chattering to one another by the burning wood logs.

The door was open which led, with a step, into the dining-room, where the wood fire was burning. Darkness was setting in. The rain was over, the clouds swiftly breaking and coursing away, and such a bright, mild-eyed little star peeped in through the lattice at us two old maids in the window. It was a shame to hear, but how could we help it? Out of the fire-lit room the voices came to us, and when we ceased chattering for an instant, we heard them so plainly—

"I saw Will to-day," said a voice. "He was talking about Lætitia. I think there will be some news of them before long. Should you be glad?"

"Ah! so glad. I don't want to be the only happy woman in the world."

"My dearest Elly!" said the kind voice. "And you will never regret—— And are you happy?"

"Can you ask?" said Elly. "Come into the porch, and I will tell you." And then there was a gust of fresh rain-scented air, and a soft rustle, and the closing click of a door. And then we saw them pass the window, and Jean clasped my hand very tightly, and flung her arms round my neck, and gave me a delighted kiss.

"You dear, silly woman," said I, "how glad I am they are so happy together."

"I hope she won't catch cold," said Jean, looking at the damp walks. "Could not you take out a shawl?"

"Let her catch cold!" said I; "and in the meantime give me some tea, if you please. Remember, I have got to drive home in the dark."

So we went into the next room. Jean rang for the candles. The old silver candlesticks were brought in by Kitty on a tray.

"Don't shut the curtains," said Miss Dampier; "and come here, Mary, and sit by the fire."

While Elizabeth and John Dampier were wandering up and down in the dark damp garden, Jenny and I were comfortably installed by the fire, drinking hot, sweet tea, and eating toasted cakes, and preserves, and cream. I say *we*, but that is out of modesty, for she had no appetite, whereas I was very hungry.

"Heigho!" said Jean, looking at the fire. "It's a good thing to be young, Mary. Tell me honestly: what would you give——"

"To be walking in the garden with young Dampier," said I (and I burst out laughing), "without a cloak, or an umbrella, or india-rubbers? My dear Jenny, where are your five wits?"

"Where indeed?" said Jean, with another sigh. "Yet I can remember when you used to cry instead of laughing over such things, Mary."

Her sadness had made me sad. Whilst the young folks where whispering outside, it seemed as if we two old women were sitting by the fire and croaking the elegy of all youth, and love, and happiness.

"The night is at hand," echoed she, softly, and she passed her fingers across her eyes, and then sighed, and got up slowly and went to the door which opened into the porch. And then I heard her call me. "Come here!" she said, "Mary!" And then I, too, rose stiffly from my chair, and went to her. The clouds had cleared away. From the little porch, where the sweetbriar was climbing, we could see all the myriad worlds of heaven, alight and blazing, and circling in their infinite tracks. An awful, silent harmony, power and peace, and light and life eternal—a shining benediction seemed to be there hanging above our heads. "This is the night," she whispered, and took my hand in hers.

And so this is the end of the story of Elizabeth Gilmour, whose troubles, as I have said, were not very great; who is a better woman, I fancy, than if her life had been the happy life she prophesied to herself. Deeper tones and understandings must have come to her out of the profoundness of her griefs, such as they were. For when other troubles came, as they come to all as years go by, she had learnt to endure and to care for others, and to be valiant and to be brave. And I do not like her the less because I have spoken the truth about her, and written of her as the woman she is.

I went to Paris a little time ago. I saw the old grass-grown court; I saw Françoise and Anthony, and Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou, who had grown up

two pretty and modest and smiling young girls. The old lady at Asnières had done what was expected, and died and left her fortune to Tou-Tou, her goddaughter. (The little Chinese pagoda is still to let.) Poor Madame Jacob did not, however, enjoy this good luck, for she died suddenly one day, some months before it came to them. But you may be sure that the little girls had still a father in Tourneur, and Caroline too was very kind to them in her uncertain way. She loved them because they were so unlike herself—so gentle, and dull, and guileless. Anthony asked me a great many questions about Elizabeth and her home, and told me that he meant to marry Lou-Lou eventually. He is thin and pale, with a fine head like his father, and a quiet manner. He works very hard, he earns very little—he is one of the best men I ever knew in my life. As I talked to him, I could not but compare him to Will Dampier and to John, who are also good men. But then they are prosperous and well-to-do, with well-stored granaries, with vineyards and fig-trees, with children growing up round them. I was wondering if Elizabeth, who chose her husband because she loved him, and for no better reason, might not have been as wise if she could have appreciated the gifts better than happiness, than well-stored granaries, than vineyards, than fig-trees, which Anthony held in his hand to offer? Who shall say? Self-denial and holy living are better than ease and prosperity? But for that reason some people wilfully turn away from the mercies of heaven, and call the angels devils, and its gracious bounties, temptation.

Anthony has answered this question to himself as we all must do. His father looks old and worn. I fear there is trouble still under his roof—trouble, whatever it may be, which is borne with Christian and courageous resignation by the master of the house: he seems, somehow, in these later years to have risen beyond it. A noble reliance and peace are his; holy thoughts keep him company. The affection between him and his son is very touching.

Madame Tourneur looks haggard and weary: and one day, when I happened to tell her I was going away, she gasped out suddenly—"Ah! what would I not give ——" and then was silent and turned aside. But she remains with her husband, which is more than I should have given her credit for.

And so when the appointed hour came, I drove off, and all the personages of my story came out to bid me farewell. I looked back for the last time at the courtyard with the hens pecketting round about the kitchen door; at the garden with the weeds and flowers tangling together in the sun; at the shadows falling across the stones of the yard. I could fancy Elizabeth a prisoner within those walls, beating like a bird against the bars of the cage, and revolting and struggling to be free.

The old house is done away with and exists no longer. It was pulled down by order of the Government, and a grand new boulevard runs right across the place where it stood.

Modern Taxidermy.

In a recent number of this Magazine, we took occasion to notice the singular success which has attended a practical naturalist in his efforts to attract within the range of human observation the rarest and shyest creatures, and at the same time to point out the important results to agriculture which have followed from a thorough investigation into the habits and consequent uses of the living beings with which we are surrounded. We have now to pass to a collateral branch of the same subject, and to call attention to the wonderful museum of stuffed animals which adorns the "Home of a Naturalist," and which is prepared on a principle equally remarkable for boldness of conception, originality of design, the Promethean fire which it enables a skilful operator to infuse into lifeless and flaccid remains, and the marvellous success with which it handles the two most troublesome departments of taxidermy, namely, the extremities and the naked skin. By this process the flowing undulations and softness of the bare skin are reproduced as they existed during the life of the subject; to the ears are given their original expressive roundness without the least symptom of the wrinkled outline which they usually assume in stuffed animals; the nose and muzzle retain their pouting fulness without requiring to be amputated and replaced by wax, gutta-percha, or other substances, and the paws or feet present their natural form and expression. Moreover, there is no wire or woodwork within the skin, and the weight of a prepared animal is so trifling that a man could carry away a cow or two on his back, take a tiger under each arm, sling half a dozen snakes round his neck, and walk off with his load.

We are all familiar with stuffed birds and beasts. Some of us may have had the misfortune to see some special pet carried off by death, and to have sent it to a "naturalist," to be stuffed. And those who have committed this affectionate error are sure to be dissatisfied with the operator, and to appreciate the infinite difference between the soft, graceful outlines, the expressive attitudes, and the sleek glossy coat of their former favourite, and the stiff, gaunt, distorted form of the stuffed skin, with its round staring eyes, its withered ears, lips and nostrils, and its mummified feet, which bear no more resemblance to the extremities of the living creature than Yorick's skull to the living face. Even in the best specimens that have been stuffed in the ordinary manner, the feet, paws, and tail are at least sure to be failures after a few years have elapsed, while the ears and all parts of the body where the skin is devoid of covering, become more and more shrivelled as time passes on. It is true that defective taxidermy is not generally detected,

simply because those who look at a stuffed lion, eagle, snake, or crocodile are not sufficiently familiar with the living beings to appreciate the shortcomings of the prepared skin; but if they were as thoroughly acquainted with those creatures as with their own pet dog, cat, or bird, they would be equally capable of comprehending the effect which a badly prepared skin has on a naturalist, grating on his mind like false harmonies on the ear of a musician.

It is evident that the fault in defective taxidermy is twofold—firstly, ignorance on the part of the operator, and, secondly, the insufficiency of the method which he employs. Putting aside the former and more obvious cause, let us see how it is that even a dog or cat cannot be stuffed so that the prepared skin shall look exactly like the creature while instinct with life. The fact is, that the present system, as generally employed, is radically false, and can but produce imperfect results—the skin being arranged while moist upon an inner basis of yielding substance, such as tow, moss, hay, &c., and suffered to dry almost at random, all manipulation being confined to the exterior. Now, it is the property of moist skin to contract during the process of desiccation, and should its thickness be in the least unequal, the contraction is unequal too, and so drags itself out of shape, and the hair and feathers out of their just "set." The only method by which an artist can ensure a successful result is to keep the skin under his control during the whole period occupied in drying, and to be able to reduce a wrinkle or produce a protuberance at will. He can thus restore the precise aspect of the being under his hands; he can give the external indications of swelling muscle or hidden joint, and impart to a mere hollow shell of skin the energy of a breathing creature. Such examples of true taxidermy are now to be found in Mr. Waterton's museum, and, unfortunately, in no other place.

There stands Chanticleer, proud and defiant, his crested head flung aside as if listening to a rival's challenge, his hackles bristling round his outstretched neck, and his armed legs firmly planted, as if awaiting the onset of his foe. There sits the pheasant, glorious in the full richness of nuptial plumage, its soft sleek outlines and undulating curves contrasting beautifully with the fiery action displayed by the champion of the poultry-yard. Here is a barn owl, fast asleep, not sitting on a branch, as is the custom of most sleeping birds, nor tucking its head under its feathers, but standing bolt upright, its legs stiff, as if two wooden skewers had been thrust up them, and its whole aspect irresistibly reminding the spectator of a dozing cat. Now here is an example which shows the value of understanding a bird's habits before undertaking to stuff its skin. Few persons knew that the owl slept in this odd position until Mr. Waterton found it out, and having discovered this peculiar trait of character, he has indelibly impressed it upon the preserved specimen.

In the museum are more than five hundred specimens preserved by one hand, not including a vast number of crabs, lobsters, insects, and various other smaller creatures; the great zoological value of the collec-

tion being that every specimen is represented in some natural and characteristic attitude in which it has been observed by the operator. Thus we have the toucans, sitting with their air of serious gravity, and the pert little toucanets, balancing themselves on the branches in the oddest manner, the bill and tail approaching each other beneath the bough. Numbers of parrots and parrakeets are displayed in all the attitudes which those mercurial birds assume, spreading their beautiful wings for flight, climbing up the boughs with their hooked beaks, ruffling their feathers, and scolding each other lustily, and, in fact, wanting nothing but movement to seem gifted with life.

There are the lovely humming-birds poised on steady wing, hovering about the flowers, or seated in their wee nests, and looking up with their pretty air of innocent audacity at the supposed intruder. Not a feather is missing or out of place, not a speck of black is to be seen on the burnished gorgets, which literally blaze with ruby, emerald, and topaz, when the sunbeams shine on them. The woodpeckers are hard at work on their trees, the quail trips daintily over the grass, and the warblers sit at rest on the branches, or flutter their plumage as if filled with ecstasy at their own melodious carols.

The great coulacounara snake lies coiled in dreadful folds, his eyes dully gleaming under their brows, and his head idly reposing on the pillow of his own body. Venomous serpents are seen lurking amid the foliage, one quietly sleeping, another drawing back the angry head in readiness for the stroke, the forked tongue quivering and the threatening fangs erect, while a third is triumphantly bearing off a fluttering victim in its jaws, the birds around fleeing in dismay.

Turning from the feathered to the furred races, the specimens are quite as characteristic. A huge ant-bear prowls along, his bushy tail curled over his back, and enveloping him in a torrent of hair, and his long snout held close to the ground, as if in search of his insect prey. A sloth is seen ascending a branch, clinging firmly with all its limbs, stretching out its neck, and wearing that peculiar, pitiful, wistful look so characteristic of the creature. The weasel is seen, not stuffed as is the custom in the dealers' shops, straight and long-backed like a furred lizard, but with arched back, recurved neck, and head drawn snake-like to the shoulders, just as the little creature appears when suddenly alarmed and ready to jump in any direction at a moment's notice.

Perhaps the apes are the most surprising examples of successful preparation. Every one knows how utterly unsatisfactory is a stuffed monkey, with its face shrivelled out of all shape and expression, and looking as if punched out of an old shoe, its withered fingers like knotted sticks covered with scorched parchment, and the total want of "set" in its fur—defects which increase with time, and quite ruin the real value and true object of the specimen.

But here is a young chimpanzee, sitting with a negligently easy air on a cocoa-nut, and contemplating the landscape with the air of profound

wisdom and grotesque melancholy so often seen in the few tail-less apes that have been brought to this country in a living state. The mouth and lips possess all the soft roundness of life; the ears, nose, and forehead have regained their wonted contour; and even the bare palms are so perfect that the little wrinkles caused by their half-closed state, as they lie negligently on the lap, are reproduced with marvellous fidelity.

Get the creature between yourself and the window, and you will see that it is perfectly hollow, so hollow, indeed, that the hands and face are translucent as letter-paper—even to the very finger-nails. There is literally nothing in it but air, the skin being hard and elastic as if made of horn. A "chuck" under the chin, and off tumbles its head, so as to allow a full view of the interior. Lift the creature, and the hand flies up with its lightness, as when one takes up an empty ewer thinking it to be full of water.

Almost anything may be done with the skin when once prepared after this fashion. Should it be stuffed abroad, it may be cut in twenty pieces for the convenience of package, and put together again without a mark to betray the junctions. See, it can be crumpled between the fingers and squeezed like a sponge, returning to its original shape by the strange elastic firmness which the skin has now attained. It can be picked up by a pinch of hair and swung about without damage. Its fur can be rumpled and pulled about until it sticks out in all directions, and then replaced with a few strokes of a brush. It may be kicked downstairs, or flung from the top of the Monument, without showing a sign of ill-usage. It may be squeezed flat as a pancake, and when the pressure is removed, will resume its shape with the elasticity of a hollow india-rubber ball.

But better still, it is totally impervious to insect foes; it has no unpleasant smell such as is found in skins stuffed after the ordinary fashion; there is no horrid arsenical soap to endanger the sight, impair the appetite, and loosen the teeth of the operator; the creature stands boldly in the open air, with a simple glass cover to keep the dust off, and there is no need of camphor or turpentine, whose oppressive vapours pervade our museums, and give direful headaches to the visitors. You may take at random any of the five hundred specimens, say a bird, put it in a box together with moth-eaten furs, feathers, and blankets, with mite-covered insects, and with a pint or two of the terrible dermestes—that scourge of museums—prolific, sharp-toothed, and voracious, capable of devouring a case-full of birds in a marvellously short time, and leaving no relics of the once beautiful inmates except some wires and a little tow clinging to them. Put the chest aside for twenty years, and when the accumulated dust has been brushed off, the bird will be found bright and uninjured as when it was first placed in the box.

In fact, the apparently frail and perishable skin has been rendered so impregnable to all ordinary foes, that it can only be injured by main force, fire, or water, and even in the latter case could be soon re-modelled into its former shape. To all appearance, indeed, the light and delicate

fur and down are likely to outlast the edifice of stone and iron in which they are sheltered, and to be a more enduring memorial of their preserver than monuments of brass or cenotaphs of marble. It will be seen too, that by the plan of employing the mere skin, the whole of the body is set free for the purposes of the anatomist: no slight advantage in the case of a rare or choice specimen.

Such are the results, but what of the means? Simple in the extreme. The tools required hardly deserve the name, for all these wondrous effects have been produced with a penknife, a lump of wax, half-a-dozen needles, and three or four wooden skewers. The process is so cleanly that it can be conducted in a drawing-room, without soiling the most delicate furniture; and we have had the pleasure of seeing the inventor engaged in the manipulation of a pheasant, just as a lady employs her fingers on the elaborate entanglement of thread, called by courtesy her "work."

In simple fact the *modus agendi* is pure modelling, the skin being used as the material, and reduced by art to the plastic state of sculptor's clay, a temporary stuffing being only placed within it to keep the skin moderately distended during the progress of its drying. The obedience of the material to the touch of the hand is almost incredible; and in the collection may be seen several specimens that have purposely been distorted into all kinds of strange shapes, in order to show the value of the process in the hand of a master. Frogs, toads, and lizards, are grotesquely transmuted into caricatures of the human form; extraneous joints, limbs, claws, and horns, sprout from unexpected places.

Perhaps the most striking of these transformations is the well-known nondescript, wherein the natural countenance of the creature has been changed with such forcible and telling fidelity into the face of a quaint and eccentric but genial-hearted old man, that many of those who visit the museum leave it under the idea that they have been contemplating the prepared skin of a "native," and one gentleman, on seeing an engraving of the object, took it for a portrait of the operator, and thought that Mr. Waterton must be a very odd-looking person. Less in dimensions, but not less amusing, are the bizarre forms, wittily ticketed as Cancer zodiacus and Diabolus cœruleus, two ludicrous combinations of heterogeneous parts, belonging to all kinds of creatures; and the various odd compositions that meet the eye are made with a marvellous ingenuity that surpasses even the far-famed Japanese mermaids (of which, by the way, we have examined several), and bewilders the casual visitor to such an extent, that he is led to doubt whether the very staircase may not be a deception. These objects are only manufactured for the purpose of showing the perfection to which the art of skin-modelling can be brought, and the plastic nature of the material placed in the taxidermist's hands.

It has been suggested that the time consumed in completing one of these specimens—namely, seven or eight weeks, for a creature as large as a leopard—would debar professional taxidermists from employing the system. But each specimen only requires about half an hour's work daily, so that

after the first start, an industrious operator can turn out as many specimens as under the present system. Mr. Waterton, for example, always has several skins in hand, in different stages of progress, and by giving a few minutes' labour to each specimen several times daily, keeps up a constant influx of new objects into his museum. It is very interesting to watch the advance of the skin through the operation, and to see how it gradually grows from a wet and almost shapeless mass into a form apparently instinct with life and energy, like a lump of clay under the sculptor's hand; and how the skin, at first loose and flaccid, gradually acquires firmness and plasticity, until at length it obeys the slightest touch of the operator's hand, and permits each feather or hair to be arranged according to his will.

There are one or two other modes of taxidermy which deserve a passing notice. In one method, for example, the operator removes the skin, takes a cast in plaster-of-Paris of the "ecorchée," and stretches the skin over the cast, thus ensuring for the time an exact copy of the original. Yet even this plan, despite of its ingenuity, is but partially and temporarily successful; for all skin will persist in contracting as it dries, and the operator cannot possibly give the thousand little elevations and depressions of the softer parts, on which depends so much of the true expression.

Another most ingenious plan is that which has been employed by Professor Sokolov, of the Imperial University of Moscow. By this process, which consists of injecting certain preservative fluids into the system, the whole substance is rendered impervious to decay, and even the expression of the features is so perfectly retained that the first impression of a spectator is, that the form has been modelled in wax. Even the natural elasticity of the flesh is partially preserved, and if it be pinched, it will give to the pressure and return to the original form. Moreover, the whole organization remains so unchanged that it is still suitable for the scalpel of the anatomist, and even the delicate fibres of the muscles retain their organization. Marvellous as is this preparation, it is still faulty in the extremities, to which the preserving fluid appears not always to find free access, on account of the small diameter of the capillaries. It is, however, a very great advance on all former systems of embalming, and as its essential processes are only the work of a few hours, it bids fair to be invaluable to comparative anatomists, who can thus get large and valuable specimens from distant lands without the vast outlay in spirits and great consumption of space that have hitherto been necessary.

Take it all in all, we have at present no process of taxidermy which presents so many excellences and so few defects as that which is invented and practised by Mr. Waterton; and after a careful examination of almost every interesting specimen of taxidermy in the kingdom, we cannot but think that a judicious combination of the two systems (however opposite they may seem) of Mr. Waterton and Professor Sokolov, would be of infinite value to science, inasmuch as the whole of the creature would be made available for the museum or the dissecting-room.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XXVII.

ON SOME CARP AT SANS SOUCI.

E have lately made the acquaintance of an old lady of ninety, who has passed the last twenty-five years of her old life in a great metropolitan establishment, the workhouse, namely, of the parish of Saint Lazarus. Stay—twenty-three or four years ago, she came out once, and thought to earn a little money by hop-picking: but being overworked, and having to lie out at night, she got a palsy which has incapacitated her from all further labour, and has caused her poor old limbs to shake ever since.

An illustration of that dismal proverb which tells us how poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, this poor old shaking body has to lay herself down every night in her workhouse bed by the side of some other old woman with whom she may or may not agree. She herself can't be a very pleasant bed-fellow, poor thing! with her shaking old limbs and cold feet. She lies awake a deal of the night, to be sure, not thinking of happy old times, for hers never were happy; but sleepless with aches, and agues, and rheumatism of old age. "The gentleman gave me brandy-and-water," she said, her old voice shaking with rapture at the thought. I never had a great love for Queen Charlotte, but I like her better now from what this old lady told me. The Queen, who loved snuff herself, has left a legacy of snuff to certain poorhouses; and, in her watchful nights, this old woman takes a pinch of Queen Charlotte's snuff, "and it do comfort me, sir, that it do!" *Pulveris exigui munus.* Here is a forlorn aged creature, shaking with palsy, with no soul among the great struggling multitude of mankind to care for her, not quite trampled out of life, but past and forgotten in the rush, made a little happy, and soothed in her hours of unrest by this penny legacy. Let me think as I write. (The next month's sermon, thank goodness! is safe to press.) This discourse will appear at the season when I have read that wassail bowls make their appearance; at the season of pantomime, turkey and sausages,

plum-puddings, jollifications for schoolboys ; Christmas bills, and reminiscences more or less sad and sweet for elders. If we oldsters are not merry, we shall be having a semblance of merriment. We shall see the young folks laughing round the holly-bush. We shall pass the bottle round cosily as we sit by the fire. That old thing will have a sort of festival too. Beef, beer, and pudding will be served to her for that day also. Christmas falls on a Thursday. Friday is the workhouse day for coming out. Mary, remember that old Goody Twoshoes has her invitation for Friday, 26th December ! Ninety, is she, poor old soul? Ah ! what a bonny face to catch under a mistletoe ! "Yes, ninety, sir," she says, "and my mother was a hundred, and my grandmother was a hundred and two."

Herself ninety, her mother a hundred, her grandmother a hundred and two? What a queer calculation !

Ninety ! Very good, granny, you were born, then, in 1772.

Your mother, we will say, was twenty-seven when you were born, and was born therefore in 1745.

Your grandmother was thirty when her daughter was born, and was born therefore in 1715.

We will begin with the present granny first. My good old creature, you can't of course remember, but that little gentleman for whom your mother was laundress in the Temple was the ingenious Mr. Goldsmith, author of a *History of England*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and many diverting pieces. You were brought almost an infant to his chambers in Brick Court, and he gave you some sugar-candy, for the doctor was always good to children. That gentleman who well-nigh smothered you by sitting down on you as you lay in a chair asleep was the learned Mr. S. Johnson, whose history of *Rasselas* you have never read, my poor soul ; and whose tragedy of *Irene* I don't believe any man in these kingdoms ever perused. That tipsy Scotch gentleman who used to come to the chambers sometimes, and at whom everybody laughed, wrote a more amusing book than any of the scholars, your Mr. Burke and your Mr. Johnson, and your Doctor Goldsmith. Your father often took him home in a chair to his lodgings; and has done as much for Parson Sterne in Bond Street, the famous wit. Of course, my good creature, you remember the Gordon Riots, and crying No Popery before Mr. Langdale's house, the Popish distiller's, and that bonny fire of my Lord Mansfield's books in Bloomsbury Square? Bless us, what a heap of illuminations you have seen ! For the glorious victory over the Americans at Breed's Hill; for the peace in 1814, and the beautiful Chinese bridge in St. James's Park ; for the coronation of his Majesty, whom you recollect as Prince of Wales, Goody, don't you? Yes; and you went in a procession of laundresses to pay your respects to his good lady, the injured Queen of England, at Brandenburg House ; and you remember your mother told you how she was taken to see the Scotch lords executed at the Tower. And as for your grandmother, she was born five months

after the battle of Malplaquet. She was; where her poor father was killed, fighting like a bold Briton for the Queen. With the help of a Wade's Chronology, I can make out ever so queer a history for you, my poor old body, and a pedigree as authentic as many in the peerage-books.

Peerage-books and pedigrees? What does she know about them? Battles and victories, treasons, kings, and beheadings, literary gentlemen, and the like, what have they ever been to her? Granny, did you ever hear of General Wolfe? Your mother may have seen him embark, and your father may have carried a musket under him. Your grandmother may have cried huzzay for Marlborough; but what is the Prince Duke to you, and did you ever so much as hear tell of his name? How many hundred or thousand of years had that toad lived who was in the coal at the defunct Exhibition?—and yet he was not a bit better informed than toads seven or eight hundred years younger.

"Don't talk to me your nonsense about Exhibitions, and Prince Dukes, and toads in coals, or coals in toads, or, what is it!" says granny. "I know there was a good Queen Charlotte, for she left me snuff; and it comforts me of a night when I lie awake."

To me there is something very touching in the notion of that little pinch of comfort doled out to granny, and gratefully inhaled by her in the darkness. Don't you remember what traditions there used to be of chests of plate, bulses of diamonds, laces of inestimable value, sent out of the country privately by the old Queen, to enrich certain relations in M-ckl-nb-rg Str-l-tz? Not all the treasure went. *Non omnis moritur.* A poor old palsied thing at midnight is made happy sometimes as she lifts her shaking old hand to her nose. Gliding noiselessly among the beds where lie the poor creatures huddled in their cheerless dormitory, I fancy an old ghost with a snuff-box that does not creak. "There, Goody, take of my rappee. You will not sneeze, and I shall not say 'God bless you.' But you will think kindly of old Queen Charlotte, won't you? Ah! I had a many troubles, a many troubles. I was a prisoner almost so much as you are. I had to eat boiled mutton every day: *entre nous*, I abominated it. But I never complained. I swallowed it. I made the best of a hard life. We have all our burdens to bear. But hark! I hear the cock-crow, and snuff the morning air." And with this the royal ghost vanishes up the chimney—if there be a chimney in that dismal harem, where poor old Twoshoes and her companions pass their nights—their dreary nights, their restless nights, their cold long nights, shared in what glum companionship, illumined by what a feeble taper!

"Did I understand you, my good Twoshoes, to say that your mother was seven-and-twenty years old when you were born, and that she married your esteemed father when she herself was twenty-five? 1745, then, was the date of your dear mother's birth. I daresay her father was absent in the Low Countries, with his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, under whom he had the honour of carrying a halberd at the famous engagement of Fontenoy—or if not there, he may have been at

Preston Pans, under General Sir John Cope, when the wild Highlanders broke through all the laws of discipline and the English lines; and, being on the spot, did he see the famous ghost which didn't appear to Colonel Gardiner of the Dragoons? My good creature, is it possible you don't remember that Doctor Swift, Sir Robert Walpole (my Lord Orford, as you justly say), old Sarah Marlborough, and little Mr. Pope, of Twitnam, died in the year of your birth? What a wretched memory you have! What? haven't they a library, and the commonest books of reference at the old convent of Saint Lazarus, where you dwell?"

"Convent of Saint Lazarus, Prince William, Dr. Swift, Atossa, and Mr. Pope, of Twitnam! What is the gentleman talking about?" says old Goody, with a "Ho! ho!" and a laugh like an old parrot—you know they live to be as old as Methuselah, parrots do, and a parrot of a hundred is comparrotively young (ho! ho! ho!). Yes, and likewise carps live to an immense old age. Some which Frederick the Great fed at Sans Souci are there now, with great humps of blue mould on their old backs; and they could tell all sorts of queer stories, if they chose to speak—but they are very silent, carps are—of their nature *peu communicatives*. Oh! what has been thy long life, old Goody, but a dole of bread and water and a perch on a cage; a dreary swim round and round a Lethe of a pond? What are Rossbach or Jena to those mouldy ones, and do they know it is a grandchild of England who brings bread to feed them?

No! Those Sans Souci carps may live to be a thousand years old and have nothing to tell but that one day is like another; and the history of friend Goody Twoshoes has not much more variety than theirs. Hard labour, hard fare, hard bed, numbing cold all night, and gnawing hunger most days. That is her lot. Is it lawful in my prayers to say, "Thank heaven, I am not as one of these?" If I were eighty, would I like to feel the hunger always gnawing, gnawing? to have to get up and make a bow when Mr. Bumble the beadle entered the common room? to have to listen to Miss Prim, who came to give me her ideas of the next world? If I were eighty, I own I should not like to have to sleep with another gentleman of my own age, gouty, a bad sleeper, kicking in his old dreams, and snoring; to march down my vale of years at word of command, accommodating my tottering old steps to those of the other prisoners in my dingy, hopeless old gang; to hold out a trembling hand for a sickly pittance of gruel, and say, "Thank you, mam," to Miss Prim, when she has done reading her sermon. John! when Goody Twoshoes comes next Friday, I desire she may not be disturbed by theological controversies. You have a very fair voice, and I heard you and the maids singing a hymn very sweetly the other night, and was thankful that our humble household should be in such harmony. Poor old Twoshoes is so old and toothless and quaky, that she can't sing a bit; but don't be giving yourself airs over her, because she can't sing and you can. Make her comfortable at our kitchen hearth. Set that old kettle to sing by

our hob. Warm her old stomach with nut-brown ale and a toast laid in the fire. Be kind to the poor old school-girl of ninety, who has had leave to come out for a day of Christmas holiday. Shall there be many more Christmases for thee? Think of the ninety she has seen already; the four score and ten cold, cheerless, nipping New Years!

If you were in her place, would you like to have a remembrance of better early days, when you were young, and happy, and loving, perhaps; or would you prefer to have no past on which your mind could rest? About the year 1788, Goody, were your cheeks rosy, and your eyes bright, and did some young fellow in powder and a pigtail look in them? We may grow old, but to us some stories never are old. On a sudden they rise up, not dead, but living—not forgotten, but freshly remembered. The eyes gleam on us as they used to do. The dear voice thrills in our hearts. The rapture of the meeting, the terrible, terrible parting, again and again the tragedy is acted over. Yesterday, in the street, I saw a pair of eyes so like two which used to brighten at my coming once, that the whole past came back as I walked lonely, in the rush of the Strand, and I was young again in the midst of joys and sorrows, alike sweet and sad, alike sacred, and fondly remembered.

If I tell a tale out of school, will any harm come to my old school-girl? Once, a lady gave her a half-sovereign, which was a source of great pain and anxiety to Goody Twoshoes. She sewed it away in her old stays somewhere, thinking here at least was a safe investment—(vestis —a vest—an investment,—pardon me, thou poor old thing, but I cannot help the pleasantry). And what do you think? Another pensionnaire of the establishment cut the coin out of Goody's stays—*an old woman who went upon two crutches!* Faugh, the old witch! What? Violence amongst these toothless, tottering, trembling, feeble ones? Robbery amongst the penniless? Dogs coming and snatching Lazarus's crumbs out of his lap? Ah, how indignant Goody was as she told the story! To that pond at Potsdam where the carps live for hundreds of hundreds of years, with hunches of blue mould on their back, I daresay the little Prince and Princess of Preussen-Britannien come sometimes with crumbs and cakes to feed the mouldy ones. Those eyes may have goggled from beneath the weeds at Napoleon's jack-boots: they have seen Frederick's lean shanks reflected in their pool; and perhaps Monsieur de Voltaire has fed them—and now, for a crumb of biscuit they will fight, push, hustle, rob, squabble, gobble, relapsing into their tranquillity when the ignoble struggle is over. Sans souci, indeed! It is mighty well writing "Sans souci" over the gate; but where is the gate through which Care has not slipped? She perches on the shoulders of the sentry in the sentry-box: she whispers the porter sleeping in his arm-chair: she glides up the stair-case, and lies down between the king and queen in their bed-royal: this very night I daresay she will perch upon poor old Goody Twoshoes's meagre bolster, and whisper, "Will the gentleman and those ladies ask me again? No, no; they will forget poor old Twoshoes," Goody!

For shame of yourself! Do not be cynical. Do not mistrust your fellow-creatures. What? Has the Christmas morning dawned upon thee ninety times? For four score and ten years has it been thy lot to totter on this earth, hungry and obscure? Peace and goodwill to thee, let us say at this Christmas season. Come, drink, eat, rest awhile at our hearth, thou poor old pilgrim! And of the bread which God's bounty gives us, I pray, brother reader, we may not forget to set aside a part for those noble and silent poor, from whose innocent hands war has torn the means of labour. Enough! As I hope for beef at Christmas, I vow a note shall be sent to Saint Lazarus Union House, in which Mr. Roundabout requests the honour of Mrs. Twoshoes's company on Friday, 26th December.

Good Night!

Destroyer! what do you here—here by my poor little nest?
What have I done that your shadow lies on my brightest and best?
If 'twas my sin that smirched the cross on the door, O Death,
Blood of mine should efface it, and not this Innocent's passing breath.

O cruel to drench the fleece of my one little lamb with thy dew!
O sightless to quench the light in eyes so guileless and true!
O heartless and brainless to still the life in this hand that glows,
And the love and the thought that breed in these wide, grey-fading brows!

The sweet, unfaltering voice!—"Papa, do you think I shall die?"
"Die, my dear? All's in God's hands, but I think—so think not I.
You will live to be a big man; and when I am old and grey,
You shall take me by the arm and guide me along the way.

"But if it should be death, do you know what it is, little one?—
It is only a falling asleep, and you wake and the darkness is gone.
And mamma and papa will sleep too; and when that the day is come,
We shall meet all together in heaven—in heaven instead of at home.

"Don't you know that, asleep in your bed, an hour like a moment seems?
Be not afraid of that!—it is past in a night without dreams.
We are only apart, dear child, 'twixt the evening and morning light!"
"Good night, then, papa, and God bless you!" "My darling, my darling, good night!"

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Our Survey of Literature and Science.

Few of our readers who have mingled freely in the circle which skirts Bohemia on the one side, and stretches into Belgravia on the other, which calls itself "Society," and may perhaps be more aptly designated the "intellectual-fashionable circle," will have forgotten one remarkable figure, flitting to and fro, familiarly spoken of as "old Lady Morgan." To spectators and mere acquaintances, that was not a venerable figure: a little humpbacked old woman, absurdly attired, rouged, and wigged; vivacious, and somewhat silly; vain, gossiping, and ostentatious; larding her talk with scraps of French, often questionable in their idiom, always dreadful in their accent; exhibiting her acquaintance with titled people so prodigally as to raise a smile, where it did not wound the self-love of those who would have given their left hands to be able to rival such ostentation; telling stories with the air of a wit, and demanding attention from old and young: this, we repeat, was not a venerable figure, nor did any one speak of Lady Morgan with veneration. But this was the outside—the mask of a better nature. On inquiry, the stranger learned that the absurd old woman had redeeming points. Her friends laughed at her; but they liked her, and remained constant. This implies the existence of sterling qualities.

In the two amusing volumes—*Memoirs of Lady Morgan*—which Miss Jewsbury has just edited with rare skill, our inquirer will learn what those sterling qualities were. He will see the merits thrown into strong relief; and will not miss a glimpse of the defects, though these, of course, are carefully toned down. As we had occasion to remark apropos of the *Life of Irving*, it is not in a biography that we must seek for a true picture of a character. Miss Jewsbury, with admirable tact, avoids the spurious enthusiasm of the *lues Boswelliana*, and nowhere attempts to paint black as simple gray. But she is often reticent, and occasionally ingenious in defence. Nothing can be happier than this defence of Lady Morgan's "snobbishness:"—"The titles and equipages of her great acquaintance were to her what scalps are to an Indian 'brave,' outward and visible sign of conquest, not inheritance." We suspect, however, that the following must be due to my lady herself:—"In early girlhood her figure was sligh and graceful; there was little or no appearance of the curvature which in after-life became apparent. It was developed by the habit of leaning on one side over her writing, and *playing on the harp*." The only parallel to this, in our experience, is that of a learned lady who attributed the "cast" in her eye to an assiduous study of Sanscrit.

Since we are speaking of Miss Jewsbury's share in this work, let us, for a future edition, suggest an investigation of the statement that Lady

Morgan brought her husband five thousand pounds, the savings from the proceeds of her writings. We cannot make out from the particulars how she had *received* more than fifteen hundred pounds up to that period; and some portion of it was spent. Let pencil and slate be called in. Let also a severer revision of the press be made. "Poggo di Borgo" is an unpleasant distortion of a celebrated name; "Perney" probably means "Parny;" the title of Sir C. Morgan's work is not the "Physiology," but the "Philosophy of Life;" some of the sentences are unfinished; and the scraps of French which profusely maculate these pages are such as to set the teeth on edge. Lady Morgan's accuracy in that language may be gauged by her use of *spirituelle* for "spiritual," and her addressing a correspondent thus: "*Aimons toujours comme à l'ordinaire!*"

Whoever takes up these volumes for amusement merely will not be disappointed. But if he also desire to gain some definite estimate of Lady Morgan, he must add a large handful of salt to what is here given. Especially he will distrust the autobiography and journals. "Facts" were anything but "stubborn things" for Lady Morgan. She had that disregard of truth which foolish people often attribute to "exuberance of imagination." As painted by the autobiography there never was a more brilliant and fascinating siren. Let us discount largely, and we may still believe that she was very attractive. It is so easy for an Irishwoman to be charming! And this young Irishwoman was good-looking, quick, impulsive, not without a streak of genius, desirous of pleasing and of being pleased, singing Irish songs, playing the harp, telling droll stories, amusing society by her vivacity and vanity, and overshadowing no one by any eminent superiority: she alarmed no one by her learning or profundity; distressed no one by her cleverness. Her talents were essentially social; and were appreciable by the smallest intellects. The gay little Irish heart was warmly affectionate and sympathetic. Nor had she the failings in conduct which often accompany the Irish heart; underneath all the extravagance of an excitable temperament, there was the solid good sense and integrity of her English mother. She was thoroughly prudent in conduct, whatever she may have been in speech. She flirted freely, but kept out of scrapes. She drove hard bargains with publishers, but had a wholesome horror of debt. If her estimate of her own worth was high, she had the corresponding virtue of independence. Living at a time when men and women of genius were eagerly sought by the great, to replace the Fools and Jesters of an obsolete fashion, she willingly exchanged her power of gratifying them for their power of gratifying her; but she knew what she was about. Although her vanity was intensely gratified by the "scalps" she wore at her belt, she never suffered this gratification to ruin her, as it did Moore and Theodore Hook, for example. A thoroughly worldly woman, she was also worldlywise. In reply to a remark about the Whigs never having done anything for him, Moore conceitedly told her that he dined constantly at Bowood, and was treated by Lord Lansdowne as an equal; whereas Macaulay got a place of three thousand

a year, but was never once asked to dinner. Much as Lady Morgan liked being asked to dinner, she would have preferred the place—and would have got it too.

It is not a noble, nor an altogether admirable life we have here exhibited, but we must admire the prudence and the energy with which this girl first goes out as a governess rather than eat the bread of dependence; then resolves to imitate Miss Burney, and get money by novels to relieve her improvident father; and does not allow the flattery of social and literary success to enervate her, and cause her to relapse into idleness, because she has the facile luxury of great houses open to her. Nor did the prudent Miss Owenson become an extravagant Lady Morgan: her eye was always steadily fixed on essentials, amid all the glitter of success. This implies strength: clear insight into the facts of life, and steady will to act up to such insight. Not many literary men and women who have been so tempted, have come out so triumphant.

In our day she finds no readers. Her books, if now first produced, would assuredly excite no commotion at Mudie's; for her talents are by no means above the line. Is the reason of her being neglected to be sought in the fact of our public having reached a higher stage of culture? Against such a supposition there is the undoubted popularity of many worthless works. Moreover, we may remember that Lady Morgan was a celebrated writer in days when Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Godwin, Wilson, and others were claiming attention—names certainly equal to the leading names of our own day; yet, among the writers of our own day, she would not hold eminent rank. What then gave her eminence? Opportunity. *Habent sua fata libelli.* Reputation—as distinguished from fame—is determined by opportunity. Lady Morgan wrote Irish novels at a time when Irish questions were of supreme interest; she was a partisan, and gained the partisan's reward. She wrote about France at a time when France was newly reopened to Englishmen, and about Italy before Italy was overrun by tourists. If she were now in her prime, and could write such a book about South America, the success would be the same. It was the temporal, not the intrinsic value of her books, which gave them success. Compare her novels with those of her predecessor Jane Austen, then scarcely heard of, but now recognized as secure of immortality, and the difference between works which reflect the passing moods of the hour, and works which reflect the eternal truths of life and character, will be conspicuous.

If more space were at our disposal we could quote several amusing extracts from these volumes. Here is a glimpse of Irish life:—

> My sister and myself were one day playing in the court in front of our dreary house, when a "noddy" drove up to the gates, and a person stepped out carrying a green bag under one arm, and a huge book and a little portmanteau in the other. We ran on before him as he advanced, and the "noddy" man ran after him, holding an English sixpence between his thumb and finger, and crying, "Is it with a *tester* you put

me off? And I come from Stoney Batter with ye! and that is worth the bould thirteen any day in the year; and you a parson, reverend sir!" "I'll give you no more," said the reverend sir, while we paused with our hands behind our backs, and our eyes raised to the "parson." "Then I'll have ye before the Court of Conscience," was the reply; when his reverence, accidentally crushing the bag under his arm, a sound was emitted from a pair of bagpipes. Fearing the pipes were injured, he drew them from the bag, and played a few notes of "Maloney's Pig," which struck the man and the children as with magic music. "Will ye give us a little more, sir, of that, if ye please?" His reverence complied; the children danced; the "noddy" man fell in; the servants rushed out, and began to dance too. When the music stopped, the ecstatic charioteer held out the sixpence, and said, "Plaise yer riverence, take it! By the piper that played before Moses I would not touch a farthing! Sure, I would drive yer back again to Stoney Batter for nothing at all, saving a tune on yer beautiful pipes."

Is not that like a page out of Sterne? We close our notice with this glimpse of Irish sorrow drying its eyes with a dance. The impending calamity is that of being turned out of their home:—

When all was quiet we all sat down, and had a good cry; and in the midst of all this Monsieur Fontaine drove up in his new carriage, going to the Castle, where he has been appointed master of the ceremonies. Well, poor darling old gentleman, I thought he was going to cry with us (for we told him everything), instead of which, however, he threw up the window and cried out, "Montez donc, Martin, mon fils, avec votre petit violon," and up comes Martin, more coyly and absurd than ever, with his little "kit," and what does dear old Fontaine do, but put us in a circle, that we might dance a *chassez à la ronde*, saying, "Egayez-vous, mes enfans; il n'y a que ça;" and only think, there we were! The next moment we were all of us—Molly, Martin, and Monsieur included—dancing away to the tune of "What a Beau your Granny is" (the only one that Martin could play), and we all laughing ready to die, until Livy gave Molly, who was in the way, a kick behind; she fell upon Martin, who fell upon his father, who fell upon me—and there we were, all sprawling like a pack of cards, and laughing; and then, dear papa, Fontaine sent off Martin to the confectioner's in Grafton Street for some ices and biscuits, so that we had quite a feast, and no time to think or be sorrowful.

The success of *Lady Audley's Secret*, which justifies itself, rouses in certain minds a feeling of impatience not unallied to contempt, because the qualities by which the success is achieved are not literary qualities, and because the effect of such works is simply that of stimulating curiosity, without at the same time educating the reader, by calling forth healthy sympathies, or suggesting noble thoughts. That this character is justly assigned cannot be disputed; but is the objection just? Granting, as we must, that works of this class merely appeal to the curiosity—that they do nothing more than amuse the vacant or the wearied mind; if they do *that*, it is something. They may be as transitory as fireworks, and raise no loftier emotions. But a frivolous and a wearied public demands amusement. To say that certain works merely amuse, may not be high praise, but it is something, and the public may be grateful when such amusement leaves behind it no unwholesome sympathy with crimes and criminals. No one will dispute the assertion, that all the nobler forms of literature have far higher and deeper influences than mere amusement. No one will deny that when a fiction, a drama, or a poem makes amusement the vehicle for higher influences, a great public benefit

is gained; and the benefactor is repaid, not with pence only, but with the respect and affection of his public. Blondin or Lord Dundreary, the singing mouse, or the chess-playing dog, do not, it is true, deeply affect our moral culture; but if they gratify our curiosity they are worth the shilling paid for that amusement. It is thus with much that passes under the form of literature. We are satisfied if it has shortened the tedium of a railway journey, or filled an unoccupied evening. In assigning a work its true character the critic need not be severe upon the author for not having done something higher. *Lady Audley's Secret* pretends to nothing more than the temporary excitement of our curiosity. It claims no afterthought. Its characters have no life; its incidents are not simply violations of probability, but are without that congruity which, in a skilful romance, makes the improbable credible. There is no wit, no humour, no passion, no eloquence, no truth of description. But there is the skill which carries a story through a steeple-chase of incidents, and never lets the reader's curiosity flag. By artful suggestions we are made to believe that the woman whose illness, death, and burial seem authentically proved, is still living in triumphant wickedness. Who was buried in her name? And how was the substitution effected? Here is one mystery. Then for another, there is the sudden disappearance of a man: what has become of him? Is he dead—murdered? If so, how, and by whom? By simply hinting these things, and by never allowing the reader to be present at the scenes thus suggested, the author is master of our curiosity, and can take his own time and means for gratifying it. When the explanations of these mysteries are given, it is true that they turn out absurdly incredible; but by that time you have finished the book.

Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles is a book which the critical reader will place even below *Lady Audley's Secret*, having less literary merit, and incomparably less skill in story-telling. But the uncritical reader will not take it up without amusement, for although he may recognize the third-rate material of the circulating library, once more served up as a picture of modern life; although he may remark that all the good people are "goody" and prosper at the end, while the bad people are utterly bad, and fall into poverty and disgrace, he will, nevertheless, have his interest excited in the fortunes of the virtuous struggling with poverty, and in the Nemesis which descends upon the vicious by their own ill-conduct. With rapid panoramic touch the writer calls up many objects which affect the emotions—fathers and daughters dying of apoplexy and consumption—rich hard-hearted men repentant on death-beds—artisans going to ruin by drink and love of finery—a young man tried for the murder of his brother—an Italian governess of the approved melodramatic type (with the originality of speaking *French* in her soliloquies): these things will to the end of time have power over the reader's sympathies; and although Mrs. Wood has displayed neither truth nor invention in her treatment, she has contrived to create an interest which many writers of more pretension cannot with their better material effect.

Dr. Wilson's Pre-Historic Man is a work rich in suggestion, and containing much excellent material, but very inadequately wrought out. It opens interesting tracks of speculation, but leaves the reader to do almost everything for himself. His object has been to portray man in his natural state, isolated from the influences of civilization, "or at least where he can be shown to have attained maturity, exposed only to such influences as are the offspring of his own progress." But Dr. Wilson's ideas seem to be somewhat confused. He nowhere defines what he means by civilization; and the passage just quoted implies that it is not the offspring of man's own progress; if so, it must have another origin, and *that* he nowhere reveals. We gather from the work itself that he considers man endowed with certain instincts, such as that of speech, tool-making, building, boating, &c., and these exhibit themselves subject to certain external conditions, favourable or otherwise. The tool-making instinct, for example, cannot achieve considerable results where the metals are unknown, or the power of working them has not been developed. But if a nation without metals be brought into contact with a nation which has already advanced by means of metals to a certain stage, then the influence of the more advanced race will be felt by the less advanced, and when many races have thus come in contact, civilization springs from this illumination of many minds. As a contribution to the philosophy of the subject Dr. Wilson's work is too ill-organized to be of service. His thoughts wander, and never shape themselves into definite propositions. What he has done is to collect and roughly classify material respecting the arts and habits of savage tribes and early forms of civilization. In this respect the volumes are of great interest.

It is difficult to characterize the work just issued by Mr. George Borrow, without preface or explanation of any kind, under the title of *Wild Wales*. We are dubious whether it is simply a record of his walks through Wales, or whether he has mingled a quantity of very mild and not very amusing fiction with actual experiences. In any case the book is extremely defective, and contains an unpardonable proportion of triviality and self-glorification. Really it is too much to demand that we should read the record of every glass of ale which Mr. Borrow drank—usually with his criticism on its quality—or be patient under the fatiguing triviality of "I paid my bill and departed," which occurs incessantly; the more so because, while he is careful to inform us that he paid the bill, he never once mentions the amount; the detail he records is superfluous, the detail he omits would at least have been serviceable to future travellers. Snatches of commonplace conversation, and intensely prosaic translations of Welsh poems, swell out this book, and render it rather tiresome reading. Nevertheless, although its defects tax the patience of the reader, the work is not without its charm. In the first place it has the inalienable interest of *out-of-doorness*. A sweet breath of the country turns over its pages. In the next place there is a graphic picture of the Welsh people as seen from the outside by a genial pedestrian. Mr.

Borrow appears to have been many years interested in Welsh literature and history, and this ramble furnishes him with an occasion of learning something of Welsh scenery and people. In one volume, instead of three, the work might have been an attractive guide-book for pedestrians.

Another and very different guide-book is that to the *Channel Islands*, by Dr. Ansted and Dr. R. G. Latham. It is got up with the splendour of a gift-book; and its numerous illustrations, by P. J. Naftel, deserve special mention among those of the best illustrated works. Dr. Ansted has treated the geology and physical geography of the islands, as well as their geology and botany, with the assistance of several friends in those departments where his scientific knowledge does not enable him to speak with authority. These chapters, though not very interesting except to readers who contemplate a visit to the islands, or are already resident there, are succeeded by Dr. Latham's elaborate account of the History, Archæology, and Language of the islands, which deserve the attention of those even who have no thought of crossing the channel. It is a guide-book which will increase the number of tourists in the direction of these islands.

Mr. Marsh, an American philologist of the new school of philologists, of whom Max Müller is the most brilliant professor, has produced a solid and readable book on the *Origin and History of the English Language, and of the Early Literature it embodies*. It embraces the history of nearly four hundred years, from the commencement of the reign of Henry III. to the latter days of Elizabeth. In this period our language was first developed as English; it passed through its stages of infancy and youth, and culminated in the manhood of Bacon and Shakspeare. The tongue of England had then attained a degree of development fully commensurate with her culture; all that the mind thought, the language could express. "The language no longer showed," says Mr. Marsh, "the want of that affluence and polish, and clearness and force, which human speech can acquire only by long use as the medium of written composition in the various forms of narrative, imaginative and discursive literature, and in modern times at least by the further aid of exposure to the stimulating and modifying influences of the history and poetry, and philosophy and grammar, and vocabulary of foreign tongues."

The book is, of course, more philological than historical, or æsthetical; but these aspects are by no means neglected; and many current notions are rectified. For example, we read that in the "history of Anglo-Norman England we find comparatively few traces of that hostility of race which is so common between a conquered and a conquering people, and I think that recent English writers" [he might have added French and German] "have exaggerated the reciprocal dislike and jealousy of the Norman and of the Anglo-Saxon. A jealousy indeed existed—for the causes of it lie too deep in human nature to be eradicated—and there were not wanting evidences of its occasional manifestation; but the civil and social discords seem generally more the results of the conflicting interests and sympathies of

ranks and classes than of a settled animosity between the home-born and the comeling."

There is a passage in this work on Copyright and Plagiarism which comes so peculiarly within the province of our Survey that we must notice it. Mr. Marsh traces the origin of the idea of literary property to the necessity for protecting the capital and industry engaged in printing establishments. "The protection originally designed for the benefit of the capitalist, the printer, yielded returns which first the editors of classical works, and finally authors of original composition, were allowed to share in about that small proportion which in ordinary cases the profits of the writer still bear to those of the publisher; and hence the notion of a right in literary property. This has given birth to a new estate in modern society—a class of men who live by literary production, whose motive for authorship consists mainly in the pecuniary rewards it yields—rewards which can be secured to them only by the authority of laws recognizing the right of property in literary wares, and punishing the infraction of that right as in other cases of invasion of property." Nothing can be clearer; and we should be glad to hear what the American pirates have to say on the other side. But we are by no means satisfied with the conclusion Mr. Marsh draws respecting Plagiarism. "That the legal title of the author," he says, "is an important ingredient in the respect felt for his professional property, is proved by the fact that in cases which the law does not reach—as in regard to the works of ancient or foreign writers unprotected by an international copyright—the odium attached to plagiarism is less strongly felt; and the commercial spirit of our age in this, as well as in other things, is much less tender of the reputation than of the purse." This sarcasm rests, we conceive, on a confusion of ideas. No odium is attached to borrowing from the ancients, because they are understood to be so well known that the borrowed goods are immediately recognized. "If I steal from the ancients," says Lacon, "it is cried up as erudition; if I steal from the moderns it is cried down as plagiarism." When the moderns are of universal fame, no odium is incurred by plagiarism; Shakspeare, Scott, or Dickens may be pillaged without odium, though not, perhaps, without contempt. It was not any regard for the purse of Prochaska, but a desire for justice, which made the opponents of Marshall Hall declare he had appropriated the German physiologist's discovery of Reflex Action. Prochaska had been long dead; his pecuniary interests were in no respect involved, but only his historical position. The charge against Marshall Hall we believe to have been unfounded; but let us assume that he had really plagiarised, and that instead of stealing from a foreign author, who had no copyright, he had stolen from a living compatriot—would the odium have been greater? Only in as far as the reputation of the author stolen from may have been affected by the theft. The odium attached to plagiarism is the odium excited by an attempt to impose upon our admiration, and the monetary value of the thing stolen never enters into our estimate.

SCIENCE.

Effects of the Earth's Rotation.—M. Foucault's beautiful experiment, by which, through the medium of a pendulum, the rotation of the earth on its axis may be said to have been rendered palpable to our senses, has had the effect of calling attention to a great many other phenomena going on on its surface, into which it enters as a modifying cause. To say nothing of those great and general facts of the oblateness of its figure, and the trade winds, which Newton and Hadley explained on this principle, we have seen the phenomena of Cyclones reduced to a dependence on this cause combined with local disturbances of temperature; and, tracing the same cause into its still more local and, so to speak, miniature sphere of action, it is recognized that the influence of the earth's rotation cannot be left out of consideration in the accurate pointing of long-range artillery, inasmuch as in a flight of five miles, occupying 25 seconds of time, it would carry a projectile pointed northwards about 45 feet to the east, and southwards as much to the west (*i. e. in both cases towards the right hand*) of its line of fire.

Pursuing the action of this cause into geographical inquiries, it has been argued that the action of a river flowing directly northwards or southwards, or indeed in any direction considerably inclined to the parallel, cannot be equal on its right and left banks; and that in either case (and indeed whatever be the direction of the stream, if at all so inclined) in the northern hemisphere, the rotatory motion of the earth will have the effect of driving the water against the *right* bank of the river, and thus causing it to exert a greater erosive action on that than on the opposite side; and *vice versâ* in the southern hemisphere; the effect, in both, being more powerful the higher the latitude; and *nil* on the equator. On the other hand, it has been contended that although, theoretically speaking, this is a real cause (a *vera causa*), yet the amount of erosion thence arising must be far too small to produce any sensible tendency in rivers to shift their courses to the right, or to eat away their right banks perceptibly more than their left; and this opinion seems to have found currency among the French Academicians whenever the subject has been discussed at the meetings of the Institute.

Regarding this question as one of fact rather than of opinion, M. Von Baer, in an elaborate memoir read before the Imperial Academy of Petersburg, and lately published in the bulletins of that body,* has brought together so large a mass of instances drawn from observation of the courses of almost all the rivers of any note, both in European and Asiatic Russia, as to justify its enumeration as a general feature (not, of course, without local exceptions, owing to the natural inequalities of ground) over the whole of that vast region, that the right bank of a

* *Bull. de l'Acad. Imp. des Sci. de St. Petersbourg.* II., 353.

river is higher and steeper, the left the flatter and more alluvial one, and more subject to inundation—the law being so general that over vast tracts of country it may be predicted, almost without risk of failure, from the aspect of a stream in this respect, in which direction it runs. It deserves remark that this general tendency had already been noticed by more than one geologist of eminence, without any suspicion of its cause. Thus even so long ago as 1847, Major Wangenheim von Qualen had announced it as a general feature of the Russian river system, in the bulletins of the Society of Naturalists of Moscow; and besides giving the result of his own observations in the region to the south and west of the Ural (where, from the absence of any considerable mountain system, and the general flatness of the country, the action of this cause would be little liable to be masked by local inequalities of a geological origin), cites the authority of M. Blöde as having observed the same thing in southern, M. Rouiller in central, and Baron Wrangell in northern Russia; Tschichatscheff in central Siberia; and Blasius, and other geologists in many other parts of Russia—adding that a feature so uniform and prevailing over so vast an extent of territory must evidently be due to some uniform and general cause. This cause he seeks accordingly in geological upheavals and dislocations, though evidently at a loss to perceive how such upheavals should have affected always the *right* bank of the river, without regard to the point of the compass towards which the water flows.

The same cause which throws the water of a river preferentially against its right bank must act of course in every case where masses of matter are in motion along definite lines of route, and therefore on railways, wherever there is a double line of rail for up and down traffic, For in such, the right-hand rail on each line will be most worn, and in all cases the flanges of the right-hand wheels of the carriages will suffer most by abrasion, and a greater probability (though in a very slight ratio) will exist of running off the rail to the right than to the left side of the line of travel, especially in lines running due north and south.

Sugar as Food.—In the last number of the *British and Foreign Medical Review* there is an interesting paper on "Sugar as Food, and as a Product of the Organism." In alluding to the uses of sugar in assisting assimilation, the reviewer quotes Mr. Bridges Adams, who says: "I know by experience the difference in nutritious effect produced by the flesh of tired cattle on a march, and those slain in a condition arising from abundant food and healthy exercise. In a former case any amount might be eaten without the satisfaction of hunger, whilst in the latter a smaller amount removed hunger. But I discovered that certain other food of a different quality, such as grape-sugar and fruit, would help the tired meat to assimilate, and thus to remove hunger." Puddings and fruit tarts are not, therefore, simply flatteries of the palate, but digestive agents; provided always they are not themselves made of rebelliously indigestible

materials, which in English cookery is too frequently the case. The reviewer alludes to the fondness of artisans for confectionery, and of patients just discharged from the hospital asking for "sweets" in preference to "good substantial food," as examples of a correct instinct. There is no doubt that in children, in whom the requirements of growth call for a rapid and efficient transformation of food into tissue, the demand for sweets is very imperious; and parents should understand that the jam-pot will diminish the butcher's bill, and increase the amount of nutrition extracted from beef and mutton.

Are the Nerves Excitors or Controllers?—Owing to the excessive complexity of the vital mechanism, our ingenuity is severely taxed in every attempt to arrive at the precise function of each organ in its relation to others. The observation which to-day seems conclusive may become dubious to-morrow, and rejected the day after, when more accurate experiments reveal the source of fallacy. This being so, we hear with little surprise that the most brilliant physiologist of the day, Claude Bernard, has been led to doubt the truth of what has been considered indubitable ever since the nervous system has been systematically investigated: namely, that nerves are *excitors*, their functions being to excite the activity of the muscles and glands to which they are distributed. His words are these:—"May it not be that we have formed false ideas relative to the influence of nerves in provoking the activity of organs? Instead of being excitors, nerves are only bridles; the organs whose functional power is in some sort idio-organic can only manifest that power at the moment when the nervous influence is suspended."* It is certain that a perfectly quiescent muscle is thrown into activity by a stimulus applied to its nerve. M. Bernard, perhaps, means his remarks to refer only to glands, since he makes no mention of the activity of muscles.

So important a question cannot be raised without interest to every physiologist. Let us, therefore, consider the facts upon which it is based. The secretion of saliva from the sub-maxillary gland is, as every one knows, *intermittent;* and it only takes place when some exciting cause, direct or reflex, sets the gland in action, ceasing with the cessation of the exciting cause. On dividing the nerves, thereby destroying their influence on the gland, this gland, instead of passing into a condition of functional repose, as we should expect from the absence of the nervous influence, passes into a condition of permanent functional activity. The secretion is continuous instead of being intermittent. When the nerves on one side are divided, and those on the other side are intact, the secretion on the divided side is constant, drop by drop; the secretion on the other side is only produced by a stimulus, such as a drop of vinegar on the tongue, or the sight of food.

The observation is valuable; but we believe the conclusion drawn by M. Bernard is precipitate. A distinction must be drawn between the

* *Comptes Rendus:* August, 1862: p. 340.

formation of the secretion in the gland, and the *discharge* of the secretion from the gland. No one, now-a-days, supposes that the gland is indebted to its nerves for the power of forming the secretion; *that* goes on in the tissue of the gland itself; and as to the discharge—which alone is thought to be under nervous influence—we find this difference: in the gland deprived of its nerves there is a constant dribble, drop by drop, every fifteen or twenty seconds; in the gland possessing its nerves there is a discharge whenever the nerves are stimulated, and this comes with a gush. In the one case there is no discharge, in the other there is.

Now as M. Bernard has not proved, nor attempted to prove, that the stimulus of a nerve—direct or reflex—causes a *suspension* of its influence, which relaxes its normal state of control, the case seems to present itself thus: when the nerve is quiescent, or absent, the gland continues to *form* its secretion; when the nerve is stimulated the gland *discharges* its secretion; when the nerve is absent the gland, unable to retain its secretion, lets it dribble as fast as it is formed. There can be no sort of doubt that nerves act as excitors upon muscles; and it is not intelligible how they can act as controllers, when perfectly quiescent, upon glands. The observation M. Bernard has made is of value, and may lead to some more precise knowledge of the act of discharge; meanwhile we will oppose his explanation by an analogous case in which the same contrast of intermittence and constancy is observed. In animals which possess a gall-bladder, the discharge of bile is intermittent; but in animals without a gall-bladder, the bile dribbles continuously, like the saliva from a submaxillary gland deprived of its nerves.

Variability of Nebulæ.—The attention of astronomers has been of late drawn very strongly to some remarkable instances of change observed in objects of this class—bodies which, from their probable remoteness, immense magnitude, and singular appearance, possess a very high degree of interest, which every increase in the power of our telescopes tends to enhance, by bringing into view new and unexpected features in their form and structure. Three such instances of change of an unequivocal nature have been observed; the one, in the case of Messier's 80th Nebula (R.A. 16h. 7m.; N.P.D. 112° 33′; 1830), which has been repeatedly observed, both by Sir Wm. and Sir J. Herschel, as a highly compressed globular cluster of extremely minute stars, and which was seen, on the night of May 9, 1860, by Mr. Pogson, as a round nebula (his telescope not having power enough to resolve it into stars), but which, within twelve days after that date (May 21st), had entirely disappeared as a nebula or cluster, and in its place a single bright star of the sixth or seventh magnitude was seen by Messrs. Anwers and Luther, and a week afterwards by Mr. Pogson himself. On the 10th of June, this star had again disappeared, and the cluster was seen in its old place as usual. The second instance is that of a nebula discovered in 1852 by Mr. Hind, and which was observed in its proper place by himself and several other observers in 1855, '56, and '58, but reported to be miss-

ing by M. D'Arrest in October, 1861. It has since reappeared, without change of place, but materially fainter than when first discovered. The third is that of a large and bright nebula, observed by M. Tempel, at Venice, on the 19th October, 1859, near to the star Merope, in the Pleiades, a part of the heavens so continually under the observation of astronomers that it would have been impossible such an object should have escaped notice had it before existed. M. Schmidt, in particular, who since 1841 had bestowed particular attention on this fine group of stars, had never observed it previously, but between February 5, 1861, and March 26, 1862, saw it several times. So recently as September 29 of the present year, it has been seen by M. D'Arrest—but so very faint as to be hardly distinguishable—as a somewhat brighter ground of the sky on the southern than on the northern side of Merope, though still visible to M. D'Arrest with a telescope of lower *magnifying* power.

To these examples we are now enabled to add a fourth, if possible still more extraordinary. By a letter recently received from Mr. Eyre B. Powell, an astronomer resident at Madras, to whom we owe many valuable observations of double stars, and computations of their orbits, we learn that while engaged in making a series of microscopical measures of the stars in the great nebula surrounding the remarkable variable star η Argûs (the largest and finest nebula in the southern hemisphere), he was led to notice a most extraordinary change in its configuration. Close adjoining to the bright star Eta (η) is a very singular oval vacuity, quite devoid of nebula, of a shape somewhat resembling the figure 8, only with its two compartments communicating, and having its longer axis nearly in a meridian. According to the elaborate delineation made by Sir John Herschel during his residence at the Cape of Good Hope, of which an engraving is published in the "Results" of his Cape observations, both ends of this oval were then (1835—1838) completely closed, the southern especially being bounded by a strongly-marked and definite outline, as if cut out of paper. At present, this oval, we are informed by Mr. Powell, is *decidedly open* at the south end. The phenomenon, thus stated, is perhaps the most startling thing which has yet occurred in sidereal astronomy, and, coupled with the capricious variability of η Argûs itself, is calculated to open a field for the wildest speculation. Should the effort now in progress to procure the erection of a great reflecting telescope at Melbourne prove successful, the further observation of these changes will be secured in a way leaving nothing to desire.

"Father, I will be guided."

THE

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Romola.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Black Marks become Magical.

THAT journey of Tito's to Rome, which had removed many difficulties from Romola's departure, had been resolved on quite suddenly, at a supper, only the evening before.

Tito had set out towards that supper with agreeable expectations. The meats were likely to be delicate, the wines choice, the company distinguished; for the place of entertainment was the Selva, or Orto de' Rucellai, or, as we should say, the Rucellai Gardens; and the host, Bernardo Rucellai, was quite a typical Florentine grandee. Even his family name has a significance which is prettily symbolic: properly understood, it may bring before us a little lichen, popularly named *orcella* or *roccella*, which grows on the rocks of Greek isles and in the Canaries; and having drunk a great deal of light into its little stems and button-heads, will, under certain circumstances, give it out again as a reddish purple dye, very grateful to the eyes of men. By bringing the excellent secret of this dye, called *oricello*, from the Levant to Florence, a certain merchant, who lived nearly a hundred years before our Bernardo's time, won for himself and his descendants much wealth, and the pleasantly-suggestive

surname of Oricellari, or Roccellari, which on Tuscan tongues speedily became Rucellai. And our Bernardo, who stands out more prominently than the rest on this purple background, had added all sorts of distinction to the family name: he had married the sister of Lorenzo de' Medici, and had had the most splendid wedding in the memory of Florentine upholstery; and for these and other virtues he had been sent on embassies to France and Venice, and had been chosen Gonfaloniere; he had not only built himself a fine palace, but had finished putting the black and white marble façade to the church of Santa Maria Novella; he had planted a garden with rare trees, and had made it classic ground by receiving within it the meetings of the Platonic Academy, orphaned by the death of Lorenzo; he had written an excellent, learned book, of a new topographical sort, about ancient Rome; he had collected antiquities; he had a pure Latinity. The simplest account of him, one sees, reads like a laudatory epitaph, at the end of which the Greek and Ausonian Muses might be confidently requested to tear their hair, and Nature to desist from any second attempt to combine so many virtues with one set of viscera.

His invitation had been conveyed to Tito through Lorenzo Tornabuoni, with an emphasis which would have suggested that the object of the gathering was political, even if the public questions of the time had been less absorbing. As it was, Tito felt sure that some party purposes were to be furthered by the excellent flavours of stewed fish and old Greek wine; for Bernardo Rucellai was not simply an influential personage, he was one of the elect Twenty who for three weeks had held the reins of Florence. This assurance put Tito in the best spirits as he made his way to the Via della Scala, where the classic garden was to be found: without it, he might have had some uneasy speculation as to whether the high company he would have the honour of meeting was likely to be dull as well as distinguished; for he had had experience of various dull suppers even in the Rucellai gardens, and especially of the dull philosophic sort, wherein he had not only been called upon to accept an entire scheme of the universe (which would have been easy to him), but to listen to an exposition of the same, from the origin of things to their complete ripeness in the tractate of the philosopher then speaking.

It was a dark evening, and it was only when Tito crossed the occasional light of a lamp suspended before an image of the Virgin, that the outline of his figure was discernible enough for recognition. At such moments any one caring to watch his passage from one of these lights to another might have observed that the tall and graceful personage with the mantle folded round him was followed constantly by a very different form, thick-set and elderly, in a serge tunic and felt hat. The conjunction might have been taken for mere chance, since there were many passengers along the streets at this hour. But when Tito stopped at the gate of the Rucellai gardens, the figure behind stopped too. The *sportello*, or smaller door of the gate, was already being held open by the servant, who, in the distraction of attending to some question, had not yet closed it since the

last arrival, and Tito turned in rapidly, giving his name to the servant, and passing on between the evergreen bushes that shone like metal in the torchlight. The follower turned in too.

"Your name?" said the servant.

"Baldassarre Calvo," was the immediate answer.

"You are not a guest; the guests have all passed."

"I belong to Tito Melema, who has just gone in. I am to wait in the gardens."

The servant hesitated. "I had orders to admit only guests. Are you a servant of Messer Tito?"

"No, friend, I am not a servant; I am a scholar."

There are men to whom you need only say, "I am a buffalo," in a certain tone of quiet confidence, and they will let you pass. The porter gave way at once, Baldassarre entered, and heard the door closed and chained behind him, as he too disappeared among the shining bushes.

Those ready and firm answers argued a great change in Baldassarre since the last meeting face to face with Tito, when the dagger broke in two. The change had declared itself in a startling way.

At the moment when the shadow of Tito passed in front of the hovel as he departed homeward, Baldassarre was sitting in that state of after-tremor known to every one who is liable to great outbursts of passion: a state in which physical powerlessness is sometimes accompanied by an exceptional lucidity of thought, as if that disengagement of excited passion had carried away a fire-mist and left clearness behind it. He felt unable to rise and walk away just yet; his limbs seemed benumbed; he was cold, and his hand shook. But in that bodily helplessness he sat surrounded, not by the habitual dimness and vanishing shadows, but by the clear images of the past: he was living again in an unbroken course through that life which seemed a long preparation for the taste of bitterness. For some minutes he was too thoroughly absorbed by the images to reflect on the fact that he saw them, and note the fact as a change. But when that sudden clearness had travelled through the distance, and came at last to rest on the scene just gone by, he felt fully where he was: he remembered Monna Lisa and Tessa. Ah! *he* then was the mysterious husband; he who had another wife in the Via de' Bardi. It was time to pick up the broken dagger and go—go and leave no trace of himself; for to hide his feebleness seemed the thing most like power that was left to him. He leaned to take up the fragments of the dagger; then he turned towards the book which lay open at his side. It was a fine large manuscript, an odd volume of Pausanias. The moonlight was upon it, and he could see the large letters at the head of the page:

ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΚΑ. ΚΒ'.

In old days he had known Pausanias familiarly; yet an hour or two ago he had been looking hopelessly at that page, and it had suggested no more meaning to him than if the letters had been black weather-marks on a

wall; but at this moment they were once more the magic signs that conjure up a world. That moonbeam falling on the letters had raised Messenia before him, and its struggle against the Spartan oppression. He snatched up the book, but the light was too pale for him to read further by. No matter; he knew that chapter; he read inwardly. He saw the stoning of the traitor Aristocrates—stoned by a whole people, who cast him out from their borders to lie unburied, and set up a pillar with verses upon it, telling how Time had brought home justice to the unjust. The words arose within him, and stirred innumerable vibrations of memory. He forgot that he was old: he could almost have shouted. The light was come again, mother of knowledge and joy! In that exultation his limbs recovered their strength: he started up with his broken dagger and book, and went out under the broad moonlight. It was a nipping frosty air, but Baldassarre could feel no chill—he only felt the glow of conscious power. He walked about and paused on all the open spots of that high ground, and looked down on the domed and towered city, sleeping darkly under its sleeping guardians, the mountains; on the pale gleam of the river; on the valley vanishing towards the peaks of snow; and felt himself master of them all. That sense of mental empire which belongs to us all in moments of exceptional clearness was intensified for him by the long days and nights in which memory had been little more than the consciousness of something gone. That city, which had been a weary labyrinth, was material that he could subdue to his purposes now: his mind glanced through its affairs with flashing conjecture; he was once more a man who knew cities, whose sense of vision was instructed with large experience, and who felt the keen delight of holding all things in the grasp of language. Names! Images!—his mind rushed through its wealth without pausing, like one who enters on a great inheritance.

But amidst all that rushing eagerness there was one end presiding in Baldassarre's consciousness,—a dark deity in the inmost cell, who only seemed forgotten while his hecatomb was being prepared. And when the first triumph in the certainty of recovered power had had its way, his thoughts centred themselves on Tito. That fair slippery viper could not escape him now: thanks to struggling justice, the heart that never quivered with tenderness for another had its sensitive selfish fibres that could be reached by the sharp point of anguish. The soul that bowed to no right, bowed to the great lord of mortals, Pain.

He could search into every secret of Tito's life now: he knew some of the secrets already, and the failure of the broken dagger, which seemed like frustration, had been the beginning of achievement. Doubtless that sudden rage had shaken away the obstruction which stifled his soul. Twice before, when his memory had partially returned, it had been in consequence of sudden excitation: once when he had had to defend himself from an enraged dog; once when he had been overtaken by the waves and had had to scramble up a rock to save himself.

Yes, but if this time, as then, the light were to die out, and the dreary

conscious blank come back again! This time the light was stronger and steadier; but what security was there that before the morrow the dark fog would not be round him again? Even the fear seemed like the beginning of feebleness: he thought with alarm that he might sink the faster for this excited vigil of his on the hill, which was expending his force; and after seeking anxiously for a sheltered corner where he might lie down, he nestled at last against a heap of warm garden straw, and so fell asleep.

When he opened his eyes again it was daylight. The first moments were filled with strange bewilderment: he was a man with a double identity; to which had he awaked?—to the life of dim-sighted sensibilities like the sad heirship of some fallen greatness, or to the life of recovered power? Surely the last, for the events of the night all came back to him: the recognition of the page in Pausanias, the crowding resurgence of facts and names, the sudden wide prospect which had given him such a moment as that of the Mænad in the glorious amaze of her morning waking on the mountain top. He took up the book again, he read, he remembered without reading. He saw a name, and the images of deeds rose with it; he saw the mention of a deed, and he linked it with a name. There were stories of inexpiable crimes, but stories also of guilt that seemed successful. There were sanctuaries for swift-footed miscreants; baseness had its armour, and the weapons of justice sometimes broke against it. What then? If baseness triumphed everywhere else, if it could heap to itself all the goods of the world, and even hold the keys of hell, it would never triumph over the hatred itself awaked. It could devise no torture that would seem greater than the torture of submitting to its smile. Baldassarre felt the indestructible independent force of a supreme emotion, which knows no terror, and asks for no motive—which is itself an ever-burning motive, consuming all other desire. And now, in this morning light, when the assurance came again that the fine fibres of association were active still, and that his recovered self had not departed, all his gladness was but the hope of vengeance.

From that time till the evening on which we have seen him enter the Rucellai gardens, he had been incessantly, but cautiously, inquiring into Tito's position and all his circumstances, and there was hardly a day on which he did not contrive to follow his movements. But he wished not to arouse any alarm in Tito: he wished to secure a moment when the hated favourite of blind fortune was at the summit of confident ease, surrounded by chief men on whose favour he depended. It was not any retributive payment or recognition of himself for his own behoof, on which Baldassarre's whole soul was bent: it was to find the sharpest edge of disgrace and shame by which a selfish smiler could be pierced; it was to send through his marrow the most sudden shock of dread. He was content to lie hard, and live stintedly—he had spent the greater part of his remaining money in buying another poniard: his hunger and his thirst were after nothing exquisite but an exquisite vengeance. He had avoided

addressing himself to any one whom he suspected of intimacy with Tito, lest an alarm raised in Tito's mind should urge him either to flight, or to some other counteracting measure which hard-pressed ingenuity might devise. For this reason he had never entered Nello's shop, which he observed that Tito frequented, and he had turned aside to avoid meeting Piero di Cosimo.

The possibility of frustration gave added eagerness to his desire that the great opportunity he sought should not be deferred. The desire was eager in him on another ground; he trembled lest his memory should go again. Whether from the agitating presence of that fear, or from some other causes, he had twice felt a sort of mental dizziness, in which the inward sense or imagination seemed to be losing the distinct forms of things. Once he had attempted to enter the Palazzo Vecchio and make his way into a council-chamber where Tito was, and had failed. But now on this evening, he felt that his occasion was come.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A Supper in the Rucellai Gardens.

On entering the handsome pavilion, Tito's quick glance soon discerned in the selection of the guests the confirmation of his conjecture that the object of the gathering was political, though, perhaps, nothing more distinct than that strengthening of party which comes from good-fellowship. Good dishes and good wine were at that time believed to heighten the consciousness of political preferences, and in the inspired ease of after-supper talk it was supposed that people ascertained their own opinions with a clearness quite inaccessible to uninvited stomachs. The Florentines were a sober and frugal people; but wherever men have gathered wealth, Madonna della Gozzoviglia and San Buonvino have had their worshippers; and the Rucellai were among the few Florentine families who kept a great table and lived splendidly. It was not probable that on this evening there would be any attempt to apply high philosophic theories; and there could be no objection to the bust of Plato looking on, or even to the modest presence of the cardinal virtues in fresco on the walls.

That bust of Plato had been long used to look down on conviviality of a more transcendental sort, for it had been brought from Lorenzo's villa after his death, when the meetings of the Platonic Academy had been transferred to these gardens. Especially on every thirteenth of November, reputed anniversary of Plato's death, it had looked from under laurel leaves at a picked company of scholars and philosophers, who met to eat and drink with moderation, and to discuss and admire, perhaps with less moderation, the doctrines of the great master:—on Pico della Mirandola, once a Quixotic young genius, with long curls, astonished at his own

powers, and astonishing Rome with heterodox theses; afterwards a more humble student, with a consuming passion for inward perfection, having come to find the universe more astonishing than his own cleverness:—on innocent, laborious Marsilio Ficino, picked out young to be reared as a Platonic philosopher, and fed on Platonism in all its stages till his mind was perhaps a little pulpy from that too exclusive diet:—on Angelo Poliziano, chief literary genius of that age, a born poet, and a scholar without dulness, whose phrases had blood in them and are alive still:—or, farther back, on Leon Battista Alberti, a reverend senior when those three were young, and of a much grander type than they, a robust, universal mind, at once practical and theoretic, artist, man of science, inventor, poet:—and on many more valiant workers whose names are not registered where every day we turn the leaf to read them, but whose labours make a part, though an unrecognized part, of our inheritance, like the ploughing and sowing of past generations.

Bernardo Rucellai was a man to hold a distinguished place in that Academy even before he became its host and patron. He was still in the prime of life, not more than four and forty, with a somewhat haughty, cautiously dignified presence; conscious of an amazingly pure Latinity, but, says Erasmus, not to be caught speaking Latin—no word of Latin to be sheared off him by the sharpest of Teutons. He welcomed Tito with more marked favour than usual, and gave him a place between Lorenzo Tornabuoni and Giannozzo Pucci, both of them accomplished young members of the Medicean party.

Of course the talk was the lightest in the world while the brass bowl, filled with scented water, was passing round, that the company might wash their hands, and rings flashed on white fingers under the wax-lights, and there was the pleasant fragrance of fresh white damask newly come from France. The tone of remark was a very common one in those times. Some one asked what Dante's pattern old Florentine would think if the life could come into him again under his leathern belt and bone clasp, and he could see silver forks on the table? And it was agreed on all hands that the habits of posterity would be very surprising to ancestors, if ancestors could only know them. And while the silver forks were just dallying with the appetizing delicacies that introduced the more serious business of the supper—such as morsels of liver, cooked to that exquisite point that they would melt in the mouth—there was time to admire the designs on the enamelled silver centres of the brass service, and to say something, as usual, about the silver dish for *confetti*, a masterpiece of Antonio Pollajuolo, whom patronizing Popes had seduced from his native Florence to more gorgeous Rome.

"Ah, I remember," said Niccolò Ridolfi, a middle-aged man, with that negligent ease of manner which, seeming to claim nothing, is really based on the life-long consciousness of commanding rank—"I remember our Antonio getting bitter about his chiselling and enamelling of these metal things, and taking in a fury to painting, because, said he, 'the

artist who puts his work into gold and silver, puts his brains into the melting-pot.'"

"And that is not unlikely to be a true foreboding of Antonio's," said Giannozzo Pucci. "If this pretty war with Pisa goes on, and the revolt only spreads a little to our other towns, it is not only our silver dishes that are likely to go; I doubt whether Antonio's silver saints round the altar of San Giovanni will not some day vanish from the eyes of the faithful to be worshipped more devoutly in the form of coin."

"The Frate is preparing us for that already," said Tornabuoni. "He is telling the people that God will not have silver crucifixes and starving stomachs; and that the church is best adorned with the gems of holiness and the fine gold of brotherly love."

"A very useful doctrine of war-finance, as many a Condottiere has found," said Bernardo Rucellai, drily. "But politics come on after the *confetti*, Lorenzo, when we can drink wine enough to wash them down; they are too solid to be taken with roast and boiled."

"Yes, indeed," said Niccolò Ridolfi. "Our Luigi Pulci would have said this delicate boiled kid must be eaten with an impartial mind. I remember one day at Careggi, when Luigi was in his rattling vein, he was maintaining that nothing perverted the palate like opinion. 'Opinion,' said he, 'corrupts the saliva—that's why men took to pepper. Scepticism is the only philosophy that doesn't bring a taste in the mouth.' 'Nay,' says poor Lorenzo de' Medici, 'you must be out there, Luigi. Here is this untainted sceptic, Matteo Franco, who wants hotter sauce than any of us.' 'Because he has a strong opinion of *himself*,' flashes out Luigi, 'which is the original egg of all other opinion. *He* a sceptic? He believes in the immortality of his own verses. He is such a logician as that preaching friar who described the pavement of the bottomless pit.' Poor Luigi! his mind was like sharpest steel that can touch nothing without cutting."

"And yet a very gentle-hearted creature," said Giannozzo Pucci. "It seemed to me his talk was a mere blowing of soap-bubbles. What dithyrambs he went into about eating and drinking! and yet he was as temperate as a butterfly."

The light talk and the solid eatables were not soon at an end, for after the roast and boiled meats came the indispensable capon and game, and, crowning glory of a well-spread table, a peacock cooked according to the receipt of Apicius for cooking partridges, namely, with the feathers on, but not plucked afterwards, as that great authority ordered concerning his partridges; on the contrary, so disposed on the dish that it might look as much as possible like a live peacock taking its unboiled repose. Great was the skill required in that confidential servant who was the official carver, respectfully to turn the classical though insipid bird on its back, and expose the plucked breast from which he was to dispense a delicate slice to each of the honourable company, unless any one should be of so independent a mind as to decline that expensive toughness and prefer the vulgar digestibility of capon.

A Supper in the Ruceliai Gardens

Hardly any one was so bold. Tito quoted Horace, and dispersed his slice in small particles over his plate; Bernardo Rucellai made a learned observation about the ancient price of peacocks' eggs, but did not pretend to eat his slice; and Niccolò Ridolfi held a mouthful on his fork while he told a favourite story of Luigi Pulci's, about a man of Siena, who, wanting to give a splendid entertainment at moderate expense, bought a wild goose, cut off its beak and webbed feet, and boiled it in its feathers, to pass for a pea-hen.

In fact, very little peacock was eaten; but there was the satisfaction of sitting at a table where peacock was served up in a remarkable manner, and of knowing that such caprices were not within reach of any but those who supped with the very wealthiest men. And it would have been rashness to speak slightingly of peacock's flesh, or any other venerable institution, at a time when Fra Girolamo was teaching the disturbing doctrine that it was not the duty of the rich to be luxurious for the sake of the poor.

Meanwhile, in the chill obscurity that surrounded this centre of warmth, and light, and savoury odours, the lonely disowned man was walking in gradually narrowing circuits. He paused among the trees, and looked in at the windows, which made brilliant pictures against the gloom. He could hear the laughter; he could see Tito gesticulating with careless grace, and hear his voice, now alone, now mingling in the merry confusion of interlacing speeches. Baldassarre's mind was highly strung. He was preparing himself for the moment when he could win his entrance into this brilliant company; and he had a savage satisfaction in the sight of Tito's easy gaiety, which seemed to be preparing the unconscious victim for more effective torture.

But the men seated among the branching tapers and the flashing cups could know nothing of the pale fierce face that watched them from without. The light can be a curtain as well as the darkness.

And the talk went on with more eagerness as it became less disconnected and trivial. The sense of citizenship was just then strongly forced even on the most indifferent minds. What the over-mastering Fra Girolamo was saying and prompting was really uppermost in the thoughts of every one at table; and before the stewed fish was removed, and while the favourite sweets were yet to come, his name rose to the surface of the conversation, and, in spite of Rucellai's previous prohibition, the talk again became political. At first, while the servants remained present, it was mere gossip: what had been done in the Palazzo on this first day's voting for the Great Council; how hot-tempered and domineering Francesco Valori was, as if he were to have everything his own way by right of his austere virtue; and how it was clear to everybody who heard Soderini's speeches in favour of the Great Council, and also heard the Frate's sermons, that they were both kneaded in the same trough.

"My opinion is," said Niccolò Ridolfi, "that the Frate has a longer head for public matters than Soderini or any *Piagnone* among them: you

may depend on it that Soderini is his mouth-piece more than he is Soderini's."

"No, Niccolò; there I differ from you," said Bernardo Rucellai: "the Frate has an acute mind, and readily sees what will serve his own ends; but it is not likely that Pagolantonio Soderini, who has had long experience of affairs, and has specially studied the Venetian Council, should be much indebted to a monk for ideas on that subject. No, no: Soderini loads the cannon; though, I grant you, Fra Girolamo brings the powder and lights the match. He is master of the people, and the people are getting master of us. Ecco!"

"Well," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni, presently, when the room was clear of servants, and nothing but wine was passing round, "whether Soderini is indebted or not, *we* are indebted to the Frate for the general amnesty which has gone along with the scheme of the Council. We might have done without the fear of God and the reform of morals being passed by a majority of black beans; but that excellent proposition, that our Medicean heads should be allowed to remain comfortably on our shoulders, and that we should not be obliged to hand over our property in fines, has my warm approval, and it is my belief that nothing but the Frate's predominance could have procured that for us. And you may rely on it that Fra Girolamo is as firm as a rock on that point of promoting peace. I have had an interview with him."

There was a murmur of surprise and curiosity at the farther end of the table; but Bernardo Rucellai simply nodded, as if he knew what Tornabuoni had to say, and wished him to go on.

"Yes," proceeded Tornabuoni, "I have been favoured with an interview in the Frate's own cell, which, let me tell you, is not a common favour; for I have reason to believe that even Francesco Valori very seldom sees him in private. However, I think he saw me the more willingly because I was not a ready-made follower, but had to be converted. And, for my part, I see clearly enough that the only safe and wise policy for us Mediceans to pursue is to throw our strength into the scale of the Frate's party. We are not strong enough to make head on our own behalf; and if the Frate and the popular party were upset, every one who hears me knows perfectly well what other party would be uppermost just now: Nerli, Alberti, Pazzi, and the rest—*Arrabbiati*, as somebody christened them the other day—who, instead of giving us an amnesty, would be inclined to fly at our throats like mad dogs, and not be satisfied till they had banished half of us."

There were strong interjections of assent to this last sentence of Tornabuoni's, as he paused and looked round a moment.

"A wise dissimulation," he went on, "is the only course for moderate rational men in times of violent party feeling. I need hardly tell this company what are my real political attachments: I am not the only man here who has strong personal ties to the banished family; but, apart from any such ties, I agree with my more experienced friends, who are allowing

me to speak for them in their presence, that the only lasting and peaceful state of things for Florence is the predominance of some single family interest. This theory of the Frate's, that we are to have a popular government, in which every man is to strive only for the general good, and know no party names, is a theory that may do for some isle of Cristoforo Colombo's finding, but will never do for our fine old quarrelsome Florence. A change must come before long, and with patience and caution we have every chance of determining the change in our favour. Meanwhile, the best thing we can do will be to keep the Frate's flag flying, for if any other were to be hoisted just now it would be a black flag for us."

"It's true," said Niccolò Ridolfi, in a curt decisive way. "What you say is true, Lorenzo. For my own part, I am too old for anybody to believe that I've changed my feathers. And there are certain of us—our old Bernardo del Nero for one—whom you would never persuade to borrow another man's shield. But we can lie still, like sleepy old dogs; and it's clear enough that barking would be of no use just now. As for this psalm-singing party, who vote for nothing but the glory of God, and want to make believe we can all love each other, and talk as if vice could be swept out with a besom by the Magnificent Eight, their day will not be a long one. After all the talk of scholars, there are but two sorts of government: one where men show their teeth at each other, and one where men show their tongues and lick the feet of the strongest. They'll get their Great Council finally voted to-morrow—that's certain enough—and they'll think they've found out a new plan of government; but as sure as there's a human skin under every *lucco* in the Council, their new plan will end like every other, in snarling or in licking. That's my view of things as a plain man. Not that I consider it becoming in men of family and following, who have got others depending on their constancy and on their sticking to their colours, to go a-hunting with a fine net to catch reasons in the air, like doctors of law. I say frankly that, as the head of my family, I shall be true to my old alliances; and I have never yet seen any chalk-mark on political reasons to tell me which is true and which is false. My friend Bernardo Rucellai here is a man of reasons, I know, and I've no objection to anybody's finding fine-spun reasons for me, so that they don't interfere with my actions as a man of family who has faith to keep with his connections."

"If that is an appeal to me, Niccolò," said Bernardo Rucellai, with a formal dignity, in amusing contrast with Ridolfi's curt and pithy ease, "I may take this opportunity of saying, that while my wishes are partly determined by long-standing personal relations, I cannot enter into any positive schemes with persons over whose actions I have no control. I myself might be content with a restoration of the old order of things; but with modifications—with important modifications. And the one point on which I wish to declare my concurrence with Lorenzo Tornabuoni is, that the best policy to be pursued by our friends is, to throw the weight of their interest into the scale of the popular party. For myself, I con-

descend to no dissimulation; nor do I at present see the party or the scheme that commands my full assent. In all alike there is crudity and confusion of ideas, and of all the twenty men who are my colleagues in the present crisis, there is not one with whom I do not find myself in wide disagreement."

Niccolò Ridolfi shrugged his shoulders, and left it to some one else to take up the ball. As the wine went round the talk became more and more frank and lively, and the desire of several at once to be the chief speaker, as usual caused the company to break up into small knots of two and three. It was a result which had been foreseen by Lorenzo Tornabuoni and Giannozzo Pucci, and they were among the first to turn aside from the high-road of general talk and enter into a special conversation with Tito, who sat between them; gradually pushing away their seats, and turning their backs on the table and wine.

"In truth, Melema," Tornabuoni was saying at this stage, laying one hose-clad leg across the knee of the other, and caressing his ancle, "I know of no man in Florence who can serve our party better than you. You see what most of our friends are: men who can no more hide their prejudices than a dog can hide the natural tone of his bark, or else men whose political ties are so notorious, that they must always be objects of suspicion. Giannozzo here, and I, I flatter myself, are able to overcome that suspicion; we have that power of concealment and finesse, without which a rational cultivated man, instead of having any prerogative, is really at a disadvantage compared with a wild bull or a savage. But, except yourself, I know of no one else on whom we could rely for the necessary discretion."

"Yes," said Giannozzo Pucci, laying his hand on Tito's shoulder, "the fact is, *Tito mio*, you can help us better than if you were Ulysses himself, for I am convinced that Ulysses often made himself disagreeable. To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath. And there is not a soul in Florence who could undertake a business like this journey to Rome, for example, with the same safety that you can. There is your scholarship, which may always be a pretext for such journeys; and what is better, there is your talent, which it would be harder to match than your scholarship. Niccolò Macchiavelli might have done for us if he had been on our side, but hardly so well. He is too much bitten with notions, and has not your power of fascination. All the worse for him. He has lost a great chance in life, and you have got it."

"Yes," said Tornabuoni, lowering his voice in a significant manner, "you have only to play your game well, Melema, and the future belongs to you. For the Medici, you may rely upon it, will keep a foot in Rome as well as in Florence, and the time may not be far off when they will be able to make a finer career for their adherents even than they did in old days. Why shouldn't you take orders some day? There's a cardinal's hat at the end of that road, and you would not be the first Greek who has worn that ornament."

Tito laughed gaily. He was too acute not to measure Tornabuoni's exaggerated flattery, but still the flattery had a pleasant flavour.

"My joints are not so stiff yet," he said, "that I can't be induced to run without such a high prize as that. I think the income of an abbey or two held 'in commendam,' without the trouble of getting my head shaved, would satisfy me at present."

"I was not joking," said Tornabuoni, with grave suavity; "I think a scholar would always be the better off for taking orders. But we'll talk of that another time. One of the objects to be first borne in mind, is that you should win the confidence of the men who hang about San Marco; that is what Giannozzo and I shall do, but you may carry it farther than we can, because you are less observed. In that way you can get a thorough knowledge of their doings, and you will make a broader screen for your agency on our side. Nothing of course can be done before you start for Rome, because this bit of business between Piero de' Medici and the French nobles must be effected at once. I mean when you come back, of course; I need say no more. I believe you could make yourself the pet votary of San Marco, if you liked; but you are wise enough to know that effective dissimulation is never immoderate."

"If it were not that an adhesion to the popular side is necessary to your safety as an agent of our party, *Tito mio*," said Giannozzo Pucci, who was more fraternal and less patronizing in his manners than Tornabuoni, "I could have wished your skill to have been employed in another way, for which it is still better fitted. But now we must look out for some other man among us who will manage to get into the confidence of our sworn enemies, the Arrabbiati; we need to know their movements more than those of the Frate's party, who are strong enough to play above board. Still, it would have been a difficult thing for you, from your known relations with the Medici a little while back, and that sort of kinship your wife has with Bernardo del Nero. We must find a man who has no distinguished connections, and who has not yet taken any side."

Tito was pushing his hair back automatically, as his manner was, and looking straight at Pucci with a scarcely perceptible smile on his lip.

"No need to look out for any one else," he said promptly, "I can manage the whole business with perfect ease. I will engage to make myself the special confidant of that thick-headed Dolfo Spini, and know his projects before he knows them himself."

Tito seldom spoke so confidently of his own powers, but he was in a state of exaltation at the sudden opening of a new path before him, where fortune seemed to have hung higher prizes than any he had thought of hitherto. Hitherto he had seen success only in the form of favour; it now flashed on him in the shape of power—of such power as is possible to talent without traditional ties, and without beliefs. Each party that thought of him as a tool might become dependent on him. His position as an alien, his indifference to the ideas or prejudices of the men amongst whom he moved, were suddenly transformed into advantages; he became

newly conscious of his own adroitness in the presence of a game that he was called on to play. And all the motives which might have made Tito shrink from the triple deceit that came before him as a tempting game, had been slowly strangled in him by the successive falsities of his life.

Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems to make a reason why we should always be noble. But Tito was feeling the effect of an opposite tradition: he had won no memories of self-conquest and perfect faithfulness from which he could have a sense of falling.

The triple colloquy went on with growing spirit till it was interrupted by a call from the table. Probably the movement came from the listeners in the party, who were afraid lest the talkers should tire themselves. At all events it was agreed that there had been enough gravity, and Rucellai had just ordered new flasks of Montepulciano.

"How many minstrels are there among us?" he said, when there had been a general rallying round the table. "Melema, I think you are the chief: Matteo will give you the lute."

"Ah, yes!" said Giannozzo Pucci, "lead the last chorus from Poliziano's *Orfeo*, that you have found such an excellent measure for, and we will all fall in:

Ciascun segua, o Bacco, te:
Bacco, Bacco, evoè, evoè!"

The servant put the lute into Tito's hands, and then said something in an under-tone to his master. A little subdued questioning and answering went on between them, while Tito touched the lute in a preluding way to the strain of the chorus, and there was a confusion of speech and musical humming all round the table. Bernardo Rucellai had said, "Wait a moment, Melema;" but the words had been unheard by Tito, who was leaning towards Pucci, and singing low to him the phrases of the Mænad-chorus. He noticed nothing until the buzz round the table suddenly ceased, and the notes of his own voice, with its soft low-toned triumph, "Evoè, evoè!" fell in startling isolation.

It was a strange moment. Baldassarre had moved round the table till he was opposite Tito, and as the hum ceased there might be seen for an instant Baldassarre's fierce dark eyes bent on Tito's bright smiling unconsciousness, while the low notes of triumph dropped from his lips into the silence.

Tito looked up with a slight start, and his lips turned pale, but he seemed hardly more moved than Giannozzo Pucci, who had looked up at the same moment—or even than several others round the table; for that sallow deep-lined face with the hatred in its eyes seemed a terrible apparition across the wax-lit ease and gaiety. And Tito quickly recovered some self-command. "A mad old man—he looks like it—he *is* mad!" was the instantaneous thought that brought some courage with it; for he could conjecture no inward change in Baldassarre since they had

met before. He just let his eyes fall and laid the lute on the table with apparent ease; but his fingers pinched the neck of the lute hard while he governed his head and his glance sufficiently to look with an air of quiet appeal towards Bernardo Rucellai, who said at once,—

"Good man, what is your business? What is the important declaration that you have to make?"

"Messer Bernardo Rucellai, I wish you and your honourable friends to know in what sort of company you are sitting. There is a traitor among you."

There was a general movement of alarm. Every one present, except Tito, thought of political danger, and not of private injury.

Baldassarre began to speak as if he were thoroughly assured of what he had to say; but, in spite of his long preparation for this moment, there was the tremor of over-mastering excitement in his voice. His passion shook him. He went on, but he did not say what he had meant to say. As he fixed his eyes on Tito again the passionate words were like blows—they defied premeditation.

"There is a man among you who is a scoundrel, a liar, a robber. I was a father to him. I took him from beggary when he was a child. I reared him, I cherished him, I taught him, I made him a scholar. My head has lain hard that his might have a pillow. And he left me in slavery; he sold the gems that were mine, and when I came again, he denied me."

The last words had been uttered with almost convulsed agitation, and Baldassarre paused, trembling. All glances were turned on Tito, who was now looking straight at Baldassarre. It was a moment of desperation that annihilated all feeling in him, except the determination to risk anything for the chance of escape. And he gathered confidence from the agitation by which Baldassarre was evidently shaken. He had ceased to pinch the neck of the lute, and had thrust his thumbs into his belt, while his lips had begun to assume a slight curl. He had never yet done an act of murderous cruelty even to the smallest animal that could utter a cry, but at that moment he would have been capable of treading the breath from a smiling child for the sake of his own safety.

"What does this mean, Melema?" said Bernardo Rucellai, in a tone of cautious surprise. He, as well as the rest of the company, felt relieved that the tenor of the accusation was not political.

"Messer Bernardo," said Tito, "I believe this man is mad. I did not recognize him the first time he encountered me in Florence, but I know now that he is the servant who years ago accompanied me and my adoptive father to Greece, and was dismissed on account of misdemeanors. His name is Jacopo di Nola. Even at that time I believe his mind was unhinged, for, without any reason, he had conceived a strange hatred towards me; and now I am convinced that he is labouring under a mania which causes him to mistake his identity. He has already attempted my life since he has been in Florence; and I am in constant danger from him.

But he is an object of pity rather than of indignation. It is too certain that my father is dead. You have only my word for it; but I must leave it to your judgment how far it is probable that a man of intellect and learning would have been lurking about in dark corners for the last month with the purpose of assassinating me; or how far it is probable that, if this man were my second father, I could have any motive for denying him. That story about my being rescued from beggary, is the vision of a diseased brain. But it will be a satisfaction to me at least if you will demand from him proofs of his identity, lest any malignant person should choose to make this mad impeachment a reproach to me."

Tito had felt more and more confidence as he went on: the lie was not so difficult when it was once begun; and as the words fell easily from his lips, they gave him a sense of power such as men feel when they have begun a muscular feat successfully. In this way he acquired boldness enough to end with a challenge for proofs.

Baldassarre, while he had been walking in the gardens, and afterwards waiting in an outer room of the pavilion with the servants, had been making anew the digest of the evidence he would bring to prove his identity and Tito's baseness, recalling the description and history of his gems, and assuring himself by rapid mental glances that he could attest his learning and his travels. It might be partly owing to this nervous strain that the new shock of rage he felt as Tito's lie fell on his ears brought a strange bodily effect with it: a cold stream seemed to rush over him, and the last words of the speech seemed to be drowned by ringing chimes. Thought gave way to a dizzy horror, as if the earth were slipping away from under him. Every one in the room was looking at him as Tito ended, and saw that the eyes which had had such fierce intensity only a few minutes before had a vague fear in them. He clutched the back of a seat, and was silent.

Hardly any evidence could have been more in favour of Tito's assertion.

"Surely I have seen this man before, somewhere," said Tornabuoni.

"Certainly you have," said Tito, readily, in a low tone. "He is the escaped prisoner who clutched me on the steps of the Duomo. I did not recognize him then; he looks now more as he used to do, except that he has a more unmistakable air of mad imbecility."

"I cast no doubt on your word, Melema," said Bernardo Rucellai, with cautious gravity, "but you are right to desire some positive test of the fact." Then turning to Baldassarre, he said, "If you are the person you claim to be, you can doubtless give some description of the gems which were your property. I myself was the purchaser of more than one gem from Messer Tito—the chief rings, I believe, in his collection. One of them is a fine sard, engraved with a subject from Homer. If, as you allege, you are a scholar, and the rightful owner of that ring, you can doubtless turn to the noted passage in Homer from which that subject is taken. Do you accept this test, Melema? or have you anything to allege against its validity? The Jacopo you speak of, was he a scholar?"

It was a fearful crisis for Tito. If he said, "Yes," his quick mind told him that he would shake the credibility of his story: if he said, "No," he risked everything on the uncertain extent of Baldassarre's imbecility. But there was no noticeable pause before he said, "No. I accept the test."

There was a dead silence while Rucellai moved towards the recess where the books were, and came back with the fine Florentine Homer in his hand. Baldassarre, when he was addressed, had turned his head towards the speaker, and Rucellai believed that he had understood him. But he chose to repeat what he had said, that there might be no mistake as to the test.

"The ring I possess," he said, "is a fine sard, engraved with a subject from Homer. There was no other at all resembling it in Messer Tito's collection. Will you turn to the passage in Homer from which that subject is taken? Seat yourself here," he added, laying the book on the table, and pointing to his own seat while he stood beside it.

Baldassarre had so far recovered from the first confused horror produced by the sensation of rushing coldness and chiming din in the ears as to be partly aware of what was said to him; he was aware that something was being demanded from him to prove his identity, but he formed no distinct idea of the details. The sight of the book recalled the habitual longing and faint hope that he could read and understand, and he moved towards the chair immediately. The book was open before him, and he bent his head a little towards it, while everybody watched him eagerly. He turned no leaf. His eyes wandered over the pages that lay before him, and then fixed on them with a straining gaze. This lasted for two or three minutes in dead silence. Then he lifted his hands to each side of his head, and said, in a low tone of despair, "Lost, lost!"

There was something so piteous in the wandering look and the low cry, that while they confirmed the belief in his madness they raised compassion. Nay, so distinct sometimes is the working of a double consciousness within us, that Tito himself, while he triumphed in the apparent verification of his lie, wished that he had never made the lie necessary to himself—wished he had recognized his father on the steps—wished he had gone to seek him—wished everything had been different. But he had borrowed from the terrible usurer Falsehood, and the loan had mounted and mounted with the years, till he belonged to the usurer, body and soul.

The compassion excited in all the witnesses was not without its danger to Tito; for conjecture is constantly guided by feeling, and more than one person suddenly conceived that this man might have been a scholar and have lost his faculties. On the other hand, they had not present to their minds the motives which could have led Tito to the denial of his benefactor, and having no ill-will towards him, it would have been difficult to them to believe that he had been uttering the basest of lies. And the originally common type of Baldassarre's person, coarsened by years of hardship, told as a confirmation of Tito's lie. If Baldassarre, to begin with, could have uttered precisely the words he had premeditated, there

might have been something in the form of his accusation which would have given it the stamp not only of true experience but of mental refinement. But there had been no such testimony in his impulsive agitated words; and there seemed the very opposite testimony in the rugged face and the coarse hands that trembled beside it, standing out in strong contrast in the midst of that velvet-clad, fair-handed company. His next movement, while he was being watched in silence, told against him too. He took his hands from his head, and felt for something under his tunic. Every one guessed what that movement meant—guessed that there was a weapon at his side. Glances were interchanged; and Bernardo Rucellai said, in a quiet tone, touching Baldassarre's shoulder:—

"My friend, this is an important business of yours. You shall have all justice. Follow me into a private room."

Baldassarre was still in that half-stunned state in which he was susceptible to any prompting, in the same way as an insect, that forms no conception of what the prompting leads to. He rose from his seat, and followed Rucellai out of the room.

In two or three minutes Rucellai came back again, and said,—

"He is safe under lock and key. Piero Pitti, you are one of the Magnificent Eight, what do you think of our sending Matteo to the palace for a couple of *sbirri*, who may escort him to the Stinche?* If there is any danger in him, as I think there is, he will be safe there; and we can inquire about him to-morrow."

Pitti assented, and the order was given.

"He is certainly an ill-looking fellow," said Tornabuoni. "And you say he has attempted your life already, Melema?"

And the talk turned on the various forms of madness, and the fierceness of the southern blood. If the seeds of conjecture unfavourable to Tito had been planted in the mind of any one present, they were hardly strong enough to grow without the aid of much daylight and ill-will. The common-looking, wild-eyed old man, clad in serge, might have won belief without very strong evidence, if he had accused a man who was envied and disliked. As it was, the only congruous and probable view of the case seemed to be the one that sent the unpleasant accuser safely out of sight, and left the pleasant serviceable Tito just where he was before.

The subject gradually floated away, and gave place to others, till a heavy tramp, and something like the struggling of a man who was being dragged away, were heard outside. The sounds soon died out, and the interruption seemed to make the last hour's conviviality more resolute and vigorous. Every one was willing to forget a disagreeable incident.

Tito's heart was palpitating, and the wine tasted no better to him than if it had been blood.

To-night he had paid a heavier price than ever to make himself safe. He did not like the price, and yet it was inevitable that he should be glad of the purchase.

* The largest prison in Florence.

And after all he led the chorus. He was in a state of excitement in which oppressive sensations, and the wretched consciousness of something hateful but irrevocable, were mingled with a feeling of triumph which seemed to assert itself as the feeling that would subsist and be master of the morrow.

And it *was* master. For on the morrow, as we saw, when he was about to start on his mission to Rome, he had the air of a man well satisfied with the world.

CHAPTER XL.

An Arresting Voice.

When Romola sat down on the stone under the cypress, all things conspired to give her the sense of freedom and solitude: her escape from the accustomed walls and streets; the widening distance from her husband, who was by this time riding towards Siena, while every hour would take her farther on the opposite way; the morning stillness; the great dip of ground on the roadside making a gulf between her and the sombre calm of the mountains. For the first time in her life she felt alone in the presence of the earth and sky, with no human presence interposing and making a law for her.

Suddenly a voice close to her said,—

"You are Romola de' Bardi, the wife of Tito Melema."

She knew the voice: it had vibrated through her more than once before; and because she knew it, she did not turn round or look up. She sat shaken by awe, and yet inwardly rebelling against the awe. It was one of those black-skirted monks who was daring to speak to her, and interfere with her privacy: that was all. And yet she was shaken, as if that destiny which men thought of as a sceptred deity had come to her, and grasped her with fingers of flesh.

"You are fleeing from Florence in disguise. I have a command from God to stop you. You are not permitted to flee."

Romola's anger at the intrusion mounted higher at these imperative words. She would not turn round to look at the speaker, whose examining gaze she resented. Sitting quite motionless, she said,—

"What right have you to speak to me, or to hinder me?"

"The right of a messenger. You have put on a religious garb, and you have no religious purpose. You have sought the garb as a disguise. But you were not suffered to pass me without being discerned. It was declared to me who you were: it is declared to me that you are seeking to escape from the lot God has laid upon you. You wish your true name and your true place in life to be hidden, that you may choose for yourself a new name and a new place, and have no rule but your own

will. And I have a command to call you back. My daughter, you must return to your place."

Romola's mind rose in stronger rebellion with every sentence. She was the more determined not to show any sign of submission, because the consciousness of being inwardly shaken made her dread lest she should fall into irresolution. She spoke with more irritation than before.

"I will not return. I acknowledge no right of priests and monks to interfere with my actions. You have no power over me."

"I know—I know you have been brought up in scorn of obedience. But it is not the poor monk who claims to interfere with you: it is the truth that commands you. And you cannot escape it. Either you must obey it, and it will lead you; or you must disobey it, and it will hang on you with the weight of a chain which you will drag for ever. But you will obey it, my daughter. Your old servant will return to you with the mules: my companion is gone to fetch him; and you will go back to Florence."

She started up with anger in her eyes, and faced the speaker. It was Fra Girolamo: she knew that well enough before. She was nearly as tall as he was, and their faces were almost on a level. She had started up with defiant words ready to burst from her lips, but they fell back again without utterance. She had met Fra Girolamo's calm glance, and the impression from it was so new to her, that her anger sank ashamed as something irrelevant.

There was nothing transcendent in Savonarola's face. It was not beautiful. It was strong-featured, and owed all its refinement to habits of mind and rigid discipline of the body. The source of the impression his glance produced on Romola was the sense it conveyed to her of interest in her, and care for her, apart from any personal feeling. It was the first time she had encountered a gaze in which simple human fellowship expressed itself as a strongly-felt bond. Such a glance is half the vocation of the priest or spiritual guide of men, and Romola felt it impossible again to question his authority to speak to her. She stood silent, looking at him. And he spoke again.

"You assert your freedom proudly, my daughter. But who is so base as the debtor that thinks himself free?"

There was a sting in those words, and Romola's countenance changed as if a subtle pale flash had gone over it.

"And you are flying from your debts: the debt of a Florentine woman; the debt of a wife. You are turning your back on the lot that has been appointed for you—you are going to choose another. But can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace or their father and mother. My daughter, you are fleeing from the presence of God into the wilderness."

As the anger melted from Romola's mind, it had given place to a new presentiment of the strength there might be in submission, if this man, at whom she was beginning to look with a vague reverence, had some

valid law to show her. But no—it was impossible; he could not know what determined her. Yet she could not again simply refuse to be guided; she was constrained to plead; and in her new need to be reverent while she resisted, the title which she had never given him before came to her lips without forethought.

"My father, you cannot know the reasons which compel me to go. None can know them but myself. None can judge for me. I have been driven by great sorrow. I am resolved to go."

"I know enough, my daughter: my mind has been so far illuminated concerning you, that I know enough. You are not happy in your married life; but I am not a confessor, and I seek to know nothing that should be reserved for the seal of confession. I have a divine warrant to stop you, which does not depend on such knowledge. You were warned by a message from heaven, delivered in my presence—you were warned before marriage, when you might still have lawfully chosen to be free from the marriage bond. But you chose the bond; and in wilfully breaking it—I speak to you as a pagan, if the holy mystery of matrimony is not sacred to you—you are breaking a pledge. Of what wrongs will you complain, my daughter, when you yourself are committing one of the greatest wrongs a woman and a citizen can be guilty of—withdrawing in secrecy and disguise from a pledge which you have given in the face of God and your fellow-men? Of what wrongs will you complain, when you yourself are breaking the simplest law that lies at the foundation of the trust which binds man to man—faithfulness to the spoken word? This, then, is the wisdom you have gained by scorning the mysteries of the Church?—not to see the bare duty of integrity, where the Church would have taught you to see, not integrity only, but religion."

The blood had rushed to Romola's face, and she shrank as if she had been stricken. "I would not have put on a disguise," she began; but she could not go on,—she was too much shaken by the suggestion in the Frate's words of a possible affinity between her own conduct and Tito's.

"And to break that pledge you fly from Florence: Florence, where there are the only men and women in the world to whom you owe the debt of a fellow-citizen."

"I should never have quitted Florence," said Romola, tremulously, "as long as there was any hope of my fulfilling a duty to my father there."

"And do you own no tie but that of a child to her father in the flesh? Your life has been spent in blindness, my daughter. You have lived with those who sit on a hill aloof, and look down on the life of their fellow-men. I know their vain discourse. It is of what has been in the times which they fill with their own fancied wisdom, while they scorn God's work in the present. And doubtless you were taught how there were pagan women who felt what it was to live for the republic; yet you have never felt that you, a Florentine woman, should live for Florence. If your own people are wearing a yoke, will you slip from under it,

instead of struggling with them to lighten it? There is hunger and misery in our streets, yet you say, 'I care not; I have my own sorrows; I will go away, if peradventure I can ease them.' The servants of God are struggling after a law of justice, peace, and charity, that the hundred thousand citizens among whom you were born may be governed righteously; but you think no more of that than if you were a bird, that may spread its wings and fly whither it will in search of food to its liking. And yet you have scorned the teaching of the Church, my daughter. As if you, a wilful wanderer, following your own blind choice, were not below the humblest Florentine woman who stretches forth her hands with her own people, and craves a blessing for them; and feels a close sisterhood with the neighbour who kneels beside her and is not of her own blood; and thinks of the mighty purpose that God has for Florence; and waits and endures because the promised work is great, and she feels herself little."

"I was not going away to ease and self-indulgence," said Romola, raising her head again, with a prompting to vindicate herself. "I was going away to hardship. I expect no joy: it is gone from my life."

"You are seeking your own will, my daughter. You are seeking some good other than the law you are bound to obey. But how will you find good? It is not a thing of choice: it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne, and flows by the path of obedience. I say again, man cannot choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties, and choose not to have the sorrow they bring. But you will go forth; and what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty—bitter herbs, and no bread with them."

"But if you knew," said Romola, clasping her hands and pressing them tight, as she looked pleadingly at Fra Girolamo; "if you knew what it was to me—how impossible it seemed to me to bear it."

"My daughter," he said, pointing to the cord round Romola's neck, "you carry something within your mantle; draw it forth, and look at it."

Romola gave a slight start, but her impulse now was to do just what Savonarola told her. Her self-doubt was grappled by a stronger will and a stronger conviction than her own. She drew forth the crucifix. Still pointing towards it, he said,

"There, my daughter, is the image of a Supreme Offering, made by Supreme Love, because the need of man was great."

He paused, and she held the crucifix trembling—trembling under a sudden impression of the wide distance between her present and her past self. What a length of road she had travelled through since she first took that crucifix from the Frate's hands! Had life as many secrets before her still as it had for her then, in her young blindness? It was a thought that helped all other subduing influences; and at the sound of Fra Girolamo's voice again, Romola, with a quick involuntary movement, pressed the crucifix against her mantle, and looked at him with more submission than before.

"Conform your life to that image, my daughter; make your sorrow an offering: and when the fire of Divine charity burns within you, and you behold the need of your fellow-men by the light of that flame, you will not call your offering great. You have carried yourself proudly, as one who held herself not of common blood or of common thoughts; but you have been as one unborn to the true life of man. What! you say your love for your father no longer tells you to stay in Florence? Then, since that tie is snapped, you are without a law, without religion: you are no better than a beast of the field when she is robbed of her young. If the yearning of a fleshly love is gone, you are without love, without obligation. See, then, my daughter, how you are below the life of the believer who worships that image of the Supreme Offering, and feels the glow of a common life with the lost multitude for whom that offering was made, and beholds the history of the world as the history of a great redemption in which he is himself a fellow-worker, in his own place and among his own people! If you held that faith, my beloved daughter, you would not be a wanderer flying from suffering, and blindly seeking the good of a freedom which is lawlessness. You would feel that Florence was the home of your soul as well as your birthplace, because you would see the work that was given you to do there. If you forsake your place, who will fill it? You ought to be in your place now, helping in the great work by which God will purify Florence, and raise it to be the guide of the nations. What! the earth is full of iniquity—full of groans—the light is still struggling with a mighty darkness, and you say, 'I cannot bear my bonds; I will burst them asunder; I will go where no man claims me?' My daughter, every bond of your life is a debt: the right lies in the payment of that debt; it can lie nowhere else. In vain will you wander over the earth; you will be wandering for ever away from the right."

Romola was inwardly struggling with strong forces: that immense personal influence of Savonarola, which came from the energy of his emotions and beliefs; and her consciousness, surmounting all prejudice, that his words implied a higher law than any she had yet obeyed. But the resisting thoughts were not yet overborne.

"How then could Dino be right? He broke ties. He forsook his place."

"That was a special vocation. He was constrained to depart, else he could not have attained the higher life. It would have been stifled within him."

"And I too"—said Romola, raising her hands to her brow, and speaking in a tone of anguish, as if she were being dragged to some torture. "Father, you may be wrong."

"Ask your conscience, my daughter. You have no vocation such as your brother had. You are a wife. You seek to break your ties in self-will and anger, not because the higher life calls upon you to renounce them. The higher life begins for us, my daughter, when we renounce our own will to bow before a Divine law. That seems hard to you. It is the portal of wisdom, and freedom, and blessedness. And the symbol of

it hangs before you. That wisdom is the religion of the cross. And you stand aloof from it: you are a pagan; you have been taught to say, 'I am as the wise men who lived before the time when the Jew of Nazareth was crucified.' And that is your wisdom! To be as the dead whose eyes are closed, and whose ear is deaf to the work of God that has been since their time. What has your dead wisdom done for you, my daughter? It has left you without a heart for the neighbours among whom you dwell, without care for the great work by which Florence is to be regenerated and the world made holy; it has left you without a share in the Divine life which quenches the sense of suffering Self in the ardours of an ever-growing love. And now, when the sword has pierced your soul, you say, 'I will go away; I cannot bear my sorrow.' And you think nothing of the sorrow and the wrong that are within the walls of the city where you dwell: you would leave your place empty, when it ought to be filled with your pity and your labour. If there is wickedness in the streets, your steps should shine with the light of purity: if there is a cry of anguish, you, my daughter, because you know the meaning of the cry, should be there to still it. My beloved daughter, sorrow has come to teach you a new worship: the sign of it hangs before you."

Romola's mind was still torn by conflict. She foresaw that she should obey Savonarola and go back: his words had come to her as if they were an interpretation of that revulsion from self-satisfied ease, and of that new fellowship with suffering, which had already been awakened in her. His arresting voice had brought a new condition into her life, which made it seem impossible to her that she could go on her way as if she had not heard it; yet she shrank as one who sees the path she must take, but sees, too, that the hot lava lies there. And the instinctive shrinking from a return to her husband brought doubts. She turned away her eyes from Fra Girolamo, and stood for a minute or two with her hands hanging clasped before her, like a pale statue. At last she spoke, as if the words were being wrung from her, still looking on the ground,

"My husband . . . . he is not . . . . my love is gone!"

"My daughter, there is the bond of a higher love. Marriage is not carnal only, made for selfish delight. See what that thought leads you to! It leads you to wander away in a false garb from all the obligations of your place and name. That would not have been, if you had learned that it is a sacramental vow, from which none but God can release you. My daughter, your life is not as a grain of sand, to be blown by the winds; it is as flesh and blood, that dies if it be sundered. Your husband is not a malefactor?"

Romola flushed and started. "Heaven forbid! No; I accuse him of nothing."

"I did not suppose he was a malefactor. I meant, that if he were a malefactor, your place would be in the prison beside him. My daughter, if the cross comes to you as a wife, you must carry it as a wife. You may say, 'I will forsake my husband,' but you cannot cease to be a wife."

"Yet if—oh, how could I bear——" Romola had involuntarily begun to say something which she sought to banish from her mind again.

"Make your marriage-sorrows an offering too, my daughter: an offering to the great work by which sin and sorrow are being made to cease. The end is sure, and is already beginning. Here in Florence it is beginning, and the eyes of faith behold it. And it may be our blessedness to die for it: to die daily by the crucifixion of our selfish will—to die at last by laying our bodies on the altar. My daughter, you are a child of Florence; fulfil the duties of that great inheritance. Live for Florence—for your own people, whom God is preparing to bless the earth. Bear the anguish and the smart. The iron is sharp—I know, I know—it rends the tender flesh. The draught is bitterness on the lips. But there is rapture in the cup—there is the vision which makes all life below it dross for ever. Come, my daughter, come back to your place!"

While Savonarola spoke with growing intensity, his arms tightly folded before him still, as they had been from the first, but his face alight as from an inward flame, Romola felt herself surrounded and possessed by the glow of his passionate faith. The chill doubts all melted away; she was subdued by the sense of something unspeakably great to which she was being called by a strong being who roused a new strength within herself. In a voice that was like a low, prayerful cry, she said—

"Father, I will be guided. Teach me! I will go back."

Almost unconsciously she sank on her knees. Savonarola stretched out his hands over her; but feeling would no longer pass through the channel of speech, and he was silent.

CHAPTER XLI.

Coming Back.

"Rise, my daughter," said Fra Girolamo at last. "Your servant is waiting not far off with the mules. It is time that I should go onward to Florence."

Romola arose from her knees. That silent attitude had been a sort of sacrament to her, confirming the state of yearning passivity on which she had newly entered. By the one act of renouncing her resolve to quit her husband, her will seemed so utterly bruised that she felt the need of direction even in small things. She lifted up the edge of her cowl, and saw Maso and the second Dominican standing with their backs towards her on the edge of the hill about ten yards from her; but she looked at Savonarola again without speaking, as if the order to Maso to turn back must come from him and not from her.

"I will go and call them," he said, answering her glance of appeal; "and I will recommend you, my daughter, to the Brother who is with me. You desire to put yourself under guidance, and to learn that wisdom

which has been hitherto as foolishness to you. A chief gate of that wisdom is the sacrament of confession. You will need a confessor, my daughter, and I desire to put you under the care of Fra Salvestro, one of the brethren of San Marco in whom I most confide."

"I would rather have no guidance but yours, father," said Romola, looking anxious.

"My daughter, I do not act as a confessor. The vocation I have withdraws me from offices that would force me into frequent contact with the laity, and interfere with my special duties."

"Then shall I not be able to speak to you in private? if I waver . . . if——" Romola broke off from rising agitation. She felt a sudden alarm lest her new strength in renunciation should vanish if the immediate personal influence of Savonarola vanished.

"My daughter, if your soul has need of the word in private from my lips, you will let me know it through Fra Salvestro, and I will see you in the sacristy or in the choir of San Marco. And I will not cease to watch over you. I will instruct my brother concerning you, that he may guide you into that path of labour for the suffering and the hungry to which you are called as a daughter of Florence in these times of hard need. I desire to behold you among the feebler and more ignorant sisters as the apple-tree among the trees of the forest, so that your fairness and all natural gifts may be but as a lamp through which the Divine light shines the more purely. I will go now and call your servant."

When Maso had been sent a little way in advance, Fra Salvestro came forward, and Savonarola led Romola towards him. She had beforehand felt an inward shrinking from a new guide who was a total stranger to her; but to have resisted Savonarola's advice would have been to assume an attitude of independence at a moment when all her strength must be drawn from the renunciation of independence. And the whole bent of her mind now was towards doing what was painful rather than what was easy. She bowed reverently to Fra Salvestro before looking directly at him; but when she raised her head and saw him fully, her reluctance became a palpitating doubt. There are men whose presence infuses trust and reverence; there are others to whom we have need to carry our trust and reverence ready made; and that difference flashed on Romola as she ceased to have Savonarola before her, and saw in his stead Fra Salvestro Maruffi. It was not that there was anything manifestly repulsive in Fra Salvestro's face and manner, any air of hypocrisy, any tinge of coarseness; his face was handsomer than Fra Girolamo's, his person a little taller. He was the long-accepted confessor of many among the chief personages in Florence, and had therefore had large experience as a spiritual director. But his face had the vacillating expression of a mind unable to concentrate itself strongly in the channel of one great emotion or belief, an expression which is fatal to influence over an ardent nature like Romola's. Such an expression is not the stamp of insincerity; it is the stamp simply of a shallow soul, which will often be found sincerely striving to fill a high

vocation, sincerely composing its countenance to the utterance of sublime formulas, but finding the muscles twitch or relax in spite of belief, as prose insists on coming instead of poetry to the man who has not the divine frenzy. Fra Salvestro had a peculiar liability to visions, dependent apparently on a constitution given to somnambulism. Savonarola believed in the supernatural character of these visions, while Fra Salvestro himself had originally resisted such an interpretation of them, and had even rebuked Savonarola for his prophetic preaching. Another proof, if one were wanted, that the relative greatness of men is not to be gauged by their tendency to disbelieve the superstitions of their age. For of these two there can be no question which was the great man and which the small.

The difference between them was measured very accurately by the change in Romola's feeling as Fra Salvestro began to address her in words of exhortation and encouragement. After her first angry resistance of Savonarola had passed away, she had lost all remembrance of the old dread lest any influence should drag her within the circle of fanaticism and sour monkish piety. But now again, the chill breath of that dread stole over her. It could have no decisive effect against the impetus her mind had just received; it was only like the closing of the grey clouds over the sunrise, which made her returning path monotonous and sombre.

And perhaps of all sombre paths that on which we go back after treading it with a strong resolution is the one that most severely tests the fervour of renunciation. As they re-entered the city gates the light snow-flakes fell about them, and as the grey sister walked hastily homeward from the Piazza di San Marco, and trod the bridge again, and turned in at the large door in the Via de' Bardi, her footsteps were marked darkly on the thin carpet of snow, and her cowl fell laden and damp about her face.

She went up to her room, threw off her serge, destroyed the parting letters, replaced all her precious trifles, unbound her hair, and put on her usual black dress. Instead of taking a long exciting journey, she was to sit down in her usual place. The snow fell against the windows, and she was alone.

She felt the dreariness, yet her courage was high, like that of a seeker who has come on new signs of gold. She was going to thread life by a fresh clue. She had thrown all the energy of her will into renunciation. The empty tabernacle remained locked, and she placed Dino's crucifix outside it.

Nothing broke the outward monotony of her solitary home, till the night came like a white ghost at the windows. Yet it was the most memorable Christmas-eve in her life to Romola, this of 1494.

END OF BOOK II.

The Inner Life of a Man-of-War.

My object in the present paper is to try and give the reader a definite notion of what a man-of-war is as an organized whole. Autumn tours, and the Admiralty's improved way of sending our squadrons to places which they never used to visit, have made line-of-battle ships and frigates comparatively familiar to people's eyes. But perhaps there is no scene of interest which so bewilders and puzzles the stranger who comes to see it from curiosity as a ship. In a hospital, or a prison, you are at all events in a house; there are general laws belonging to all architectures which guide you to an understanding of the place, and those who govern or administer it are ordinary denizens of *terra firma*, like yourself. But in a ship, and especially in a ship of war, all is new. The people are dressed in an unfamiliar style. The objects about are objects of which you neither know the use nor the mutual relation; and when once inside, and moving from deck to deck, you soon find it impossible to remember your way, and resign yourself helplessly to the guide who has been assigned to you. A few strong impressions lay hold of the mind. The first is probably a keen sense of the cleanliness and neatness attained in so populous and busy a place. The second—which forms itself as the eye recovers from the utter novelty of everything around—is a distinct, though unintelligent perception of a prevailing law and order in all it sees. Every class of objects has a look of being in its own place. Nobody appears to be busy or idle without knowing why, and all the wheels of the new life before the stranger are dimly seen to be turning in harmony,—as of course they are.

But such a visit to a man-of-war as our imaginary stranger has time for does not give him the opportunity of studying this harmony, or understanding how it is brought about. He may see a ship, as he sees a strange town, but to know either as a whole, it is necessary to live there. A ship has a moral life of its own just like a town, and this one can understand only by sharing it. Let me draw on my memory for the means of helping the reader who has, or even who has not, visited a man-of-war, to know what that life is, and how the many elements forming it combine to produce the famous and formidable unity which is their result.

An English man-of-war is emphatically an English microcosm,—a miniature England in a world of its own. The government is a limited monarchy; for though the captain exercises a degree of personal power such as now-a-days belongs to Continental sovereigns only, he does not exercise it unchecked or uncontrolled. He can do nothing without the authority of the thirty-nine articles of war; and he has before his eyes

the constant fear of the Admiralty, whose parliamentary responsibility keeps them quite *en rapport* with public opinion. His officers, the aristocracy and gentry of the floating institution, constitute another practical check upon him, and beyond them lies his people, the crew, to whose feeling about himself no captain can afford to be indifferent. It is difficult enough at all times to man our ships now; but a thoroughly unpopular "skipper" cannot man a ship at all; and the Admiralty have no temptation to appoint an officer whose vessel must lie short of hands for months at Spithead or in Plymouth Sound. These checks, one way and another, effectually limit the king of our little kingdom; but they leave him as much power for good and evil as belongs to any position of command in modern life, quite enough power to require all the sense and temper which is commonly brought to the discharge of its duties. Not only, however, is the government of England roughly copied in the government of a ship of war, but the most important elements of English social life are represented on board her. There is a chaplain to stand for the church. There are marines to stand for the army. The higher education is carried on by a naval instructor; the lower by a ship's schoolmaster. Medicine has its surgeons, and assistant-surgeons—finance its paymaster, with his staff—science has the master, who takes charge of the observations and log. And so in the inferior ranks. There is a carpenter with his little crew of carpenters—a sailmaker with his little crew of sailmakers—a cook with his subordinate cook. The fine arts, I fear, cannot be said to be amply represented. But the large ship has its band, and every class of ship its fiddler,—so music is not forgotten. And up and down a crew, there are scattered unlucky and adventurous professors of all kinds of accomplishments,—strolling players, barbers, and so forth. Thus, a line-of-battle ship, which is as populous as a village to begin with, is not only a good-sized piece of England, but is a little "working model" of the old country herself. And I wish the reader to seize that idea of it as a whole, before I proceed to analyze the construction and to describe the working of the machine.

I have said that the captain is the king of this wandering little England. It is his assuming the command (which he does by reading his commission on the quarter-deck)—a command the symbol of which is the long pendant streaming from the highest mast—that constitutes the vessel a political unity. Everybody who joins her enters now into a new series of conditions. Last week the officers wore plain clothes—"mufti,"—and were private gentlemen, enjoying themselves like other private gentlemen, in various ways. The seamen were free British subjects, with the whole ocean to choose their next cruising-ground in, after spending the proceeds of the last voyage. Now, both classes are committed to a specific position and duties in H.M.S., and have come under a range of obligations quite different from those of civilians. The ship begins to grow into a complete man-of-war, day by day, according to the laws of man-of-war growth; having *quickened*, so to speak, from the moment that

the captain's commission gave her moral life. What she becomes at full growth will be best seen from a sketch of her component parts.

In order to understand a man-of-war, it is primarily necessary to consider her as formed of many parts, all arranged together under the predominant law of subordination. Thus, one may speak correctly of the "captain and officers," or of the "officers and crew," or of the "seamen and marines," of a man-of-war. But all such broad divisions require to be subdivided; and, in reality, the whole body is made up of small parts, each of which resembles the other, as far as the principles on which it acts are concerned, and each of which, though with functions of its own, is related to all the other parts. Taking the crew, for example—the "men," as they are called, when spoken of as distinct from the officers—we find them divided by grades not less important than those which divide the officers themselves. There are able seamen, or "A. B.'s;" ordinary seamen; landsmen; first-class boys; second-class boys. The A. B. is a finished seaman, not only able to do all the usual work, below and aloft, but to take the helm and the lead. The ordinary seaman is a less qualified man, receiving less pay; but will probably rise from that to the higher "rating" by and by. The landsman is employed only on deck, and, for the most part, at mean occupations, like sweeping, and dirty work. The boys rank by age and length of service, rising from grade to grade. But if the mere term "seaman" would imperfectly describe one of the "men," so the mere term "officer" would equally imperfectly describe one of the officers. Not only are there the officers proper, from captain to naval cadet; there are different classes below these. There are the warrant-officers: boatswain, gunner, and carpenter; and the petty officers: quartermaster, boatswain's mate, master-at-arms, &c. These, however, are not all the grades in the scheme. There is a captain to each top; a coxswain to each boat; a captain of the head; a captain of the after-guard. Subordination, therefore, interpenetrates the whole body social of a man-of-war; it does not only act broadly, but minutely; nor generally only, but in detail. Subordination and classification are, in fact, the two great principles which regulate everything afloat. Subordination teaches a man *that* he must obey,—and *whom*. Classification teaches him *how* he must obey—and *where*. I will take these principles in succession, and describe the machinery by which they work. There are varieties of detail according to the size of vessels; but what I now say must be understood to apply to the typical vessel—the two-decker line-of-battle ship, say of eighty guns. In thus ranking ships,—it may be premised,—the upper deck, or deck on which you are in the open air, does not count. A two-decker has two gun-decks below that—the *main* and *lower* deck; a three-decker, three: *main*, *middle*, and *lower*. A frigate (which does not belong to the line-of-battle class) has only one—the *main*. "Small craft"—corvettes, brigs, and so on—have, of course, guns on the upper deck only.

The corner-stone of naval subordination, then, is the authority of the

captain. He commands the ship, even though there should be an admiral on board in command of the fleet; and it is the life of the ship, as a unit, with which we are now concerned. He represents the Crown on board the ship, and the ship herself to the world outside her. He is the depositary of the Admiralty's instructions about the ship's mission, and knows why she is at a particular place at a particular time. Thus, a good deal of quasi-political and quasi-diplomatic work is done by our naval captains. They are in intimate communication with British ministers and British consuls on each station; and send reports home on the state of things in disturbed countries. Brigandage in the neighbourhood of Patras; Lebanon tribe-fights near Beyrout; the last massacre of the King of Dahomey, and a score of such subjects, are successively themes for naval eloquence. Thus, a well-employed naval man has seen more of the world than most people. He may have dined with the Imaum of Muscat; danced with the Queen of Greece; smoked a pipe with Mehemet Ali; and kissed Queen Pomare. Pashas, European sovereigns, the great wine-merchants of one town, the great silk-merchants of another, show him civilities of which the variety is not the least amusing and instructive feature. When he returns on board his ship, after a visit to the shore, his face is watched by the inferior officers and men as an index of the important news with which his mind is supposed to be big. At all events, he knows when the ship is to sail,—a matter of mighty moment to mess-stewards, who have bread to order; and gentlemen whose shirts are in the hands of washerwomen of the less civilized races of mankind. No wonder that our captain—especially since naval education is still capable of much improvement—occasionally "assumes the god, affects to nod," and so forth. In such cases, the best thing to be hoped is, that his pomposity will take the turn of despatch-writing, and the humour discharge itself in a run of rhetoric. When this is the case, the Admiralty is safe, for it need not read his correspondence,—while the ship is safe, because the energy that might become tyrannical finds a vent elsewhere.

The captain, having the supreme functions to discharge—being, also, the ultimate court of appeal in all matters of discipline, and being, of course, responsible primarily for the ship, whose course at sea he traces day by day on the chart—does not undertake those more ordinary duties which fall to the lot of the skipper of a merchantman. For example, he does not "carry on;" that is to say, he does not give the orders while the common operations of the ship, tacking, reefing topsails, &c. &c., are being gone through. This devolves (when "all hands" are at work, for when "the watch" only is working, then the "officer of the watch" carries on) upon the commander; or, in frigates, and smaller vessels, upon the first lieutenant. If the captain is king in a man-of-war, so the commander is prime minister, grand vizier, or other analogous functionary. He occupies the intermediate rank between captain and lieutenant—a rank in which one must serve a definite time, afloat, before being eligible to a captaincy, and

beyond which many an officer, not to be considered unsuccessful in life, never rises. The commander does not, like the captain or admiral, mess by himself; but is the first man in the ward-room mess, which includes lieutenants, master, marine-officers, naval instructor, chaplain, paymaster, and all the surgeons. The captain occupying the upper-deck range of cabins, that on the main-deck falls to the lot of the ward-room. And here let me point out that a ship has its places and posts of honour like palaces which do not float. Contrary to the analogy of the human structure, it is the stern that is the seat of dignity in her Majesty's ships and vessels of war, as they are called in the Articles. The whole of the ship behind (or "abaft") the *main* (or centre) mast partakes of a superior *prestige*—whence the expression "before the mast," to signify the condition of a common seaman. The quarter-deck, bounded by the main-mast and the poop, may thus justly be called the sacred place of a man-of-war. Here the officer of the watch paces, in harbour, the *starboard* (right-hand) side; at sea the *weather* side, or that *from* which the wind is blowing; while his inferior officer, sub-lieutenant or midshipman, paces the less dignified *larboard* or *lee* side, in a parallel line. Everybody, on coming on the quarter-deck, touches his cap to the invisible authority from which the spot derives its sanctity; and it is, in fact, the temple of naval tradition—the *sacrarium* or *lararium* (albeit without images) of a Queen's ship.

The mention of "officers of the watch" brings us to the next grade below that of commander, the grade of lieutenant. There are five or six lieutenants in a line-of-battle ship: men averaging from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, and performing most important parts of the governing system. Each lieutenant takes command of a watch, and is, for the time, responsible for the ship, which is virtually under his charge. In boat expeditions, a lieutenant commands each of the larger boats. One of them commands each division of guns. And besides this general distribution, there is one specially devoted to gunnery, and one specially charged with the department of signals. Lieutenants are a sort of provincial governors in the system—like the lord-lieutenants of counties, or the pashas of districts under the Sultan. Many men stop at this rank (there are even lieutenants living who have been at the Nile and Trafalgar), since there is no necessary rising beyond it to the next step. Many lieutenants, however, become retired commanders, and are respectably shelved in that grade, which gives them the social title of "captain" for life. Of about a hundred Trafalgar men now surviving, the great majority of whom were midshipmen in that glorious fight, forty-three have reached no higher than to this station. A lieutenant has, of course, a cabin to himself, most generally on the main deck, and takes relative rank with captains in the army. Let us glance at his messmates in the ward-room, beginning with the master, who ranks *with* and *after* him; that is to say, has a formal and social equality, but would not take *command* of a ship so long as even the junior lieutenant survived.

The rank of master is a peculiar one. It does not exist at all in the French navy, nor, I believe, in any service but the British. There seems no doubt that it originated in the old division—so contrary to all our modern associations—between the man who *fought* and the man who *sailed* a ship of war. Few readers, probably, realize the fact that Admiral Blake was not a sailor!—that he did not go afloat till he was fifty years old—and that he was chosen to be sent afloat then, not from any special aptitude for the sea (since who could foretell that he would display that aptitude?), but simply because he had distinguished himself as a general in the Civil War. Ships whose military command was under one man, must necessarily have been sailed and navigated by seamen, or "masters," as they are still called in the merchant service. Now, what are the duties of the existing master of a royal ship? They are duties pre-eminently nautical. He keeps the log. He takes the observations. He has the rigging and stores peculiarly under his charge, with the boatswain for *his* premier. In action he "conns" the ship—that is to say, gives the helmsman his orders—thus conducting her where the captain decides she can be placed with most effect. The captain and master are very closely brought together by their duties—though, as we have seen, the master's rank is really, and in the last result, below that of lieutenant. They are jointly responsible for the vessel's safety; they both take observations;* and by dint of these, and the log, fix, every day at noon, her place on the chart. In case of a difference of opinion the master cannot, of course, enforce the carrying out of *his* views; but he can free himself from responsibility, by giving up charge in a formal and proper manner. This, however, is a dangerous experiment; for the Admiralty are not favourable to such exercises of privilege by inferior officers. Much of what is left of the queer old "character" of our naval officers survives among the masters. It is a branch of the service in which you never find men of family or fortune; indeed, it is the only branch now even partially open to the class which once rose from "before the mast." A lieutenant may be a dandy, a steeple-chase rider, or any form of un-sailorlike swell; but the master is generally rough, bluff, and tough—a homely uncultivated son of the sea. "Pŭl!" exclaimed one of these worthies, whose voice I still remember at intervals—"Pŭl you *futters*—you're not pŭling a pound!"

The marines in a line-of-battle ship are governed by a captain and two lieutenants, whose government is a kind of *imperium in imperio* on board. They are drafted off from one of the *depôts* at Chatham, Plymouth, or elsewhere, when the ship is commissioned; and at once become, with their men, part and parcel of the great organization, and subject to all its discipline. The men take their share of the work on deck, like seamen—being especially useful at the heavy hauling of braces, &c.—where plenty of "beef" is required. At such times they are under the orders of the naval officers carrying on the duty; but their drill, dressing, and personal con-

* In the French navy, the lieutenants perform this duty of our masters, turn and turn about.

duct, are superintended by their own captains and lieutenants, who mess in the ward-room, as I have said before. The marines are a fine solid body of men, covering, I believe, as much ground on parade as the most stalwart of our regiments—having fewer Irishmen among them than almost any, and perhaps more Scotchmen than any, except the artillery. Their *esprit* is military rather than naval; and it is among their traditions to boast of themselves as devoted to the Crown with more special fidelity than their nautical brothers. Before this, the marines have often stood steady in a mutinous ship—their own provocations to mutiny not having been less than that of the blue-jackets; and the marine's sentry has died honourably (like the Swiss Guards) at the captain's cabin-door. Thus they represent, in the naval polity, the Tory element, or element of authority—and form, in fact, a little standing army under the king. As an external sign of this function, a marine's sentry will be observed by the visitor to a man-of-war guarding the gangway, while another is stationed near the cabin of the captain. Off duty, several marines are employed as officers' servants. Marine officers, as a body, have a tone of their own, which is neither that of the navy nor of the line, but, in happy instances, combines agreeably the qualities of both. Not being a force with high prizes to offer, nor the kind of life that an idle rich man wants, it is free from the puppyism which occasionally infects particular regiments of the army. On the other hand, there are poor snobs as well as rich ones; and a commission in the marines has sometimes tempted a low-class fellow bent on trying to be a swell. Perhaps, however, a solid useful mediocrity of qualities, natural and acquired, is the widest characteristic of this branch, its most general colour or *moral* uniform. There used to be traditional jokes against the marines among naval men—one of which, ascribing a certain credulity to the force, appears to have taken a permanent place in our comic literature! I have heard of somebody's playfully inserting in the log—"*Expended* a marine" (the professional expression for using up any article of stores)—to signify that one of the corps had been lost overboard. But all this kind of thing belongs to a general system of horse-play and chaff, which is on the wane throughout the whole service. Fearful execrations and abuse in carrying on duty, the free employment of the rope's end and cane, cutting down hammocks, bullying youngsters, and other customs, which were retained long after they had lost their honest, innocent, and unconscious old barbarism, and had become knowingly and deliberately blackguard—these things, I say, are dying out.

While the commander, lieutenants, master, marine-officers, represent the military, their other messmates in the ward-room represent the civil side of life. Among these, the first place is, of course, due to the chaplain, whose black coat and white neckcloth contrast piquantly with the epauletted blue coats, among whom my mind's eye now sees him. Perhaps no man has benefited by the gradual social civilization of the navy more than he. Time was, when if he did not vanish after the second glass of port, the uneasiness of old school conversationists at his presence

could no longer be restrained, and he was driven from his chair by a joke as fit to do its work as the "stinkpots" used in sea-fights for making life impossible in the lower decks into which they were pitched. Worse still, he might be a man to whom such weapons were not weapons, but play-things—who sat whatever the talk was—the "good fellow" of those who were low fellows themselves, and who yet did not respect him for failing to respect himself. Changing manners have modified all that; and the chaplain of a man-of-war lives in as good company as if he enjoyed a rectory; while to insult his cloth in any way would cover the assailant with the ignominy due to an irretrievable cad. Life, therefore, jogs on comfortably with the chaplain. You can hardly expect him to be a man of conspicuous learning or pulpit eloquence; but at least he is a gentleman, and helps to give an intellectual tone to the mess. On Sundays church is "rigged" for him on the main-deck; his pulpit—a handsome portable structure of the approved shape—is brought aft; the officers group themselves behind him on chairs; and the seamen, in clean Guernsey frocks and shoes,* stretch away forward, row after row, on capstan-bars arranged as forms. The ship's bell, which otherwise would be struck every half-hour as usual, is silenced while his reverence is in possession of the field—silenced till "seven bells" (half-past eleven), at all events, when it resumes, as a hint that dinner-hour is drawing near, and besides reminding the chaplain that he must wind up, breaks the snooze of any of the congregation whom the mild ripple of his eloquence may have lulled to rest. Perhaps you have noticed during Divine service a hearer among the officers unique in his employment of a Greek Testament; that is the naval instructor, whose office is sometimes, but not necessarily, held conjointly with the chaplaincy. The naval instructor conducts the education of the juvenile officers, naval cadets, and midshipmen—*nautici*, the "young gentlemen," or, in their own mess language, the "youngsters." For this purpose a table is established, and surrounded with a canvas screen, between two of the main-deck guns, where every day school forms itself, and navigation, Euclid, algebra, French, are hammered into the juvenile mind. It is greatly to the credit of the Admiralty that they have even prescribed that "Latin and Greek shall be taught to those who enter with some knowledge of these languages;" and that the naval instructor must "pass" in Latin and Greek before entering on his functions. I know one man of letters, who, joining the service well grounded in the tongues, owed to the luck of the naval instructor's being a classical scholar that he did not lose his grip of them. But lads enter in such a raw state, have so much time to bestow, both in the training-ship *Britannia* and afterwards, on professional study, and find the literary tradition so weak in the navy, that somehow letters, ancient and modern, have never flourished there. Now and then there is an accomplished man—just as Collingwood wrote some of the best English of his time, and made Lord Grenville wonder

* Shoes are "dress" to Jack, who ordinarily does all his work barefoot, and the soles of whose feet are as hard as horn in consequence.

where he got his style. One good fellow in my period used to fall asleep over Plato regularly after dinner, by which he, at least, showed respect for the name and influence of that philosopher. But though the magazines and reviews go to all well-regulated messes—and though the Baltic fleet the other day probably carried some hundred of Mr. Mudie's volumes away with it—one would like to see more than this.

The reader has probably no idea how many spare hours people have on their hands at sea, in ordinary times; or to what shifts a brainless man is put about filling them up. Why not try and make reading a little more fashionable? There is hardly a subject, hardly a language, which the naval man would not find useful in some phase of his career, or which (a point of great importance) his career would not, at some time, assist him in studying. For science, we see what a naval experience can do by helping to form Darwin, Edward Forbes, and Huxley; and, in fact, it is in science that the navy is strong, when strong. But, besides that there is less fear of *this* side of the profession being neglected than others, it is as well to insist that there *are* others. A naval man should know the history of the navy, particularly when it is so intimate and important a part of the world's history. He should know something of international and maritime law, which acts *through* his arm in the last resort. Nor ought he to be without those more brilliant accomplishments—the fitting ornaments of a man whose position makes him the guest, and, sometimes, the host, of sovereigns and ambassadors. His external circumstances are highly favourable to their acquirement. He passes from clime to clime; but he stays long enough in each to enjoy far greater advantages than those of the ordinary traveller. French, Italian, Spanish are the habitual languages on nearly all the great stations where a man-of-war's commission is passed; and he is sure to spend years in the Mediterranean, the whole atmosphere of which is permeated by historical and literary tradition. There, the Etesian winds blow to cool him in the dog-days, as they did when Cicero made their timely refreshment and regular prevalence an argument for the world's being administered by Divine power. The thunny fish from which Aristophanes drew an illustration, and the mullet from which Juvenal pointed an epigram, are still abundant in that luxurious sea; and the market-boats bring alongside his ship the grapes and figs with which Horace cooled himself when waking after a night of too much wine. He cruises in the wake of Æneas; and casts anchor in the same harbours as St. Paul. He goes to fill casks with water, to Syracuse, and the Troad; catches basketsfull of fish with a seine, on the shore of Marathon; eats capital little hams for breakfast from the country of Ennius; shoots red-legged partridges at Lemnos; and wild duck, when winter has set in, on the coasts of the old Corcyra. And he enjoys advantages like these at enviable leisure, and with an independence only to be commanded by the opulent lord of a fine yacht.

Divisions of our Mediterranean squadron are in the Ægean, or about the Ionian Islands, for months at a time, and spend whole weeks at ports

from which the most curious scenes of ancient history are easily accessible. Facilities like these, some counterparts of which exist on all the stations, ought to stimulate our naval officers to learn more than they do of the past whose traces meet them at every turn. And, were this doctrine accepted and acted on, the navy, which already secures to a youngster all the moral and social advantages of a great historical public school, would add to its professional culture a general culture,—the union of which with the other advantages of the training would constitute an education of the most perfect kind.

I am afraid that our naval instructor has led me into a digression, and drawn me away from those who are still to be mentioned of his ward-room messmates. But the duties of the gentlemen in question are so purely civil, that it will be sufficient to mention them in a very brief way. The surgeon and his assistant-surgeons—(these last were only promoted into the ward-room after much agitation, not many years ago,)—have, of course, been educated for their profession, in just the same manner as their brother doctors of town and country. Their "sick list," presented to the captain every morning, has nothing distinctively naval about it; and their "sick bay" probably does not differ from any hospital ward, except in its modest size, and in the fact that the patients swing in "cots," which undulate gently with the undulations of the vessel. In action—as is well known—the surgical work is done under water on the orlop deck; and the table in the cockpit, at which the midshipmen perform their toilettes, bears the traditional name of the amputation table from that circumstance. The names recall *Roderick Random*. But the surgeon of Smollett is as extinct as the chaplain of Dibdin and the purser of Marryatt. The purser—alternately Jack's butt and bugbear in old days—who was supposed to swindle him in his slops,* and poison him in his provisions,—has bloomed into a paymaster in the age in which we live. He has become not only an irreproachably respectable, but, sometimes, a rather prominently genteel man. And the reader who had formed his notions of the service from the old sea novels would be surprised, on peeping into a ward-room, to hear Smuggy, the paymaster, discussing the Piccolomini with the junior lieutenant of marines; while the surgeon and chaplain enlightened a little group of messmates on the effect of Dr. Lushington's judgment in the case of *Essays and Reviews*. Yon shrewd, grave, rather stiff-looking man—probably Scotch—is the chief engineer. This is an officer added to the ward-room in quite recent times, by the universal adoption of steam in the navy; and at present, perhaps, a little out of his element. The subordinate officers of *his* branch, unlike those of others, have a mess to themselves, instead of passing through the gun-room,—an arrangement which must surely isolate them, and keep them from acquiring the tone of the profession.

The gun-room in a line-of-battle ship occupies the after-part of the lower deck, as the ward-room does that of the main deck just above it.

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* Clothes served out by Government, and deducted from the men's pay.

The space taken in comprises two guns, one on each "quarter." The port-holes of these, and the stern-ports, give the apartment its light and air. A stranger would hardly be prepared for the amount of comfort which is realized under such conditions. But what with a good oil-cloth, and well-cushioned lockers, and a judicious painting of the gun-carriages, and silk curtains over the port-holes,—perhaps, also, a cask of sherry in the corner,—a gun-room is a sufficiently pleasant-looking place of abode. Here mess, some twenty strong, the youth of the junior grades of the navy —sub-lieutenants, midshipmen, naval cadets—to whom lies open the road (though it is no easy one) to the highest prizes of the service; second-master and master's assistants, of the master's branch; clerks and clerks'-assistants, of the paymaster's. "Sub-lieutenant" is a new title of quite recent origin for the class of officers long called "mates," and at a still earlier period "master's-mates."* The sub-lieutenant has served his time (five years and a half, according to the latest regulation of the matter) as naval cadet and midshipman; has "passed" in seamanship, gunnery, and navigation; and must now wait till merit, accident, or interest raise him to lieutenant's rank. Men, still young, can remember having in the mess with them mates of ten years' standing, the pay being 65*l.* a year!

Naturally, a ten-years' mate was often fierce, querulous, and dangerous to meddle with; besides being occasionally too much given to strong drink. Now-a-days, the want of lieutenants stimulates the promotion of this rank just below them, and the delay at the stage of sub-lieutenant is less unreasonable. It is after you have become lieutenant, that the "block" makes itself felt, and the true weariness which turns so many men into habitual grumblers begins.

A sub-lieutenant is so placed that he may have to do the same work as either the lieutenant above or the midshipman below him, according to the number of officers of the three grades in the ship at any given time. He may have charge of a watch; command of one of the larger boats, *i.e.* launch, barge, or pinnace; command of a division of quarters; charge of a deck; or he may serve under a lieutenant in any of these capacities. In either case, the midshipman, of course, is under him; though a midshipman's duties would be just the same as his were sub-lieutenants deficient in that particular ship. There have been several changes during late years in the regulations relating to midshipmen. The old arrangement was, that you entered (generally at thirteen) as volunteer of the first-class—or naval cadet, as it was afterwards called—passing an examination which only tested your power to read and write. After two years' service another examination—not at all severe—made you a midshipman; and four years of midshipman service rolled by before you were called on to pass for lieutenant. But the whole training of youngsters (to use the good old gun-room term, which divided the mess into youngsters and oldsters) has been revolutionized. They are now sent to the training-ship, *Britannia*, a venerable three-decker, at present stationed

* This title is still used in the American navy.

at Portland, before being appointed to a sea-going ship at all. They have to "pass" to get into her, and to "pass" to get out of her. After eighteen months' sea-service, they "pass" again; and they complete their whole course in six months less than they used to do. It was a year less, till another modification not long ago; a modification proving, I suspect, that their lordships of the Admiralty found they had been working at too high pressure. Undoubtedly, the education of naval officers was much neglected twenty years ago, and is greatly improving now. But we may push a necessary reform too hard; and no Englishman can wish to see the grand hearty old navy filled with what the French call "Polytechnisés." The recklessness of the old "mids," their gay impudence, their inextinguishable fun, were elements in the superiority which made our officers beat all the world. They were the nitre in the gunpowder, an ingredient without which all the others would have been useless. And though your modern "mid" has sometimes been a mere swell, I would have more hope of a swell than a prig.

Midshipmen, as the reader may suppose, have much more scientific and book-work than used to be the case; and yet all the old functions of the rank must be discharged as usual. There is a midshipman to each of the smaller boats—first and second cutters, jolly-boat, &c.; a midshipman to each "top," when the ship's company are working aloft; one at each division of quarters; and so on, just as I have described in the case of higher officers. They are the Mercuries of the naval Olympus; winged messengers of the higher deities, whose orders they convey, repeat, and see carried out. "Run, sir!" I have heard a captain or first lieutenant say, when the midshipman seemed about to execute his commands in too leisurely and dignified a manner. And run he must; especially *en route* to his top (that neat, but airy apartment, looking something like a crow's nest, at the head of the lower masts), unless he would be run over, and have his fingers squeezed by the tread of the swarm of stout fellows making the whole massive rigging shake in his rear.

Of the duties of the second master and master's assistants, I know only one with which unprofessional readers can have an intelligent sympathy. From time immemorial these gentlemen have had to stand at the grog-butt, and see the grog served out—an important duty, the discharge of which has invested them, such is the playfulness of naval humour, with the title of *Bungs*. Of their other messmates, the clerks, it is equally unnecessary to speak in detail. Their duties are performed in the office; for a man-of-war has its office, with desks and rulers, as it has its dispensary, with gallipots and drugs; and do not, in fact, essentially differ from the duties of book-keepers and mercantile clerks on shore. The naval cadets, again, do not at once fall into the whole routine of ship's duty, but are generally excused night-watches, that they may attend school. What duty they do is, of course, similar to that of midshipmen; and at quarters some of them act as aide-de-camps to the captain, whose orders they carry to different parts of the ship.

I have previously mentioned the warrant-officers,—boatswain, gunner, and carpenter—as forming an intermediate rank between the regular and the "petty" officers, and having cabins of their own. But to attempt to describe their functions, or those of the petty officers, in detail, would lead us into technicalities not within the proper scope of this paper. The boatswain has always been a favourite with naval novelists; because, rising from the ranks, he brings freshness of character along with him, while his general education is just sufficient to induce him to speculate on intellectual subjects with a curious originality. He is more directly connected with the master than with any other officer, having peculiar charge, under him, of rigging, stores, &c. His pipe (a handsome silver whistle) summons the crew to deck, and screams musically responsive to the orders when the work is going on. Indeed, more than any man, the boatswain answers to the *foreman* of a business establishment, leading the hands, and being himself the first hand. The boatswains are, in fact, the crack seamen of the service—embodying in a higher form the best qualities of the common seamen of the country. The gunner's most important duty is to take charge of everything belonging to the powder-magazine, the keys of which he receives, when necessary, from the commander, and of all the stores by which the fighting work of the vessel is done. The carpenter's duties are sufficiently indicated by his name. And each of the three has his own staff—boatswain's mates, gunner's mates, &c., who rank as chief petty officers. Other chief petty officers are the master-at-arms (who regulates what we may call *the police* of the ship, and whose cane is the terror of the boys); the chief captain of the forecastle (supreme in that region); the ship's cook; seamen's schoolmaster. But there are two whole classes of petty officers—first-class working petty officers, and second-class ditto—below these. The network of subordination is spread, in short, over the entire life of a man-of-war; so that, to a crew of six hundred men, there will hardly be less than a hundred "officers," taking in all grades, high and humble, together. This somewhat lessens the apparent anomaly of all that mass of men being governed by a handful of their fellow-creatures which strikes an observer so vividly when he first sets foot on a man-of-war's deck.

This system of subordination works so easily, because it works by help of a system of classification,—as was pointed out above. Though essentially a living unity, a coherent individual whole, yet a man-of-war attains to be this by dint of a careful division and adjustment of parts. Her crew is classified in several distinct ways, according to the different classes of duty that devolve upon them, in different parts of the ship's daily life. Thus, a ship—*qua* ship—has to be *sailed*. For that purpose, her crew are divided, and appointed to particular stations, where they go when *nautical* operations are on hand. There are forecastlemen, foretopmen, maintopmen, and an afterguard which works on deck, and does not go aloft. Each of these sets of men has its captain and second captain; each top its midshipman,—and at the summons, "Hands reef topsails," or

what not, everybody knows where to betake himself and what his work is. Again, a man-of-war—*qua* man-of-war—has to be *fought*. For that purpose, her crew are divided and appointed to particular stations at "quarters." There are the forward-upper-deck quarters, and after-upper-deck quarters; forward-main-deck quarters, after-main-deck quarters, and so on. Each man belongs to a particular division, and a particular gun in the division, and a particular number in the gun; so when the drum and fife call him to quarters, he knows just as well where to go as he knew where to go when the boatswain's pipe called him to make or shorten sail. Once more, a ship has a social as well as a naval or military life, and men eat, drink, and sleep there, as in a village or a barrack. Accordingly, the men are divided into messes,—each mess having its own table at a certain place on the lower deck, and one member of the mess being cook, and going for its share of provisions to the galley each day. So, too, every man has his bag for his clothes and his hammock to sleep in, and has prescribed hours and places for the use of both. And since a ship, as a whole, *never sleeps*, there being no such complete suspension of life possible in a ship, as in a country mansion, all the officers are divided into three watches, and all the crew into two. The three watches are formed as follows:—Morning watch four A.M. to eight A.M.; forenoon watch, eight to twelve; afternoon watch, twelve to four P.M.; first dog-watch, four to six; second dog-watch, six to eight; first watch, eight to twelve; middle watch, twelve to four A.M. This round completes the twenty-four hours, and the division into dog-watches secures that nobody shall have the same watch two nights running. The men's two watches are called the starboard and larboard watches, and are held alternately, according to the division of time just described. The midshipman, when each watch begins, musters it from his "watch bill," a little book so-called, containing all the men's names; corresponding to which there is another book, the "quarter bill," for similar use when the crew meet at quarters.*

The reader sees from this sketch in how many relations each man stands to the general work of a man-of-war, and how definitely each relation is fixed for him. Yon ringletted young seaman with the earrings—(a favourite nautical dandyism)—is, for instance, a foretopman; is "No. 3, the loader," at the bow-gun on the main-deck; takes an oar in the pinnace, belongs to the starboard watch, and sleeps in a hammock, of which the number is 240, and which he stows in the larboard waist hammock nettings. Under all conditions, that smart youth knows where *he* is expected to be, just as his captain of the foretop knows that in reefing topsails *his* place is at "the weather earring." Observe, however, that as in each of his stations our foretopman does not necessarily work with the same batch of his shipmates, the different sections of ship life all interpenetrate each other. This contributes to the oneness of charac-

* On an alarm of "Fire!" everybody goes to his station at *quarters*, thus justly recognizing that element as *an enemy*, and making all confusion impossible.

ter of a ship, so that in every squadron there is a certain individuality about every vessel.

The public opinion of a man-of-war, for example, is as definitely known and felt as that of a town. The men have their favourite officers and their unpopular officers—just as the officers themselves give a certain well-understood *status* to each of their own body, and have a tendency to split their messes into cliques, according to taste and inclination. To the credit of the navy, however, be it always remembered, that it has never been a quarrelsome profession. When duelling was common, it was always less common there than in similar societies. Yet, what strain can be greater on the human temper than for a set of men, arbitrarily brought together, to be compelled to live in each other's sight, and at the same table, day after day, year after year—engaged in occupations which are apt to become very wearisome, viewed as a routine? I have known men live together, day and night, eating and drinking in each other's company, and serving in the same watch, without interchanging a word which the necessities of the service allowed them to help! This is called "Not passing the salt," and may last for weeks and months; in extreme cases, even for the whole commission. More commonly, however, the pride of one of the parties to the quarrel gives way; he takes occasion, when the mess are entertaining strangers, and an unusual jollity of sentiment prevails, to send round a mess-servant to Mr. ——, the enemy, and ask him to "take wine;" which courtesy having once been accepted, friendly relations are resumed without explanation or remark. And in nine cases out of ten, the dispute which led to the rupture has been a trivial one; has risen out of some impatient expression, such as are irresistible when, by enforced associations, men travel (as Goldsmith says) over each other's minds. Fortunately, the conditions of grave quarrelling are absent, as a general rule, from naval messes. Cards are tabooed, betting discouraged, and gambling unknown. Public questions are seldom of interest enough to furnish occasion for a row. I have known fellows quarrel on a Whig and Tory question, though such quarrels are rare. Indeed, the navy has never been remarkable for keen political feeling. Men's nominal politics are usually those of their families—that is, of the party which brought them into the service, and to which they look for promotion. But the real politics of the navy are peculiar and *sui generis*. They are at once aristocratic and anti-oligarchical,—aristocratic against "snobs,"—and tinged with a not unnatural radicalism in relation to the too rapid promotion of "swells."

And now, perhaps, I cannot do better than briefly describe what a man-of-war's daily routine is. Let us suppose our line-of-battle ship lying in harbour at Malta—the head-quarters and general rendezvous of the Mediterranean station. At daybreak, a shrill pipe sounds through the lower deck. The boatswain's mate runs to and fro, roaring—"Rouse out, here—rouse out—show a leg!" And, with many a grunt, the mass of human beings waken into life, and, lashing up their hammocks, the men trot up the hatchway-

ladders with them, and the day begins. Washing decks is the first thing done. The grating noise of the holystone begins, and covers the deck with a thin paste of grey sand; then, deluges of water descend, besoms are brandished, the smooth planks re-appear, white as barked trees, and are rubbed dry and "dumb-scraped." Meanwhile, the cook and his myrmidons have had the oleaginous cocoa simmering in the huge coppers, and before eight the men are at their morning meal, dipping their biscuit into the hot brown stuff, and cheerfully chattering over the sober bowl.

The bumboat has come alongside by this time, with oranges and grapes, loaf-bread (*nauticé*, soft tack), herrings, and similar dainties; while in the cock-pit, the gun-room officers are attiring themselves over their pewter basins and little looking-glasses, and giving audience to the sallow and too pertinacious Maltese dun. At eight, top-gallant yards are crossed,—a smart and pretty operation, in which the ships of a squadron love to vie with each other. At nine, comes quarters, when the men are mustered, inspected, and, perhaps, exercised; while the ship's band plays lively airs on the poop. The surgeon's and other reports are received in the forenoon by the captain, and delinquents come before him to have their cases heard, being remanded to arrest if a serious offence is established against them. The minor punishments in a man-of-war are "watered grog," stopped leave, enforced walking of the deck, and such like. The most serious punishment is flogging, which is inflicted in the morning in presence of the whole officers and crew. It is now inflicted only for repeated drunkenness *at sea*, or for downright acts of insubordination. The captain cannot inflict more than four dozen lashes on his own authority, nor can he flog till twenty-four hours after the offence, and he must in every case prepare a "warrant" setting forth the crime, which is transmitted to the Admiralty in regular course. The various occupations of the day now proceed. Boats move away to the dockyard or victualling-yard. Midshipmen start off in answer to the well-known "signal for a midshipman" (a union-jack at the peak), and bring from the flag-ship the admiral's new general orders. Parties are working at preparations of rope, blacking shot, and so forth; and the sailmaker and his crew, the carpenter and his crew, have all their several occupations on hand. Some of the officers depart in the green and yellow or otherwise gaudy shore-boats, on leave; others of them are at their desks, writing letters home, or lounging on the lockers, reading novels from Mr. George Muir's excellent library in Strada Reale; or taking a constitutional on the poop, and watching in the delicious southern air the stir of that noble Valetta harbour. At half-past eleven, you may see the grog being mixed in a tub in the waist, and the ship's goat trotting up for *his* little tot of it to the fragrant pool. The allowance of grog has been reduced since my day, and I observe that the Yankees have abolished it altogether. Noon brings dinner and the bumboat again; and the men settle to their pork or beef at their messes on the lower deck, and presently come up in knots to enjoy on the forecastle

the ever-welcome whiff. In the afternoon, work is resumed; casks are seen swinging in; parties are at musket and gun drill; lads are exercising with the mizen-topsail. About the time the men go to supper (that is, tea), the officers go to dinner; and in a crack Mediterranean ship a midshipman will give you as good a dinner as any gentleman need wish to sit down to. Sunset closes the official day: bang! goes a musket, and down goes the ensign from the flag-staff; the topgallant yards descend as if by magic; and, after another inspection of the men, and pipe down hammocks, all is soon still. The officers on leave go to the little opera in Strada Teatro, and wind up with a roast quail at Joe Micallef's, and an hour or two of billiards. Those on board take a smoke at the bowport on the main deck, or on chairs between the guns in the after part of it.

At sea, all the strings of discipline are drawn tighter, though the routine is very similar to that which has been described. The officers' dinner-time is earlier; there is more exercising of different kinds; the midshipman of the watch has the log to heave every hour, and the result to enter in the general log-book, besides having more matter to write in his own private log than in harbour. He and his brother "mids" must take observations, too, at noon. The ordinary work—trimming sails, making and shortening sail, &c., is done at sea by the watch; and "all hands" are only summoned for heavier operations, and at sunset, when the vessel is "made snug" for the night. The men of the watch are mustered at the beginning of each watch by the midshipman entering on duty, and at the close of it the midshipman "calls" the lieutenant, and the quartermaster the officer below him, whose turn it is to succeed. Every kind of work is carried on, in a man-of-war, I may observe, *in silence*, and without the "Yo, heave, ho!" of the merchant service; and is done in set forms, and with a certain decorous orderliness. Thus, in reefing topsails, "Man the rigging," is one command, "Way aloft," another; and each step of the work follows the clear loud cry of the officer, whose voice alone is audible by the hundreds who are executing his commands. Yet there is no pedantic nicety of silence at times when it is less necessary; and at night, during the first watch, when the good ship is bowling along in the quiet moonlight, a pleasant voice will be heard breaking into song from the group of men huddled among their pilot-coats in the waist. On such occasions, the officer of the watch, turning from the binnacle, where he has seen that she continues to lie her course, resumes cheerfully his monotonous walk—thanking, probably, in his heart, the good fellow whose voice reminds him that life is not all labour and responsibility, and that there are such things as fun, and music, and hope, and love, and rest, and home.

The Punishment of Convicts.

The not very dignified panic which was excited some few weeks ago by the garotters has, like most other subjects which raise the same sort of popular discussion, a great number of roots. As a rule, the public at large accept with considerable equanimity the existence of many evils which they appear to think it impossible to remedy, but from time to time the existence of these evils makes itself disagreeably prominent. It is brought home to the sympathies, or, it may be, to the fears of the mass of the well-to-do part of the community, and a sort of effervescence ensues, which may or may not produce permanent results, but which at any rate gives an opportunity of seeing what a very intricate matter it is to deal with any one of the questions which, in the half-articulate phraseology of the day, are called social.

The vehement clamour which still exists upon the subject of convicts and their discipline leads, when it is systematically examined, to a great variety of subjects, of the existence of some of which, in any shape, the public hardly seems to be aware, whilst their connection with each other seems to be altogether unsuspected. It is the object of this paper to point out the relation of some of these questions to each other. The general problem to be discussed is, How are criminals punished, and how ought they to be punished? The answer to the first of these questions is usually given in more or less graphic descriptions of the interior of such establishments as Portland and Dartmoor, but in order to begin at the beginning, it is necessary to go a step farther back, and to ask how the inmates of the establishments come to be sent there. There are not many of our institutions which attract or, in some respects, deserve more notice than the criminal law. Reports of trials are always popular, and an assize court presents to curiosity greater attractions than a theatre. We have endless Acts of Parliament, judges of first-rate ability, an elaborate system of procedure, and careful rules of evidence; but it must always strike a person practically conversant with the subject, as one of the most curious of all anomalies, that whereas the sole object of all this apparatus is the infliction of punishment, there is no part of the whole matter to which so little attention is paid by those who are principally concerned in it. If the elucidation of a point of law is required—if the question is, whether a particular fraud exactly comes up to what the law calls a false pretence, or crosses the invisible boundary between embezzlement and breach of trust—if it becomes necessary to ascertain, whether a question may lawfully be put to a witness in a

particular shape—the machinery for obtaining an answer is almost redundant; counsel will speak and judges will listen till the force of nature can go no further. If a question of fact is raised, it will be sifted with a degree of ingenuity which leaves little to be desired; but when the judge has laid down the law, and the jury have found the facts, the interest of the case is over. The rest is matter of mere personal discretion. The judge looks at the prisoner for a few moments, makes him a little speech, and pronounces his sentence, often with a good deal of solemnity, but apparently with singularly little principle. It may be six, nine, or twelve months' imprisonment, or penal servitude for any term, from three years upwards. No one who has not tried knows the sense of helplessness which enters the mind of a man who has such a function to perform even in the humblest degree. It is just as easy to say nine as to say six months—to say six years' penal servitude as to say four; and the question which of the two is to be said has to be settled in a very short time, without consultation, advice, or guidance of any description whatever. Yet the sentence is the gist of the proceeding. It is to the trial what the bullet is to the powder. Unless it is what it ought to be, the counsel, the witnesses, the jury, and the summing up, to say nothing of the sheriff with his coach, javelin-men and trumpeters, are a mere *brutum fulmen*—they might as well have stayed at home but for the credit of the thing.

It is an old reproach against the criminal law of this country that it considers prisoners in the light of game, protected for the amusement and profit of the gentlemen sportsmen by elaborate rules of evidence and procedure, which give them as large a chance of escape as is necessary to keep up the interest of the pursuit. This, which has been called the "sporting theory of criminal justice," is no doubt susceptible of a good deal of illustration; but nothing can set it in so clear a light as the comparative importance attached to the trial and the punishment. A pack of hounds, and a number of men, dogs, and horses will spend hours in hunting a fox, which, when caught, is abandoned to the dogs without an observation. The criminal, when fairly run down, is sentenced by the judge, and turned over to another set of authorities utterly unconnected with and unrelated to him, as if the law had nothing whatever to do with a man after asserting its right to punish him. Between the judges who sentence and the gaolers and managers of convict prisons who punish, there is no sort of relation. They act upon different principles, and constantly pull different ways. The judge, struck by some special act of malignity or cruelty in a prisoner's conduct, gives him six or eight years' penal servitude instead of four. When the prisoner gets to the convict prison, the special reason which caused the sentence is unknown. The man is considered simply as a prisoner under an eight years' sentence, and is put through a course of discipline to which his offence may have, and often has, absolutely no relation whatever. Some years ago, a young man, infuriated at an assault, committed either on himself or his brother,

ran home, got a swordstick, and ran it through the aggressor's heart. He was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. Apart from this unhappy outbreak, he was a person of excellent character, and, in particular, he was thoroughly honest and industrious. Yet he would have to be passed through Sir Joshua Jebb's mill for reforming professional thieves and robbers, as if his crime had been one of idleness and dishonesty.

There is every reason to believe that much of the dissatisfaction which exists as to the treatment of convicts arises from this complete want of connection between those who assess, and those who inflict the punishment. The effect would no doubt be produced, more or less, wherever the cause existed; but the cause in England acts with peculiar energy, on account of features of the criminal law with which people in general are not acquainted. Probably, no system in the world leaves so wide a discretion to the judges in the matter of the amount of punishment, and none renounces more completely the attempt to adapt in any way whatever the kind of punishment to the nature of the offence.

A few words on the history and present condition of the criminal law will not only illustrate the fact, but show the cause of it. The criminal law has gone through three principal phases or stages. The first may be said to have been ended with the Stuarts; the second lasted till the time of George IV.; and the third has lasted from that time to the present day. The law was first reduced to something like a settled condition in the times of Henry III. and Edward I. In the four following centuries parts of its procedure—trial by battle, for instance—became obsolete, and other parts, such as trial by jury, underwent a great change of character; but the definitions of crimes, and the punishments allotted to them, underwent surprisingly little alteration. They might be divided into three principal classes—political offences, felonies, and misdemeanors. It would be no easy matter to draw the lines by which these classes were distinguished from each other with any approach to accuracy, or to show what were their legal relations to each other. Indeed, political offences never were technically distinguished from other felonies and misdemeanors; their general nature, as far as regarded punishment, is easily understood. The distinction between felonies and misdemeanors was probably originally meant to divide crimes which were levelled against the security of life and property, such as murder, robbery, and arson, from those which partook rather of the nature of private injuries, like libel, or a private assault, or a riot.

The punishments for political offences were either death in the most horrible form, or ruinous fines, often accompanied by the utmost severities, in the way of imprisonment, and even mutilation. The punishment for felony, in almost every instance, was death. The punishment for misdemeanor was fine and imprisonment, both or either, to which might be added whipping or the pillory, at the discretion of the court. The heedless and wanton severity of this barbarous system was considerably

mitigated by exceptions as irrational and capricious as itself. The law of benefit of clergy reduced the punishment for many felonies to a short imprisonment, or burning in the hand by branding the brawn of the thumb—a punishment of which the severity depended principally on the temper of the executioner. The general result was that for nearly 400 years criminals ran a considerable chance of being hung; but if they escaped that, they escaped, in cases which did not affect the Government, with something like practical impunity. In the latter part of the seventeenth and throughout the whole of the eighteenth, and even in the beginning of the nineteenth century, this barbarous system,—which, amongst other defects, had that of being so meagre that it left many most serious crimes unpunished, and so technical that it constantly allowed criminals to escape through the most ridiculous quibbles,—was adapted to the altered circumstances of society by some of the clumsiest, most reckless, and most cruel legislation that ever disgraced a civilized country. Every sort of trifle was erected into a "felony without benefit of clergy;" a crime, that is, for which the culprit was immediately, and on the first offence, to be put to death; and this was varied by provisions affixing in some instances the punishment of transportation for various terms, differing in the most arbitrary manner, to particular offences, created not with any general views at all, but because the fancy of the public was struck by some particular case for which no special provision happened to have been made. If this bloodthirsty and irrational code had been consistently carried out, it would have produced a reign of terror quite as cruel as that of the French Revolution, and not half so excusable. It owed its existence to the fact that its administration was as capricious as its provisions were bloody. Not a twentieth part of the persons capitally convicted were executed. Some were imprisoned, many transported to various parts of the world, principally to the American colonies, from which they seldom returned, and not a few were compelled to serve in the army and navy, probably to encourage the others.

For between forty and fifty years this cruel and reckless system has been gradually superseded by one which leaves nothing to be desired on the score of humanity, but which is as deeply tainted with the original vice of recklessness and utter want of system as the older laws which it has superseded. The punishment of death was superseded by transportation, which in its turn has given place to penal servitude, and imprisonment and hard labour have taken the place of the old-fashioned imprisonment in the common gaol—one of the stupidest penalties that ever was devised. Numerous and costly experiments have been made as to the best way of inflicting these punishments, with an eye both to the punishment and to the reformation of those who undergo them. In pursuance of these schemes, establishments have been set up which are models of organization, intelligence, and patience; but no one appears to have noticed the fact that these schemes, admirably intended, and most ingeniously executed, are so many unconnected experiments. and that

the criminal law, by which their principles ought to be ascertained and regulated, has itself no principles whatever.

One of the minor defects of the criminal legislation of the last century was the incoherent, irrational, and incredibly intricate variety of its secondary punishments. When a judge was not compelled to sentence a man to death, he was, generally speaking, obliged to transport or imprison him for not less than some specified term, and these minimum punishments not only varied in degree in the most arbitrary manner, but were frequently far too severe for cases which fell within the definitions of crimes to which they were affixed. In order to meet this evil, an Act was passed which does away with all minimum punishments whatever (except in one or two cases of little practical importance), and empowers the judges in every case whatever to give as little penal servitude and as little imprisonment, either with or without hard labour, as they think fit. The latitude of their discretion in the other direction is not quite so great, but it does not happen in one case in a hundred that a judge is restrained by the law from giving as much punishment as he thinks the case deserves. The general result of these circumstances is that the punishments which the law awards are determined in amount solely by the individual impression of the judge at the time of trial, and in kind are confined in the common run of cases to penal servitude, and imprisonment with or without hard labour. The infliction of death for murder is almost, if not quite, the only instance in which any attempt has been made to observe any peculiar proportion between the punishment and the crime.

It follows from this that the whole subject of legal punishments must be regarded as one on which we have almost everything to learn from experience. It is by no means uncommon to read statements to the effect that the system of deterring punishments has been tried and has failed, and that we are therefore committed by past experience to confine ourselves to punishments intended solely or principally to reform. This is far from being the case. Our mode of punishing has been so reckless and unsystematic that we have never given any system a full trial. We did indeed at one time punish a certain proportion of prisoners selected almost at random with barbarous severity, but the severity was so capricious, and the law so uncertain, that the severity had not a fair chance. It cannot be said to have failed, for it never was consistently tried. On the other hand we have never thoroughly tried the reforming system. If it is essential to the true theory of punishment that prisoners should undergo a sort of semi-collegiate education at the public expense, we ought at least to detain our pupils long enough, and superintend them afterwards with sufficient care to have a reasonable security that we really have moulded their character into the desired shape; but we have not done this. The whole system of short sentences is opposed to the reforming theory. It proceeds on the notion that punishment is intended to deter, and that in cases of an ordinary kind a short sentence will have sufficient deterring effect. Hence

our practice is contradictory and halts between two opinions. The sentences are passed upon one principle, and the discipline under them is arranged upon another.

The bad, and, indeed, absurd effects of this state of things will be made clear by a short enumeration of the commoner kinds of crimes. We are apt to talk as if crime was a single, definite habit, and as if criminals formed a well-defined class, all the members of which were addicted to the same practices. In point of fact, this is utterly unlike the truth. There are several well-defined classes of crimes, and to punish them all in the same way, even though they may be punished in a different degree, is as absurd as to prescribe the same treatment for every kind of disease. All offences against the law are crimes in the general sense of the word. It is as much a crime—as much a violation of law—not to sweep the snow from the pavement in front of one's house as to commit murder, for the law enjoins the one act as expressly as it forbids the other. The crimes, however, which people generally mean by the word "crime" are those offences against the law which are also grave offences against morality, and are besides of common occurrence. They may be broadly but accurately classed under a small number of heads. They are either the infliction of bodily injury, mortal or not; theft under various forms, accompanied or not with violence to the person or to the habitation; malicious injuries to property by fire or otherwise; forgery in various forms, and offences against the coin. This enumeration, short as it is, will be found to include very nearly every offence that occurs in the ordinary routine of business in the criminal courts. Any one who will take the trouble of consulting the five or six Acts of Parliament which now define the various forms of these crimes, and determine the punishments to which those who commit them are liable, may satisfy himself not only as to the extraordinary amount of the discretion intrusted to the judges in the matter of punishment, but also as to the necessity for giving them that discretion in the existing state of the law. Offences of the most widely different character are included in the same definition. Burglary, for instance, includes not merely the breaking open of a carefully secured house by a gang of ruffians armed to the teeth with all sorts of deadly weapons, and fully prepared to use them, but also the breaking of a baker's window at five minutes past nine on a summer's evening by a hungry boy who wants to steal a penny loaf. Manslaughter includes shooting dead a policeman who arrests without a warrant a person who has been guilty of a conspiracy to murder. It also includes the case of killing by negligent driving, or by throwing a stone in a foolish joke. In these and some other cases the definitions of the crimes might be improved, but in others no skill in defining will give much clue as to the punishment. Bigamy, for instance, may be a very venial offence if the second wife is not deceived, or if the first has been long missing. It may be a crime more deliberate than rape, and not less injurious to the victim. Perjury may be little worse than a

deliberate lie. It may be the instrument of the worst kind of murder, or of robbery far more malignant and injurious than is committed by the most audacious garotter. It is clear from this that the law as it stands gives no security at all for anything approaching to uniformity of punishments, and it never can give such a security until it has provided means for performing and combining the results of three independent processes. These are, the classification of crimes, the classification of criminals, and the classification of punishments. When these three operations have been performed it will be possible to bestow upon the punishment of offenders a degree of care bearing some sort of proportion to that which is at present expended, wisely and properly, on the proof of the fact that they are criminals. The criminal law is at present in the condition in which medical practice would be if, after bestowing the utmost possible care on the diagnosis of a disease, a physician took no trouble at all about his prescription. The judge who sentences a man to penal servitude after a trial which is a model of patience and impartiality, is just like a doctor who, after spending half the morning in finding out that his patient was consumptive, should politely show him the door, saying as he did so, "Go and spend 25*l.* in drugs at such a chemist's." It would be impossible within the limits of an article, and if it were possible it would not be interesting to general readers, to point out the way in which the performance of these different operations could be practically ensured; but some of the principles on which they ought to proceed may be indicated. The classification of crimes ought to be based on the moral sentiment which the crime would excite in the public at large if it were an isolated act in the life of a man otherwise unobjectionable. The moral sentiment depends partly on the consequences of the act, partly on the character which it presupposes on the part of the person guilty of it. Crimes which not only involve disastrous consequences to others, but afford evidence of odious qualities in those who commit them, should form the first class. Crimes which involve disastrous consequences to society, but do not afford evidence of especially odious qualities in the criminal, would form the second class; and crimes which afford evidence of odious qualities in the criminal, but do not involve disastrous consequences to society, the third. The odious qualities which most frequently display themselves in crime are malignity—whether in the form of cruelty or vengeance; lust; and recklessness—the quality which would lead a man to carry out his own purposes with perfect indifference to the interests of others, though he might not feel any active or individual ill-will to them: the temper which would lead a man to upset a railway train for the pleasure of seeing the confusion. Combine any one of these tempers of mind with an act highly injurious to others, and the worst form of crime is the result. Murder; the intentional infliction of great bodily injury; robbery or burglary, accompanied by bodily violence, or by the use of weapons, or by the display of the physical force of numbers; rape; arson; extortion by threats; perjury, with intent to procure

the punishment of innocent persons:—are crimes of this kind, and would form the most prominent members of the first class in a classification of crimes. The second class in such a classification would be composed of crimes injurious to the public, but showing no specially odious qualities in the criminal. It would include the largest number of offences, and those which occur far more frequently than any others; those, namely, which arise from the love of gain, especially forgery, coining, and theft in its various forms. The third class—crimes which are not injurious to the public, or in which the injury to the public is a subordinate feature, the principal feature being the odious nature of the qualities which they display—are uncommon, though a few instances might be mentioned, if it were desirable to do so. The offence of cruelty to animals is one of them. There are others on which it is better not to be too explicit. These crimes are of rare occurrence, and will need no further notice.

Such being the classification of crimes, how are criminals to be classified? Considered with reference to the particular crimes of which they are guilty, they may act either with or without deliberation and special provocation; and considered with reference to their habits of life, they may be either professional or occasional criminals.

In order to arrive at a proper classification of punishments, it is necessary to compare these classifications of crimes and criminals with certain well-established principles as to the object of punishment. These principles are that the object of punishment is the prevention of crime, which is effected partly by the effects produced on the criminal, and partly by the effects produced on the public. The effect on the criminal may be either to take from him the power or the will to repeat his offence. He is deprived of the power by death, or by imprisonment as long as it lasts. He is deprived of the will either by terror, or by reformation. The effect on the public is to produce in the minds of those who are predisposed to commit crimes terror of the consequences, and in those who are not, hatred of the crime itself, which gradually becomes a prevailing sentiment in the majority of every civilized community, and so holds them back from yielding to the temptation of entertaining the question whether or not they shall commit crimes. This secondary effect of punishment, though often overlooked, is most important. If any person of ordinary decency and morality will honestly ask himself what is the real reason why he would not commit a murder, however great might be the gain, and however small the risk, he will find that no small part of his reluctance to do so arises from the horror in which the crime is universally held, and which he as one of the public shares. If he asks why the public universally hold murder in horror, he will find that it is to a great extent due to the fact that murder is a capital crime. If the law excluded certain forms of murder from the definition of that offence—duelling, for instance—the public disapproval of them would be greatly diminished. The ways, then, in which punishment operates are by disabling or reforming, which affects only the convicted criminal; by terror, which affects the convicted criminal and all persons

likely to commit similar crimes; and by association, which affects the public at large. What, then, are the means which society has at its disposal for the production of any one of these results? There is, first, the punishment of death; secondly, imprisonment or penal servitude in its various forms; and, lastly, the infliction of bodily pain, of which flogging is the only form now employed or suggested. Death is disabling, and also terrifying in the highest degree. Imprisonment and penal servitude are disabling while they last, and combine the deterrent and reforming elements in different degrees, according to the nature of the discipline to which the convicts are subjected. Bodily pain is highly deterrent, and may or may not be reforming, according to the character of the person punished. By combining these observations with the preceding ones, it may be shown what criminals it is necessary to disable, to terrify, or to reform, and in respect of what sort of crimes, and also what are the cases in which it is important to sanction and gratify public indignation against particular practices. In other words, these principles and classifications afford the first steps towards the solution of the problem, How ought convicts to be dealt with? This is closely connected with another question, which must be considered with it: How far is it possible, regard being had to the means at the disposal of the legislature, and to the average permanent condition of the public mind, to deter men by terror, to disable them from crime, to sanction and to gratify public indignation against particular offences, and to reform by discipline?

First, then, how far is it possible to deter men from crime by terror? If the public sentiment permitted it, there can be no doubt that they might be deterred to any extent. No man would pick a pocket if he saw a pistol pointed at his head, and knew that he would be shot dead the instant he had seized the coveted article, and there can be no doubt that if theft were punished with instant death whenever it was detected, and if the public used every effort to detect it, men would not steal. Unsparing persecution, carried out with relentless determination, will put down even what men hold most sacred. It is perfectly possible to put down a religious or political movement even when it is supported by the strongest public sympathy and the highest abstract principles. There can be no doubt that the same course might be taken with crime, and that if criminality were hunted as vigorously in England as heterodoxy used to be in Spain, there would in course of time be as few criminals here as there were heretics there. The weak point of Draconian systems is the uncertainty and compassion of their administration. Hang every thief, and there will be no theft. Reprieve some ignorant lad or starving woman who has committed a theft, and the efficiency of the law is gone. Hence the real limit to deterrent punishment is public feeling. A certain amount of deterrent punishment the public in its average moods will endure. The introduction of any further amount destroys the certainty of the law, and so weakens its effect indefinitely. How far, then, will the public allow deterrent punishment to

be carried? The answer to this question must depend upon individual experience and observation. There are, however, some facts to go upon. Little or no general objection has been shown for some years past to the infliction of capital punishment in bad cases of murder, and on the last occasion when a man was hung for attempting to commit murder his execution produced general satisfaction. He had done his very utmost to kill a woman and thought that he had succeeded in doing it. Upon any great emergency, when strong sentiments of vengeance or horror are excited, the public will not only tolerate, but demand great severity. Little or no remonstrance was made against the wholesale executions by which the Indian Mutiny was avenged and put down. On the whole, it appears highly probable that the public would both tolerate or approve deterrent punishments of considerable severity in cases in which their moral sympathies were greatly interested, or their fears vividly appealed to, and no doubt such punishments might be so managed as to have a great effect on persons disposed to commit crimes. Suppose, for instance, that the public would allow a man convicted of some specially brutal and cruel assault on a woman to be kept for two years in solitary confinement and on low diet, and to receive during that period a dozen lashes from a cat-and-nine-tails every six weeks, there can be no doubt that if he survived the punishment he would never forget it as long as he lived. If some such discipline formed an indispensable preface to all reformatory punishments, it could hardly fail to terrify criminals. How far in point of fact the public would go in this direction it is of course impossible to say; but there can be little doubt that by careful selection both of the crimes to be subjected to such punishments, and of the particular cases in which they should be inflicted, the deterring force of the law might be very greatly increased. This incidentally answers the question as to the cases in which public indignation can be directed against particular crimes and gratified by their punishment. Wherever the feeling exists it can be deepened and intensified by legislation in accordance with it. Where it does not exist legislation can hardly create it. The horror which murder excites is deepened by hanging murderers, because it has an independent source of its own; but if men were hung for obtaining goods by false pretences, the law, and not the crime, would be the subject of horror.

The cases in which disabling punishments would be permitted by public feeling are not very numerous, but they are most important. Death, the most disabling of all punishments, will no doubt continue to be confined to murder; though it is to be regretted that the power of inflicting it for attempts to murder, and possibly also for the most aggravated forms of burglary and highway robbery, should have been altogether given up; but imprisonment for very long terms, in some cases even for life, would no doubt be not only tolerated, but cordially approved of by the public, in cases of crimes committed by professional criminals, even if the crimes themselves were not specially repulsive in a moral point of view. A man who, after some four or five convictions for felony,

is convicted once more, and who has been for years living upon crime, is like a pirate—*hostis humani generis*. Legislators may be sure that in shutting up for life rogues of this description they would have the public voice fully and justly on their side.

The question how far and how criminals can be reformed is one which there is some difficulty in discussing fairly when the public are in a state of panic. It would, however, be a pitiful thing if the brutalities of a few scoundrels were allowed to undo all that has been effected in favour of a very miserable part of the human race for the last half century. By attending to the classification of crimes and criminals, and to the nature of the means at the disposal of philanthropic governors of convict prisons—and notwithstanding the floods of ridicule poured on Sir Joshua Jebb, he may well be proud of that honourable title—it is easy to see in general what are the limits within which criminals can be reformed. The means, and the only effective means of reform which the best managed prison can supply, are discipline and enforced industry. To some extent it may give good habits, but it cannot purify the heart, and no one ought to expect it to do so. When, therefore, the criminal has yielded to great temptation, or has been led astray by bad company, by bad education, or, as may be sometimes the case, by misdirected notions of courage, independence, or love of adventure, there are great hopes that he may be reformed. There is a relation, and there might and ought to be a close relation, between the treatment and the disease; but there is a sort of corruption which this kind of discipline has no tendency at all to affect. The shameless rogue who has deliberately and systematically taken up crime as his business, and looks upon periods of penal servitude as intervals of bad luck; and still more, the infamous wretches who are stained with crimes which are perhaps even more loathsome than dangerous—the murderer, the ravisher, the man who extorts by false accusations, the robber who habitually uses violence,—are not people whom discipline will affect at all. They belong to another class, and ought to be treated on a different principle from common criminals. The horrible consequences of mixing up all these men in one mass are beginning to make themselves felt; and it should be fully understood that the true remedy is to be found in varying the kinds as well as the periods of punishment to which men are subjected. Look, for instance, at the frightful case, which occurred last summer, of the Fordingbridge murder. A man commits a rape. He is sentenced to a certain term of penal servitude, during which he has to work, say, nine hours a day, is well fed, and has nine hours' sleep every night in a sufficiently warm and comfortable bed. When he comes out he repeats his first offence, this time with the addition of murder. Would any reasonable man have expected any other result? What was there in his previous sentence either to deter or to reform him? Sharp physical pain, the lowest diet, the hardest lodging, might have had some chance of taming him, and if these hardships had shattered his constitution and even shortened his life, he would have had no right to

complain. The knowledge that he had to suffer these evils would at any rate have been a warning to others, and if he had been imprisoned, as he ought to have been for many years, he would have been harmless to every one except himself. Our heedless and unsystematic way of punishing which puts such a crime as his on a level, say, with passing a forged note, was the cause in this case of the sacrifice of two lives, his victim's and his own.

The general result of the whole is that crimes involving great moral atrocity as well as great public mischief should be met by deterrent and also by disabling punishments—that crimes of less magnitude committed by professional criminals should be visited with disabling punishments, and that the punishments in use at present should be confined to cases in which there is reasonable ground to hope for real reform.

It would be no very difficult matter to carry out some parts, at all events, of this scheme. The law is now brought into a shape and size in which it would be comparatively easy to say which crimes should be made the objects of what might be called exemplary punishment, nor would it be really difficult to ascertain whether a man convicted of some offence which did not fall under this category deserved to be treated as a professional criminal. As matters stand at present, previous convictions can generally be charged in indictments for felony, in order to render a man liable to aggravated punishment. There is no real reason why power should not be given to indict a man so convicted for being a professional criminal. It might be provided that if it was shown by evidence that he had been convicted a certain number of times, and that he was in the habit of associating with persons known to be thieves or bad characters, the burden of proving that he got his living honestly should be thrown upon him. He might be examined as to his life, his companions, his means of earning wages, and the like, and evidence might be admitted of his character. If, as the result of the whole inquiry, the jury were satisfied that he lived by crime, and was a habitual criminal, he ought to be imprisoned for life, and prevented at all events from doing further mischief. Probably the jury will not feel much difficulty in knowing what to think of a man who, being convicted of a burglary, committed in a thoroughly skilful professional way, appeared to have been previously convicted of various offences as often as twelve or fifteen times; yet this is not an imaginary case. It actually happened in one of the Midland counties less than a year ago. The prisoner was sentenced to eighteen years' penal servitude, whatever that may mean, but he will probably be revisiting his old haunts long before the year 1879.

In addition to these alterations, it would be no doubt desirable to examine closely the state of the existing convict prisons. There is probably a good deal of ignorance and prejudice in the universal chorus of indignation raised against them, but without entering at large into the subject, a few remarks upon it may be permitted. In the first place it might be foretold with certainty that the system would err on the side of

indulgence. To a humane and educated man, the task of inflicting pain must always be odious in comparison with that of regulating a sort of system of education. There is also a natural love in all officials, especially in all military men, for the system, completeness, and organization of a great establishment, and the combination of these considerations forms a strong temptation to any manager to try to make his convict establishment in a sense cheerful and comfortable. A man whose life is passed in managing, providing for, and regulating convicts, comes inevitably, if he is a kind-hearted and good-natured man, to forget their worst features, and look upon them more or less as his dependants. The worst that can fairly be said of Sir Joshua Jebb seems to be, that he may have been too sanguine and liberal in his philanthropy. It is, however, fair to him to call attention to the fact that he has expressly admitted that the English convict system is not suited for the worst class of rogues. In a statement published in a condensed form in this Magazine,* after quoting from *The Times* an observation that the professional criminals "constitute the ugly per-centage of the convicts—with which nothing can be done—the true blackamoors of the system who can never be washed white," he adds, "Here it is, and perhaps here only, we fail." In other words, the system is, on his own showing, quite unfit for the very class whom of all others it is most important to punish effectually. Some sixty or seventy thoroughly hardened professional footpads and garotters are enough to throw all London into a panic, and when the public ask why this is so, they are told that penal servitude is not intended for gentlemen of this persuasion. It would be well to make an effort to meet their peculiar views. Even if it should seem too extensive and difficult an undertaking to devise new classifications of crime and new systems of punishment for special cases, and if, as there is great reason to fear, it is true that the objections to transportation are really conclusive, it is the greatest of all mistakes to make convicts too comfortable. To honest poverty it is the most cruel insult, to the criminals themselves it is cruel kindness, for their crimes are due in almost every case to "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." It would be an outrage on decency to paint with any approach to truth the inside of the minds of prisoners. If their habitual language is the best index to them, they must contain abysses of blasphemy and filth which can hardly be imagined. Take a man of this kind, feed him well, work him lightly, let him have plenty of sleep in a soft and warm bed, and confine him for years to the society of persons of his own class and sex, and you expose him to temptations far greater than libraries of tracts and armies of chaplains can encounter. Monkish austerities had their meaning. It was not for nothing that the monks recommended fasting and bodily austerities, and though the subject cannot well be fully discussed, no one who thinks upon it can fail to see that hard work and spare diet would be in the highest degree

* *Cornhill Magazine* for 1861, vol. iv. page 240.

necessary to men in the circumstances of convicts, even if the matter of punishment were out of the question.

One simple mode of securing this result suggests itself to observers from the outside. Why should these men be provided for in all respects merely because they are criminals? Why might they not work for their living, and suffer all the hardships that honest men suffer in the daily struggle for subsistence. Suppose that on his introduction to Dartmoor or Portland the convict were addressed thus:—"There is the quarry, and there is a pickaxe. The terms are so much for every ton of stone; and if you work uncommonly hard, you will be able to earn, say, 6*s.* a week. Honest labourers have to support a family on 9*s.* or 10*s.* Out of that you must find yourself. The rent of your cell is so much, and will be stopped out of your wages: and there will also be a weekly stoppage to pay for your clothes. Everything else you can buy at stated prices at shops in the prison. Now work or be idle, just as you please; but observe, you do not get one penny beyond what you earn. If you are ill, you may go into hospital, but you will have to pay so much a week, and you must work out your debts before you leave the prison. If you refuse to work, you may settle the question with your own stomach; but if you rebel, or steal from the other convicts, or are disobedient to, or assault the warders, there is a court in the nature of a drumhead court-martial constantly sitting, which will do justice upon you with surprising promptitude, and in the same way in which soldiers and sailors are punished." If this kind of remedy were applied, we should hear little of either luxurious living or idleness. The convicts would have no right to complain. They would be merely undergoing the common lot—working for their living like honest men—subject only to such special restraints as their own misconduct had rendered necessary. In this way good and bad fortune would apportion itself in prison pretty much as it does in the rest of the world. The active man would be moderately comfortable, the idle one would be wretched; and the calamities and personal advantages which do not depend upon morality would fall, as it pleased Providence, as they do on the rest of mankind. This suggestion might be applied to every sort of punishment: to persons subjected to deterrent or disabling imprisonment, as well as to those who have to undergo that which is more directly reformatory. It would substitute for an artificial discipline, which it is hardly possible to regulate in a satisfactory manner, a natural discipline, which would regulate itself with no trouble at all.

The First Meeting.

The * * * * in the Closet.

PASSAGES EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE BARON DELAUNAY.

3rd June, 1770: *Paris.* — The Vicomte de Grandchamps called this morning—splendid as usual, with buttons of Roman mosaic on his velvet coat, and his point-lace *jabot* the true coffee-colour now in vogue. What an age of pretension it is! The dandy conceals his own fine hair beneath a hideous crop of the barber's invention. The ladies cover their fair skins with rouge and little patches of black; the graceful play of their limbs is thwarted by some artificial device to swell out their petticoats and nip in their waists—even the pearly whiteness of their lace must be dyed in coffee to give it a look of age! How preposterous shall we appear to future ages, when a more enlightened education and a higher tone of morality shall enable society to return to nature, consequently to beauty! I can fancy how the students of the next century will contrast the costume of our ladies—their petticoats tucked up to display their legs, attractively set off by coloured and embroidered stockings; their little feet distorted by high-heeled shoes; their painted cheeks, their false hair, their little shadeless hats—with the long flowing robes indicating the graceful limbs without displaying them, the chaste wimple, the modest veil of the middle ages. I can fancy what lesson they will deduct from these outward signs, and how they will understand only from pictures the reverential devotion of the knights of Saint Louis's time for their noble ladies, and the familiar, lewd gallantry of the reign of Louis XV. To return to the vicomte, who suggested this digression. He entered, and threw himself indolently down on the easiest of my arm-chairs, stretching out his legs the better to admire their exquisite proportions.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you are on the eve of giving up your liberty?"

"My liberty! what is that?"

"Ah!" he replied, with a little laugh, stroking his calves the while, "very good; what is his liberty?—cynical as usual. Do not we bachelors come and go at will, order our own dinner, pursue our own pleasure, form our own little acquaintances, not to shock you with tenderer names, invite our own friends to our own banquets? Once married, *mon cher*, some one else rules all that; you may pay the cost—that will be your share of the fun. It is true you may have separate establishments, but that is expensive, and no particular good."

"All that may be the case in your ménage, vicomte," I replied; "but

I assure you it will not be so in mine. Time only can prove how much marriage may increase or diminish my happiness; but, decidedly, I shall remain master of my own house."

"Then you will live in perpetual warfare, and we shall soon see the marks of nails on your grave, sober face. That is a worse condition than the other."

"Neither one nor the other is necessary, I assure you."

"Ah, poor Delaunay, what an infatuation! I had hoped it might not be true, when the fellows at the fencing-court told me you had asked the hand of Gabrielle de Vigny of her parents."

"It is true that I have made proposals to the parents of Mademoiselle de Vigny," I replied, with a stress on the *mademoiselle* he had so rudely omitted; "but I am not so sure of obtaining it."

"You don't mean to say De Vigny hesitated?—the hypocrite!"

"Not at all, but the young lady herself has not seen me; she is still in her convent."

"And you think she will be consulted?"

"I am sure she will; I will not force myself upon any one."

"Ah, well, girls are all alike! she will say yes, glad enough to leave school and be Madame la Baronne Delaunay, with a handsome husband, a handsome house, and a handsome fortune. And then she will amuse herself. Poor things, they are so caged up!—they know nothing but restraint, whereas we men, by marrying, either lose our liberty, or——"

"Valuable liberty, truly! We do as we like, because no one cares what we do; stop out late because no one at home is longing for us; form silly friendships because there is no one to fill up the blank in our heart."

"Our *heart!* Really, Delaunay, conversation with you is like reposing in a shady arbour! Fancy a man of the court of his Most Christian Majesty Louis XV. talking about our hearts! Ah, here is François with chocolate; I drink in that most innocent beverage to the success of your Arcadian dream. May your choice be as sweet as your chocolate."

And so he ran on, and I reasoned with him no longer. *A quoi bon?* It was not worth the trouble. But am I so sure of the wisdom of my plans? I have seen her portrait; it is charming. Her parents are worthy people, and she is only fifteen; surely, at that age, she can have acquired no taint of the vices of the day, no taste for its artificial pleasures. She will yield to my superior experience. I will be so gentle with her; I will so truly make her feel the identity of our interests—but softly, she is not yet mine, she may never bear my name, for her wishes shall never be forced for me.

5th June.—Waited betimes on Madame de Vigny, for she had, I know, fixed on the 4th for her daughter's arrival in Paris, and I could not rest till I had seen her and learnt my fate. There is a certain air of poverty about the apartments, in spite of the gentility of the lady's manners, which makes me fear that my fortune may be an acceptable prospect

to the De Vignys, and I more than ever determine to ascertain for myself if the parents dictate to the poor girl her choice. After a brief apology for presenting myself so early in the day, "Is she arrived?" I asked, eagerly.

"Yes, indeed."

"And she was quite willing to come?"

"What a question! Gabrielle has never disobeyed her parents."

"But was she glad, happy, or did she weep?"

"Nay, I must admit she shed many tears; but what would you expect? She has been with the good nuns seven years, and she loves them dearly. She is so young she had never thought of changing her condition; and she is so timid, too. There were girls there no older than herself who cast such looks of envy upon her as she bade them farewell. 'Ah, how happy you will be!' they exclaimed. 'Come and see us when you are a great lady, and tell us all about court when you are presented.' But my poor Gabrielle only kissed them, and wept without speaking. They were all still standing behind the *grille* when we drove away. But she is quite happy this morning; listen, is not that a merry song?"

She paused, and opened the window; from the little square garden beneath rose a sweet carolling like the matins of a bird. How my heart beat as I caught the vague outline of a female dress amongst the lilac-bushes!

"Ah, madame, let me go down to her. I must see her. I can wait no longer now I have heard her voice."

"What are you thinking of, baron? She has no proper attire; she still wears her poor little convent frock. I have already sent for the mantua-maker. In a few days she shall be presented to you; but to see her alone before marriage, at any rate before signing the contract—impossible: that is never done. Monsieur le Baron must be aware of it?"

"I am, dear madame; but I am not bound by any of our absurd formalities myself, and I entreat you to set them aside in my favour. Good heavens, madame! what idea have you formed of your future son, that you are afraid to trust him to speak to your daughter?"

As I grew warm the lady was obviously embarrassed between her strong sense of the proprieties and her desire not to offend me. "I wish my husband were at home," she sighed.

"Listen, dear madame; you must allow me to see mademoiselle, for I have vowed never to marry a girl who cannot assure me that she voluntarily becomes my wife."

The lady looked still more uncomfortable. "She is so timid, she would not dare to tell you so much."

"Well, at any rate you must let me try. Do you not see that I am only consulting her interest. You consent. I go then; I shall be almost in your presence in that arbour."

The lady fairly cried as she again muttered something about her poor attire, but I hastily left the room. The more she desired the match, the

more determined I became to ascertain if the daughter was averse to it; and a few seconds brought me into the garden Gabrielle was standing under a lilac-tree—the sun glancing in chequered rays through the boughs upon her brilliant hair, her white throat, her simple dress. Ah, I see that dear little frock now—a white chintz strewed with rosebuds; her face was bent down over a lily-of-the-valley she was smelling, but the profile was exquisite; the little hands which held the flower were so delicate! My haste received a sudden check; it was for me to feel timid, uncertain. What if that lovely flower were not for me; what if that sweet face were to turn away from me with aversion. All my thoughts were confused, words failed me. Now that I had seen her, how could I bear to risk a refusal? I had almost resolved to return to her mother, and beg her to plead my cause; but I could not stir—that girlish figure, that elegant *pose*, that beautiful head, enthralled me quite. Suddenly she turned round and perceived me; a crimson blush overspread her face and neck, and she was bounding away like a startled fawn, when I boldly caught her hand, and, gently detaining her, explained who I was, and that her mother had allowed me to visit her in the arbour.

Poor little thing—how frightened—how agitated she looked! For seven years she had seen no man but the old priest; and her dress fluttered visibly with the beating of her heart. My own taught me how to reassure her. I had determined to be as correct, as respectfully ceremonious as her mother's scruples could have desired; but with that darling, trembling child by my side, how could I? I seated her on a little bench, on which there was barely room for us two, and still retaining her hand, I said, simply, "Gabrielle, your parents have allowed me to ask you to become my wife—did they speak to you on the subject?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the thought grieves you?"

There was a pause: I could see that she dared not answer openly.

"Do not be afraid, you are entirely your own mistress—no one will control your inclinations—no one will even persuade you in the matter. I will never see you again, if you tell me to go. If it does not make you unhappy, I will remain with you a little while: may I?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered.

"Then don't tremble so; have confidence in me, for I seek only to make you happy. Look at me, and tell me if I am so very formidable?"

She raised her eyes as if from a habit of obedience, and dropped them again; then looked up again, voluntarily and steadily. The truthful, beautiful eyes! how I dived into their lustrous depths! That look sealed my fate. Gabrielle ceased to tremble. She said little—but she listened willingly; and before I quitted her side she had given me the lily-of-the-valley she had been smelling when I first saw her (I have it still). Ah! what a change had taken place in my sensations when I rejoined mother! I actually embraced the good lady.

"Well?" she said.

"She is an angel. I have not deserved such happiness; and she will love me soon—I know she will. Ah, madame, how can I thank you enough for such a treasure. And her dress is charming. Pray do not alter it; do not spoil her lovely simplicity; do not make her look ever so little like the ladies of the court."

The good mother was immensely relieved by my enthusiastic admiration, but she said her daughter *must* have the *trousseau* of a lady; and so I came home to my solitary house in a state of elysium.

8*th June*.—My suit prospers; each day my Gabrielle (mine!) grows more familiar, more charming; but I feel a sort of panic, when I consider her extreme youth and inexperience. She has seen nothing, known nothing—she does not dislike me, but with whom could she compare me? Her mother takes her from house to house to pay the customary calls to her relatives before marriage; but I know too well how such visits are endured. A kiss on the forehead, with kind congratulations from the elders, a bow from the young cousins, the distribution of a little box of bonbons, which old and young chump with the same relish, and the ceremony is ended, without my timid little Gabrielle having raised her eyes.

I shudder sometimes as I think of the wretched marriages I have known, and fancy that perhaps the poor young bride was taken from her convent to the altar, ignorant and innocent as my betrothed, and that, when it was too late, her eyes were opened, and her affections engaged when her duty bound her to another, a stranger!

It was my wish to retire to my château of St. Vermont, and there to lead with her such a life as cannot exist in this corrupt capital; but her mother, I see, expects her to be presented at court, and I myself feel scruples as to the kindness of selecting her lot for her ere she has experience to judge of it for herself.

"Yes, she must first see a little more of life, and here, *à propos*, arrives an invitation from the vicomte's father, the Marquis de Grandchamps, to a fête champêtre at his superb house at St. Maur. He tells me I am to meet Madame de Vigny and her lovely daughter, in whose honour the fête is given. Ah! I have hardly patience to think of the old libertine carrying her about, and introducing her to his friends—male and female. Inconsistent that I am, is it not what I was just resolving was the juster course of the two?"

11*th June*.—The most lovely day favoured the marquis's fête, which was certainly a grand success. Madame de Vigny offered me a place in her coach; it is a most antiquated vehicle, and so heavy that her four fat Norman horses could barely drag it along at the rate of four miles an hour. But what mattered the slowness of their pace to me—with Gabrielle seated opposite to me, with her bright young face, listening to my account of everything the journey suggested, particularly the donjon of Vincennes? Ah! I could not resist the temptation of making those large eyes dilate with terror, as I related to her, as graphically as I could,

some of the horrible adventures of prisoners immured for ever within those walls.

"And are there prisoners there now?" she asked, looking sadly at the fortified walls.

"Yes, many."

"So you said when we passed the Bastille," she answered. "Two prisons in one drive, and on such a brilliant summer's day. The good God comfort the poor captives!"

I repented of the picturesqueness of my descriptions—alas! in no way exaggerated—when I found that I could not win another smile from her till we came suddenly at a turn of the road upon the Marne, winding here silvery bright in the sunshine, there blue and cool beneath the willows which overhang it. The grounds of the marquis slope down to the water's edge, brilliant with gaily-painted kiosques and Chinese summer-houses. Poles supporting wreaths of flowers, festooned, marked the approach to the house; and almost ere we had passed the gates a group of would-be shepherdesses, attired in white and blue brocade, all looped up with roses, and with blue ribbons floating from their crooks, advanced to welcome us and conduct us to the master of the revels. They were his daughters. Three years ago they were as fresh, as girlish as my Gabrielle. Now their beauty is entirely obscured by artificial adornments; not a look is unsophisticated, not a gesture is natural.

The fête, as might be expected, was splendid, and very much Gabrielle seemed to enjoy it, except when her modesty suffered as she was brought too prominently forward to public notice. I think what pleased her most was a delightful concert, in which the vicomte had performed to great perfection a selection from Piccini's *Dido*.

"Ah!" said the old marquis, observing her delight, "you young people find pleasure in all that wandering up and down, which, to me, is little better than tuning the instruments. If you had heard Lulli play the violin, so tender, so simple, yet so wonderful! It is my son who is wild after Piccini; he ordered the concert. He takes his part with such vehemence, that he has written at least twenty satires against Glück; and at that famous battle at the Palais Royal he is believed to have knocked down about a dozen Glückites with the feather out of his hat, which was the only weapon he had at command.

"All which," I observed, "does not hinder Glück from being the greatest composer we have ever had, as I hope to prove to Mademoiselle de Vigny to-morrow, at the representation of his *Orfeo*."

The old marquis smiled. "I should have guessed you were a Glückite, always of the severe school. Ah! mademoiselle, you must enliven your future husband; make him one of us. Do not allow him to frown down upon our innocent frivolity, like a Parisian Cato. Time is so short; why not improve it by gilding its wings, since we cannot clip them, and crowning it with flowers, since we cannot conceal its old bald head."

The marquis then begged me to lead out Mademoiselle de Vigny for a minuet; but though her mother nodded approvingly at the proposal, Gabrielle herself grew pale with timidity. She dared neither refuse nor accept; and most gratefully she thanked me when I assured her that she was there only for her own pleasure, and need do nothing that was painful to herself.

On our return home, as the moon was at the full, Madame de Vigny had caused no footman to attend us with torches—the way, too, being so long; but the moon was often obscured by clouds, or concealed by the tops of the trees. In passing along the Bois de Vincennes we were for nearly half an hour in darkness. Madame slept profoundly. Never before had I had my betrothed so entirely to myself; and from low whispers of affection we sank into a silence more eloquent still of love. I took her hand, and it returned the pressure of mine; I could not see her face, but I drew her nearer—nearer to me—and on her forehead I imprinted the first kiss I had ever dared to take, half fearing the while lest she should resent it; but my lips still lingered on her brow when I felt her dear arms cast around me—her heart was beating against mine, her mouth sought mine. O joy! all that I felt for her she felt for me; it was no quiet acquiescence in an inevitable doom; her being had bounded forth to meet mine. Not a word was said, but from that moment I felt she was my wife. All scruples ceased; it mattered not where she went, or whom she saw, she was mine as voluntarily as I was hers.

12*th June.*—Conducted Gabrielle and her mother to the representation of *Orfeo*. Ah, poor Gabrielle, how deeply she was moved—it was all real to her, her eyes never wandered a moment from the stage, and flashed with hope or filled with tears as the story changed; but when at last she saw Orpheus about to turn round, unable to bear the importunities of Eurydice, she clasped her hands passionately, and exclaimed aloud, "Why do you not trust him when he loves you so much!" Involuntarily Eurydice looked up to our box, and so did many others. Poor Gabrielle, covered with confusion, sat as far back as she could, and the crimson had not faded from her neck when De Grandchamps entered.

"I have come to felicitate you," he exclaimed. "What would I not give to believe once more in a play! I can only just remember the sensation, but it was very delightful. Now, you see, I'm only wondering whether Orpheus's G sharp will be true. Glück never before received such praise as yours. I had intended to ask you if you did not think it dreadfully heavy stuff; but when I saw your face I knew it was useless to try and get any censure from you. You have espoused Delaunay's tastes before himself."

He spoke in a bantering way, as usual, but I could see that he was unusually charmed by the modest grace and beauty of Gabrielle; he looked at her continually, and chatted to her with so much fun and such a candid confession of all badness, that she was soon very much entertained with him, and gave him some of those silvery peals of girlish laughter which

he told me were as melodious again as any air of Glück's. Returning home, I asked her how she liked De Grandchamps. "I think him very amusing; of course, I do not believe in all the wickedness he pretends to boast of. I suppose, on the contrary, he is very good."

"And why so?"

"He could not be so gay if he were guilty—remorse would poison his life. He could not make a jest of his sins."

Poor innocent Gabrielle! I thought, Is that all thy penetration? then art thou safer with a protector less guileless than thyself.

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I have confided to Gabrielle my first design of living with her at St. Vermont, far from the gaieties and dissipations of Paris, devoting ourselves to the welfare of our poor neighbours and trying to ameliorate their fate, which is lamentable enough when their lord resides in the capital, and all they know of him are his exactions. God will not always suffer this state of things; there are already signs of coming vengeance, and this war in America will kindle such a love of liberty here as will not be readily extinguished. Pray God it become not anarchy and brutal licence!

Gabrielle received my proposal with an enthusiasm I had never before noticed in her. Her convent education seems to have fitted her specially for the life I have most at heart. Yes, she will move like a good angel amongst the poor, healing their bodily sicknesses with medicines and restoratives, and pouring into their moral wounds the wine and oil of her pure faith and touching sympathy. I told her I feared her mother would not be satisfied—her dreams for the future had been more ambitious.

"Nay," she answered, with her usual frankness, "mamma is too well pleased with our engagement to feel disappointed at anything you propose, and papa would quite agree with your views of happiness."

Three days more, and she is mine! Ah, how can I ever make her sufficiently happy? the darling who has so willingly confided her young life to my care. Only three days!

St. Vermont, 24th June.—Midsummer in all its bloom; and we here in the beautiful country to enjoy it. What peace, what serenity, after the excitement of our marriage! The chequered emotion of separation from Gabrielle's parents—the journey here—the enthusiastic reception of our good people! Gabrielle is delighted; she says it is a new world, much larger and grander than the Paris world of fashion, of which she merely took a peep!

She thanks God her lot is placed here. Sweet child! she came to me this morning early, her hands and dress laden with roses still gemmed with dew. "Come with me," she said; "I have gathered these for the altar of our kind Lord: it is the day of St. John: we will go to church together and thank him—oh, for so much happiness!" and tears purer than the dew on the roses stood in her dark eyes, and a flush of joy more brilliant than their lovely colour heightened the beauty of her girlish face.

I could only look at her, my heart was too full for words ; surely my cup of contentment runs over.

30*th.*—Our sweet retirement ends to-day. De Grandchamps joins us. He has not been well, he says, and begs us to give him a change of air and a little quiet. He is welcome, and we will nurse him well; but we are so happy I cannot look upon any change with pleasure.

1*st July.*—Certainly the vicomte is much altered, and my wife sees it as much as I do. I questioned him as to his dejection, but cannot find that he has been playing deeper than usual, and I can think of no other loss that would affect him. A good dose of fresh air, he says, will set him up again. "Yes," I added, "if you do not die of *ennui* during the process."

3*rd.*—Gabrielle looked sad to-day—perhaps I should rather say very serious—for the first time since our marriage. When we were alone at night, "Gabrielle," I said, "there is not to be the faintest cloud between us two : tell me what saddens you."

Her old timidity returned, and her colour, which varies so perpetually, went and came. I saw she was struggling with her natural shyness, and I waited patiently, holding her hands in mine to encourage her with my love and tenderness.

"Monsieur de Grandchamps tells me you are so very learned, and I am so ignorant. He said—no, he did not say so, but he——at least I understood him to mean that you would soon be tired of me, that you cared for nothing but science, literature, and—and—all that I don't understand. I saw that he was much surprised that you should ever have thought of me, and so am I now I reflect upon it."

"Dear Gabrielle ! thank you for telling me. But I had imagined De Grandchamps far too much of a flatterer for such a speech."

"Oh, he interlarded it with compliments, and said he preferred me as I am, but I did not heed all that, because I was struck with the truth of what he first said—that you were so learned, and I so ignorant."

"I am twelve years older than you, Gabrielle, and certainly not twelve years wiser. But I own to a great respect for learning, though not learned myself. Shall we study together ? Here, in this quiet place, we shall have leisure for reading."

"Anything with you."

4*th.*—Study with Gabrielle is not a brilliant success as yet ; it is difficult to manage. Those stupid old nuns have left untaught the very first laws of everything but embroidery and confectionery, and it is really puzzling to know where to begin, so that Gabrielle may understand me. But if I am obliged to own that my wife has no book-learning, I must say that every fresh test proves her more and more intelligent and really wise. She has always done the right thing with the most perfect grace, whilst I have been considering what was expected of me ; but as for books, the poor child yawns ; it cannot be dissembled, she positively yawns.

I shall be glad when De Grandchamps returns to Paris. He seems

quite well now, and is enjoying himself immensely. Strange that he should so quiet as is our life. * * *

A box from Paris has quite restored my wife's gay smiles. I suppose because it was a remembrance of her mother, for the box seemed to contain nothing but old school-books, working materials, &c.

12*th*.—De Grandchamps gone to a friend a few leagues off. I am afraid I am wanting in hospitality, but I really was not sorry to see him ride off, though he may return a day hence.

14*th*.—What is the meaning of this? When I went to my wife's boudoir this morning—always as much mine as her's—I found the door locked; and when, after some delay, it was opened, her manner was confused, her face averted from mine. What does it mean? I had vowed to hear of, to practise, no concealment, and yet somehow I could not explain myself—could ask nothing about the hurried manner, the locked door.

15*th*.—I fancied, after our little discomfort of yesterday, that Gabrielle might be embarrassed, colder, perhaps, but she is not. I never saw her more gay, more playfully kind. And yet she has said nothing satisfactory; she has not even reproached me with not demanding the explanation we had agreed to have on every subject of difference, be it ever so slight. And yet she hides——Nonsense, her face is candour itself; she hides nothing. It was a chance, and she has attached no importance to it, has not thought of it again. But why lock the door when she heard me?

16*th*.—O misery! she conceals something. I saw her to-day hastily snatch some article from her work-basket and thrust it into her pocket. And yet she carries it off bravely! she is gay, and I—I am wretched—tormented with doubts. To-morrow I will know all—at any price I will—I know not why I am silent so long; is it fear?

17*th*.—I feigned to go out fishing this morning and returned almost immediately. I went straight up to Gabrielle's room, but as I approached the door I heard her step within fly across the room and hastily draw the bolt. All calm forsook me—

"Open the door, Gabrielle!"

"Yes, dear, in one moment."

"Instantly, madame!"

The bolt was withdrawn immediately, and Gabrielle stood there with such a look of fearful perplexity in her large eyes; I had called her madame!

"Why did you lock your door?" No answer. "Why did you lock your door?" I repeated, more angrily. Still no answer.

Gabrielle could not prevaricate, but I saw that her frightened looks turned ever to the door of a large closet near the window.

"Give me the key of that closet."

She obeyed tremblingly, but as I put the key in the lock she rushed forward, and, with a look of most miserable confusion, put her little hands against the door.

"I pray you not to open it!"

For all answer, I took both her hands in one of mine (they were such baby hands!) and with a jerk of successful rage burst open the door—as I did so, there came tumbling against me the figure of a large waxen doll!! My rival—my skeleton in the closet! It had been sent in that box which had given her so much pleasure—her old convent doll—her playmate for many years! And I had been jealous of that doll, with which my poor little wife of fifteen played on the sly! As I beheld her round, vacant, rosy face, her staring glass eyes, my first impulse was a burst of laughter, quenched almost immediately in a feeling of such remorseful shame as I hope never to feel again. I had so erred against my most innocent wife that I was ashamed to ask her forgiveness; every attempt, even at apology, would be an insult to a spirit so pure—so incapable of a thought even of evil. What was I to do? A stifled sob from Gabrielle met my ear. I knelt down and asked her pardon with most sincere humiliation.

"Forgive you," she sobbed, "for what?—will *you* not despise *me* for ever?"

Her guileless mind had not even understood my insane suspicions; she thought only of her detected childishness. Glad was I to avail myself of her innocence.

"I have been so rude to you, dearest; I have given you pain," I stammered out.

Ah! how much more ashamed was I of my jealousy than she could be of her doll, and how much more ridiculous was I! Dear, dear little Gabrielle!

* * * * *

1*st December.*—Gabrielle called me this morning to show me the waxen dolly carefully packed up in a box.

"Do you know for whom I am saving dear old waxy?" she asked, with a smile; a smile which has much, much more in it than the old sunbeam of the childish face six months back.

"And yet, Gabrielle," I answered, pointing to some Liliputian needlework, "yet you are still making doll's clothes?"

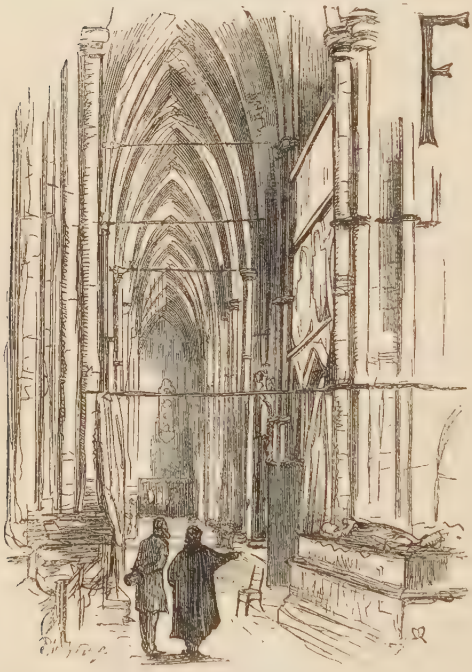
"For all your learning, you are only a goose!" was the reply.

Fancy Gabrielle laughing at me in the presence of that doll of which she has been so dreadfully ashamed. Certainly something or other has greatly raised her sense of self-importance.

The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Crosbie meets an old Clergyman on his way to Courcy Castle.



FOR the first mile or two of their journey Crosbie and Bernard Dale sat, for the most part, silent in their gig. Lily, as she ran down to the churchyard corner and stood there looking after them with her loving eyes, had not been seen by them. But the spirit of her devotion was still strong upon them both, and they felt that it would not be well to strike at once into any ordinary topic of conversation. And, moreover, we may presume that Crosbie did feel much at thus parting from such a girl as Lily Dale, with whom he had lived in close intercourse for the last six weeks, and whom he loved with all his heart,—with all the heart that he had for such purposes. In those doubts as to his marriage which had troubled him he had never expressed to himself any disapproval of Lily. He had not taught himself to think that she was other than he would have her be, that he might thus give himself an excuse for parting from her. Not as yet, at any rate, had he had recourse to that practice, so common with men who wish to free themselves from the bonds with which they have permitted themselves to be bound. Lily had been too sweet to his eyes, to his touch, to all his senses for that. He had enjoyed too keenly the pleasure of being with her, and of hearing her tell him that she loved him, to allow of his being personally tired of her. He had not been so spoilt by his club life but that he had taken exquisite pleasure in all her nice country ways, and soft, kind-hearted, womanly humour. He was

"There is Mr. Harding coming out of the Deanery."

by no means tired of Lily. Better than any of his London pleasures was this pleasure of making love in the green fields to Lily Dale. It was the consequences of it that affrighted him. Babies with their belongings would come ; and dull evenings, over a dull fire, or else the pining grief of a disappointed woman. He would be driven to be careful as to his clothes, because the ordering of a new coat would entail a serious expenditure. He could go no more among countesses and their daughters, because it would be out of the question that his wife should visit at their houses. All the victories that he had ever won must be given up. He was thinking of this even while the gig was going round the corner near the parsonage house, and while Lily's eyes were still blessed with some view of his departing back; but he was thinking, also, that moment, that there might be other victory in store for him; that it might be possible for him to learn to like that fireside, even though babies should be there, and a woman opposite to him intent on baby cares. He was struggling, as best he knew how; for the solemnity which Lily had imparted to him had not yet vanished from his spirit.

"I hope that, upon the whole, you feel contented with your visit?" said Bernard to him, at last.

"Contented? Of course I do."

"That is easily said; and civility to me, perhaps, demands as much. But I know that you have, to some extent, been disappointed."

"Well; yes. I have been disappointed as regards money. It is of no use denying it."

"I should not mention it now, only that I want to know that you exonerate me."

"I have never blamed you;—neither you, nor anybody else; unless, indeed, it has been myself."

"You mean that you regret what you've done?"

"No; I don't mean that. I am too devotedly attached to that dear girl whom we have just left to feel any regret that I have engaged myself to her. But I do think that had I managed better with your uncle things might have been different."

"I doubt it. Indeed I know that it is not so; and can assure you that you need not make yourself unhappy on that score. I had thought, as you well know, that he would have done something for Lily;—something, though not as much as he always intended to do for Bell. But you may be sure of this; that he had made up his mind as to what he would do. Nothing that you or I could have said would have changed him."

"Well; we won't say anything more about it," said Crosbie.

Then they went on again in silence, and arrived at Guestwick in ample time for the train.

"Let me know as soon as you get to town," said Crosbie.

"Oh, of course. I'll write to you before that."

And so they parted. As Dale turned and went, Crosbie felt that

he liked him less than he had done before; and Bernard, also, as he was driving him, came to the conclusion that Crosbie would not be so good a fellow as a brother-in-law as he had been as a chance friend. "He'll give us trouble, in some way; and I'm sorry that I brought him down." That was Dale's inward conviction in the matter.

Crosbie's way from Guestwick lay, by railway, to Barchester, the cathedral city lying in the next county, from whence be purposed to have himself conveyed over to Courcy. There had, in truth, been no cause for his very early departure, as he was aware that all arrivals at country houses should take place at some hour not much previous to dinner. He had been determined to be so soon upon the road by a feeling that it would be well for him to get over those last hours. Thus he found himself in Barchester at eleven o'clock, with nothing on his hands to do; and, having nothing else to do, he went to church. There was a full service at the cathedral, and as the verger marshalled him up to one of the empty stalls, a little spare old man was beginning to chant the Litany. "I did not mean to fall in for all this," said Crosbie, to himself, as he settled himself with his arms on the cushion. But the peculiar charm of that old man's voice soon attracted him;—a voice that, though tremulous, was yet strong; and he ceased to regret the saint whose honour and glory had occasioned the length of that day's special service.

"And who is the old gentleman who chanted the Litany?" he asked the verger afterwards, as he allowed himself to be shown round the monuments of the cathedral.

"That's our precentor, sir; Mr. Harding. You must have heard of Mr. Harding." But Crosbie, with a full apology, confessed his ignorance.

"Well, sir; he's pretty well known too, tho' he is so shy like. He's father-in-law to our dean, sir; and father-in-law to Archdeacon Grantly also."

"His daughters have all gone into the profession, then?"

"Why, yes; but Miss Eleanor—for I remember her before she was married at all,—when they lived at the hospital——"

"At the hospital?"

"Hiram's hospital, sir. He was warden, you know. You should go and see the hospital, sir, if you never was there before. Well, Miss Eleanor,—that was his youngest,—she married Mr. Bold as her first. But now she's the dean's lady."

"Oh; the dean's lady, is she?"

"Yes, indeed. And what do you think, sir? Mr. Harding might have been dean himself if he'd liked. They did offer it to him."

"And he refused it?"

"Indeed he did, sir."

"Nolo decanari. I never heard of that before. What made him so modest?"

"Just that, sir; because he is modest. He's past his seventy now,

—ever so much; but he's just as modest as a young girl. A deal more modest than some of them. To see him and his granddaughter together!"

"And who is his granddaughter?"

"Why, Lady Dumbello, as will be the Marchioness of Hartletop."

"I know Lady Dumbello," said Crosbie; not meaning, however, to boast to the verger of his noble acquaintance.

"Oh, do you, sir?" said the man, unconsciously touching his hat at this sign of greatness in the stranger; though in truth he had no love for her ladyship. "Perhaps you're going to be one of the party at Courcy Castle."

"Well, I believe I am."

"You'll find her ladyship there before you. She lunched with her aunt at the deanery as she went through, yesterday; finding it too much trouble to go out to her father's, at Plumpstead. Her father is the archdeacon, you know. They do say,—but her ladyship is your friend!"

"No friend at all; only a very slight acquaintance. She's quite as much above my line as she is above her father's."

"Well, she is above them all. They say she would hardly as much as speak to the old gentleman."

"What, her father?"

"No, Mr. Harding; he that chanted the Litany just now. There he is, sir, coming out of the deanery."

They were now standing at the door leading out from one of the transepts, and Mr. Harding passed them as they were speaking together. He was a little, withered, shambling old man, with bent shoulders, dressed in knee-breeches and long black gaiters, which hung rather loosely about his poor old legs,—rubbing his hands one over the other as he went. And yet he walked quickly; not tottering as he walked, but with an uncertain, doubtful step. The verger, as Mr. Harding passed, put his hand to his head, and Crosbie also raised his hat. Whereupon Mr. Harding raised his, and bowed, and turned round as though he were about to speak. Crosbie felt that he had never seen a face on which traits of human kindness were more plainly written. But the old man did not speak. He turned his body half round, and then shambled back, as though ashamed of his intention, and passed on.

"He is of that sort that they make the angels of," said the verger. "But they can't make many if they want them all as good as he is. I'm much obliged to you, sir." And he pocketed the half-crown which Crosbie gave him.

"So that's Lady Dumbello's grandfather," said Crosbie, to himself, as he walked slowly round the close towards the hospital, by the path which the verger had shown him. He had no great love for Lady Dumbello, who had dared to snub him,—even him. "They may make an angel of the old gentleman," he continued to say; "but they'll never succeed in that way with the granddaughter."

He sauntered slowly on over a little bridge; and at the gate of the hospital he again came upon Mr. Harding. "I was going to venture in," said he, "to look at the place. But perhaps I shall be intruding?"

"No, no; by no means," said Mr. Harding. "Pray come in. I cannot say that I am just at home here. I do not live here,—not now. But I know the ways of the place well, and can make you welcome. That's the warden's house. Perhaps we won't go in so early in the day, as the lady has a very large family. An excellent lady, and a dear friend of mine,—as is her husband."

"And he is warden, you say?"

"Yes, warden of the hospital. You see the house, sir. Very pretty, isn't it? Very pretty. To my idea it's the prettiest built house I ever saw."

"I wont go quite so far as that," said Crosbie.

"But you would if you'd lived there twelve years, as I did. I lived in that house twelve years, and I don't think there's so sweet a spot on the earth's surface. Did you ever see such turf as that?"

"Very nice indeed," said Crosbie, who began to make a comparison with Mrs. Dale's turf at the Small House, and to determine that the Allington turf was better than that of the hospital.

"I had that turf laid down myself. There were borders there when I first came, with hollyhocks, and those sort of things. The turf was an improvement."

"There's no doubt of that, I should say."

"The turf was an improvement, certainly. And I planted those shrubs, too. There isn't such a Portugal laurel as that in the county."

"Were you warden here, sir?" And Crosbie, as he asked the question, remembered that, in his very young days, he had heard of some newspaper quarrel which had taken place about Hiram's hospital at Barchester.

"Yes, sir. I was warden here for twelve years. Dear, dear, dear! If they had put any gentleman here that was not on friendly terms with me it would have made me very unhappy,—very. But, as it is, I go in and out just as I like; almost as much as I did before they—— But they didn't turn me out. There were reasons which made it best that I should resign."

"And you live at the deanery now, Mr. Harding?"

"Yes; I live at the deanery now. But I am not dean, you know. My son-in-law, Dr. Arabin, is the dean. I have another daughter married in the neighbourhood, and can truly say that my lines have fallen to me in pleasant places."

Then he took Crosbie in among the old men, into all of whose rooms he went. It was an almshouse for aged men of the city, and before Crosbie had left him Mr. Harding had explained all the circumstances of the hospital, and of the way in which he had left it. "I didn't like going, you know; I thought it would break my heart. But I could not stay

when they said such things as that;—I couldn't stay. And, what is more, I should have been wrong to stay. I see it all now. But when I went out under that arch, Mr. Crosbie, leaning on my daughter's arm, I thought that my heart would have broken." And the tears even now ran down the old man's cheeks as he spoke.

It was a long story, and it need not be repeated here. And there was no reason why it should have been told to Mr. Crosbie, other than this,—that Mr. Harding was a fond garrulous old man, who loved to indulge his mind in reminiscences of the past. But this was remarked by Crosbie; that, in telling his story, no word was said by Mr. Harding injurious to any one. And yet he had been injured,—injured very deeply. "It was all for the best," he said at last; "especially as the happiness has not been denied to me of making myself at home at the old place. I would take you into the house, which is very comfortable,—very; only it is not always convenient early in the day, where there's a large family." In hearing which Crosbie was again made to think of his own future home and limited income.

He had told the old clergyman who he was, and that he was on his way to Courcy. "Where, as I understand, I shall meet a granddaughter of yours."

"Yes, yes; she is my grandchild. She and I have got into different walks of life now, so that I don't see much of her. They tell me that she does her duty well in that sphere of life to which it has pleased God to call her."

"That depends," thought Crosbie, "on what the duties of a viscountess may be supposed to be." But he wished his new friend good-by, without saying anything further as to Lady Dumbello, and, at about six o'clock in the evening, had himself driven up under the portico of Courcy Castle.

CHAPTER XVII.

Courcy Castle.

Courcy Castle was very full. In the first place, there was a great gathering there of all the Courcy family. The earl was there,—and the countess, of course. At this period of the year Lady De Courcy was always at home; but the presence of the earl himself had heretofore been by no means so certain. He was a man who had been much given to royal visitings and attendances, to parties in the Highlands, to—no doubt necessary—prolongations of the London season, to sojournings at certain German watering-places, convenient, probably, in order that he might study the ways and ceremonies of German Courts,—and to various other absences from home, occasioned by a close pursuit of his own special aims in life; for the Earl De Courcy had been a great courtier. But of late gout, lumbago, and perhaps also some diminution in his powers of making him-

self generally agreeable, had reconciled him to domestic duties, and the earl spent much of his time at home. The countess, in former days, had been heard to complain of her lord's frequent absence. But it is hard to please some women,—and now she would not always be satisfied with his presence.

And all the sons and daughters were there,—excepting Lord Porlock, the eldest, who never met his father. The earl and Lord Porlock were not on terms, and indeed hated each other as only such fathers and such sons can hate. The Honourable George De Courcy was there with his bride, he having lately performed a manifest duty, in having married a young woman with money. Very young she was not,—having reached some years of her life in advance of thirty; but then, neither was the Honourable George very young; and in this respect the two were not ill-sorted. The lady's money had not been very much,—perhaps thirty thousand pounds or so. But then the Honourable George's money had been absolutely none. Now he had an income on which he could live, and therefore his father and mother had forgiven him all his sins, and taken him again to their bosom. And the marriage was matter of great moment, for the elder scion of the house had not yet taken to himself a wife, and the De Courcy family might have to look to this union for an heir. The lady herself was not beautiful, or clever, or of imposing manners—nor was she of high birth. But neither was she ugly, nor unbearably stupid. Her manners were, at any rate, innocent; and as to her birth,—seeing that, from the first, she was not supposed to have had any,—no disappointment was felt. Her father had been a coal-merchant. She was always called Mrs. George, and the effort made respecting her by everybody in and about the family was to treat her as though she were a figure of a woman, a large well-dressed resemblance of a being, whom it was necessary for certain purposes that the De Courcys should carry in their train. Of the Honourable George we may further observe, that, having been a spendthrift all his life, he had now become strictly parsimonious. Having reached the discreet age of forty, he had at last learned that beggary was objectionable; and he, therefore, devoted every energy of his mind to saving shillings and pence wherever pence and shillings might be saved. When first this turn came upon him both his father and mother were delighted to observe it; but, although it had hardly yet lasted over twelve months, some evil results were beginning to appear. Though possessed of an income, he would take no steps towards possessing himself of a house. He hung by the paternal mansion, either in town or country; drank the paternal wines, rode the paternal horses, and had even contrived to obtain his wife's dresses from the maternal milliner. In the completion of which little last success, however, some slight family dissent had showed itself.

The Honourable John, the third son, was also at Courcy. He had as yet taken to himself no wife, and as he had not hitherto made himself conspicuously useful in any special walk of life his family were beginning

to regard him as a burden. Having no income of his own to save, he had not copied his brother's virtue of parsimony ; and, to tell the truth plainly, had made himself so generally troublesome to his father, that he had been on more than one occasion threatened with expulsion from the family roof. But it is not easy to expel a son. Human fledglings cannot be driven out of the nest like young birds. An Honourable John turned adrift into absolute poverty will make himself heard of in the world,—if in no other way, by his ugliness as he starves. A thorough-going ne'er-do-well in the upper classes has eminent advantages on his side in the battle which he fights against respectability. He can't be sent to Australia against his will. He can't be sent to the poor-house without the knowledge of all the world. He can't be kept out of tradesmen's shops ; nor, without terrible scandal, can he be kept away from the paternal properties. The earl had threatened, and snarled, and shown his teeth ; he was an angry man, and a man who could look very angry; with eyes which could almost become red, and a brow that wrinkled itself in perpendicular wrinkles, sometimes very terrible to behold. But he was an inconstant man, and the Honourable John had learned to measure his father, and in an accurate balance.

I have mentioned the sons first, because it is to be presumed that they were the elder, seeing that their names were mentioned before those of their sisters in all the peerages. But there were four daughters,—the Ladies Amelia, Rosina, Margaretta, and Alexandrina. They, we may say, were the flowers of the family, having so lived that they had created none of those family feuds which had been so frequent between their father and their brothers. They were discreet, high-bred women, thinking, perhaps, a little too much of their own position in the world, and somewhat apt to put a wrong value on those advantages which they possessed, and on those which they did not possess. The Lady Amelia was already married, having made a substantial if not a brilliant match with Mr. Mortimer Gazebee, a flourishing solicitor, belonging to a firm which had for many years acted as agents to the De Courcy property. Mortimer Gazebee was now member of Parliament for Barchester, partly through the influence of his father-in-law. That this should be so was a matter of great disgust to the Honourable George, who thought that the seat should have belonged to him. But as Mr. Gazebee had paid the very heavy expenses of the election out of his own pocket, and as George De Courcy certainly could not have paid them, the justice of his claim may be questionable. Mrs. Gazebee was now the happy mother of many babies, whom she was wont to carry with her on her visits to Courcy Castle, and had become an excellent partner to her husband. He would perhaps have liked it better if she had not spoken so frequently to him of her own high position as the daughter of an earl, or so frequently to others of her low position as the wife of an attorney. But, on the whole, they did very well together, and Mr. Gazebee had gotten from his marriage quite as much as he expected when he made it.

The Lady Rosina was very religious; and I do not know that she was conspicuous in any other way, unless it might be that she somewhat resembled her father in her temper. It was of the Lady Rosina that the servants were afraid, especially with reference to that so-called day of rest which, under her dominion, had become to many of them a day of restless torment. It had not always been so with the Lady Rosina; but her eyes had been opened by the wife of a great church dignitary in the neighbourhood, and she had undergone regeneration. How great may be the misery inflicted by an energetic, unmarried, healthy woman in that condition,—a woman with no husband, or children, or duties, to distract her from her work—I pray that my readers may never know.

The Lady Margaretta was her mother's favourite, and she was like her mother in all things,—except that her mother had been a beauty. The world called her proud, disdainful, and even insolent; but the world was not aware that in all that she did she was acting in accordance with a principle which had called for much self-abnegation. She had considered it her duty to be a De Courcy and an earl's daughter at all times; and consequently she had sacrificed to her idea of duty all popularity, adulation, and such admiration as would have been awarded to her as a well-dressed, tall, fashionable, and by no means stupid young woman. To be at all times in something higher than they who were manifestly below her in rank,—that was the effort that she was ever making. But she had been a good daughter, assisting her mother, as best she might, in all family troubles, and never repining at the cold, colourless, unlovely life which had been vouchsafed to her.

Alexandrina was the beauty of the family, and was in truth the youngest. But even she was not very young, and was beginning to make her friends uneasy lest she, too, should let the precious season of hay-harvest run by without due use of her summer's sun. She had, perhaps, counted too much on her beauty, which had been beauty according to law rather than beauty according to taste, and had looked, probably, for too bounteous a harvest. That her forehead, and nose, and cheeks, and chin were well-formed, no man could deny. Her hair was soft and plentiful. Her teeth were good, and her eyes were long and oval. But the fault of her face was this,—that when you left her you could not remember it. After a first acquaintance you could meet her again and not know her. After many meetings you would fail to carry away with you any portrait of her features. But such as she had been at twenty, such was she now at thirty. Years had not robbed her face of its regularity, or ruffled the smoothness of her too even forehead. Rumour had declared that on more than one, or perhaps more than two occasions, Lady Alexandrina had been already induced to plight her troth in return for proffered love; but we all know that Rumour, when she takes to such topics, exaggerates the truth, and sets down much in malice. The lady was once engaged, the engagement lasting for two years, and the engagement had been broken off owing to some money difficulties between the gentlemen of

the families. Since that she had become somewhat querulous, and was supposed to be uneasy on that subject of her hay-making. Her glass and her maid assured her that her sun shone still as brightly as ever; but her spirit was becoming weary with waiting, and she dreaded lest she should become a terror to all, as was her sister Rosina, or an object of interest to none, as was Margaretta. It was from her especially that this message had been sent to our friend Crosbie; for, during the last spring in London, she and Crosbie had known each other well. Yes, my gentle readers; it is true, as your heart suggests to you. Under such circumstances Mr. Crosbie should not have gone to Courcy Castle.

Such was the family circle of the De Courcys. Among their present guests I need not enumerate many. First and foremost in all respects was Lady Dumbello, of whose parentage and position a few words were said in the last chapter. She was a lady still very young, having as yet been little more than two years married. But in those two years her triumphs had been many;—so many, that in the great world her standing already equalled that of her celebrated mother-in-law, the Marchioness of Hartletop, who, for twenty years, had owned no greater potentate than herself in the realms of fashion. But Lady Dumbello was every inch as great as she; and men said, and women also, that the daughter-in-law would soon be the greater.

"I'll be hanged if I can understand how she does it," a certain noble peer had once said to Crosbie, standing at the door of Sebright's, during the latter days of the last season. "She never says anything to any one. She won't speak ten words a whole night through."

"I don't think she has an idea in her head," said Crosbie.

"Let me tell you that she must be a very clever woman," continued the noble peer. "No fool could do as she does. Remember, she's only a parson's daughter; and as for beauty——"

"I don't admire her for one," said Crosbie.

"I don't want to run away with her, if you mean that," said the peer; "but she is handsome, no doubt. I wonder whether Dumbello likes it."

Dumbello did like it. It satisfied his ambition to be led about as the senior lacquey in his wife's train. He believed himself to be a great man because the world fought for his wife's presence; and considered himself to be distinguished even among the eldest sons of marquises, by the greatness reflected from the parson's daughter whom he had married. He had now been brought to Courcy Castle, and felt himself proud of his situation because Lady Dumbello had made considerable difficulty in according this week to the Countess de Courcy.

And Lady Julia de Guest was already there, the sister of the other old earl who lived in the next county. She had only arrived on the day before, but had been quick in spreading the news as to Crosbie's engagement. "Engaged to one of the Dales, is he," said the countess, with a pretty little smile, which showed plainly that the matter was one of no interest to herself. "Has she got any money?"

"Not a shilling, I should think," said the Lady Julia.

"Pretty, I suppose?" suggested the countess.

"Why, yes; she is pretty—and a nice girl. I don't know whether her mother and uncle were very wise in encouraging Mr. Crosbie. I don't hear that he has anything special to recommend him,—in the way of money I mean."

"I dare say it will come to nothing," said the countess, who liked to hear of girls being engaged and then losing their promised husbands. She did not know that she liked it, but she did; and already had pleasure in anticipating poor Lily's discomfiture. But not the less was she angry with Crosbie, feeling that he was making his way into her house under false pretences.

And Alexandrina also was angry when Lady Julia repeated the same tidings in her hearing. "I really don't think we care very much about it, Lady Julia," said she, with a little toss of her head. "That's three times we've been told of Miss Dale's good fortune."

"The Dales are related to you, I think?" said Margaretta.

"Not at all," said Lady Julia, bristling up. "The lady whom Mr. Crosbie proposes to marry is in no way connected with us. Her cousin, who is the heir to the Allington property, is my nephew by his mother." And then the subject was dropped.

Crosbie, on his arrival, was shown up into his room, told the hour of dinner, and left to his devices. He had been at the castle before, and knew the ways of the house. So he sat himself down to his table, and began a letter to Lily. But he had not proceeded far, not having as yet indeed made up his mind as to the form in which he would commence it, but was sitting idly with the pen in his hand, thinking of Lily, and thinking also how such houses as this in which he now found himself would be soon closed against him, when there came a rap at his door, and before he could answer the Honourable John entered the room.

"Well, old fellow," said the Honourable John, "how are you?"

Crosbie had been intimate with John De Courcy, but never felt for him either friendship or liking. Crosbie did not like such men as John De Courcy; but nevertheless, they called each other old fellow, poked each other's ribs, and were very intimate.

"Heard you were here," continued the Honourable John; "so I thought I would come up and look after you. Going to be married, ain't you?"

"Not that I know of," said Crosbie.

"Come, we know better than that. The women have been talking about it for the last three days. I had her name quite pat yesterday, but I've forgot it now. Hasn't got a tanner; has she?" And the Honourable John had now seated himself upon the table.

"You seem to know a great deal more about it than I do."

"It is that old woman from Guestwick who told us, then. The women

will be at you at once, you'll find. If there's nothing in it, it's what I call a d—— shame. Why should they always pull a fellow to pieces in that way? They were going to marry me the other day!"

"Were they indeed, though?"

"To Harriet Twistleton. You know Harriet Twistleton? An uncommon fine girl, you know. But I wasn't going to be caught like that. I'm very fond of Harriet,—in my way, you know; but they don't catch an old bird like me with chaff."

"I condole with Miss Twistleton for what she has lost."

"I don't know about condoling. But upon my word that getting married is a very slow thing. Have you seen George's wife?"

Crosbie declared that he had not as yet had that pleasure.

"She's here now, you know. I wouldn't have taken her, not if she'd had ten times thirty thousand pounds. By Jove, no. But he likes it well enough. Would you believe it now?—he cares for nothing on earth except money. You never saw such a fellow. But I'll tell you what, his nose will be out of joint yet, for Porlock is going to marry. I heard it from Colepepper, who almost lives with Porlock. As soon as Porlock heard that she was in the familyway he immediately made up his mind to cut him out."

"That was a great sign of brotherly love," said Crosbie.

"I knew he'd do it," said John; "and so I told George before he got himself spliced. But he would go on. If he'd remained as he was for four or five years longer there would have been no danger;—for Porlock, you know, is leading the deuce of a life. I shouldn't wonder if he didn't reform now, and take to singing psalms or something of that sort."

"There's no knowing what a man may come to in this world."

"By George, no. But I'll tell you what, they'll find no change in me. If I marry it will not be with the intention of giving up life. I say, old fellow, have you got a cigar here?"

"What, to smoke up here do you mean?"

"Yes; why not? we're ever so far from the women."

"Not whilst I am occupier of this room. Besides, it's time to dress for dinner."

"Is it? So it is, by George! But I mean to have a smoke first, I can tell you. So it's all a lie about your being engaged; eh?"

"As far as I know, it is," said Crosbie. And then his friend left him.

What was he to do at once, now, this very day, as to his engagement? He had felt sure that the report of it would be carried to Courcy by Lady Julia De Guest, but he had not settled down upon any resolution as to what he would do in consequence. It had not occurred to him that he would immediately be charged with the offence, and called upon to plead guilty or not guilty. He had never for a moment meditated any plea of not guilty, but he was aware of an aversion on his part to declare himself

as engaged to Lilian Dale. It seemed that by doing so he would cut himself off at once from all pleasure at such houses as Courcy Castle; and, as he argued to himself, why should he not enjoy the little remnant of his bachelor life? As to his denying his engagement to John De Courcy,—that was nothing. Any one would understand that he would be justified in concealing a fact concerning himself from such a one as he. The denial repeated from John's mouth would amount to nothing,—even among John's own sisters. But now it was necessary that Crosbie should make up his mind as to what he would say when questioned by the ladies of the house. If he were to deny the fact to them the denial would be very serious. And, indeed, was it possible that he should make such denial with Lady Julia opposite to him?

Make such a denial! And was it the fact that he could wish to do so,—that he should think of such falsehood, and even meditate on the perpetration of such cowardice? He had held that young girl to his heart on that very morning. He had sworn to her, and had also sworn to himself, that she should have no reason for distrusting him. He had acknowledged most solemnly to himself that, whether for good or for ill, he was bound to her; and could it be that he was already calculating as to the practicability of disowning her? In doing so must he not have told himself that he was a villain? But in truth he made no such calculation. His object was to banish the subject, if it were possible to do so; to think of some answer by which he might create a doubt. It did not occur to him to tell the countess boldly that there was no truth whatever in the report, and that Miss Dale was nothing to him. But might he not skilfully laugh off the subject, even in the presence of Lady Julia? Men who were engaged did so usually, and why should not he? It was generally thought that solicitude for the lady's feelings should prevent a man from talking openly of his own engagement. Then he remembered the easy freedom with which his position had been discussed throughout the whole neighbourhood of Allington, and felt for the first time that the Dale family had been almost indelicate in their want of reticence. "I suppose it was done to tie me the faster," he said to himself, as he pulled out the ends of his cravat. "What a fool I was to come here, or indeed to go anywhere, after settling myself as I have done." And then he went down into the drawing-room.

It was almost a relief to him when he found that he was not charged with his sin at once. He himself had been so full of the subject that he had expected to be attacked at the moment of his entrance. He was, however, greeted without any allusion to the matter. The countess, in her own quiet way, shook hands with him as though she had seen him only the day before. The earl, who was seated in his arm-chair, asked some one, out loud, who the stranger was, and then, with two fingers put forth, muttered some apology for a welcome. But Crosbie was quite up to that kind of thing. "How do, my lord?" he said, turning his face away to some one else as he spoke; and then he took

no further notice of the master of the house. "Not know him, indeed!" Crippled though he was by his matrimonial bond, Crosbie felt that, at any rate as yet, he was the earl's equal in social importance. After that, he found himself in the back part of the drawing-room, away from the elder people, standing with Lady Alexandrina, with Miss Gresham, a cousin of the De Courcys, and sundry other of the younger portion of the assembled community.

"So you have Lady Dumbello here?" said Crosbie.

"Oh, yes; the dear creature!" said Lady Margaretta. "It was so good of her to come, you know."

"She positively refused the Duchess of St. Bungay," said Alexandrina. "I hope you perceive how good we've been to you in getting you to meet her. People have actually asked to come."

"I am grateful; but, in truth, my gratitude has more to do with Courcy Castle and its habitual inmates, than with Lady Dumbello. Is he here?"

"Oh, yes! he's in the room somewhere. There he is, standing up by Lady Clandidlem. He always stands in that way before dinner. In the evening he sits down much after the same fashion."

Crosbie had seen him on first entering the room, and had seen every individual in it. He knew better than to omit the duty of that scrutinizing glance; but it sounded well in his line not to have observed Lord Dumbello.

"And her ladyship is not down?" said he.

"She is generally last," said Lady Margaretta.

"And yet she has always three women to dress her," said Alexandrina.

"But when finished, what a success it is!" said Crosbie.

"Indeed it is!" said Margaretta, with energy. Then the door was opened, and Lady Dumbello entered the room.

There was immediately a commotion among them all. Even the gouty old lord shuffled up out of his chair, and tried, with a grin, to look sweet and pleasant. The countess came forward, looking very sweet and pleasant, making little complimentary speeches, to which the viscountess answered simply by a gracious smile. Lady Clandidlem, though she was very fat and heavy, left the viscount, and got up to join the group. Baron Potsneuf, a diplomatic German of great celebrity, crossed his hands upon his breast and made a low bow. The Honourable George, who had stood silent for the last quarter of an hour, suggested to her ladyship that she must have found the air rather cold; and the Ladies Margaretta and Alexandrina fluttered up with little complimentary speeches to their dear Lady Dumbello, hoping this and beseeching that, as though the "Woman in White" before them had been the dearest friend of their infancy.

She was a woman in white, being dressed in white silk, with white lace over it, and with no other jewels upon her person than diamonds. Very beautifully she was dressed; doing infinite credit, no doubt, to those

three artists who had, between them, succeeded in turning her out of hand. And her face, also, was beautiful, with a certain cold, inexpressive beauty. She walked up the room very slowly, smiling here and smiling there; but still with very faint smiles, and took the place which her hostess indicated to her. One word she said to the countess and two to the earl. Beyond that she did not open her lips. All the homage paid to her she received as though it were clearly her due. She was not in the least embarrassed, nor did she show herself to be in the slightest degree ashamed of her own silence. She did not look like a fool, nor was she even taken for a fool; but she contributed nothing to society but her cold, hard beauty, her gait, and her dress. We may say that she contributed enough, for society acknowledged itself to be deeply indebted to her.

The only person in the room who did not move at Lady Dumbello's entrance was her husband. But he remained unmoved from no want of enthusiasm. A spark of pleasure actually beamed in his eye as he saw the triumphant entrance of his wife. He felt that he had made a match that was becoming to him as a great nobleman, and that the world was acknowledging that he had done his duty. And yet Lady Dumbello had been simply the daughter of a country parson, of a clergyman who had reached no higher rank than that of an archdeacon. "How wonderfully well that woman has educated her," the countess said that evening, in her dressing-room, to Margaretta. The woman alluded to was Mrs. Grantly, the wife of the parson and mother of Lady Dumbello.

The old earl was very cross because destiny and the table of precedence required him to take out Lady Clandidlem to dinner. He almost insulted her, as she kindly endeavoured to assist him in his infirm step rather than to lean upon him.

"Ugh!" he said, "it's a bad arrangement that makes two old people like you and me be sent out together to help each other."

"Speak for yourself," said her ladyship, with a laugh. "I, at any rate, can get about without any assistance,"—which, indeed, was true enough.

"It's well for you!" growled the earl, as he got himself into his seat.

And after that he endeavoured to solace his pain by a flirtation with Lady Dumbello on his left. The earl's smiles and the earl's teeth, when he whispered naughty little nothings to pretty young women, were phenomena at which men might marvel. Whatever those naughty nothings were on the present occasion, Lady Dumbello took them all with placidity, smiling graciously, but speaking hardly more than monosyllables.

Lady Alexandrina fell to Crosbie's lot, and he felt gratified that it was so. It might be necessary for him, as a married man, to give up such acquaintances as the De Courcys, but he should like, if possible, to maintain a friendship with Lady Alexandrina. What a friend Lady Alexandrina would be for Lily, if any such friendship were only possible!

What an advantage would such an alliance confer upon that dear little girl;—for, after all, though the dear little girl's attractions were very great, he could not but admit to himself that she wanted a something,—a way of holding herself and of speaking, which some people call style. Lily might certainly learn a great deal from Lady Alexandrina; and it was this conviction, no doubt, which made him so sedulous in pleasing that lady on the present occasion.

And she, as it seemed, was well inclined to be pleased. She said no word to him during dinner about Lily; and yet she spoke about the Dales, and about Allington, showing that she knew in what quarters he had been staying, and then she alluded to their last parties in London,—those occasions on which, as Crosbie now remembered, the intercourse between them had almost been tender. It was manifest to him that at any rate she did not wish to quarrel with him. It was manifest, also, that she had some little hesitation in speaking to him about his engagement. He did not for the moment doubt that she was aware of it. And in this way matters went on between them till the ladies left the room.

"So you're going to be married, too," said the Honourable George, by whose side Crosbie found himself seated when the ladies were gone. Crosbie was employing himself upon a walnut, and did not find it necessary to make any answer.

"It's the best thing a fellow can do," continued George; "that is, if he has been careful to look to the main chance,—if he hasn't been caught napping, you know. It doesn't do for a man to go hanging on by nothing till he finds himself an old man."

"You've feathered your own nest, at any rate."

"Yes; I've got something in the scramble, and I mean to keep it. Where will John be when the governor goes off the hooks? Porlock wouldn't give him a bit of bread and cheese and a glass of beer to save his life;—that is to say, not if he wanted it."

"I'm told your elder brother is going to be married."

"You've heard that from John. He's spreading that about everywhere to take a rise out of me. I don't believe a word of it. Porlock never was a marrying man;—and, what's more, from all I hear, I don't think he'll live long."

In this way Crosbie escaped from his own difficulty; and when he rose from the dinner-table had not as yet been driven to confess anything to his own discredit.

But the evening was not yet over. When he returned to the drawing-room he endeavoured to avoid any conversation with the countess herself, believing that the attack would more probably come from her than from her daughter. He, therefore, got into conversation first with one and then with another of the girls, till at last he found himself again alone with Alexandrina.

"Mr. Crosbie," she said, in a low voice, as they were standing together over one of the distant tables, with their backs to the rest

of the company, "I want you to tell me something about Miss Lilian Dale."

"About Miss Lilian Dale!" he said, repeating her words.

"Is she very pretty?"

"Yes; she certainly is pretty."

"And very nice, and attractive, and clever,—and all that is delightful? Is she perfect?"

"She is very attractive," said he; "but I don't think she's perfect."

"And what are her faults?"

"That question is hardly fair, is it? Suppose any one were to ask me what were your faults, do you think I should answer the question?"

"I am quite sure you would, and make a very long list of them, too. But as to Miss Dale, you ought to think her perfect. If a gentleman were engaged to me, I should expect him to swear before all the world that I was the very pink of perfection."

"But supposing the gentleman were not engaged to you?'

"That would be a different thing."

"I am not engaged to you," said Crosbie. "Such happiness and such honour are, I fear, very far beyond my reach. But, nevertheless, I am prepared to testify as to your perfection anywhere."

"And what would Miss Dale say?"

"Allow me to assure you that such opinions as I may choose to express of my friends will be my own opinions, and not depend on those of any one else."

"And you think, then, that you are not bound to be enslaved as yet? How many more months of such freedom are you to enjoy?"

Crosbie remained silent for a minute before he answered, and then he spoke in a serious voice. "Lady Alexandrina," said he, "I would beg from you a great favour."

"What is the favour, Mr. Crosbie?"

"I am quite in earnest. Will you be good enough, kind enough, enough my friend, not to connect my name again with that of Miss Dale while I am here?"

"Has there been a quarrel?"

"No; there has been no quarrel. I cannot explain to you now why I make this request; but to you I will explain it before I go."

"Explain it to me!"

"I have regarded you as more than an acquaintance,—as a friend. In days now past there were moments when I was almost rash enough to hope that I might have said even more than that. I confess that I had no warrant for such hopes, but I believe that I may still look on you as a friend?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Alexandrina, in a very low voice, and with a certain amount of tenderness in her tone. "I have always regarded you as a friend."

"And therefore I venture to make the request. The subject is not

one on which I can speak openly, without regret, at the present moment. But to you, at least, I promise that I will explain it all before I leave Courcy."

He at any rate succeeded in mystifying Lady Alexandrina. "I don't believe he is engaged a bit," she said to Lady Amelia Gazebee that night.

"Nonsense, my dear. Lady Julia wouldn't speak of it in that certain way if she didn't know. Of course he doesn't wish to have it talked about."

"If ever he has been engaged to her, he has broken it off again," said Lady Alexandrina.

"I dare say he will, my dear, if you give him encouragement," said the married sister, with great sisterly good-nature.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lily Dale's first Love-letter.

Crosbie was rather proud of himself when he went to bed. He had succeeded in baffling the charge made against him, without saying anything as to which his conscience need condemn him. So, at least, he then told himself. The impression left by what he had said would be that there had been some question of an engagement between him and Lilian Dale, but that nothing at this moment was absolutely fixed. But in the morning his conscience was not quite so clear. What would Lily think and say if she knew it all? Could he dare to tell to her, or to tell any one, the real state of his mind?

As he lay in bed, knowing that an hour remained to him before he need encounter the perils of his tub, he felt that he hated Courcy Castle and its inmates. Who was there, among them all, that was comparable to Mrs. Dale and her daughters? He detested both George and John. He loathed the earl. As to the countess herself, he was perfectly indifferent, regarding her as a woman whom it was well to know, but as one only to be known as the mistress of Courcy Castle and a house in London. As to the daughters, he had ridiculed them all from time to time—even Alexandrina, whom he now professed to love. Perhaps in some sort of way he had a weak fondness for her;—but it was a fondness that had never touched his heart. He could measure the whole thing at its worth,—Courcy Castle with its privileges, Lady Dumbello, Lady Clandidlem, and the whole of it. He knew that he had been happier on that lawn at Allington, and more contented with himself, than ever he had been even under Lady Hartletop's splendid roof in Shropshire. Lady Dumbello was satisfied with these things, even in the inmost recesses of her soul; but he was not a male Lady Dumbello. He knew that there was something better, and that that something was within his reach.

But, nevertheless, the air of Courcy was too much for him. In arguing the matter with himself he regarded himself as one infected with a leprosy from which there could be no recovery, and who should, therefore, make his whole life suitable to the circumstances of that leprosy. It was of no use for him to tell himself that the Small House at Allington was better than Courcy Castle. Satan knew that heaven was better than hell; but he found himself to be fitter for the latter place. Crosbie ridiculed Lady Dumbello, even there among her friends, with all the cutting words that his wit could find; but, nevertheless, the privilege of staying in the same house with her was dear to him. It was the line of life into which he had fallen, and he confessed inwardly that the struggle to extricate himself would be too much for him. All that had troubled him while he was yet at Allington, but it overwhelmed him almost with dismay beneath the hangings of Courcy Castle.

Had he not better run from the place at once? He had almost acknowledged to himself that he repented his engagement with Lilian Dale, but he still was resolved that he would fulfil it. He was bound in honour to marry "that little girl," and he looked sternly up at the drapery over his head, as he assured himself that he was a man of honour. Yes; he would sacrifice himself. As he had been induced to pledge his word, he would not go back from it. He was too much of a man for that!

But had he not been wrong to refuse the result of Lily's wisdom when she told him in the field that it would be better for them to part? He did not tell himself that he had refused her offer merely because he had not the courage to accept it on the spur of the moment. No. "He had been too good to the poor girl to take her at her word." It was thus he argued on the matter within his own breast. He had been too true to her; and now the effect would be that they would both be unhappy for life! He could not live in content with a family upon a small income. He was well aware of that. No one could be harder upon him in that matter than was he himself. But it was too late now to remedy the ill-effects of an early education.

It was thus that he debated the matter as he lay in bed,—contradicting one argument by another over and over again; but still in all of them, teaching himself to think that this engagement of his was a misfortune. Poor Lily! Her last words to him had conveyed an assurance that she would never distrust him. And she also, as she lay wakeful in her bed on this the first morning of his absence, thought much of their mutual vows. How true she would be to them! How she would be his wife with all her heart and spirit! It was not only that she would love him;—but in her love she would serve him to her utmost; serve him as regarded this world, and if possible as regarded the next.

"Bell," she said, "I wish you were going to be married too."

"Thank'ye, dear," said Bell. "Perhaps I shall some day."

"Ah; but I'm not joking. It seems such a serious thing. And I

can't expect you to talk to me about it now as you would if you were in the same position yourself. Do you think I shall make him happy?"

"Yes, I do, certainly."

"Happier than he would be with any one else that he might meet? I dare not think that. I think I could give him up to-morrow, if I could see any one that would suit him better." What would Lily have said had she been made acquainted with all the fascinations of Lady Alexandrina De Courcy?

The countess was very civil to him, saying nothing about his engagement, but still talking to him a good deal about his sojourn at Allington. Crosbie was a pleasant man for ladies in a large house. Though a sportsman, he was not so keen a sportsman as to be always out with the gamekeepers. Though a politician, he did not sacrifice his mornings to the perusal of blue-books or the preparation of party tactics. Though a reading man, he did not devote himself to study. Though a horseman, he was not often to be found in the stables. He could supply conversation when it was wanted, and could take himself out of the way when his presence among the women was not needed. Between breakfast and lunch on the day following his arrival he talked a good deal to the countess, and made himself very agreeable. She continued to ridicule him gently for his prolonged stay among so primitive and rural a tribe of people as the Dales, and he bore her little sarcasm with the utmost good-humour.

"Six weeks at Allington without a move! Why, Mr. Crosbie, you must have felt yourself to be growing there."

"So I did,—like an ancient tree. Indeed, I was so rooted that I could hardly get away."

"Was the house full of people all the time?"

"There was nobody there but Bernard Dale, Lady Julia's nephew."

"Quite a case of Damon and Pythias. Fancy your going down to the shades of Allington to enjoy the uninterrupted pleasures of friendship for six weeks."

"Friendship and the partridges."

"There was nothing else, then?"

"Indeed there was. There was a widow with two very nice daughters, living, not exactly in the same house, but on the same grounds."

"Oh, indeed. That makes such a difference; doesn't it? You are not a man to bear much privation on the score of partridges, nor a great deal, I imagine, for friendship. But when you talk of pretty girls ——"

"It makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"A very great difference. I think I have heard of that Mrs. Dale before. And so her girls are nice?"

"Very nice indeed."

"Play croquet, I suppose, and eat syllabubs on the lawn? But, really, didn't you get very tired of it?"

"Oh, dear, no. I was happy as the day was long."

"Going about with a crook, I suppose?"

"Not exactly a live crook; but doing all that kind of thing. I learned a great deal about pigs."

"Under the guidance of Miss Dale?"

"Yes; under the guidance of Miss Dale."

"I'm sure one is very much obliged to you for tearing yourself away from such charms, and coming to such unromantic people as we are. But I fancy men always do that sort of thing once or twice in their lives,—and then they talk of their souvenirs. I suppose it won't go beyond a souvenir with you?"

This was a direct question, but still admitted of a fencing answer. "It has, at any rate, given me one," said he, "which will last me my life!"

The countess was quite contented. That Lady Julia's statement was altogether true she had never for a moment doubted. That Crosbie should become engaged to a young lady in the country, whereas he had shown signs of being in love with her daughter in London, was not at all wonderful. Nor, in her eyes, did such practice amount to any great sin. Men did so daily, and girls were prepared for their so doing. A man in her eyes was not to be regarded as safe from attack because he was engaged. Let the young lady who took upon herself to own him have an eye to that. When she looked back on the past careers of her own flock, she had to reckon more than one such disappointment for her own daughters. Others besides Alexandrina had been so treated. Lady De Courcy had had her grand hopes respecting her girls, and after them moderate hopes, and again after them bitter disappointments. Only one had been married, and she was married to an attorney. It was not to be supposed that she would have any very high-toned feelings as to Lily's rights in this matter.

Such a man as Crosbie was certainly no great match for an earl's daughter. Such a marriage, indeed, would, one may say, be but a poor triumph. When the countess, during the last season in town, had observed how matters were going with Alexandrina, she had cautioned her child, taking her to task for her imprudence. But the child had been at this work for fourteen years, and was weary of it. Her sisters had been at the work longer, and had almost given it up in despair. Alexandrina did not tell her parent that her heart was now beyond her control, and that she had devoted herself to Crosbie for ever; but she pouted, saying that she knew very well what she was about, scolding her mother in return, and making Lady De Courcy perceive that the struggle was becoming very weary. And then there were other considerations. Mr. Crosbie had not much certainly in his own possession, but he was a man out of whom something might be made by family influence and his own standing. He was not a hopeless, ponderous man, whom no leaven could raise. He was one of whose position in society the countess and

her daughters need not be ashamed. Lady De Courcy had given no expressed consent to the arrangement, but it had come to be understood between her and her daughter that the scheme was to be entertained as admissible.

Then came these tidings of the little girl down at Allington. She felt no anger against Crosbie. To be angry on such a subject would be futile, foolish, and almost indecorous. It was a part of the game which was as natural to her as fielding is to a cricketer. One cannot have it all winnings at any game. Whether Crosbie should eventually become her own son-in-law or not it came to her naturally, as a part of her duty in life, to bowl down the stumps of that young lady at Allington. If Miss Dale knew the game well and could protect her own wicket, let her do so.

She had no doubt as to Crosbie's engagement with Lilian Dale, but she had as little as to his being ashamed of that engagement. Had he really cared for Miss Dale he would not have left her to come to Courcy Castle. Had he been really resolved to marry her, he would not have warded all questions respecting his engagement with fictitious answers. He had amused himself with Lily Dale, and it was to be hoped that the young lady had not thought very seriously about it. That was the most charitable light in which Lady De Courcy was disposed to regard the question.

It behoved Crosbie to write to Lily Dale before dinner. He had promised to do so immediately on his arrival, and he was aware that he would be regarded as being already one day beyond his promise. Lily had told him that she would live upon his letters, and it was absolutely necessary that he should furnish her with her first meal. So he betook himself to his room in sufficient time before dinner, and got out his pen, ink, and paper.

He got out his pen, ink, and paper, and then he found that his difficulties were beginning. I beg that it may be understood that Crosbie was not altogether a villain. He could not sit down and write a letter as coming from his heart, of which as he wrote it he knew the words to be false. He was an ungenerous, worldly, inconstant man, very prone to think well of himself, and to give himself credit for virtues which he did not possess; but he could not be false with premeditated cruelty to a woman he had sworn to love. He could not write an affectionate, warm-hearted letter to Lily, without bringing himself, at any rate for the time, to feel towards her in an affectionate, warm-hearted way. Therefore he now sat himself to work, while his pen yet remained dry in his hand, to remodel his thoughts, which had been turned against Lily and Allington by the craft of Lady De Courcy. It takes some time before a man can do this. He has to struggle with himself in a very uncomfortable way making efforts which are often unsuccessful. It is sometimes easier to lift a couple of hundred-weights than to raise a few thoughts in one's mind which at other moments will come galloping in without a whistle.

He had just written the date of his letter when a little tap came at his door, and it was opened.

"I say, Crosbie," said the Honourable John, "didn't you say something yesterday about a cigar before dinner?"

"Not a word," said Crosbie, in rather an angry tone.

"Then it must have been me," said John. "But bring your case with you, and come down to the harness-room, if you won't smoke here. I've had a regular little snuggery fitted up there; and we can go in and see the fellows making up the horses."

Crosbie wished the Honourable John at the mischief.

"I have letters to write," said he. "Besides, I never smoke before dinner."

"That's nonsense. I've smoked hundreds of cigars with you before dinner. Are you going to turn curmudgeon, too, like George and the rest of them? I don't know what's coming to the world! I suppose the fact is, that little girl at Allington won't let you smoke."

"The little girl at Allington——" began Crosbie; and then he reflected that it would not be well for him to say anything to his present companion about that little girl. "I'll tell you what it is," said he. "I really have got letters to write which must go by this post. There's my cigar-case on the dressing-table."

"I hope it will be long before I'm brought to such a state," said John, taking up the cigars in his hand."

"Let me have the case back," said Crosbie.

"A present from the little girl, I suppose?" said John. "All right, old fellow! you shall have it."

"There would be a nice brother-in-law for a man," said Crosbie to himself, as the door closed behind the retreating scion of the De Courcy family. And then, again, he took up his pen. The letter must be written, and therefore he threw himself upon the table, resolved that the words should come and the paper be filled.

Courcy Castle, October, 186—.

Dearest Lily,—This is the first letter I ever wrote to you, except those little notes when I sent you my compliments discreetly,—and it sounds so odd. You will think that this does not come as soon as it should; but the truth is that after all I only got in here just before dinner yesterday. I stayed ever so long in Barchester, and came across such a queer character. For you must know I went to church, and afterwards fraternized with the clergyman who did the service; such a gentle old soul,—and, singularly enough, he is the grandfather of Lady Dumbello, who is staying here. I wonder what you'd think of Lady Dumbello, or how you'd like to be shut up in the same house with her for a week?

But with reference to my staying at Barchester, I must tell you the truth now, though I was a gross impostor the day that I went away. I wanted to avoid a parting on that last morning, and therefore I started much sooner than I need have done. I know you will be very angry with me; but open confession is good for the soul. You frustrated all my little plan by your early rising; and as I saw you standing on the terrace, looking after us as we went, I acknowledged that you had been right, and that I was wrong. When the time came, I was very glad to have you with me at the last moment.

My own dearest Lily, you cannot think how different this place is from the two houses at Allington, or how much I prefer the sort of life which belongs to the latter. I know that I have been what the world calls worldly, but you will have to cure me of that. I have questioned myself very much since I left you, and I do not think that I am quite beyond the reach of a cure. At any rate, I will put myself trustingly into the doctor's hands. I know it is hard for a man to change his habits ; but I can with truth say this for myself, that I was happy at Allington, enjoying every hour of the day, and that here I am ennuyé by everybody and nearly by everything. One of the girls of the house I do like ; but as to other people, I can hardly find a companion among them, let alone a friend. However, it would not have done for me to have broken away from all such alliances too suddenly.

When I get up to London—and now I really am anxious to get there—I can write to you more at my ease, and more freely than I do here. I know that I am hardly myself among these people,—or rather, I am hardly myself as you know me, and as I hope you always will know me. But, nevertheless, I am not so overcome by the miasma but what I can tell you how truly I love you. Even though my spirit should be here, which it is not, my heart would be on the Allington lawns. That dear lawn and that dear bridge !

Give my kind love to Bell and your mother. I feel already that I might almost say my mother. And Lily, my darling, write to me at once. I expect your letters to me to be longer, and better, and brighter than mine to you. But I will endeavour to make mine nicer when I get back to town.

God bless you. Yours, with all my heart, A. C.

As he had waxed warm with his writing he had forced himself to be affectionate, and, as he flattered himself, frank and candid. Nevertheless, he was partly conscious that he was preparing for himself a mode of escape in those allusions of his to his own worldliness; if escape should ultimately be necessary. "I have tried," he would then say; "I have struggled honestly, with my best efforts for success; but I am not good enough for such success." I do not intend to say that he wrote with a premeditated intention of thus using his words; but as he wrote them he could not keep himself from reflecting that they might be used in that way.

He read his letter over, felt satisfied with it, and resolved that he might now free his mind from that consideration for the next forty-eight hours. Whatever might be his sins he had done his duty by Lily ! And with this comfortable reflection he deposited his letter in the Courcy Castle letter-box.

The Sharpshooters of the Press:

IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY.

"He will be a wild man, his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." And as in life, so in literature, the type of Ishmael endures to the present day. It more than endures, it flourishes; for, alas! each man bears his own whipping more patiently when he holds the well-founded hope that presently his obnoxious neighbour will in his turn be castigated; and it is to the success of the appeal to this all-pervading principle of human nature that the class of writing to which we allude owes its unquestionable popularity. Whether the principle be one of inherent selfishness, or whether it may be characterized as the passionate desire for the doctrine of compensation to be carried out to the fullest possible extent, is a question over which Optimists and Pessimists may wrangle. "Sarcasm I now see to be in general the language of the devil," says Carlyle; but the spirit of the class of people who delight in this style of literature is, by an odd contrast, more often gentle and lamblike than otherwise. They do their cursing vicariously, and prefer to have it so.

The Sharpshooters of the Press in England, and on the Continent generally, have certain characteristics common to all: they possess also distinguishing peculiarities arising from differences of race, government, and education. In France, for instance, the editor, contributor, or author, generally affixes his name to all he writes, and by that he stands or falls, or, at least, offers to do so; he enters into close and amicable personal relations with his readers; he never scruples to narrate his own exploits, and ventilate his private griefs with an egotism which is sometimes undignified, but never dull; and he does all this in the evident faith that he affords amusement to his readers thereby, and also acquires their sympathy for himself.

In England, a magazine, a periodical, or a journal must represent either an interest or a principle, and in proportion to the breadth and importance of that interest, or the deepness and indestructibility of that principle, will be the extent of the influence enjoyed. The interest need not be large, but it must be solid: the principle need not be invented by angels, but it must be inherent in, and common to, human nature. A carefully cultivated dexterity in picking the mote out of a brother's eye, a loud and clear expression of belief in themselves, and disbelief in any one else, and the fashion of regarding everything, whether in heaven or on earth, as "raw material for epigram," are habits which may be erected into principles, and inasmuch as they fulfil the above conditions,

they do in some sort the same work. It has been said that a personal interest must in its nature be fugitive, and that fortunately malignity cannot embalm itself; but an interest may be fugitive and yet intense; and if we cannot embalm malignity, we can print it, which answers the purpose just as well. These modern Ishmaelites lose more by one good-natured word, by one ill-omened note of admiration, than by a whole course of hard-hearted judgments and acrimonious words; for in truth we take in our Balaam to curse and not to bless, and if he fails in virulence, or point, or bitterness, or even in quantity, or any of those things which we have a right to expect when we pay for full-flavoured cursing, we think ourselves ill-used, and, after the manner of Englishmen, never fail to say so. A modern author has very happily hit off this particular feature in a little tale wherein he describes the establishment of a journal intended to succeed on this system. The staff consists of four writers, and each number of the paper is to contain five articles full of original malice. "Who is to write the fifth article?" inquires one. "Whichever of us happens to be most bilious that week," replies another; and that problem is solved on physiological principles of the soundest kind.

The peculiar differences exhibited by Continental and English writers of the same *genre* are, as we have said, referable to race, government, and national temperament. "Unsteadied by human sympathy, they are allowably and even commendably ferocious;" but the French excel in a certain elegant impertinence, the English in a trenchant aggressiveness —the one has brilliancy, the other strength and audacity. French anecdotes are sometimes of a full-flavoured kind, and contain allusions which jostle what they are pleased to term our national prudery. English writing, on the other hand, sometimes degenerates into roughness and indecorum. A man shall wish to write that which is manly, and only succeed in producing that which is immodest. There are some who love to select a coarse subject, and handle it in a coarse manner; and we have in our mind's eye those who not only call a spade a spade, but go out of their way to call a smell a stink. In some cases there is systematically a process of elimination carried on as regards objectionable matter which is really curious. A subject, or an author, or a book shall be discussed, and if in one or the other there is so much as one unclean allusion, one unsavoury idea, one obsolete or unhappy expression, it is unerringly fixed upon and instantly reproduced and quoted—with reprobation and disgust it is true, but still it *is* always quoted.

For manifest reasons the Ishmaelites of the press, on both sides of the water, prefer *le style coupé* to *le style soutenu*. Metaphor and epigram, paradox and parable, are carefully studied and much used; the logic of reiteration occasionally takes the place of the logic of the schools, and very exceptional facts are often pressed into service to point a doubtful moral. Proof for every assertion is not necessary, neither is impartiality even in abuse expected; but the language must be excellent, the grammar must

be indisputable, the allusions must be either piquant or far-fetched, and the Billingsgate must be well polished—good-nature is a transgression, but dulness is a cardinal sin.

Sometimes the style and form of the Wisdom of Solomon are copied, and the rhythm and composition are so accurately reproduced, that, but for the many-syllabled words and remarkable lack of modesty which distinguish them, one might imagine them to be the proverbs of the Hebrew sage, composed when in rather an uplifted humour. Long words charm long ears; and the length of the words contrasts oddly with the brevity of the sentences.

It frequently happens that the Sharpshooters affix titles to their productions significative of the position which they wish them to hold with their readers and the world generally, on the same principle as our ships and gunboats are christened by such names as *Spitfire*, *Viper*, *Scorpion*, *Bulldog*. Perhaps the one selected by M. Alphonse Karr is the happiest example of the kind to which we allude. He entitled his periodical *Les Guêpes*, and each leading paragraph is adorned with a minute print of a wasp by way of symbol. When this is not done by the author (and a phlegmatic seriousness with the Germans and a certain insular pride with the English often forbid a practice which is a source of harmless delight to the French and Italians), friends and enemies are good enough to supply the omission. Hence it comes that these writers are not only witty themselves, but they are the cause of wit in others. Not long since a batch of them were denounced in solemn wrath, by a religious journal, as the lineal descendants (morally speaking), or the development, in modern times, of that sceptical, conceited, pragmatical sect—the ancient Sadducees; and their writings were wittily described by some one else, as distinguished by "that dogmatism which is puppyism come to maturity."

The joy of some people is in grief; there are individuals who are only at ease when they are quarrelling, and others find everything admirable but admiration. Who does not remember George Sand's Lelia, of whom Bambucci said, "Hasten to relieve her of the society of that charming epicurean, for he does not comprehend that he had better kill Lelia than console her." As discord is said to be the normal state of Scottish professors, so the pastime and business of the writers under consideration lies almost entirely in spotting faults, recording failures, establishing moral setons, and aggravating, under the guise of good advice, the agonies of the more thin-skinned members of such professions as are understood to be especially favourable to the generation or fostering of sensitiveness: poets, artists of all kinds, authors and clergymen, for example. Occasionally an author will be effectually roused, and does, to use a vulgar phrase, give them their own back again: we can remember at least one, who retorted with a passionate invective and sustained virulence, which beat our friends hollow, and with their own weapons. Pitched battles of this sort afford endless amusement to lookers-on. But in

the ring a professed pugilist commonly has the advantage over an enraged amateur; and though mostly barren of any practical result, the victory, such as it is, with pen and paper, generally rests with the Ishmaelites. On the Continent these wars of words are quite as common, and even more popular; but to combat anonymously in them would be as contrary to national custom as opposed to the gratification of personal vanity: therefore, names appear in full, a good deal of purely private detail is freely dragged into light, and the writers indulge what has been happily termed their *funeste manie de la pose* to the greatest possible extent.

Any person conversant with the light literature of the last ten years in Paris, will remember at least a dozen encounters of this description, chiefly remarkable for the manner in which the desire to appear perpetually *en scène* has been able to overcome the slighter considerations of personal dignity, or even ordinary prudence. If the amusement ever flags in that city, there are echoes across the frontier (such as those which resound from those pages in the *Indépendance Belge* which are devoted to the *chronique scandaleuse*) always sufficiently distinct and piquant to give the required impetus.

One mode of guerilla warfare is to keep a stock of ferocity ever simmering for the sole benefit of some particular individual: an indignation article is always in type for *him*, whatever he may do or say. The favourite aversion of Heinrich Heine was Count Platen; and in our own country Louis Napoleon, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Bright have been standard targets for this sort of shooting. But the consolations of office are great, and words do not kill in these days. Statesmen are very callous; they sometimes thrive on these attacks: at any rate they survive them, and can rarely be stirred up sufficiently to reply thereto, either by pen or word of mouth. Besides, by repetition, these articles lose their point; they resemble the perpetual thrusting of a broomstick, rather than the light flash of a rapier. But though Saxon breeding is prone to err grievously in this direction, the French are not open to the same reproach: M. Thiers, for instance, is a favourite object for the wasps of M. Karr, but the sting is conveyed in a very few lines, and if they are sometimes impertinent, they are often ingenious and always amusing.

The attitude of the Ishmaelites of the pen towards the weaker sex is of a sort that naturally—and, as some people will think, fortunately—does impair their influence, and is one of consistent insult, either broad or covert. It is as far removed from the cynicism of professed misogynists, as it is from the old-fashioned school of polished gentlemen who calmly ignored women's intellect, disbelieved in their so-called mission, denied their pretended rights, and yielded fealty to them only in their capacity as angels *pur et simple*. These things the Ishmaelites do not: what they do is, to question the reality of women's virtue, arraign their motives, ridicule their tastes, and dictate to them in what mode or under what conditions they shall be allowed to employ or amuse themselves, and at what season, and in what fashion they shall perform certain feminine affairs, the *rationale* of

which it is beyond the ken of mortal man to understand, and with the details of which it is assuredly beneath the dignity of men of sense to meddle. The cause of this attitude is not difficult to apprehend. The writers who adopt it have not, as a rule, been befriended by women; or, if they have, it has not been in a very high degree, or by the best sort: they have been generally not very well used by good women, and almost always rather badly used by those who were not so good. In this department of life their experiences have not been of a very happy kind: they have not married where they wished: they could not when they would, or they would not when they could—which, so far as results go, amounts to the same thing. Matrimony may have been with them a frightful mistake, or some failure in early life; some wound that has not healed has been dealt by a woman's hand. The truth of this may be patent to all friends and acquaintances, or it may be a secret in the breast of the scribe; but in any case the root of the matter is the same. It has been laid down by a French author: "*Pour être bien avec une femme, il ne faut jamais froisser ni ses goûts, ni sa robe, ni son mari;*" but our friends, whether as adolescents or bearded men, and even when they wish to please a woman, always succeed in offending her tastes, treading on her dress, and quarrelling with her husband. They cannot escape their fate—though it is a hard one—to be unsuccessful with women, and to write as if they were so; and they write thus because they can do no otherwise: which is, as Jean Paul says, a quite sufficient reason.

It would be unnecessary and impertinent here to particularize those authors whose style indicates a contrary experience; the memory of our readers will supply examples of the kind. Their writings are not always the least caustic or the most moral, but there runs throughout a vein of tenderness and generosity which betrays the fact that they have been as men more fortunate in their relations with the other sex; that, in short, they have, in one form or another, owed a good deal of their happiness in this world to women: and though they do not in so many words proclaim it, the confession is none the less genuine, because it is unconsciously made.

It is undoubtedly difficult to be for ever striking, and yet always to strike wisely and well; but it is pleasant to acknowledge that (subject to the deductions made above) if, in this constant guerilla warfare, a certain malice largely abounds, just observation and much good sense, expressed in the most terse and significant language, are not unfrequent. The faults are those special to the attitude and profession of Ishmaelites. An opposition must rail—if not, why does an opposition exist? Some of the articles on both sides of the water, written on subjects or incidents of every-day life, are models in style and matter of what such articles should be. The tone is fearless and independent; the views taken, and suggestions made, are often thoroughly practical, and such as are entitled to consideration from thoughtful and highly cultivated men; and if the theories

advanced are not always original, the manner in which they are clothed is generally very much so.

It is not our object, however, to dwell exclusively on the salient features of this branch of literature as it exists in our own country, but to contrast it with the same class of writing in France, and, so far as it exists, in Germany. Of this sparkling, sarcastic, and pugnacious literature, the six volumes of M. Alphonse Karr, entitled *Les Guêpes*, form, perhaps, the best and most perfect specimen in French composition; and inasmuch as on the Continent it is neither the fashion, the pleasure, or the duty of writers to preserve that anonymous character which is customary in England, we will relate such particulars of M. Karr's life as, under the circumstances, legitimately belong to the public. Born at Munich in 1808, of French and German extraction, he was descended, on the paternal side, from a race of musicians. His grandfather was chapel-master to Charles Theodore, Duke of Bavaria, and his father, M. Henri Karr, was a pianist of very considerable merit, and was said to have divided the favour of the musical world with M. Thalberg for nearly twenty years. A little trait of filial feeling is recorded on the part of M. Alphonse Karr, which does him honour. In 1842 he was offered the decoration of the Legion of Honour, but refused it in favour of his father, who received it, but died shortly afterwards.*

Alphonse Karr entered college at the usual age, and was reported of by the authorities as being "very intelligent and exceedingly turbulent." He would work only at his own hours, and his hours were never those of his tutors. Already we see the Ishmaelite begins to develop itself in him. According to accounts, he certainly suffered some injustice at the hands of one of the professors; and though he afterwards worked with energy, ultimately his connection with the university came to an abrupt conclusion. M. Henri Karr, who considered himself aggrieved by his son's irregularities, closed the money supplies in consequence; and at the mature age of twenty, Alphonse Karr, in company with a college friend, took to lodgings and literature, bringing as ammunition a robust faith in himself, an immense audacity, and a hopefulness that knew no misgivings. In a small apartment in the Rue des Fossés Saint Victor, the two endured the embarrassments and privations which were the natural consequences of their position, with that light-hearted carelessness and gaiety of temper which is the special heritage of youth, and, above all, of French youth. M. Karr commenced, as do most young authors, with poetry; but his verses found no encouragement among the publishers, and he was, as we think, fortunately advised to turn his attention to prose and politics. His first step in this direction was made at once under the pressure of poverty. He simply turned his romance in rhyme into a novel in prose,

* In the novel entitled *Le Chemin le plus Court*, M. Alphonse Karr has drawn his father under the name of the Maître Kreisherer; he was also good enough to depict other scenes from his own life, in which one individual connected with him fared not quite so well.

and achieved immediately a certain reputation. This novel was followed by several others, and M. Karr became a recognized favourite with the public: too quickly, perhaps, for his own good. Indeed, from this period there was visible in his writings a tendency to attitudinize to his readers; and to be *un féroce original* did at one period seem the highest object of his ambition. What follows gives colour to this supposition. M. Karr shortly left his friend in the Rue des Fossés, and lived *au septième* in the Rue Tronchet. The furniture of his apartment consisted of a mat, upon which he wrote, ate, and slept: he managed thus to become a martyr to neuralgia and rheumatism. When he received his publishers, he attired himself in a scarlet gown, on his head was a turban decorated with three peacock feathers, and his feet were thrust into yellow slippers. Soon all this was altered: the room was painted completely black, ceiling, floor, and walls alike; it was ornamented with human bones, skulls, and mediæval weapons of war and the chase, surmounted by a brace of stuffed owls; and the mat no longer sufficed for M. Karr, as he preferred sleeping, full dressed, in a coffin, supported on trestles, and with two wax candles burning at his head. When he afterwards removed to the Rue Vivienne, he performed the necessary operations himself, and was observed in the streets carrying his mat under one arm, with a basket filled with bones and old iron suspended to the other. Before long he disposed of his coffin and trestles, and arranged himself and his room *à la mode Turque*. He spent 3,000 crowns, and appeared as a mandarin with suitable Chinese belongings; at other times he dressed as a groom, or was seen wearing a blouse, haunting the barriers and small *cabarets*. Perhaps his most remarkable freak was to domesticate a small hyæna by way of a dog. This step was followed by a general strike among the printers and their devils. None could be found willing to carry M. Karr his proofs, and he was obliged to rid himself of the interesting animal; but, as an indemnity, purchased and retained for a long time a Newfoundland dog of enormous size, and an ebony-hued negro to attend the dog and the master. Horticulture first, and eventually swimming, engaged his affections, and he was so kind as to permit his admirers to watch him cleave the muddy waters of the Seine *en costume de bain* at all hours of the day. After this he repaired to Etretat, became first a fisherman—that is, so far as dressing like one could make him so—and ultimately a yachtsman: at least he owned a yacht. Etretat is a charming and romantic little spot on the Normandy coast; the cliffs there are full of very singular caverns, arches, &c., hollowed out by the unceasing roll of the Atlantic: the fishermen, too, are a very peculiar race in manners, customs, and costume, and with them M. Karr fraternized to his heart's content. From this place, then much more secluded than at the present moment, he wrote frequent articles, which were published under the title of *Vendredi Soir*, and they were well received by the public. About 1835 M. Karr became editor of the *Figaro*, and took to himself a wife; of which last event no more need be

said than that, according to the custom of the Ishmaelites, he was not happy in his relations with the other sex. A separation followed, and M. Karr was good enough to give his version of the affair to the world in a work, which he published shortly afterwards, entitled *Le Chemin le plus Court*. We pass over this episode. The English people as a rule, to which there are very rare exceptions, do their household washing at home. The French and Americans put their washing out. To every nation its own custom.

In 1839 M. Karr commenced the publication of *Les Guêpes*, undoubtedly the most brilliant of all his writings. The title (*The Wasps*) was one of those metaphorical names to which we have before referred. *Les Guêpes* were a series of articles on political and social subjects, full of common sense, anecdote, *causerie*, malice (using that word in its French signification), of egotism that was not wearisome, and of digression that was not stupid. Each chapter was headed by a wood-cut of a wasp. His wasps are so many winged messengers, each with a different and sufficiently significant name, such as *Mammone*, *Moloch*, *Astarte*, *Belial*, &c. They fly about Paris, enter into every council, penetrate into every chamber, buzz by every hearth, and overhear all sorts of secret gossip and scandal, which they duly and faithfully report to their master on peril of his displeasure, and the infliction of some suitable punishment, such as being confined to his room, having their wings tied together, &c. They were especially active in discovering and reporting instances of the blunders of Government, or the stupidity of officials. An example of the latter description is given in M. Karr's best style :

A tall, powerful, and well-built young man presented himself before the commissioner for the revision of the National Guard.

"You desire," said the commissioner to him, "to be exempted from serving?"

"I do, monsieur,"

"For what reason?"

"Monsieur, I am afflicted with a very serious infirmity."

"Retire into my private room, if you please."

"But, monsieur——"

"Have the goodness to retire."

"One word, Monsieur Commissioner——"

"Go at once, monsieur!"

Our friend retired as commanded into the commissioner's private room, where he was immediately stripped from head to foot. He reappeared shortly before the commissioner in the costume of Adam before the Fall.

"Now," said the official, triumphantly, "be good enough to explain to me the nature of your grave infirmity."

"*Monsieur, it is that I am exceedingly short-sighted!*"

The success of these papers was great, and continued so in a manner unexampled in the annals of French journalism. In 1848 M. Karr was a

rejected candidate for the department of the Lower Seine, and from that date the articles appeared weekly as *Les Guêpes Hebdomadaires*. The wasps thenceforth performed their mission so energetically, and stung certain parties in authority so severely, that they procured for their master the honour of being the defendant in more than one prosecution in the law courts. While he resided at Nice the Piedmontese Government was so galled by these tormenting little insects that they suppressed the paper, and endeavoured to punish the author. Nice was not then annexed: but the French tribunal at Aix reversed the Piedmontese decisions, and immediately the wasps hummed a hymn of triumph both long and loud.

M. Karr gives numerous details of the griefs of private individuals with reference to his remarks. In one instance the wounded vanity of a woman led to a little melodrama worth recording. One evening in the dusk a lady was waiting for M. Karr at the entrance of his apartment. He recognized her as Mdme. L. C., with whom his wasps had taken some liberties. While he was engaged in opening the door for her, she endeavoured to stab him in the back. The wound was not a dangerous one, and with praiseworthy good-nature he condoned the offence, and forgave the fair offender. The following week *Les Guêpes* contained a full history of the affair, together with an engraving of the weapon of the would-be assassin. It was true it was only a common kitchen knife, rather blunt than otherwise; but that did not save it from being suspended to the wall of M. Karr's study, labelled thus:—

Given by Madame L. C. to Alphonse Karr,
In the back.

We may suppose that to a certain extent M. Karr deserved this little vengeance, since one of his biographers does not scruple to affirm that, next to Jules Janin, "*M. Karr est le littérateur le plus agressif des temps modernes.*"

It is now some time since the last words of *Les Guêpes* were given to the world; for the present moral atmosphere of Paris is precisely of that kind which, while it would excite the wasps to a perfect fury of activity and exasperation, would yet neither permit them to hum or to sting—except according to order.

In politics M. Karr may be considered as a somewhat sentimental constitutionalist. The ideal working man is one of the stock subjects of sarcasm with our own Ishmaelites, and we do not find that the mob, or democracy in general, except perhaps of the most shadowy and unreal kinds, recommends itself to the favour of M. Karr. Like the rest of his brethren he longs for an aristocracy, not of birth nor of wealth, but of education and talent; not of genius or wisdom, but of intellect and wit: and one, we may add, where a principle shall be esteemed according to its success.

In speaking of this class of writing in Germany, we used the expres-

sion "so far as it exists;" and we did so for sufficient reason. Germany is the land of dreams which convey no meaning to the positivist—of ponderous earnestness which is impervious to sarcasm—of subjectivity which is the antithesis of objectivity: wherefore it has produced in profusion philosophers, pedants, poets, and crazy men; of humourists a few, and of grumblers many; but only one Ishmaelite, and his name is Heinrich Heine.*

Heinrich Heine was a German Jew, born on the first day of the year 1800, at Dusseldorf. His uncle, Saloman Heine, was so wealthy as to be looked upon as a kind of Israelitish nabob. No pecuniary benefit, however, accrued to the young man from this circumstance, as his uncle was never able to forgive his nephew for having embraced the literary profession. His mother was the daughter of an eminent physician, Gottschalk de Geldern. She was in faith a Roman Catholic, and in character rigid and somewhat austere; but in spite of her virtues and her son's sins, a warm and deep affection subsisted between them, until death parted the two. Many passages in his writings afford ample testimony on this point. In his childhood apple-tarts were his passion, but afterwards it was "truth, liberty, and crab soup." An old French drummer, with a terrible black moustache, named Le Grand, who resided at his father's house when the French were in Dusseldorf, early inoculated the boy with Napoleonism. He only knew in German what Heine declares are the three principal words in every language, "bread," "kiss," "honour," for the rest he made himself understood by his drum: when he meant "liberty" he drummed the *Marseillaise*, when he wished to express "equality" he drummed out—

Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrats à la Lanterne.

And when stupidity was to be made intelligible he played the German Dessauer march. "I was vexed," says Heine, "but I understood him for all that well enough."

Heine was sent while quite a boy to the school at the Franciscan convent, where he was distinguished by the friendship and favour of the rector, "a brave old clerical gentleman," by name the Abbé Schallmayer. His school-days seem to have been a good deal embittered by difficulties connected with the Latin grammar. In the arched way of the cloister there hung a large crucifix carved in gray wood, and before this image he often stood and prayed that if it were possible he might get by heart the irregular verbs; and later in life we find him recording that the knowledge of his having certain conjugations at his finger ends, if ever he should happen to want them suddenly, afforded him much inward

* The irony of Jean Paul Richter is far too refined, polished, and tender to admit him into this school, and the bitter personalities contained in Varnhagen's Diary, which may occur to mind, are rather due to the irritability and unguardedness of a confirmed grumbler than to the aggressiveness on principle which distinguishes the Ishmaelite.

repose and consolation in many dark and troubled hours of life. He also got into several scrapes while learning French from the Abbé D'Aulnoi. He was once asked six times in succession, "Heinrich, what is the French for 'the faith?' And six times, ever more weepingly, I replied, 'It is called *le crédit*.' And after the seventh question, with his cheeks of a deep red-cherry rage in colour, my furious examiner cried, 'It is called *la réligion*;' and there was a shower of blows." The rector proposed to Madame Heine that her son should follow an ecclesiastical career, but the offer was declined, and in 1825 he took his doctor's degree at Bonn.

At the age of sixteen he published a volume of poems; ten years after his *Reisebilder* was given to the world; and from that time he distinguished himself as the most witty, audacious, and incorrigible scoffer that Germany has yet produced. He was equally accepted by the French as by the Germans. His countrymen, indeed, affirm that the French admired him only for his cynical impiety, being utterly unable to appreciate the true poetry, tenderness, and pathos so often flashing across his compositions; while the French declare that the Germans loved him because they were too stupid to perceive his wickedness, and too slow to catch the real drift of his scathing irony. About 1826, he abjured the Jewish faith, and professed himself a Protestant. The Protestants, however, had no occasion to rejoice in their convert. The only reason he gave for the change of creed was that he found it intolerable to be of the same religion as Rothschild, unless he were also as rich; to become as rich, it would first be necessary to be as foolish, and that was simply impossible. From a Napoleonist he became, by an easy and natural transition, a revolutionist; at least in theory: everything that was ancient and stable, such as our institutions, or that was imperturbable and respectable, like the English character, raised a frenzy of rage in him. He professes that the decorum of an Englishman vexes his soul infinitely more than the most objectionable levity exhibited by a Frenchman. And yet we find other remarks full of penetration and good sense. As for instance: "The Englishman loves liberty as his lawful wife, and if he does not treat her with remarkable tenderness, he is still, in case of need, ready to defend her like a man. The Frenchman loves liberty as his bride: he burns for her; he casts himself at her feet. The German loves liberty as though she were his old grandmother!"

The Académie Française suggested a sufficiently irreverent comparison to his mind: he found that it resembled the hospital benevolently established by the Hindoos for aged and decrepit apes. The Chambre des Pairs was "a necropolis of perjured mummies." He regrets that he never saw Chateaubriand, as he felt certain he should have derived entertainment from the interview; and Lammenais is "the terrible priest who unites fanaticism in politics to fanaticism in religion, and thus consecrates universal disorder." His discontent with the conditions of humanity is vividly expressed in three lines. "It vexes me," he says, "every time

when I remember that even the dear flowers which God hath made have been like us divided into castes, and like us are distinguished by those external names which indicate descent and family." And yet, with an admirable inconsistency, but true to the passion of his order for an aristocracy of talent, he rejoices and becomes cheerful when he perceives how many fools there are in the world : seeing that they can be used in his writings, and are to him cash down and ready money. "The fool crop hath turned out uncommonly well this year, and, like a good landlord, I consume only a few at a time, and lay up the rest for the future. Ye are all mine own—all equally dear to me!"

He began now to consort with the Saint Simonians, frequented their meetings, and——presently professed himself an atheist. It is worthy of note that Heine rejoiced in atheism only until he saw it descend in all its desolating vulgarity on the mass of the people. He had accepted it as a distinguishing mark of the aristocracy of intellect—he found it was the brand of the common herd. There is in truth no device by which the intellectual sceptics (as they love to hear themselves called) of the present day are so deeply wounded and outraged as by presenting to them, as an humble brother, the common uncultivated atheist.

So we find him afterwards mocking at his own mockery. "I was young and proud," he says, "and it pleased my vainglory when I learned from Hegel that the true God was not the God who lives in heaven, as my grandmother believes, but myself here upon earth." A very pretty trait is related of Heine as a boy. He had, it appears, a childish but passionate love for a beautiful little girl, named Veronica. One day she died; and in the silence and twilight of the evening his nurse Ursula took him into the room where the little body lay in its coffin. The burning tapers cast their pale light on the waxen features, and fresh flowers were strewed around.

"My good Ursula," said the poor child, "is not that a pretty saint's image of wax?" Then recognizing his playmate he said, "How grave and still she is: is it not because she is asleep?" And Ursula replied, "No, dear, because she is dead." To this child-love he often makes allusions full of pathos and tenderness in his subsequent writings. In the ringing melody of the memories of childhood above all else, like a fairy bell, there pealed the voice of the little Veronica.

Heine lacked one distinctive feature of his brethren; and though this rendered him deficient as an Ishmaelite, it made him more true and thorough as a man. He did, indeed, speak as irreverently of things sacred and things profane as the very worst among them, and in the licence he took as regards audacious personalities he far exceeded them all. But his attitude towards the opposite sex was one essentially masculine, vigorous, and natural. He liked women, and never scrupled to say so, and express that liking with a freedom entirely corresponding to his character. The reasons for this inherent difference were three, any one of them being sufficient to account for the fact. First, his mother

was a woman of a pure and noble character, whom he sincerely loved and respected, while his sister was likewise a person of distinguished mental and personal attractions. Secondly, he had once experienced a love as pure and sinless as it was passionate and short-lived for the little Veronica, whose angel face he so often dreamed was looking down from heaven on him. Thirdly, he was a born poet, and was gifted with a personal beauty of a most statuesque and perfect kind; and this last alone is, we take it, a good reason why, notwithstanding his sins, he should have been held in affection by woman. He was honoured with the warm friendship and esteem of two women of high position in the literary world, Madame Rahel (Varnhagen's wife), and Elise von Hohenhausen, the poetess.* So long as there were women, so long he declared would his heart never cease to love. Should it cool over one it would immediately warm to another: and as the king never dies in France, so the queen was never to die in his heart, where the word was *La Reine est morte, vive la Reine.* He is severe enough upon them occasionally: "Oh, the women!" he says, "we must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hate is, properly speaking, only love turned inside out. Sometimes they attribute some delinquency to us because they think they can in this way gratify some other man. When they write, they have always one eye on the paper and the other on a man; and this is true of all authoresses, except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye." Compare this with the remark of a French writer,—

Woman was invented by man, and she is—his best invention.

"The virtue of woman is the noblest superstition of man!" cries his English brother. Good. Woman is their invention, her virtue is their superstition. What next? This supercilious spitefulness belongs neither to the masculine nor the feminine gender, and we can only conclude that her presence is to them a perpetual annoyance, and her very existence a sad necessity. One hardly likes to think what manner of mother or wife or sister a man can have who does by inference so deeply dishonour them.

About 1837 it was rumoured that Heine had become a Catholic. This, however, he promptly contradicted; less, as he owned, for the sake of depriving the Catholics of such solace as they might have derived from converting *him*, than in order to cut away from another party the spiteful satisfaction of bewailing his instability. The rumour arose from his having married his wife according to the rites of the Catholic Church, being unwilling, he said, "to cause that beloved being any uneasiness or disturbance in her religious views." If he did not change in one creed, it is, however, certain that in politics his views underwent considerable modification. Brought face to face with the Revolution, his natural sagacity detected the flaws in the theory of it, and his fearless frankness tolerated no reticence

* Not, however, the Elise whom he alludes to as *Elise aux yeux de feu*, and who was the *amie de l'enfance* of his wife.

on this or any other point; but it had the effect of drawing down on him considerable opprobrium from the extreme democrats. As respects his religion, or rather his irreligion, it is satisfactory to be able to record that before his death he broke through the foul crust of atheism, and expressed sentiments more worthy of the magnificent powers with which he was endowed. "False in fact, and false in thought" (*aussi faux qu' irréfléchi*) was the verdict which he himself pronounced on his own judgments on things divine; and those words were written, or rather dictated, by him during the five years when he was bound hand and foot a hopeless captive to the bed which he left only for his grave. In 1847 the first symptoms appeared of that spinal paralysis which gradually laid him prostrate, leaving his faculties and senses unimpaired indeed, and his feelings unblunted, but in body totally helpless. During this period he produced two of his best works, the *Romanzero* and *Livre de Lazare:* and it is an illustration of the affectionate tenderness of his heart, that throughout his long agony he carefully withheld the knowledge of his miserable state from his aged mother. He constantly dictated to her letters full of gaiety and affection, speaking of his happiness, his wife, his friends, and his pursuits, pretending that the malady in his eyes prevented him doing more than signing the letters; and, whatever pain or effort it cost him, so long as he could he attached his signature to them with his own hand.

We cannot do better than conclude our subject by transcribing that portion of the epilogue to the *Romanzero* in which he depicts his crushed and suffering physical condition. It is written with the combination of pathos and irony which was so habitual with him:—

Do I really exist? My body is so shrunken that I am hardly anything but a voice; and my bed reminds me of the singing grave of the Magician Merlin which lies in the forest of Brozeland, in Brittany, under tall trees, whose tops soar like green flames towards heaven. . . . . A grave without repose—death without the privileges of the dead, who have no debts to pay, and need write neither letters nor books—that is a piteous condition. Long ago the measure has been taken for my coffin, and for my necrology; but I die so slowly that the process is tedious for me as well as my friends. But patience: everything has an end, and one day you will find the booth closed where the puppet-show of my humour has so often delighted you.

The Working Man's Restaurant.

The production of food at the cheapest possible rate, and of the best possible character, has become a question of life and death to thousands and tens of thousands. Without reference to the present crisis, and upon general grounds of public advantage, an experiment was commenced in Glasgow two years ago, the results of which will, it is believed, be found to be of high practical service to those engaged in meeting the graver necessities of the day.

The writer of the present article is one among many Glasgow citizens who have received inquiries from high quarters and humble quarters, from peer and mechanic, respecting an establishment known through the city as the "Great Western Cooking Depôt." "What are its plans? Will they help us to feed our people?" With a view to answer these inquiries, the writer commenced a thorough examination of the whole scheme. Its originator, with whom he had no personal acquaintance whatever, kindly placed his trade books open to investigation, and furnished means for understanding the working of every detail. The following account, therefore, may be received as reliable in its facts; and its publication is entirely owing to a desire to assist those engaged in mitigating the severe hardships of the time, and promote the establishment of institutions which may survive the immediate occasion of their existence, and become permanent boons to the great mass of the working classes; and perhaps even work an economical change in our whole system of social arrangements for providing food for the large floating population of our cities.

It is necessary to state, in the first instance, that the originator of this scheme is a Glasgow merchant (Mr. Thomas Corbett), who has devoted a certain amount of capital to the undertaking as a philanthropic experiment. Experiments in social science are extremely difficult to work, except by the expenditure of large means; and the community has reason to be thankful to one who is willing to conduct a social experiment on a scale sufficiently large to leave reliable results. In order to protect his motives from any questioning, Mr. Corbett has intrusted the auditing of his books to two gentlemen well known in Glasgow for their interest in social reforms, who have undertaken the task upon the express stipulation that every penny of profit as it arises from year to year, shall be devoted to some object of public interest and benefit. While we have to describe a rather rare phenomenon—viz. a philanthropic experiment that has been made to pay—we have also to describe a scheme which, although supported by individual capital and energy, has its proceeds devoted to the general good.

Our readers' curiosity may be best awakened by describing the largest and most central establishment connected with the "Great Western Cooking Depôt." Entering from Jamaica Street, Glasgow, we find three large halls, each ninety feet by forty feet, well ventilated, well lighted, with rows of windows so large and numerous as to make one side of each hall almost appear composed of glass. The bills of fare in every direction emphasize the very unaristocratic sum—*One Penny*. One penny appears to be the key to every mystery of the hall. If we have "one penny" in our pocket, we begin to feel vastly richer for its possession as we understand the refreshments it can procure for us. We subjoin a copy of the list of prices:—

PRICES.

Bowl of broth	One penny.
Bowl of soup	One penny.
Bowl of porridge	One penny.
Plate of potatoes	One penny.
Cup of coffee	One penny.
Cup of tea	One penny.
Bread and butter	One penny.
Bread and cheese	One penny.
Boiled egg	One penny.
Lemonade	One penny.
Soda-water	One penny.
Ginger-beer	One penny.

All of the best quality, and always ready.

"One Penny" represents broth, soup, porridge, potatoes, coffee, tea, bread and butter, bread and cheese, boiled egg, lemonade, soda-water, ginger-beer! We place a penny in the palm of our hand, and look upon it with new respect. We learn further that we can breakfast for 3*d.* and dine for 4½*d.*!

As the economy of cooking depends greatly upon the simplicity of the arrangements with which a great number of persons can be served at one time, the upper hall of this branch will be specially set apart for a public breakfast every day, from a quarter to nine till a quarter past ten, consisting of the following dishes:—Bowl of porridge, bowl of milk, cup of coffee, roll and butter.

FIXED CHARGE, THREEPENCE.

The hall will also be specially reserved for a public dinner every day, from one till four o'clock, consisting of the following dishes:—Bowl of broth or soup, plate of beef, hot or cold, plate of potatoes, plum-pudding.

FIXED CHARGE, FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY.

Let the indignant Paterfamilias, who has sent to *The Times* a true copy of a Highland hotel bill, take breath as he reads, and acknowledge that there is some moderation north of the Tweed.

We determine to dine for 4½*d.*—with natural misgivings—and take a metal ticket at the door, entitling us to that repast, and sit down, firmly resolved to eat whatever may be set before us, and acquire experience even at the expense of digestive disarrangement. On the small tables

which fill the hall are the morning papers; but we prefer to observe our companions. Around us are clerks, mixed with factory operatives fresh from their work, and even commercial travellers, all attracted by the offer of a dinner for 4½*d.*, in a large and comfortable hall, with due supply of daily papers. One old gentleman near the fire certainly knows what he is doing. He has perused *three* "dailies," and thus has nearly taken the price of his dinner out of the literature of the day!

We look at the waiters, busy in every corner, and the look gives a pleasant sensation. We find the usual somewhat greasy, shabby genteel, decayed valet kind of beings, who once rejoiced in white linen, and now come as near it as they can without incurring running accounts with the washerwoman, replaced by pleasant active young girls, who, instead of having the common waiter appearance of never having been to bed, seem as fresh as the morning itself.

The general aspect of the hall gives that pleasant sensation always attendant upon complete cleanliness, when combined with abundance of light and fresh air. The effect, indeed, of cleanliness, light, and fresh air is equivalent to elegance. A large mirror is placed over each fire-place, and a few bunches of fresh evergreens are scattered here and there. Instead of one or two large tables, a number of small tables occupy the hall, each one calculated to hold six, three on either side. They are covered with mahogany-coloured oil-cloth, which is easily washed and kept clean.

The seats are short forms, with slanting backs, and although without the luxury of cushions, are by no means uncomfortable.

A pepper-box, salt-cellar, glass caraffe and tumblers, are stationed on every table.

Each person's dinner is brought upon a tray, and served upon the table, readily and quickly. Whenever any dishes are removed, a girl immediately wipes the oil-cloth, rendering it perfectly pleasant for the next comer.

We soon have our dinner brought, consisting of a bowl of broth, a plate of hot meat and potatoes, a slice of pudding.

We take the first mouthful with fear and trembling, remembering the warning phrase, "cheap and nasty;" but with the second mouthful, emphatically declare our dinner cheap and good. *We can eat it* with the relish that always attends plain food of honest flavour, and well cooked.

On examining ourselves with regard to the quantity provided for 4½*d.*, our verdict is this: if we are going home to our usual six o'clock dinner, we have had a good lunch; if this is to be our early dinner, we have had our appetite appeased, and quite as much as it is healthful to take with the prospect of an afternoon's *active* work before us.

To say the very least, 4½*d.* has fed us with good food, as 4½*d.* never fed us before.

The general verdict of the community agrees evidently with ours, for we find that there are thirteen of these establishments scattered through Glasgow, visited monthly by 155 000 hungry people, and that if all who

trust to 4½*d.* for their dinner were put down at the same table and at the same hour, it would take a table three miles long to hold them. The cash actually taken for penny rations amounts to the enormous sum of upwards of 20,000*l.* a year.

The average consumption monthly (taken before the last and largest establishment was opened) runs as follows:—

Basins of broth and soup	55,000
Plates of beef	52,000
Rolls or slices of bread, with or without butter	82,000
Cups of tea and coffee	54,000
Bowls of porridge	14,500
Plates of potatoes	31,000
Boiled eggs	7,000
Tumblers of milk	14,400

Our first and natural impression is that we must in some way, direct or indirect, be the recipients of charity. The cheapness is not in the rent of rooms—the one we are dining in, is in a most valuable situation, and taking the three halls together they represent, at least, one or two hundred a year. The cheapness is not in the quality of the food; it is really good, and the buyer of the establishment has orders to procure for cash the best in the market. The cheapness is not in the wages of the servants engaged; they have more than an average remuneration; the girls employed in waiting receive from 12*l.* to 14*l.* per annum, with board and lodging, while the matrons in the more responsible positions receive from 20*l.* to 35*l.*

It is emphatically asserted, however, in printed notices, that we are not in a charitable institution. On every bill of fare we find the words—

> These establishments are conducted on the strictest business principles, with the full intention of making them self-supporting, so that every one may frequent them with a feeling of perfect independence.

How the extraordinary results detailed have been obtained will be best shown by a brief history of the origin of the scheme and its mode of management.

The mind of its originator was first called to the subject by an article which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* (June, 1860), entitled the "Poor Man's Kitchen." In this article it was pointed out that while dietetics have been most carefully studied by governors of prisons and workhouses, they have literally received no attention whatever from any parties interested in the comforts of the working classes.

Much has undoubtedly been well and wisely done to persuade working men to temperance, but little has practically been done to put within their reach cheap and wholesome food and drink, so as to establish a successful competition with the attractions of public-houses and gin-palaces. In all our large towns a working man has to pay dearly for being temperate. For a cup of tea, coffee, or broth, he has generally to frequent unwholesome eating-houses, with no accommodation likely to refine his habits and elevate his feelings, and is compelled to pay for adulterated and

badly-cooked food more than the fair price of good articles. Even with respect to drinks which can be substituted for spirits—a matter to which those who would advance temperance should surely give special attention—simple experiments show that lemonade, soda-water, and ginger-beer, can be produced of excellent quality at a little more than three-farthings a bottle, so as to be sold at a profit for one penny, whereas they are usually charged from double to treble or quadruple that amount.

Reflections of this nature caused the establishment of the Glasgow cooking depôts. Neither London, Manchester, nor Liverpool, which were visited with a view to obtain plans for assistance, could furnish any help; and the scheme had to be organized upon new and untried principles. It was understood at once that if such a movement were to be of any real and honest use, it must not interfere in the slightest degree with the independent feelings of working men, and that it must therefore be made self-supporting, and not dependent upon any chance charity of private individuals. Even more than this must be secured. The scheme must be MADE TO PAY, so as to induce those who can suitably follow the business to introduce it into various localities.

This result has been legitimately obtained, and the experience of two years proves that the penny tariff can be maintained as a strictly business transaction between purveyor and consumer. The first depôt was opened in September, 1860, and was immediately so crowded as to necessitate a second branch. From that time onward a branch has been opened every two months until thirteen depôts are in active operation. Of course, during the first five months the outlay was continuous, but in spite of this there was a profit for the year ending April 1st, 1862, of 145*l.* 0*s.* 11*d.*, and during the present year there is every prospect of a considerable increase. The whole of this sum, according to the proprietor's resolution, has been devoted to public objects, 100*l.* having been given to the fund for the unemployed operatives.

As regards capital required, the expenditure upon the Glasgow establishments from September, 1860, to December, 1862, has been 2,668*l.* 7*s.*; but the operations of the scheme having become so extensive as to necessitate the erection of a model kitchen, this capital will be further advanced to 5,000*l.*, a very moderate sum to conduct a business involving the rental of thirteen separate branches, and the purchase of every article in cash, and securing the receipt over the counter of upwards of 20,000*l.* a year.

Management.—The whole scheme is under a head *manager*, whose special duty it is to look after the purchases, and see that every article is of the best quality, and secured on the best terms for cash. Under the manager is a *cashier*, whose office it is to collect the cash drawn at each branch every morning. Lastly, there is an *inspector*, whose special mission it is to be continually going out and in among the various branches, and testing whether everything is in perfect season and in order for immediate service.

With the exception of one or two van-men and office-keepers, these are the only *men* employed in the whole establishment.

Each branch is under the charge of a matron. The preparation of tea and coffee is undertaken at the respective branches; but the broth, soup, and meat, are all prepared in one central place, and despatched in vans to the various halls, where they are immediately placed upon American cooking-ranges.

Under each *matron* are a number of young women, acting as waiters. Upwards of 120 young women are now regularly employed in cooking and serving out the penny rations.

The wages paid amount to about 1,500*l.* a year. It may be asked by many desirous of founding similar institutions, how shall we get parties of sufficient experience to give us a chance of success? It is found as a practical rule that servants experienced in restaurant routine are not the best; and such experience is indeed a disqualification for the work rather than otherwise. The persons wanted are thoroughly sensible, honest, industrious matrons, who will not take their own way or any one else's way, but simply abide by the plain rules laid down for their guidance. Some of the most successful matrons have been women taken directly from weaving factories. After a fortnight's experience they were found competent to take charge of the most important branches; simply because they attended to the rules laid down, and knowing nothing about the matter had no desire to substitute plans of their own. The best plan to gain experience is, for a manager to live for a short time in one of the branches, where he will be welcome to learn everything. This method was taken by Mr. Pender, who has recently promoted the opening of similar depôts in Manchester, and who offers the same facilities to parties interested in England.

Suitable Localities.—Almost every locality in a large city will be found suitable for a cooking depôt. 1st. It is invaluable in the poorer quarters, where it generally happens that the people are unable to make a proper use of the few coppers they may gain for their daily bread, from the absence of fuel or even of proper cooking utensils. 2nd. A depôt is a great boon in situations where men have to travel for their work from long distances. Some of our best working men, when engaged at long distances from home, are obliged to eat dry crusts and drink cold tea and coffee. 3rd. A depôt has been found successful in leading thoroughfares, where a large floating population is going and coming. While everything in detail has been organized with the express purpose of meeting the wants of the humblest working man, yet it is a remarkable tribute to the management of this undertaking that those depôts which are in the busiest parts of the town are daily crowded with young men from shops and warehouses; while one near the university is at certain hours almost taken possession of by the students.

It is a striking sign of the independent spirit of our people, that while there is at every depôt a notice inviting the public to the free use of the

reading-room, no solitary individual enters without purchasing some one of the penny rations.

In each depôt there is a room for women only, very considerately placed near the entrance, so that timid girls may not have to run the gauntlet through a room full of strangers before reaching it.

The avoidance of waste is one of the most essential parts of this scheme. This is secured, in nine-tenths of the provisions, by the character of the food employed. The MEAT, upon which the only waste could occur, is *corned beef*, which serves for cold slices; and fresh meat, which is minced and supplied hot. As a fixed rule, nothing is ever warmed up twice; and so carefully are calculations framed, and so regular is the action of the law of average even with respect to the most unlikely probabilities, that the whole food cooked during each day is as nearly as possible consumed. Should anything remain, which is very seldom the case, it is sold at half price after 7 P.M. to the poor; so that every morning a fresh supply is cooked for the requirements of the day.

No intoxicating drinks are sold at any depôt. This rule is a security for good order, essential when large numbers from the very poorest districts of the city are assembled together; and will prevent any establishment degenerating into a rendezvous for drinking parties, while the working man learns how many comforts are at his disposal apart from the accustomed glass of whiskey, the price of which is generally out of all proportion to the sum he bestows upon the food requisite for sustaining both health and cheerfulness.

The application of this scheme to the relief of the present distress is simple. A very small portion of the capital now contributed for the relief of the manufacturing districts would suffice for the establishment of depôts in central situations. Let it be thoroughly understood that they are intended to pay their own expenses, so that all classes may frequent them with a feeling of independence. To secure this, *never give a free ration in the institution itself*, but supply free tickets for rations through an entirely distinct relief organization. The managers of the depôt must not be identified with the relief committee, or only those in receipt of public aid will take advantage of it. Conscientiously supply every article of the best quality, and never open any hall that is not light, well ventilated, and elegant.

By following the plans indicated in this article, when the temporary distress has passed away, there will remain institutions able to compete with the dram-shop, as well as save for the adornment of the home many a hardly earned penny. If men are to be redeemed from excessive drinking, wholesome food must be within their reach, and a great step will be taken towards the purification of the habits of our people, if their supply of food can be surrounded with those comforts and elegancies which have hitherto been confined to their participation in drink alone.

Brotherless.

Within the west the eve has set
Its seal upon the summer night:
I lose the swallow in his flight,
But cannot see the stars as yet.

And lordly ship and shallow skiff
Lie safe alike about the deep:
The even-wind is half asleep,
And scarcely climbs above the cliff.

"O Fatherland! so blest in peace,
So fair," I say, "by field and shore!
Peace is the blessing evermore
That only gives a land increase."

For when the sunset fell on me,
It seemed to flow, a lurid flood
Of shadow from the land of blood
Across the hills, across the sea.

Men have to reap what they have sown,
But sad it is this latter day
Needs look on warring hosts, and they
Each other's brothers, and our own.

O brothers! will it have no end,
This Hell you hold on earth above?
Look up upon the stars of Love
And learn to call thy brother friend.

In all the passion and the pain,
The shock of arms, the overthrow,
The outer and the inner woe,
I cannot see that aught is gain.

And know, that watching every scene
From hour to hour, from first to last,
The present sits beside the past,
And shapes its form from what has been.

For in your stern, relentless hate,
Such things are done from day to day
As tears will never weep away,
Nor after-anguish compensate.

What Dæmon hath you in his bands?
What shadow is it that allures?
Go to! your brother's life is yours,
And blood enough is on your hands.

WILLIAM SMITH.

August, 1862.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XXVIII.

AUTOUR DE MON CHAPEAU.

EVER have I seen a more noble tragic face. In the centre of the forehead there was a great furrow of care, towards which the brows rose piteously. What a deep solemn grief in the eyes! They looked blankly at the object before them, but through it, as it were, and into the grief beyond. In moments of pain, have you not looked at some indifferent object so? It mingles dumbly with your grief, and remains afterwards connected with it in your mind. It may be some indifferent thing—a book which you were reading at the time when you received her farewell letter (how well you remember the paragraph afterwards—the shape of the words, and their position on the page!); the words you were writing when your mother came in, and said it was all over—she was MARRIED—Emily married—to that insignificant little rival at whom you have laughed a hundred times in her company. Well, well: my friend and reader, whoe'er you be—old man or young, wife or maiden—you have had your grief-pang. Boy, you have lain awake the first night at school, and thought of home. Worse still, man, you have parted from the dear ones with bursting heart: and, lonely boy, recal the bolstering an unfeeling comrade gave you; and, lonely man, just torn from your children—their little tokens of affection yet in your pocket—pacing the deck at evening in the midst of the roaring ocean, you can remember how you were told that supper was ready, and how you went down to the cabin and had brandy-and-water and biscuit. You remember the taste of them. Yes; for ever. You took them whilst you and your Grief were sitting together, and your Grief clutched you round the soul. Serpent, how you have writhed round me, and bitten me! Remorse,

Remembrance, &c., come in the night season, and I feel you gnawing, gnawing! . . . . . I tell you that man's face was like Laocoon's (which, by the way, I always think over-rated. The real head is at Brussels, at the Duke Daremberg's, not at Rome).

That man! What man? That man of whom I said that his magnificent countenance exhibited the noblest tragic woe. He was not of European blood. He was handsome, but not of European beauty. His face white—not of a Northern whiteness: his eyes protruding somewhat, and rolling in their grief. Those eyes had seen the Orient sun, and his beak was the eagle's. His lips were full. The beard, curling round them, was unkempt and tawny. The locks were of a deep, deep coppery red. The hands, swart and powerful, accustomed to the rough grasp of the wares in which he dealt, seemed unused to the flimsy artifices of the bath. He came from the Wilderness, and its sands were on his robe, his cheek, his tattered sandal, and the hardy foot it covered.

And his grief—whence came his sorrow? I will tell you. He bore it in his hand. He had evidently just concluded the compact by which it became his. His business was that of a purchaser of domestic raiment. At early dawn—nay, at what hour when the city is alive—do we not all hear the nasal cry of "Clo?" In Paris, *Habits Galons, Marchand d'habits*, is the twanging signal with which the wandering merchant makes his presence known. It was in Paris I saw this man. Where else have I not seen him? In the Roman Ghetto—at the Gate of David, in his fathers' once imperial city. The man I mean was an itinerant vendor and purchaser of wardrobes—what you call an . . . Enough! You know his name.

On his left shoulder hung his bag; and he held in that hand a white hat, which I am sure he had just purchased, and which was the cause of the grief which smote his noble features. Of course I cannot particularize the sum, but he had given too much for that hat. He felt he might have got the thing for less money. It was not the amount, I am sure it was the principle involved. He had given fourpence (let us say) for that which threepence would have purchased. He had been done: and a manly shame was upon him, that he, whose energy, acuteness, experience, point of honour, should have made him the victor in any mercantile duel in which he should engage, had been overcome by a porter's wife, who very likely sold him the old hat, or by a student who was tired of it. I can understand his grief. Do I seem to be speaking of it in a disrespectful or flippant way? Then you mistake me. He had been outwitted. He had desired, coaxed, schemed, haggled, got what he wanted, and now found he had paid too much for his bargain. You don't suppose I would ask you to laugh at that man's grief? It is you, clumsy cynic, who are disposed to sneer, whilst it may be tears of genuine sympathy are trickling down this nose of mine. What do you mean by laughing? If you saw a wounded soldier on the field of battle, would you laugh? If you saw a ewe robbed of her lamb, would you laugh, you brute? It is you who

are the cynic, and have no feeling: and you sneer because that grief is unintelligible to you which touches my finer sensibility. The Old Clothes' Man had been defeated in one of the daily battles of his most interesting, chequered, adventurous life.

Have you ever figured to yourself what such a life must be? The pursuit and conquest of twopence must be the most eager and fascinating of occupations. We might all engage in that business if we would. Do not whist-players, for example, toil, and think, and lose their temper over sixpenny points? They bring study, natural genius, long forethought, memory, and careful historical experience to bear upon their favourite labour. Don't tell me that it is the sixpenny points, and five shillings the rub, which keeps them for hours over their painted pasteboard. It is the desire to conquer. Hours pass by. Night glooms. Dawn, it may be, rises unheeded; and they sit calling for fresh cards at the Portland, or the Union, while waning candles sputter in the sockets, and languid waiters snooze in the ante-room. Sol rises. Jones has lost four pounds; Brown has won two; Robinson lurks away to his family house and (mayhap, indignant) Mrs. R. Hours of evening, night, morning, have passed away whilst they have been waging this sixpenny battle. What is the loss of four pounds to Jones, the gain of two to Brown? B. is, perhaps, so rich that two pounds more or less are as naught to him; J. is so hopelessly involved that to win four pounds cannot benefit his creditors, or alter his condition; but they play for that stake: they put forward their best energies: they ruff, finesse (what are the technical words, and how do I know?) It is but a sixpenny game if you like; but they want to win it. So as regards my friend yonder with the hat. He stakes his money: he wishes to win the game, not the hat merely. I am not prepared to say that he is not inspired by a noble ambition. Cæsar wished to be first in a village. If first of a hundred yokels, why not first of two? And my friend the old clothes' man wishes to win his game, as well as to turn his little sixpence.

Suppose in the game of life—and it is but a twopenny game after all—you are equally eager of winning. Shall you be ashamed of your ambition, or glory in it? There are games, too, which are becoming to particular periods of life. I remember in the days of our youth, when my friend Arthur Bowler was an eminent cricketer. Slim, swift, strong, well-built, he presented a goodly appearance on the ground in his flannel uniform. *Militâsti non sine gloria*, Bowler my boy! Hush! We tell no tales. Mum is the word. Yonder comes Charley, his son. Now Charley his son has taken the field, and is famous among the eleven of his school. Bowler, senior, with his capacious waistcoat, &c., waddling after a ball, would present an absurd object, whereas it does the eyes good to see Bowler, junior, scouring the plain—a young exemplar of joyful health, vigour, activity. The old boy wisely contents himself with amusements more becoming his age and waist; takes his sober ride; visits his farm soberly—busies himself about his pigs, his ploughing, his

peaches, or what not. Very small *routiniers* amusements interest him; and (thank goodness!) nature provides very kindly for kindly-disposed fogies. We relish those things which we scorned in our lusty youth. I see the young folks of an evening kindling and glowing over their delicious novels. I look up and watch the eager eye flashing down the page, being, for my part, perfectly contented with my twaddling old volume of Howell's *Letters* or the *Gentleman's Magazine*. I am actually arrived at such a calm frame of mind that I like batter pudding. I never should have believed it possible; but it is so. Yet a little while, and I may relish water-gruel. It will be the age of *mon lait de poule et mon bonnet de nuit*. And then—the cotton extinguisher is pulled over the old noddle, and the little flame of life is popped out.

Don't you know elderly people who make learned notes in Army Lists, Peerages, and the like? This is the batter-pudding, water-gruel of old age. The worn-out old digestion does not care for stronger food. Formerly it could swallow twelve hours' tough reading, and digest an encyclopædia.

If I had children to educate, I would, at ten or twelve years of age, have a professor, or professoress, of whist for them, and cause them to be well grounded in that great and useful game. You cannot learn it well when you are old, any more than you can learn dancing or billiards. In our house at home we youngsters did not play whist because we were dear obedient children, and the elders said playing at cards was "a waste of time." A waste of time, my good people! *Allons!* What do elderly home-keeping people do of a night after dinner? Darby gets his newspaper; my dear Joan her *Missionary Magazine* or her volume of Cumming's Sermons—and don't you know what ensues? Over the arm of Darby's arm-chair the paper flutters to the ground unheeded, and he performs the trumpet obbligato *que vous savez* on his old nose. My dear old Joan's head nods over her sermon (awakening though the doctrine may be). Ding, ding, ding: can that be ten o'clock? It is time to send the servants to bed, my dear—and to bed master and mistress go too. But they have not wasted their time playing at cards. Oh, no! I belong to a club where there is whist of a night; and not a little amusing is it to hear Brown speak of Thompson's play and *vice versâ*. But there is one man—Greatorex let us call him—who is the acknowledged captain and primus of all the whist-players. We all secretly admire him. I, for my part, watch him in private life, hearken to what he says, note what he orders for dinner, and have that feeling of awe for him that I used to have as a boy for the cock of the school. Not play at whist? *Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez!* were the words of the great and good Bishop of Autun. I can't. It is too late now. Too late! too late! Ah! humiliating confession! That joy might have been clutched, but the life-stream has swept us by it—the swift life-stream rushing to the nearing sea. Too late! too late! Twentystone, my boy! When you read in the papers "Valse à deux temps," and all the fashionable dances

taught to adults by "Miss Lightfoots," don't you feel that you would like to go in and learn? Ah, it is too late! You have passed the *chorcas*, Master Twentystone, and the young people are dancing without you.

I don't believe much of what my Lord Byron, the poet, says; but when he wrote, "So, for a good old gentlemanly vice, I think I shall put up with avarice," I think his lordship meant what he wrote, and if he practised what he preached, shall not quarrel with him. As an occupation in declining years, I declare I think saving is useful, amusing, and not unbecoming. It must be a perpetual amusement. It is a game that can be played by day, by night, at home and abroad, and at which you must win in the long run. I am tired and want a cab. The fare to my house, say, is two shillings. The cabman will naturally want half-a-crown. I pull out my book. I show him the distance is exactly three miles and fifteen hundred and ninety yards. I offer him my card—my winning card. As he retires with the two shillings, blaspheming inwardly, every curse is a compliment to my skill. I have played him and beat him; and a sixpence is my spoil, and just reward. This is a game, by the way, which women play far more cleverly than we do. But what an interest it imparts to life! During the whole drive home I know I shall have my game at the journey's end; am sure of my hand, and shall beat my adversary. Or I can play in another way. I won't have a cab at all, I will wait for the omnibus: I will be one of the damp fourteen in that steaming vehicle. I will wait about in the rain for an hour, and 'bus after 'bus shall pass, but I will not be beat. I *will* have a place, and get it at length, with my boots wet through, and an umbrella dripping between my legs. I have a rheumatism, a cold, a sore-throat, a sulky evening,—a doctor's bill to-morrow perhaps? Yes, but I have won my game, and am gainer of a shilling on this rubber.

If you play this game all through life, it is wonderful what daily interest it has, and amusing occupation. For instance, my wife goes to sleep after dinner over her volume of sermons. As soon as the dear soul is sound asleep, I advance softly and puff out her candle. Her pure dreams will be all the happier without that light; and, say she sleeps an hour, there is a penny gained.

As for clothes, *parbleu!* There is not much money to be saved in clothes, for the fact is, as a man advances in life—as he becomes an *ancient Briton* (mark the pleasantry)—he goes without clothes. When my tailor proposes something in the way of a change of raiment, I laugh in his face. My blue coat and brass buttons will last these ten years. It is seedy? What then? I don't want to charm anybody in particular. You say that my clothes are shabby? What do I care? When I wished to look well in somebody's eyes, the matter may have been different. But now, when I receive my bill of 10*l.* (let us say) at the year's end, and contrast it with old tailors' reckonings, I feel that I have played the game with master tailor; and beat him, and my old clothes are a token of the victory.

I do not like to give servants board wages, though they are cheaper than household bills: but I know they save out of board wages, and so beat me. This shows that it is not the money but the game which interests me. So about wine. I have it good and dear. I will trouble you to tell me where to get it good and cheap. You may as well give me the address of a shop where I can buy meat for fourpence a pound, or sovereigns for fifteen shillings a-piece. At the game of auctions, docks, shy wine-merchants, depend on it there is *no* winning; and I would as soon think of buying jewellery at an auction in Fleet Street as of purchasing wine from one of your dreadful needy wine-agents such as infest every man's door. Grudge myself good wine? As soon grudge my horse corn. *Merci!* that would be a very losing game indeed, and your humble servant has no relish for such.

But in the very pursuit of saving there must be a hundred harmless delights and pleasures which we who are careless necessarily forego. What do you know about the natural history of your household? Upon your honour and conscience, do you know the price of a pound of butter? Can you say what sugar costs, and how much your family consumes and ought to consume? How much lard do you use in your house? As I think on these subjects I own I hang down the head of shame. I suppose for a moment that you, who are reading this, are a middle-aged gentleman, and paterfamilias. Can you answer the above questions? You know, sir, you cannot. Now turn round, lay down the book, and suddenly ask Mrs. Jones and your daughters if *they* can answer? They cannot. They look at one another. They pretend they can answer. They can tell you the plot and principal characters of the last novel. Some of them know something about history, geology, and so forth. But of the natural history of home —*Nichts*, and for shame on you all! *Honnis soyez*! For shame on you? for shame on us!

In the early morning I hear a sort of call or *jodel* under my window: and know 'tis the matutinal milkman leaving his can at my gate. O household gods! have I lived all these years and don't know the price or the quantity of the milk which is delivered in that can? Why don't I know? As I live, if I live till to-morrow morning, as soon as I hear the call of Lactantius, I will dash out upon him. How many cows? How much milk, on an average, all the year round? What rent? What cost of food and dairy servants? What loss of animals, and average cost of purchase? If I interested myself properly about my pint (or hogshead, whatever it be) of milk, all this knowledge would ensue; all this additional interest in life. What is this talk of my friend, Mr. Lewes, about objects at the seaside, and so forth? Objects at the seaside? Objects at the area-bell: objects before my nose: objects which the butcher brings me in his tray: which the cook dresses and puts down before me, and over which I say grace! My daily life is surrounded with objects which ought to interest me. The pudding I eat (or refuse, that is neither here nor there, and, between ourselves, what I have said

about batter pudding may be taken *cum grano*—we are not come to *that* yet, except for the sake of argument or illustration)—the pudding, I say, on my plate, the eggs that made it, the fire that cooked it, the table-cloth on which it is laid, and so forth—are each and all of these objects a knowledge of which I may acquire—a knowledge of the cost and production of which I might advantageously learn? To the man who *does* know these things, I say the interest of life is prodigiously increased. The milkman becomes a study to him; the baker a being he curiously and tenderly examines. Go, Lewes, and clap a hideous sea-anemone into a glass: I will put a cabman under mine, and make a vivisection of a butcher. O Lares, Penates, and gentle household gods, teach me to sympathize with all that comes within my doors! Give me an interest in the butcher's book. Let me look forward to the ensuing number of the grocer's account with eagerness. It seems ungrateful to my kitchen-chimney not to know the cost of sweeping it; and I trust that many a man who reads this, and muses on it, will feel, like the writer, ashamed of himself, and hang down his head humbly.

Now, if to this household game you could add a little money interest, the amusement would be increased far beyond the mere money value, as a game at cards for sixpence is better than a rubber for nothing. If you can interest yourself about sixpence, all life is invested with a new excitement. From sunrise to sleeping you can always be playing that game—with butcher, baker, coal-merchant, cabman, omnibus man—nay, diamond-merchant and stockbroker. You can bargain for a guinea over the price of a diamond necklace, or for a sixteenth per cent. in a transaction at the Stock Exchange. We all know men who have this faculty who are not ungenerous with their money. They give it on great occasions. They are more able to help than you and I who spend ours, and say to poor Prodigal who comes to us out at elbow, "My dear fellow, I should have been delighted: but I have already anticipated my quarter, and am going to ask Screwby if he can do anything for me."

In this delightful, wholesome, ever-novel twopenny game, there is a danger of excess, as there is in every other pastime or occupation of life. If you grow too eager for your twopence, the acquisition or the loss of it may affect your peace of mind, and peace of mind is better than any amount of twopences. My friend, the old clothes' man, whose agonies over the hat have led to this rambling disquisition, has, I very much fear, by a too eager pursuit of small profits, disturbed the equanimity of a mind that ought to be easy and happy. "Had I stood out," he thinks, "I might have had the hat for threepence," and he doubts whether, having given fourpence for it, he will ever get back his money. My good Shadrach, if you go through life passionately deploring the irrevocable, and allow yesterday's transactions to embitter the cheerfulness of to-day and to-morrow—as lieve walk down to the Seine, souse in, hats, body, clothes-bag and all, and put an end to your sorrow and sordid cares. Before and since Mr. Franklin wrote his pretty apologue of the Whistle

have we not all made bargains of which we repented, and coveted and acquired objects for which we have paid too dearly? Who has not purchased his hat in some market or other? There is General M'Clellan's cocked hat for example: I daresay he was eager enough to wear it, and he has learned that it is by no means cheerful wear. There were the military beavers of Messeigneurs of Orleans: they wore them gallantly in the face of battle; but I suspect they were glad enough to pitch them into the James River and come home in mufti. Ah, *mes amis! à chacun son schakot!* I was looking at a bishop the other day, and thinking, "My right reverend lord, that broad-brim and rosette must bind your great broad forehead very tightly, and give you many a headache. A good easy wide-awake were better for you, and I would like to see that honest face with a cutty pipe in the middle of it." There is my Lord Mayor. My once dear lord, my kind friend, when your two years' reign was over, did not you jump for joy and fling your chapeau-bras out of window: and hasn't *that* hat cost you a pretty bit of money? There, in a splendid travelling chariot, in the sweetest bonnet, all trimmed with orange-blossoms and Chantilly lace, sits my Lady Rosa, with old Lord Snowden by her side. Ah, Rosa! what a price have you paid for that hat which you wear; and is your ladyship's coronet not purchased too dear? Enough of hats. Sir, or Madam, I take off mine, and salute you with profound respect.

Kinglake's Crimean War.*

The series of transactions, political and military, which terminated in the destruction of Sebastopol, and the "rectification" of the Russian frontier on the Pruth, deserved a special and elaborate history. The events were of a heroic cast. A great variety of characters came into play. The scene was novel and distant. The issues were momentous. Moreover, then occurred the first serious rupture of that stately European peace which had been secured at Waterloo, and cemented in a rough fashion at Vienna. Nor is this all. A new portent appeared in Europe. The French Empire had been revived; the energies, the resources, the passions of France were again in the hands of one man; and that man bore the name of Bonaparte. As if to mark the new era begun in 1850, England and France, old enemies, and recent adversaries on the ever-recurring Eastern Question, appeared side by side as allies in the council chamber, and in the field of armed action. The enemy against whom they contended, too, was a power which had been the friend of one, and the conquering foe of the other. This rupture of a long peace, this opening of the flood-gates of pent-up ambition, this bloody drama, destined to lead a procession of great changes, some of which have occurred, others of which are still growing up in the passing hours, deserved to be recorded by a faithful and an able historian.

For some years it has been known that Mr. Kinglake was engaged in the task of writing the history of the Crimean War. As the brilliant author of *Eöthen*, he had raised high expectations, and had not fulfilled them. Whether it arose from a dreamy indolence, or from a fastidiousness of mind, Mr. Kinglake produced no second work. He had travelled in the East, he had followed compaigns in Algeria; he loved a military life. The outbreak of an Eastern war attracted him naturally to the fields of Bulgaria and the Crimea, and when Lord Raglan died, and the war came to an end, he says correctly that men looked to him for a narrative of the conflict and began to supply him with information. Then Lady Raglan intrusted to him the papers of her noble husband, and it was known that he had fairly engaged in his task. From that time to this the outcome of his labours has been looked for eagerly, all the more eagerly because the first volumes were repeatedly announced, yet continuously held back. The mystery is now solved. In the preface to the volumes before us, we learn that ever-accumulating stores of material, most freely supplied, led to continuous revision; so that the publication was delayed year after

* *The Invasion of the Crimea; its Origin and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By A. W. Kinglake. Blackwood and Co. Vols. I. and II.

year. For our parts we do not regret this. In the midst of the rolling flood of hasty writing it is a relief to repose now and again upon a real book, unfolding in all its massive breadth and radiant minuteness the history of some momentous passage in the Life of Nations. For this task Mr. Kinglake had an abounding mass of material, gathered from all quarters, of which the invaluable papers of Lord Raglan formed the nucleus. The result is a work of almost contemporary history, which will be widely read, and which will deserve to live.

Mr. Kinglake has spread a large canvas, but he has filled it well. A thousand pages only carry us to the crest of the hardly-won heights of the Alma. But from his pen no one could expect a dry summary of diplomatic disputes, a mere picture of military and naval actions. He begins at the beginning; he lays broad and deep foundations; he goes backward to the advent of Louis Napoleon, and traces its effect upon the fortunes of Europe; he describes with unflagging energy the progress of the great quarrel, and breathes life into the hard political facts which led up to the appeal to arms. The origin, the varied changes, the portentous growth of this phase of the Eastern question, are set forth with transparent clearness and vivid force. We are carried bodily backwards twelve years, and live again through the events which moved us then, and which have a treble significance now, because the veil has been lifted which then hid many things; because fuller knowledge ripens judgment, and because subsequent events have given weight and import to facts which were not perceived by, or did not tell upon, the mass of men. We assist at the birth of the Anglo-French alliance. We see how ably astuteness dealt with the gifts of fortune. We learn how there came to be a breach in the European concert, and witness the first cautious movements which have led to such mighty issues. It was in the transactions preceding and springing out of this Crimean war that the foundations of the Emperor Napoleon's power were laid. He made one opportunity, and afterwards they were never wanting. He sent M. de Lavalette to extort from the Porte the fulfilment of the terms of a treaty made above a hundred years before. The Porte yielded, and the flood-gates were opened. When M. de Lavalette demanded violently that the Latin monks at Jerusalem should have a key of the great door of the Church of Bethlehem, and that a silver star, with the arms of France, should be fixed on the wall of the sanctuary of the Nativity, the world only saw in the proceeding a quarrel between rival churches. They did not foresee a big war. The French Emperor desired to display his power in the eyes of his own people and of Europe; perhaps he desired to humiliate the proud potentate who called him "good friend," but would not style him "brother." It is certain that he knew what would please the French nation and make them forget his peculiar method of acquiring absolute power. And so within a month of the *coup d'état* he became the champion of the Latin Church, and thus loosed in the East the waters of strife. For Russia took fire at the insult to her church, and between the two the Turk, who had no interest in the question at issue,

and who only desired peace, was driven violently from one side to the other, and in attempting to please two masters offended both. Austria, by a fatal but well-intended intervention, increased the strife, and the Emperor Nicholas, who had long brooded over the future of Turkey, who had tempted England in vain, who had misread her temper, who had contemned France, but who thought he saw his time, sent the violent Menschikoff to the Porte with imperious demands. By degrees, and in the skilful hands of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, this question of the Holy Places was settled. But Nicholas was bent on a quarrel or inordinate concessions, and France was bent on fanning his wrath and frustrating his designs. The Czar was maddened, also, by the permanent ascendancy of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople, and, continually foiled in Stamboul, he went on from one act of violence to another, until his troops were in the Principalities, and the fleets of England and France were in the Bosphorus. "The strife of churches was no fable," writes Mr. Kinglake, "but after all, though near and distinct, it was only the lesser truth. A crowd of monks with bare foreheads stood quarrelling for a key at the sunny gates of a church in Palestine, but beyond and above, towering high in the misty North, men saw the ambition of the Czars."

Mr. Kinglake has imparted the highest kind of historic interest to his narration of this opening civil struggle. There is something heroic in the strife which he records between the Czar, through his chosen envoy, Prince Menschikoff, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The British Ambassador had acquired that dominion over the Turks for which the Czar thirsted. Lord Stratford had been absent for two years. Just as he hoped to force concessions from the Porte, "Nicholas was obliged to hear that his eternal foe, travelling by the ominous route of Paris and Vienna, was returning to his embassy at the Porte." He arrived on the 5th of April, 1853. "Long before noon the voyage and the turmoil of the reception were over, and except that a frigate under the English flag lay at anchor in the Golden Horn, there was no seeming change in the outward world. Yet all was changed. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had entered once more the palace of the English Embassy. The event spread a sense of safety, but also a sense of awe. It seemed to bring with it confusion to the enemies of Turkey, but austere reproof for past errors at home, and punishment where punishment was due, and an enforcement of hard toils and painful sacrifices of many kinds, and a long farewell to repose. It was the angry return of a King whose realm had been suffered to fall into danger." In another place Mr. Kinglake says: "It was hard [for the Turks] to resist the imperious ambassador to his face. If what he directed was inconsistent with the nature of things, then possibly the nature of things would be changed by the decree of Heaven, for there was no hope that the great Eltchi would relax his will . . . . Yet if the ambassador was unrelenting and even harsh in the exercise of his dominion over the Turks, he was faithful to guard them against enemies from abroad. He chastened them himself, but he was dangerous to any

other man who came seeking to hurt his children." And so the Emperor Nicholas found to his cost. For Lord Stratford did more than any other to save the Porte in the agonizing hours of 1853. The conflict between his will and that of the Czar, whose character is most ably drawn, creates an interest which never fails. It is the art of giving real dramatic force to the personal encounters, the contest of mind with mind, the art of bringing the men before us by the use of measured, and strong because measured, language, which gives so distinctive a character to this remarkable history. In its pages there are not the masks, but the living presence of four leading men—Nicholas, Napoleon, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and Lord Palmerston. As the story grows, other figures glide in, and play their parts: Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone, Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright; but the springs of this history, so far as it is evolved in these two volumes, are the four we have mentioned. Lord Palmerston, indeed, flits by in a shadowy form, like a powerful yet unseen agent. We feel his presence by its effects on the game. But Lord Stratford and the two Emperors stand out boldly from the canvas, instinct with life. Mr. Kinglake seems to write of them as if they were all in the tomb with Lord Aberdeen and the Czar. He shows their strength, but he shows with merciless force their weakness. His portraiture of the Emperor Napoleon has been called an instance of vivisection; and not inaptly. Nothing of late days has been written more terrible than Mr. Kinglake's account of Louis Napoleon, and the mode whereby he became an Emperor. For, in order to account for the war in the East, Mr. Kinglake very properly goes back to the origin of that power which has so effectively disturbed Europe, and put the nations to so great a cost for armed men and armaments. He takes up and dissects the life and character of the Emperor in a manner which will rouse vehement criticism, and call forth vehement admiration; and some will say angrily that this cool flaying of the character of a living man has nothing to do with the war in the Crimea, and others will say that if it had not, still there is reason to be thankful that so complete and fine a piece of writing as this episode of the *coup d'état* has been given to the world. It is not, however, out of place; for the rupture of the peace and the two years of war did spring from this same imperial revolution. Louis Napoleon has won fame and glory. Incense in rich clouds has rolled up before his throne. He has received, and been received by, nearly all the Sovereigns of Europe, as he has just reminded Europe in a royal speech. He has seen a Congress in his capital, he has commanded armies in the field, he has dictated peace to an Emperor. It is morally wholesome that this splendid veil should be torn aside, in order that we may see this stupendous and showy power in its origin. The skulls of the *coup d'état* should be presented at the gorgeous imperial feast. This is what Mr. Kinglake has done.

We may string together a few sentences from the cool and relentless analysis of the character of Louis Napoleon. First of all, Mr. Kinglake

admits his ability; admits that in England he made friends; that he was friendly, social, and good-humoured; that he rode fairly to hounds: but he says of him, that he passed his youth and prime "in contriving how to apply stratagem to the science of jurisprudence;" that the exigencies of his inheritance "made him highly skilled—not merely in contriving ambiguous phrases, but ambiguous schemes of action;" and that "he could maintain friendly relations with a man, and speak frankly and truthfully to him for seven years, and then suddenly deceive him. . . . His doubting and undecided nature was a help to concealment: for men got so wearied by following the oscillations of his mind, that their suspicions in time went to rest; and then, perhaps, when he saw that they were quite tired of predicting that he would do a thing, he gently stole out and did it." He had the boldness produced by reflection, but his boldness fell short in emergencies involving instant physical danger. "In short, he was a thoughtful literary man, deliberately tasking himself to venture into a desperate path, and going great lengths in that direction; but liable to find himself balked in the moment of trial by a sudden and chilling return to good sense." Yet "he was impelled to be contriving scenic effects and surprises in which he himself was always to be the hero." Mr. Kinglake describes him at Strasbourg in this terrible style. When he went with his staff to the barracks of the 46th Regiment, "the men, taken entirely by surprise, were told that the person now introduced to them was their Emperor. What they saw was a young man with the bearing and countenance of a weaver; a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous indoor work, which makes the body stoop and keeps the eyes downcast; but all the while, and yet it was broad daylight, this young man, from hat to foot, was standing dressed up in the historic costume of the man of Austerlitz and Marengo." Then came Colonel Tallandier into the barrack-yard—"fierce, angry, and scornful;" he "went straight up to the spot where the proposed Emperor and his 'Imperial' staff were standing." This was exactly what might have been expected, but it came upon the Prince with a crushing power. "To him, a literary man, standing in a barrack-yard, in the dress of a great conqueror, an angry colonel, with authentic warrant to command, was something real, and therefore, it seems, something dreadful. In a moment Prince Louis succumbed to him." "The sources of his boldness were his vanity and his theatric bent . . . the moment he encountered the shock of the real world, he stopped dead; and becoming suddenly quiet, harmless, and obedient, surrendered himself, as he always has done, to the first man who touched him." Having drawn the character of Louis Napoleon in this style, Mr. Kinglake does not spare his followers, the agents of the *coup d'état*, whom he describes with scornful coolness—"persons of the quality of Fleury, Morny, Maupas, Persigny, and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy," "the brethren of the Elysée," one of whom, not apparently Napoleon, but another, Fleury had to threaten with a loaded pistol if he refused to go on with the plot. But, enough of this. The horrors of the

coup d'état are not yet forgotten in England, and mayhap not in France. Those who want to brand them into their memories can do so by reading Mr. Kinglake's straightforward, cool, and deeply impressive narrative.

Quitting this dramatic and tragic episode, Mr. Kinglake proceeds to show how England was seduced into a special alliance with its hero, who saw at once what security it gave him, and how, through varying phases, the protracted negotiations kept edging closer and closer to the precipice of war; how war came upon us unprepared yet eager for it, and how then we found out what an onerous burden this alliance was to bear. It required all Lord Raglan's tact and exquisite management to prevent the bond from splitting asunder, and it required all his firmness and personal ascendancy to prevent the French from covering us and themselves with ridicule. Time, and space more than time, does not permit us to linger over these interesting pages, nor to extract many a skilful portrait or powerful passage. But before we glance at the Crimean campaign, we feel bound to insert the following wonderful story. The Duke of Newcastle, when Russia, beaten by Omer Pasha and constrained by Austria, retreated from the Danubian Principalities, felt with the British nation that the war should be carried into the Crimea, and that Sebastopol, "the standing menace," should be destroyed. It fell to his lot to draw up the despatch requiring Lord Raglan to do this. He drew it up, leaving to the general the barest possible amount of discretion, and he carried this important document to a meeting of the Cabinet at Pembroke Lodge, Lord Russell's seat at Richmond. "It was evening," writes Mr. Kinglake, and vouches for his story; "a summer evening, and all the members of the Cabinet were present when the duke took out the draught of his proposed despatch and began to read it. Then there occurred an incident, very trifling in itself, but yet so momentous in its consequences that, if it had happened in old times, it would have been attributed to the direct intervention of the immortal gods." It was this: "Before the reading of the paper had long continued, all the members of the Cabinet except a small minority were overcome with sleep." Twice he tried to rouse them; they dozed, or fell into an assenting frame of mind. The despatch was approved. And so, it is possible, that because the members of a full Cabinet dozed or snored over a despatch, Lord Raglan was constrained to invade the Crimea! Constrained, for he undertook it against his judgment; and this the Cabinet well knew, for the Duke of Newcastle wrote to Lord Raglan, "I cannot help seeing, through the calm and noble tone of your announcement of the decision to attack Sebastopol, that it has been taken in order to meet the views and desires of the Government [the sleeping beauties of Pembroke Lodge!] and not in entire accordance with your own opinions."

The military narrative in this work occupies the last half of the second volume. More than two hundred pages are devoted to the battle of the Alma. In his anxiety to give a clear and indisputable account of this action, Mr. Kinglake has been painfully and laboriously minute, and has marred the general effect by over-elaboration. It really requires very

earnest attention and familiarity with such affairs to understand it readily as he tells it. But, embedded in the story, there are some perfect battle pictures, and one who can reconstruct the whole in his imagination will find that he has a new and distinct conception of this first battle between the great Powers since 1815.

The battle of the Alma was, in many respects, a remarkable engagement; remarkable for the blunders and mischances on both sides, as well as for the tactics of the adverse armies, and their brilliant valour. To begin with: Prince Menschikoff was no soldier. Had he been one, having a mass of 3,000 cavalry, he would have harassed the Allies on the march, and he would have sought to defend the road to Sebastopol by taking up a position, not across it, but on its inner flank. But, seduced by the strength of the hills, and ignorant of the potency of "the English array," as Mr. Kinglake rightly calls our "line," he resolved to give battle on the hills south of the Alma. Here he stood with 39,000 men and 86 guns. On his left were steep cliffs rising sheer above the river, but broken by roads. These he deemed protection enough; and so sure was he that he did not survey the rough roads, or seek to defend them. Two-thirds of his force he posted on the right and centre, and here he had two batteries of heavy guns covered by entrenchments, and a fine-looking force of horsemen. On his left he had one-third of his men. His front was covered by the river and its fringe of vineyards. The error of Menschikoff was in taking a position and fighting a battle which the result showed he could not conduct. Next, the Allies came up from the Boulganak without any plan. Marshal St. Arnaud, indeed, proposed that both flanks should be turned, but the mere sight of the ground upset this scheme. The plan adopted arose out of the exigencies of the moment. The French, 30,000 strong, were to turn the Russian left, and when this movement took effect, the English were to storm the hill before them. Fortune decreed that it should be otherwise. The French duly crossed the river at its mouth, and a little above it; but when they had reached the heights, they formed two isolated bodies without guns, while a third body having got up a steep track, lay perdu there, blocking up the way. Yet Menschikoff was alarmed, and he carried a large body from his reserve to that side, and formed an immense column, the mere sight of which induced the French to keep still more below the crest. There was no diversion on that side beyond this, that Prince Menschikoff was there nearly all the afternoon.

In the meantime, pressed by the French to attack, Lord Raglan gave the order. His troops were in two lines, with a reserve, and cavalry on the flank. The men had been lying down under fire, and the order to attack was a relief. But the Light Division, with a near-sighted leader, and two near-sighted brigadiers, did not take sufficient ground to the left, and consequently interfered with the Second Division on its right. Hence arose derangement at once. Then, without skirmishers and without much order, they forded the river, and huddled under the opposite bank. When

carried on to the open to storm the height, they did so in a mere mob, regiments of one brigade mingled with those of another. Nevertheless, the mob of red-coats did contrive to force a Russian column to retreat, and did carry the Russian entrenchment. They had been enabled to do this by one of the luckiest of accidents. Lord Raglan had ridden through an opening in the Russian line right into the heart of their position. He had gained a knoll, and he got up two guns which flanked their batteries. The fire of guns from that point within their lines astounded the Russians, and drove their batteries away. Then it was that the soldiers rushed at the entrenchment, led by General Codrington, and captured it with two guns. On their right, Colonel Yea, with the 7th alone, had stoutly fought a Russian column and held it at bay, until the withdrawal of the batteries on the road enabled General Evans to come into line. The supports of the Light Division, the Guards, and Highlanders, were not at hand; yet the Light Infantry held their place under a heavy fire, until, a bugle sounding, nobody knows why, they ran headlong down the hill, carrying with them the centre of the now advancing Guards. This was a trying moment, and Mr. Kinglake has described it well. The Grenadiers and Coldstreams, separated by the interval where the Scots Fusiliers should have been, still advanced, two deep, and two deep they encountered and fought heavy Russian columns, showing impressively the superiority of the line. On their left came forward in échelon the Highland regiments, and by the time the Guards had reached the entrenchment, the Highlanders had successively fallen on the flanks of three columns, two of which were hastening to succour their comrades, so roughly smitten by the steady fire of the Guards. During this time, Lord Raglan had got a brigade on his commanding knoll, and General Evans had made progress on the great road. In fact, the battle was won. For the Russian general on the left, finding shot falling into his big column from Bosquet's guns, then up—shot which he thought came from the sea—edged away to the east, and finally seeing the defeat of the Russian right, he retired altogether, without, as our author alleges, coming to blows at all with the French. This is most singular; but so the fact seems to be. All the afternoon the French had clung to the slopes of the cliff in isolated bodies, doing nothing. During the fight they only lost three officers. Wherefore the British infantry, in fair combat, on an open hill-side, against an equal number of Russian infantry, but having fewer guns, won this battle. It is remarkable that on neither side did the cavalry engage. No captain could have conducted a battle worse than Prince Menschikoff. And now for another fact. There should have been swift pursuit. The French marshal, who had fresh troops in abundance, would not send one. This was the beginning of our disasters in the Crimea.

With the night settling down upon the Russians in ruinous disaster, and the Allies only half-satisfied, Mr. Kinglake's book comes to an end for the present.

Notes on Science.

On the Size of the Brain in Men and Women.—Aristotle asserted that man has a larger brain than woman; and although there have not been wanting investigators of some authority to oppose this assertion, it is now generally accepted. Dr. Sappey, who has reinvestigated the point on a new method of measurement,* informs us that the majority of anatomists leave the question undecided; but if this be true of France, it is assuredly not true of Germany and England, where the authorities are tolerably unanimous as to the marked superiority of man's brain. Dr. Sappey's measurements are welcome, although they add nothing new to the results already published by Tiedemann, Reid, Sims, Clendinning, and Wagner.

The fact is indisputable, that, taking the average, say of a hundred brains, the man has five or six ounces more brain than the woman. Some women will, of course, be found to have much larger brains than some men; but whenever the comparison embraces a sufficient number to yield a fair average, the superiority is invariably on the side of the man. And it is worthy of special remark that it is in the Cerebrum, or brain proper, that this difference is chiefly found; in the Cerebellum, and Medulla Oblongata, the differences are very trifling. Now, when we reflect that the Cerebrum is generally supposed to be the *exclusive* organ of the intellectual, volitional, and emotive faculties, and that it forms about nine-tenths of the whole mass usually designated as "the brain," or more correctly as "the encephalon," this marked superiority in the male Cerebrum seems to lend scientific authority to the general verdict respecting the intellectual inferiority of woman.

The reader may, perhaps, think that the authority of science is wholly superfluous in a matter so patent to common sense. But we would beg him to consider that by many this general verdict as to woman's inferiority is stoutly denied, and by many more is attributed to education, not to organic differences. Let women have the same advantages as men, it is said, and they will exhibit their intellectual equality. Of course there could be no sustaining such an argument if it were demonstrated that women *were* organically inferior to men. And on a superficial view such does seem to be the case, according to the measurements of the brain. Such a conclusion may, perhaps, be impugned by the fact that the differences of *sex* are very much less than the *individual* differences; in other words, that women differ less from men, than individual men differ among each other. The exact figures arrived at by Dr. Sappey show that

* *Mémoires de la Société de Biologie.* III. 109. Paris, 1862.

between the heaviest and the lightest female brains there is a difference of 288 *grammes;* whereas between the heaviest and lightest male brains there is a difference of 448 *grammes.* Here we see why the average male brain preponderates; it is because the range of individual difference is wider—there is a higher reach in some male developments; and this would account for individual superiority in men, leaving the general standard pretty equal.

But let us suppose that the current opinion respecting woman's inferiority wishes to claim the authority of science, can such authority be found in the fact that her brain is five ounces less? To answer this we must first settle whether the two facts are related as cause and consequent. Is it a necessary consequence of this lighter brain, that woman must have an inferior intellect? The majority of physiologists would unhesitatingly answer yes; but if they were closely pressed they would, perhaps, find that such an answer involved very considerable assumptions. In the first place we have no valid reason to offer why the volume, or weight, of the brain should *in itself* determine the absolute energy of intellect. It is a fact that no powerful intellect has ever yet been found accompanying a very small brain; it is a fact that very small brains accompany idiotcy. But it is not a fact that the largest and heaviest brains belong to the greatest and most energetic souls; it is not true that cerebral activity is dependent solely upon size or weight; and it is absolutely false to say that size, or weight, is *in itself* the index of mental calibre. There are many other things besides size to be taken into account; as is obvious in the fact that the brain of an elephant is three times the size of man's brain. Nor is such a fact explained by saying that the elephant's body is more than three times the size of man's body; since if we estimate the brain *relatively* to the body, and not *absolutely* in itself, we find the smaller monkeys, rodents, and some birds, have much larger brains than man. Moreover, if we are to take the size of the body into account, then the obvious inferiority in woman's stature will help to restore the unequal balance in the compared brains. If her cerebrum is smaller than man's, so are her heart, her lungs, her liver, her muscular system. She is a smaller animal, and has a smaller brain.

Nor is this all. Cerebral activity will depend upon the cerebral *structure*, and the cerebral *circulation.* Two brains equal in size will differ greatly in structure; that is to say, they will differ in the *proportions* of their fat, water, salts, &c., and in the *arrangement* of their tissues (including the distribution of their masses, or what phrenologists call the localization of faculties); just as two brothers will differ greatly in constitution, though they may agree in height and weight. Moreover, there are important differences in the *vascular irrigation* of the brain, dependent on the size of the vessels, the energy of the circulation, and the nature of the blood distributed. Thus it is that there are marked individualities in character, where the differences in size are not so marked.

Further with respect to women, not only are they smaller animals

with smaller brains, but they are in important respects differently constructed, and the effects of these differences acting on the cerebral activity would have to be carefully estimated before we could draw a conclusion from size alone. Thus while the fact of woman's intellectual inferiority, —if it *be* a fact—would find a *parallel* in the inferiority of her brain, we should still have to prove these two things to be *causally related.* There may be a strict correlation between them; all we assert is that up to this time there has not been the vestige of a proof discovered. The functions of the Cerebrum are still too obscure, and the relations of these functions to size, or weight, are too undefined for any clear and steady conclusion to be drawn. The fact that woman's brain is five ounces less than man's is certain; the fact is interesting, and must have its importance; but as to its bearing on the psychological question, at present that is sheer guess-work. Much of the difficulty of this psychological question lies in the extreme vagueness of the terms in which it is stated. Let us grant that in the purely intellectual activities woman is, as history seems to prove her to be, on the *average* inferior to man, though often individually superior; this would not be elucidated by the inferiority in the size of her Cerebrum, unless the Cerebrum were proved to be the organ of the intellect *only;* and as it is obviously quite as much the organ of the affections, emotions, and volitions, these must be taken into account. The general verdict declares that woman surpasses man in the energy of her affections and emotions; and if this be true, it would require a proportional superiority in the size of her Cerebrum—if *size* is the determining condition. If it be not true, and if man has an equal expenditure of cerebral force in the direction of the emotions, must we say that he has five ounces more intelligence than woman? Before such questions can be answered we must know a great deal more than is now suspected in reference to the distributions of the cerebral force in the production of the intellectual and emotive activities. It is clear that the mere estimate of size is too general for any particular conclusion.

On the Nutrition of Plants.—One of the vexed questions in vegetal nutrition has long turned upon the source from which plants derive their nitrogen. As this gas is so abundant in atmospheric air, the early speculators naturally assumed that plants derived their nitrogen from the air, by the simple process of direct absorption. This was, however, subsequently shown to be eminently improbable, and the very chemists who propounded the hypothesis retracted it. The denial has for many years been stereotyped in text-books; and M. Dumas felt some hesitation in bringing forward the recent discovery of a young chemist, M. Jobin, which proves that the Confervæ—if no other plants—really *are* capable of the direct absorption of nitrogen, instead of receiving it by a decomposition of nitrates. His experiments consist in placing Confervæ where they can receive no nitrogen except that which is in the air, the rest of their food being furnished from simple carbonates, such as sugar, glycerine, &c. Under such conditions they grow and develop perfectly; and as

growth is impossible without a supply of nitrogen, the conclusion is irresistible. Moreover, M. Jobin finds that at the moment of the absorption of the nitrogen by the plant, the hydrogen, thus released, combines with the nascent oxygen given off by the plant, and thus forms water.

Frozen Well in Vermont, United States.—It is well known that in various parts of the world, where the mean temperature of the air is much superior to that of freezing water, under certain peculiar circumstances of local influence ice is found at all times of the year, in situations apparently such as would preclude the possibility of such a degree of cold in any season. Thus, to name a few instances, in the open quarries of Niedermening, near the lake of Laach on the Rhine, ice is very commonly found in the summer time—so also in caverns and even in retired recesses open to the air in the neighbourhood of Pont Gibaud, near Clermont, in France—on the Peak of Teneriffe, in the celebrated Ice Cavern, far below the limit of perpetual snow; and on Etna, under a bed of scoriæ and ashes! In all these cases the soil is volcanic, either scoriæ, or porous lava, or comminuted ashes. Again, in the caverns of Illetzkaya Zatchita, near Orenburg, in Russia (lat. 51° 46′), ice is found *in the summer*, while the external temperature is sometimes as high as 120° Fahr., but *not* in the winter, although the cold without is then excessive, the climate of Orenburg being what, in the language of physical geographers, would be termed an extreme one. In this case the soil is gypsum, much fissured, and the phenomenon is probably explicable by the slowness of transmission of the alternate heat and cold waves of summer and winter from the surface downwards.

The case we have now to notice is clearly, however, not explicable on any principle of that kind. It is that of a well sunk in 1858, on the estate of one Abraham Trombley, at Brandon, in the State of Vermont, United States (and therefore in a latitude not far from 46° N.), traversed by the isotherm of 41° Fahr., and where in ordinary wells of considerable depth the water is found of a temperature of 45°. Its depth is between 35 and 36 feet. In digging it the workmen, after penetrating 20 feet of unfrozen soil, came upon a stratum of frozen gravel, consisting of large and small pebbles embedded in mud, and containing lumps of ice as large as 12-lb. cannon balls, 15 feet in thickness, and resting on a bed of sand; on striking on which they immediately obtained water, which rose to the height of two feet in the well so cut through the gravel, and which has since yielded an unfailing supply, standing nearly at the same depth at all seasons. The well is regularly walled with stone, and the wall, to the height of five feet above the water, is always incrusted with a thick coat of solid ice. The water itself freezes superficially in the winter, but in the summer is always liquid.

The frozen stratum is very limited in area, and is confined to a bed of gravel or drift pebbles, which out-crops on the road-side at a distance of 450 feet from the well. It consists of water-worn boulders and smooth pebbles of quartz, sienite, and blue limestone, forming a hill about 45 feet

above the level of the mouth of the well. All around this hill the rocks are blue-gray compact limestone, probably of silurian age, but destitute of fossils. The drift boulders come from the north, and the surface of the limestone ledges is much worn by drift action. Springs and wells in the immediate neighbourhood are of the normal temperature, or rather somewhat higher than we should expect from the general course of the isotherm, inasmuch as the temperature (45°) above mentioned is that of a deep well in the mica-slate about half a mile to the westward.

When visited (in the summer of 1861) by a committee of the Academy appointed to investigate the circumstances of this singular phenomenon, they ascertained, in addition to the above particulars, this very important feature, viz., that *a current of cold air* is continually rising from the bottom of the well and overflowing at its mouth. This was rendered strikingly evident by the movements of the light objects thrown in, as by the floating and constant rejection of the puffs of the dandelion (growing abundantly around), as also by the movements of smoke from smouldering moist paper, and from the indications of a thermometer, held in the orifice, which marked 43° 5′, the temperature of the external air being 78° Fahr.

From the above description it is evident that none of the causes usually called in aid to explain such phenomena, such as evaporation (!), &c., can have any place here. The case is that of *a stratum of permanently colder soil of very limited extent interposed between beds of much warmer material*, and the only principle which science can lay its finger on in the accounts above given connects the effect obviously with the *continuous issue of cold air*. This air must have escaped by perfiltration through the porous medium of the gravel from a state of considerably greater compression, and must have emanated from some subterranean resevoir, taking up latent heat in its expansion, according to a principle which has now for a long time been rendered available for the formation of artificial ice. The only difficulty which this explanation involves is the maintenance of a perennial supply of this expanding air. On this point the report of the committee affords no information. It is indeed conceivable that water entering under hydrostatic pressure into vast caverns in the limestone from below upwards might condense the air contained in them sufficiently, but the supply of air thus obtained could be only temporary, while, as the gravel was found frozen and continues so, we must look for a perennial one—one, too, extending over a large tract of country—for a similar instance is referred to as existing at Oswego (? Oswego on Lake Ontario, not very remote from Brandon). Nor are these, if we are rightly informed, the only instances of the kind.

The Visible Madonna

THE

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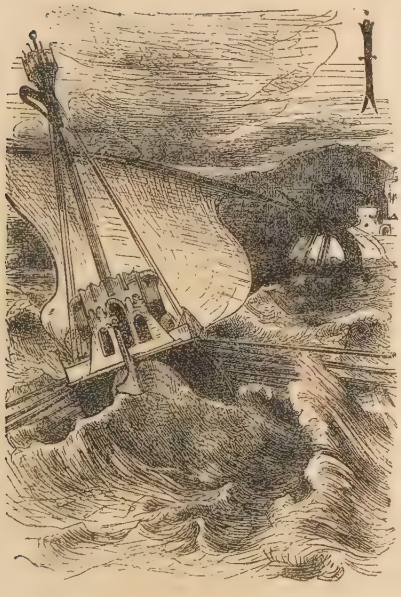
Romola.

CHAPTER XLII.

Romola in her Place.



It was the thirtieth of October, 1496. The sky that morning was clear enough, and there was a pleasant autumnal breeze. But the Florentines just then thought very little about the land breezes: they were thinking of the gales at sea, which seemed to be uniting with all other powers to disprove the Frate's declaration that Heaven took special care of Florence.

For those terrible gales had driven away from the coast of Leghorn certain ships from Marseilles, freighted with soldiery and corn; and Florence was in the direst need, first of food, and secondly of fighting men. Pale Famine was in her streets, and her territory was threatened on all its borders.

For the French king, that new Charlemagne, who had entered Italy in anticipatory triumph, and had conquered Naples without the least trouble, had gone away again fifteen months ago, and was even, it was feared, in his grief for the loss of a new-born son, losing the languid intention of coming back again to redress grievances and set the Church in order. A

league had been formed against him—a Holy League, with Pope Borgia at its head, to "drive out the barbarians," who still garrisoned the fortress of Naples. That had a patriotic sound; but, looked at more closely, the Holy League seemed very much like an agreement among certain wolves to drive away all other wolves and then to see which among themselves could snatch the largest share of the prey. And there was a general disposition to regard Florence not as a fellow wolf, but rather as a desirable carcase. Florence, therefore, of all the chief Italian States, had alone declined to join the League, adhering still to the French alliance.

She had declined at her peril. At this moment Pisa, still fighting savagely for liberty, was being encouraged not only by strong forces from Venice and Milan, but by the presence of the German Emperor Maximilian, who had been invited by the League, and was joining the Pisans with such troops as he had in the attempt to get possession of Leghorn, while the coast was invested by Venetian and Genoese ships. And if Leghorn should fall into the hands of the enemy, woe to Florence! For if that one outlet towards the sea were closed, hedged in as she was on the land by the bitter ill-will of the Pope and the jealousy of smaller States, how could succours reach her?

The government of Florence had shown a great heart in this urgent need, meeting losses and defeats with vigorous effort, raising fresh money, raising fresh soldiers, but not neglecting the good old method of Italian defence—conciliatory embassies. And while the scarcity of food was every day becoming greater, they had resolved, in opposition to old precedent, not to shut out the starving country people, and the mendicants driven from the gates of other cities, who came flocking to Florence like birds from a land of snow. These acts of a government in which the disciples of Savonarola made the strongest element were not allowed to pass without criticism. The disaffected were plentiful, and they saw clearly that the government took the worst course for the public welfare. Florence ought to join the League and make common cause with the other great Italian States, instead of drawing down their hostility by a futile adherence to a foreign ally. Florence ought to take care of her own citizens, instead of opening her gates to famine and pestilence in the shape of starving *contadini* and alien mendicants.

Every day the distress became sharper: every day the murmurs became louder. And, to crown the difficulties of the government, for a month and more—in obedience to a mandate from Rome—Fra Girolamo had ceased to preach. But on the arrival of the terrible news that the ships from Marseilles had been driven back, and that no corn was coming, the need for the voice that could infuse faith and patience into the people became too imperative to be resisted. In defiance of the Papal mandate the Signoria requested Savonarola to preach. And two days ago he had mounted again the pulpit of the Duomo, and had told the people only to wait and be steadfast, and the Divine help would certainly come. It was a bold sermon: he consented to have his frock stripped off him if, when

Florence persevered in fulfilling the duties of piety and citizenship, God did not come to her rescue.

Yet at present, on this morning of the thirtieth, there were no signs of rescue. Perhaps if the precious Tabernacle of the Madonna dell' Impruneta were brought into Florence and carried in devout procession to the Duomo, that Mother, rich in sorrows and therefore in mercy, would plead for the suffering city? For a century and a half there were records how the Florentines, suffering from drought, or flood, or famine, or pestilence, or the threat of wars, had fetched the potent image within their walls, and had found deliverance. And grateful honour had been done to her and her ancient church of L'Impruneta; the high house of Buondelmonti, patrons of the church, had to guard her hidden image with bare sword; wealth had been poured out for prayers at her shrine, for chantings, and chapels, and ever-burning lights; and lands had been added, till there was much quarrelling for the privilege of serving her. The Florentines were deeply convinced of her graciousness to them, so that the sight of her tabernacle within their walls was like the parting of the cloud, and the proverb ran, that the Florentines had a Madonna who would do what they pleased. When were they in more need of her pleading pity than now? And already, the evening before, the tabernacle containing the miraculous hidden image had been brought with high and reverend escort from L'Impruneta, the privileged spot six miles beyond the gate of San Piero that looks towards Rome, and had been deposited in the church of San Gaggio, outside the gate, whence it was to be fetched in solemn procession by all the fraternities, trades, and authorities of Florence.

But the Pitying Mother had not yet entered within the walls, and the morning arose on unchanged misery and despondency. Pestilence was hovering in the track of famine. Not only the hospitals were full, but the courtyards of private houses had been turned into refuges and infirmaries; and still there was unsheltered want. And early this morning, as usual, members of the various fraternities who made it part of their duty to bury the unfriended dead, were bearing away the corpses that had sunk by the wayside. As usual, sweet womanly forms, with the refined air and carriage of the well-born, but in the plainest garb, were moving about the streets on their daily errands of tending the sick and relieving the hungry.

One of these forms was easily distinguishable as Romola de' Bardi. Clad in the simplest garment of black serge, with a plain piece of black drapery drawn over her head, so as to hide all her hair, except the bands of gold that rippled apart on her brow, she was advancing from the Ponte Vecchio towards the Por' Santa Maria—the street in a direct line with the bridge—when she found her way obstructed by the pausing of a bier, which was being carried by members of the company of San Jacopo del Popolo, in search for the unburied dead. The brethren at the head of the bier were stooping to examine something, while a group

of idle workmen, with features paled and sharpened by hunger, were clustering round and all talking at once.

"He's dead, I tell you! Messer Domeneddio has loved him well enough to take him."

"Ah, and it would be well for us all if we could have our legs stretched out and go with our heads two or three *bracci* foremost! It's ill standing upright with hunger to prop you."

"Well, well, he's an old fellow. Death has got a poor bargain. Life's had the best of him."

"And no Florentine, ten to one! A beggar turned out of Siena. San Giovanni defend us! They've no need of soldiers to fight us. They send us an army of starving men."

"No, no! This man is one of the prisoners turned out of the Stinche. I know by the grey patch where the prison badge was."

"Keep quiet! Lend a hand! Don't you see the brethren are going to lift him on the bier?"

"It's likely he's alive enough if he could only look it. The soul may be inside him if it had only a drop of *vernaccia* to warm it."

"In truth, I think he is not dead," said one of the brethren, when they had lifted him on the bier. "He has perhaps only sunk down for want of food."

"Let me try to give him some wine," said Romola, coming forward. She loosened the small flask which she carried at her belt, and, leaning towards the prostrate body, with a deft hand she applied a small ivory implement between the teeth, and poured into the mouth a few drops of wine. The stimulus acted: the wine was evidently swallowed. She poured more, till the head was moved a little towards her, and the eyes of the old man opened full upon her with the vague look of returning consciousness. Then for the first time a sense of complete recognition came over Romola. Those wild dark eyes opening in the sallow deep-lined face, with the white beard, which was now long again, were like an unmistakable signature to a remembered handwriting. The light of two summers had not made that image any fainter in Romola's memory: the image of the escaped prisoner, whom she had seen in the Duomo the day when Tito first wore the armour—at whose grasp Tito was paled with terror in the strange sketch she had seen in Piero's studio. A wretched tremor and palpitation seized her. Now at last, perhaps, she was going to know some secret which might be more bitter than all that had gone before. She felt an impulse to dart away as from some sight of horror; and again, a more imperious need to keep close by the side of this old man whom, the divination of keen feeling told her, her husband had injured. In the very instant of this conflict she still leaned towards him and kept her right hand ready to administer more wine, while her left was passed under his neck. Her hands trembled, but their habit of soothing helpfulness would have served to guide them without the direction of her thought.

Baldassarre was looking at *her* for the first time. The close seclusion in which Romola's trouble had kept her in the weeks preceding her flight and his arrest, had denied him the opportunity he had sought of seeing the Wife who lived in the Via de' Bardi: and at this moment the descriptions he had heard of the fair golden-haired woman were all gone, like yesterday's waves.

"Will it not be well to carry him to the steps of San Stefano?" said Romola. "We shall cease then to stop up the street, and you can go on your way with your bier."

They had only to move onward for about thirty yards before reaching the steps of San Stefano, and by this time Baldassarre was able himself to make some efforts towards getting off the bier, and propping himself on the steps against the church doorway. The charitable brethren passed on, but the group of interested spectators, who had nothing to do and much to say, had considerably increased. The feeling towards the old man was not so entirely friendly now it was quite certain that he was alive, but the respect inspired by Romola's presence caused the passing remarks to be made in a rather more subdued tone than before.

"Ah, they gave him his morsel every day in the Stinche—that's why he can't do so well without it. You and I, Cecco, know better what it is to go to bed fasting."

"*Gnaffè!* that's why the Magnificent Eight have turned out some of the prisoners, that they may shelter honest people instead. But if every thief is to be brought to life with good wine and wheaten bread, we Ciompi had better go and fill ourselves in Arno while the water's plenty."

Romola had seated herself on the steps by Baldassarre, and was saying, "Can you eat a little bread now? perhaps by-and-by you will be able, if I leave it with you. I must go on, because I have promised to be at the hospital. But I will come back, if you will wait here, and then I will take you to some shelter. Do you understand? Will you wait? I will come back."

He looked dreamily at her, and repeated her words, "come back." It was no wonder that his mind was enfeebled by his bodily exhaustion, but she hoped that he apprehended her meaning. She opened her basket, which was filled with pieces of soft bread, and put one of the pieces into his hand.

"Do you keep your bread for those that can't swallow, madonna?" said a rough-looking fellow, in a red night-cap, who had elbowed his way into the inmost circle of spectators—a circle that was pressing rather closely on Romola.

"If anybody isn't hungry," said another, "I say, let him alone. He's better off than people who've got craving stomachs and no breakfast."

"Yes, indeed; if a man's a mind to die, it's a time to encourage him, instead of making him come back to life against his will. Dead men want no trencher."

"Oh, you don't understand the Frate's charity," said a young man in

an excellent cloth tunic, whose face showed no signs of want. "The Frate has been preaching to the birds, like Saint Anthony, and he's been telling the hawks they were made to feed the sparrows, as every good Florentine citizen was made to feed six starving beggarmen from Arezzo or Bologna. Madonna, there, is a pious *Piagnone:* she's not going to throw away her good bread on honest citizens who've got all the Frate's prophecies to swallow."

"Come, madonna," said he of the red cap, "the old thief doesn't eat the bread, you see: you'd better try *us*. We fast so much, we're half saints already."

The circle had narrowed till the coarse men—most of them gaunt from privation—had left hardly any margin round Romola. She had been taking from her basket a small horn cup, into which she put the piece of bread and just moistened it with wine; and hitherto she had not appeared to heed them. But now she rose to her feet, and looked round at them. Instinctively the men who were nearest to her pushed backward a little, as if their rude nearness were the fault of those behind. Romola held out the basket of bread to the man in the night-cap, looking at him without any reproach in her glance, as she said,—

"Hunger is hard to bear, I know, and you have the power to take this bread if you will. It was saved for sick women and children. You are strong men; but if you do not choose to suffer because you are strong, you have the power to take everything from the weak. You can take the bread from this basket; but I shall watch by this old man; I shall resist your taking the bread from *him*."

For a few moments there was perfect silence, while Romola looked at the faces before her, and held out the basket of bread. Her own pale face had the slightly pinched look and the deepening of the eye-socket which indicate unusual fasting in the habitually temperate, and the large direct gaze of her hazel eyes was all the more impressive. The man in the night-cap looked rather silly, and backed, thrusting his elbow into his neighbour's ribs with an air of moral rebuke. The backing was general, every one wishing to imply that he had been pushed forward against his will; and the young man in the fine cloth tunic had disappeared.

But at this moment the armed servitors of the Signoria, who had begun to patrol the line of streets through which the procession was to pass, came up to disperse the group which was obstructing the narrow street. The man addressed as Cecco retreated from a threatening mace up the church steps, and said to Romola, in a respectful tone,—

"Madonna, if you want to go on your errands, I'll take care of the old man."

Cecco was a wild looking figure: a very ragged tunic, made shaggy and variegated by cloth-dust and clinging fragments of wool, gave relief to a pair of bare bony arms and a long sinewy neck; his square jaw shaded by a bristly black beard, his bridgeless nose and low forehead, made his face look as if it had been crushed down for purposes of pack-

ing, and a narrow piece of red rag tied over his ears seemed to assist in the compression. Romola looked at him with some hesitation.

"Don't distrust me, madonna," said Cecco, who understood her look perfectly; "I'm not so pretty as you, but I've got an old mother who eats my porridge for me. What! there's a heart inside me, and I've bought a candle for the most Holy Virgin before now. Besides, see there, the old fellow is eating his sop. He's hale enough: he'll be on his legs as well as the best of us by-and-by."

"Thank you for offering to take care of him, friend," said Romola, rather penitent for her doubting glance. Then leaning to Baldassarre, she said, "Pray wait for me till I come again."

He assented with a slight movement of the head and hand, and Romola went on her way towards the hospital of San Matteo, in the Piazza di San Marco.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Unseen Madonna.

In returning from the hospital, more than an hour later, Romola took a different road, making a wider circuit towards the river, which she reached at some distance from the Ponte Vecchio. She turned her steps towards that bridge, intending to hasten to San Stefano in search of Baldassarre. She dreaded to know more about him, yet she felt as if, in forsaking him, she would be forsaking some near claim upon her.

But when she approached the meeting of the roads where the Por' Santa Maria would be on her right hand and the Ponte Vecchio on her left, she found herself involved in a crowd who suddenly fell on their knees; and she immediately knelt with them. The Cross was passing—the Great Cross of the Duomo—which headed the procession. Romola was later than she had expected to be, and now she must wait till the procession had passed. As she rose from her knees, when the Cross had disappeared, the return to a standing posture, with nothing to do but gaze, made her more conscious of her fatigue than she had been while she had been walking and occupied. A shopkeeper by her side said,—

"Madonna Romola, you will be weary of standing: Gian Fantoni will be glad to give you a seat in his house. Here is his door close at hand. Let me open it for you. What! he loves God and the Frate as we do. His house is yours."

Romola was accustomed now to be addressed in this fraternal way by ordinary citizens, whose faces were familiar to her from her having seen them constantly in the Duomo. The word "home" had come to mean, for her, less the house in the Via de' Bardi, where she sat in frequent loneliness, than the towered circuit of Florence, where there was hardly

a turn of the streets at which she was not greeted with looks of appeal or of friendliness. She was glad enough to pass through the opened door on her right hand and be led by the fraternal hose-vender to an upstairs window, where a stout woman with three children, all in the plain garb of Piagnoni, made a place for her with much reverence above the bright hanging draperies. From this corner station she could see, not only the procession pouring in solemn slowness between the lines of houses on the Ponte Vecchio, but also the river and the Lung' Arno on towards the bridge of the Santa Trinità.

In sadness and in stillness came the slow procession. Not even a wailing chant broke the silent appeal for mercy: there was only the tramp of footsteps, and the faint sweep of woollen garments. They were young footsteps that were passing when Romola first looked from the window—a long train of the Florentine youth, bearing high in the midst of them the white image of the youthful Jesus, with a golden glory above his head, standing by the tall cross where the thorns and the nails lay ready.

After that train of fresh beardless faces came the mysterious-looking Companies of Discipline, bound by secret rules to self-chastisement, and devout praise, and special acts of piety; all wearing a garb which concealed the whole head and face except the eyes. Every one knew that these mysterious forms were Florentine citizens of various ranks, who might be seen at ordinary times going about the business of the shop, the counting-house, or the State; but no member now was discernible as son, husband, or father. They had dropped their personality, and walked as symbols of a common vow. Each company had its colour and its badge, but the garb of all was a complete shroud, and left no expression but that of fellowship.

In comparison with them, the multitude of monks seemed to be strongly distinguished individuals, in spite of the common tonsure and the common frock. First came a white stream of reformed Benedictines; and then a much longer stream of the Frati Minori, or Franciscans, in that age all clad in grey, with the knotted cord round their waists, and some of them with the *zoccoli*, or wooden sandals, below their bare feet;—perhaps the most numerous order in Florence, owning many zealous members who loved mankind and hated the Dominicans. And after the grey came the black of the Augustinians of San Spirito, with more cultured human faces above it—men who had inherited the library of Boccaccio, and had made the most learned company in Florence when learning was rarer; then the white over dark of the Carmelites; and then again the unmixed black of the Servites, that famous Florentine order founded by seven merchants who forsook their gains to adore the Divine Mother.

And now the hearts of all on-lookers began to beat a little faster, either with hatred or with love, for there was a stream of black and white coming over the bridge—of black mantles over white scapularies; and every one knew that the Dominicans were coming. Those of Fiesole

passed first. One black mantle parted by white after another, one tonsured head after another, and still expectation was suspended. They were very coarse mantles, all of them, and many were threadbare, if not ragged; for the Prior of San Marco had reduced the fraternities under his rule to the strictest poverty and discipline. But in the long line of black and white there was at last singled out a mantle only a little more worn than the rest, with a tonsured head above it which might not have appeared supremely remarkable to a stranger who had not seen it on bronze medals, with the sword of God as its obverse; or surrounded by an armed guard on the way to the Duomo; or transfigured by the inward flame of the orator as it looked round on a rapt multitude.

As the approach of Savonarola was discerned, none dared conspicuously to break the stillness by a sound which would rise above the solemn tramp of footsteps and the faint sweep of garments; nevertheless his ear, as well as other ears, caught a mingled sound of low hissing that longed to be curses, and murmurs that longed to be blessings. Perhaps it was the sense that the hissing predominated which made two or three of his disciples in the foreground of the crowd, at the meeting of the roads, fall on their knees as if something divine were passing. The movement of silent homage spread: it went along the sides of the streets like a subtle shock, leaving some unmoved, while it made the most bend the knee and bow the head. But the hatred, too, gathered a more intense expression; and as Savonarola passed up the Por' Santa Maria, Romola could see that some one at an upper window spat upon him.

Monks again—Frati Umiliati, or Humbled Brethren, from Ognissanti, with a glorious tradition of being the earliest workers in the wool-trade; and again more monks—Vallombrosan and other varieties of Benedictines, reminding the instructed eye by niceties of form and colour that in ages of abuse, long ago, reformers had arisen who had marked a change of spirit by a change of garb; till at last the shaven crowns were at an end, and there came the train of untonsured secular priests.

Then followed the twenty-one incorporated Arts of Florence in long array, with their banners floating above them in proud declaration that the bearers had their distinct functions, from the bakers of bread to the judges and notaries. And then all the secondary officers of State, beginning with the less and going on to the greater, till the line of secularities was broken by the Canons of the Duomo, carrying a sacred relic—the very head, enclosed in silver, of San Zenobio, immortal bishop of Florence, whose virtues were held to have saved the city perhaps a thousand years before.

Here was the nucleus of the procession. Behind the relic came the archbishop in gorgeous cope, with canopy held above him; and after him the mysterious hidden Image—hidden first by rich curtains of brocade enclosing an outer painted tabernacle, but within this, by the more ancient tabernacle which had never been opened in the memory of living men, or the fathers of living men. In that inner shrine was the image of the Pitying Mother, found ages ago in the soil of L'Impruneta, uttering a

cry as the spade struck it. Hitherto the unseen Image had hardly ever been carried to the Duomo without having rich gifts borne before it. There was no reciting the list of precious offerings made by emulous men and communities, especially of veils and curtains and mantles. But the richest of all these, it was said, had been given by a poor abbess and her nuns, who, having no money to buy materials, wove a mantle of gold brocade with their prayers, embroidered it and adorned it with their prayers, and, finally, saw their work presented to the Blessed Virgin in the great Piazza by two beautiful youths who spread out white wings and vanished in the blue.

But to-day there were no gifts carried before the tabernacle: no donations were to be given to-day except to the poor. That had been the advice of Fra Girolamo, whose preaching never insisted on gifts to the invisible powers, but only on help to visible need; and altars had been raised at various points in front of the churches, on which the oblations for the poor were deposited. Not even a torch was carried. Surely the hidden Mother cared less for torches and brocade than for the wail of the hungry people. Florence was in extremity: she had done her utmost, and could only wait for something divine that was not in her own power.

The Frate in the torn mantle had said that help would certainly come, and many of the faint-hearted were clinging more to their faith in the Frate's word, than to their faith in the virtues of the unseen Image. But there were not a few of the fierce-hearted who thought with secret rejoicing that the Frate's word might be proved false.

Slowly the tabernacle moved forward, and knees were bent. There was profound stillness; for the train of priests and chaplains from L'Impruneta stirred no passion in the on-lookers. The procession was about to close with the Priors and the Gonfaloniere; the long train of companies and symbols, which have their silent music and stir the mind as a chorus stirs it, was passing out of sight, and now a faint yearning hope was all that struggled with the accustomed despondency.

Romola, whose heart had been swelling, half with foreboding, half with that enthusiasm of fellowship which the life of the last two years had made as habitual to her as the consciousness of costume to a vain and idle woman, gave a deep sigh, as at the end of some long mental tension, and remained on her knees for very languor; when suddenly there flashed from between the houses on to the distant bridge something bright-coloured. In the instant, Romola started up and stretched out her arms, leaning from the window, while the black drapery fell from her head, and the golden gleam of her hair and the flush in her face seemed the effect of one illumination. A shout arose in the same instant; the last troops of the procession paused, and all faces were turned towards the distant bridge.

But the bridge was passed now; the horseman was pressing at full gallop along by the Arno; the sides of his bay horse, just streaked with foam, looked all white from swiftness; his cap was flying loose by his red *becchetto*, and he waved an olive branch in his hand. It was a

messenger—a messenger of good tidings! The blessed olive branch spoke afar off. But the impatient people could not wait. They rushed to meet the on-comer, and seized his horse's rein, pushing and trampling.

And now Romola could see that the horseman was her husband, who had been sent to Pisa a few days before on a private embassy. The recognition brought no new flash of joy into her eyes. She had checked her first impulsive attitude of expectation; but her governing anxiety was still to know what news of relief had come for Florence.

"Good news!" "Best news!" "News to be paid with hose (*novelle da calze*)!" were the vague answers with which Tito met the importunities of the crowd, until he had succeeded in pushing on his horse to the spot at the meeting of the ways where the Gonfaloniere and the Priors were awaiting him. There he paused, and, bowing low, said:—

"Magnificent Signori! I have to deliver to you the joyful news that the galleys from France, laden with corn and men, have arrived safely in the port of Leghorn, by favour of a strong wind, which kept the enemy's fleet at a distance."

The words had no sooner left Tito's lips than they seemed to vibrate up the streets. A great shout rang through the air, and rushed along the river; and then another, and another; and the shouts were heard spreading along the line of the procession towards the Duomo; and then there were fainter answering shouts, like the intermediate plash of distant waves in a great lake whose waters obey one impulse.

For some minutes there was no attempt to speak further: the Signoria themselves lifted up their caps, and stood bare-headed in the presence of a rescue which had come from outside the limit of their own power—from that region of trust and resignation which has been in all ages called divine.

At last, as the signal was given to move forward, Tito said, with a smile—

"I ought to say, that any hose to be bestowed by the Magnificent Signoria in reward of these tidings, are due, not to me, but to another man who had ridden hard to bring them, and would have been here in my place if his horse had not broken down just before he reached Signa. Meo di Sasso will doubtless be here in an hour or two, and may all the more justly claim the glory of the messenger, because he has had the chief labour and has lost the chief delight."

It was a graceful way of putting a necessary statement, and after a word of reply from the *Proposto*, or spokesman of the Signoria, this dignified extremity of the procession passed on, and Tito turned his horse's head to follow in its train, while the great bell of the Palazzo Vecchio was already beginning to swing, and give a louder voice to the people's joy.

In that moment, when Tito's attention had ceased to be imperatively directed, it might have been expected that he would look round and recognize Romola; but he was apparently engaged with his cap, which, now the eager people were leading his horse, he was able to seize and

place on his head, while his right hand was still encumbered with the olive branch. He had a becoming air of lassitude after his exertions; and Romola, instead of making any effort to be recognized by him, threw her black drapery over her head again, and remained perfectly quiet. Yet she felt almost sure that Tito had seen her; he had the power of seeing everything without seeming to see it.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Visible Madonna.

The crowd had no sooner passed onward than Romola descended to the street, and hastened to the steps of San Stefano. Cecco had been attracted with the rest towards the Piazza, and she found Baldassarre standing alone against the church door, with the horn-cup in his hand, waiting for her. There was a striking change in him: the blank, dreamy glance of a half-returned consciousness had given place to a fierceness which, as she advanced and spoke to him, flashed upon her as if she had been its object. It was the glance of caged fury that sees its prey passing safe beyond the bars.

Romola started as the glance was turned on her, but her immediate thought was that he had seen Tito. And as she felt the look of hatred grating on her, something like a hope arose that this man might be the criminal, and that her husband might not have been guilty towards him. If she could learn that now, by bringing Tito face to face with him, and have her mind set at rest!

"If you will come with me," she said, "I can give you shelter and food until you are quite rested and strong. Will you come?"

"Yes," said Baldassarre, "I shall be glad to get my strength. I want to get my strength," he repeated, as if he were muttering to himself, rather than speaking to her.

"Come!" she said, inviting him to walk by her side, and taking the way by the Arno towards the Ponte Rubaconte as the more private road.

"I think you are not a Florentine," she said, presently, as they turned on to the bridge.

He looked round at her without speaking. His suspicious caution was more strongly upon him than usual, just now that the fog of confusion and oblivion was made denser by bodily feebleness. But she was looking at him too, and there was something in her gentle eyes which at last compelled him to answer her. But he answered cautiously,—

"No, I am no Florentine; I am a lonely man."

She observed his reluctance to speak to her, and dared not question him further, lest he should desire to quit her. As she glanced at him

from time to time, her mind was busy with thoughts which quenched the faint hope that there was nothing painful to be revealed about her husband. If this old man had been in the wrong, where was the cause for dread and secrecy? They walked on in silence till they reached the entrance into the Via de' Bardi, and Romola noticed that he turned and looked at her with a sudden movement as if some shock had passed through him. A few moments after she paused at the half-open door of the court and turned towards him.

"Ah!" he said, not waiting for her to speak, "you are his wife."

"Whose wife?" said Romola, flushing and trembling.

It would have been impossible for Baldassarre to recal any name at that moment. The very force with which the image of Tito pressed upon him seemed to expel any verbal sign. He made no answer, but looked at her with strange fixedness.

She opened the door wide and showed the court covered with straw, on which lay four or five sick people, while some little children crawled or sat on it at their ease—tiny pale creatures, biting straws and gurgling.

"If you will come in," said Romola, tremulously, "I will find you a comfortable place, and bring you some more food."

"No, I will not come in," said Baldassarre. But he stood still, arrested by the burden of impressions under which his mind was too confused to choose a course.

"Can I do nothing for you?" said Romola. "Let me give you some money that you may buy food. It will be more plentiful soon."

She had put her hand into her scarsella as she spoke, and held out her palm with several *grossi* in it. She purposely offered him more than she would have given to any other man in the same circumstances. He looked at the coins a little while, and then said,—

"Yes, I will take them."

She poured the coins into his palm, and he grasped them tightly.

"Tell me," said Romola, almost beseechingly. "What shall you—"

But Baldassarre had turned away from her, and was walking again towards the bridge. Passing from it, straight on up the Via del Fosso, he came upon the shop of Niccolò Caparra, and turned towards it without a pause, as if it had been the very object of his search. Niccolò was at that moment in procession with the armourers of Florence, and there was only one apprentice in the shop. But there were all sorts of weapons in abundance hanging there, and Baldassarre's eyes discerned what he was more hungry for than for bread. Niccolò himself would probably have refused to sell anything that might serve as a weapon to this man with signs of the prison on him, but the apprentice, less observant and scrupulous, took three *grossi* for a sharp hunting-knife without any hesitation. It was a conveniently small weapon, which Baldassarre could easily thrust within the breast of his tunic, and he walked on, feeling stronger. That sharp edge might give deadliness to the thrust of an aged arm: at least it was a companion, it was a power in league with

him, even if it failed. It would break against armour, but was the armour sure to be always there? In those long months while vengeance had lain in prison, baseness had perhaps become forgetful and secure. The knife had been bought with the traitor's own money. That was just. Before he took the money, he had felt what he should do with it—buy a weapon. Yes, and if possible, food too: food to nourish the arm that would grasp the weapon, food to nourish the body which was the temple of vengeance. When he had had enough bread, he should be able to think and act—to think first how he could hide himself, lest the traitor should have him dragged away again. With that idea of hiding in his mind, Baldassarre turned up the narrowest streets, bought himself some meat and bread, and sat down under the first loggia to eat. The bells that swung out louder and louder peals of joy, laying hold of him and making him vibrate along with all the air, seemed to him simply part of that strong world which was against him.

Romola had watched Baldassarre until he had disappeared round the turning into the Piazza de' Mozzi, half feeling that his departure was a relief, half reproaching herself for not seeking with more decision to know the truth about him, for not assuring herself whether there were any guiltless misery in his lot which she was not helpless to relieve. Yet what could she have done if the truth had proved to be the burden of some painful secret about her husband, in addition to the anxieties that already weighed upon her? Surely a wife was permitted to desire ignorance of a husband's wrong-doing, since she alone must not protest and warn men against him. But that thought stirred too many intricate fibres of feeling to be pursued now in her weariness. It was a time to rejoice, since help had come to Florence; and she turned into the court to tell the good news to her patients on their straw beds. She closed the door after her, lest the bells should drown her voice, and then throwing the black drapery from her head, that the women might see her better, she stood in the midst and told them that corn was coming, and that the bells were ringing for gladness at the news. They all sat up to listen, while the children trotted or crawled towards her, and pulled her black skirts, as if they were impatient at being all that long way off her face. She yielded to them, weary as she was, and sat down on the straw, while the little pale things peeped into her basket and pulled her hair down, and the feeble voices around her said, "The Holy Virgin be praised!" "It was the procession!" "The Mother of God has had pity on us!"

At last Romola rose from the heap of straw, too tired to try and smile any longer, saying as she turned up the stone steps,—

"I will come by-and-by, to bring you your dinner."

"Bless you, madonna! bless you!" said the faint chorus, in much the same tone as that in which they had a few minutes before praised and thanked the unseen Madonna.

Romola cared a great deal for that music. She had no innate taste

for tending the sick and clothing the ragged, like some women to whom the details of such work are welcome in themselves, simply as an occupation. Her early training had kept her aloof from such womanly labours; and if she had not brought to them the inspiration of her deepest feelings, they would have been irksome to her. But they had come to be the one unshaken resting-place of her mind, the one narrow pathway on which the light fell clear. If the gulf between herself and Tito, which only gathered a more perceptible wideness from her attempts to bridge it by submission, brought a doubt whether, after all, the bond to which she had laboured to be true might not itself be false—if she came away from her confessor, Fra Salvestro, or from some contact with the disciples of Savonarola amongst whom she worshipped, with a sickening sense that these people were miserably narrow, and with an almost impetuous reaction towards her old contempt for their superstition—she found herself recovering a firm footing in her works of womanly sympathy. Whatever else made her doubt, the help she gave to her fellow-citizens made her sure that Fra Girolamo had been right to call her back. According to his unforgotten words, her place had not been empty: it had been filled with her love and her labour. Florence had had need of her, and the more her own sorrow pressed upon her, the more gladness she felt in the memories, stretching through the two long years, of hours and moments in which she had lightened the burden of life to others. All that ardour of her nature which could no longer spend itself in the woman's tenderness for father and husband, had transformed itself into an enthusiasm of sympathy with the general life. She had ceased to think that her own lot could be happy—had ceased to think of happiness at all: the one end of her life seemed to her to be the diminishing of sorrow.

Her enthusiasm was continually stirred to fresh vigour by the influence of Savonarola. In spite of the wearisome visions and allegories from which she recoiled in disgust when they came as stale repetitions from other lips than his, her strong affinity for his passionate sympathy and the splendour of his aims, had lost none of its power. His burning indignation against the abuses and oppression that made the daily story of the Church and of States had kindled the ready fire in her too. His special care for liberty and purity of government in Florence, with his constant reference of this immediate object to the wider end of a universal regeneration, had created in her a new consciousness of the great drama of human existence in which her life was a part; and through her daily helpful contact with the less fortunate of her fellow-citizens this new consciousness became something stronger than a vague sentiment; it grew into a more and more definite motive of self-denying practice. She thought little about dogmas, and shrank from reflecting closely on the Frate's prophecies of the immediate scourge and closely following regeneration. She had submitted her mind to his and had entered into communion with the Church, because in this way she had found an immediate satisfaction for moral needs which all the previous culture

and experience of her life had left hungering. Fra Girolamo's voice had waked in her mind a reason for living, apart from personal enjoyment and personal affection; but it was a reason that seemed to need feeding with greater forces than she possessed within herself, and her submissive use of all offices of the Church was simply a watching and waiting if by any means fresh strength might come. The pressing problem for Romola just then was not to settle questions of controversy, but to keep alive that flame of unselfish emotion by which a life of sadness might still be a life of active love.

Her trust in Savonarola's nature as greater than her own made a large part of the strength she had found. And the trust was not to be lightly shaken. It is not force of intellect which causes ready repulsion from the aberrations and eccentricities of greatness, any more than it is force of vision that causes the eye to explore the warts on a face bright with human expression; it is simply the negation of high sensibilities. Romola was so deeply moved by the grand energies of Savonarola's nature, that she found herself listening patiently to all dogmas and prophecies, when they came in the vehicle of his ardent faith and believing utterance.*

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence. Romola's trust in Savonarola was something like a rope suspended securely by her path, making her step elastic while she grasped it; if it were suddenly removed, no firmness of the ground she trod could save her from staggering, or perhaps from falling.

CHAPTER XLV.

At the Barber's Shop.

After that welcome appearance as the messenger with the olive-branch, which was an unpromised favour of fortune, Tito had other commissions to fulfil of a more premeditated character. He paused at the Palazzo Vecchio, and awaited there the return of the Ten, who managed external and war affairs, that he might duly deliver to them the results of his private mission to Pisa, intended as a preliminary to an avowed embassy of which Bernardo Rucellai was to be the head, with the object of coming, if possible, to a pacific understanding with the Emperor Maximilian and the League.

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* He himself had had occasion enough to note the efficacy of that vehicle. "If," he says in the *Compendium Revelationum*, "you speak of such as have not heard these things from me, I admit that they who disbelieve are more than they who believe, because it is one thing to hear him who inwardly feels these things, and another to hear him who feels them not; . . . and therefore it is well said by St. Jerome, 'Habet nescio quid latentis energiæ vivæ vocis actus, et in aures discipuli de auctoris ore transfusa fortis sonat.'"

Tito's talents for diplomatic work had been well ascertained, and as he gave with fulness and precision the results of his inquiries and interviews, Bernardo del Nero, who was at that time one of the Ten, could not withhold his admiration. He would have withheld it if he could; for his original dislike of Tito had returned, and become stronger, since the sale of the library. Romola had never uttered a word to her godfather on the circumstances of the sale, and Bernardo had understood her silence as a prohibition to him to enter on the subject, but he felt sure that the breach of her father's wish had been a blighting grief to her, and the old man's keen eyes discerned other indications that her married life was not happy.

"Ah," he said, inwardly, "that doubtless is the reason she has taken to listening to Fra Girolamo, and going amongst the Piagnoni, which I never expected from her. These women, if they are not happy, and have no children, must either take to folly or to some overstrained religion that makes them think they've got all heaven's work on their shoulders. And as for my poor child Romola, it is as I always said—the cramming with Latin and Greek has left her as much a woman as if she had done nothing all day but prick her fingers with the needle. And this husband of hers, who gets employed everywhere, because he's a tool with a smooth handle, I wish Tornabuoni and the rest may not find their fingers cut. Well, well, *solco torto, sacco dritto*—many a full sack comes from a crooked furrow; and he who will be captain of none but honest men will have small hire to pay."

With this long-established conviction that there could be no moral sifting of political agents, the old Florentine abstained from all interference in Tito's disfavour. Apart from what must be kept sacred and private for Romola's sake, Bernardo had nothing distinct to allege against the useful Greek, except that he was a Greek, and that he, Bernardo, did not like him; for the doubleness of feigning attachment to the popular government, while at heart a Medicean, was common to Tito with more than half the Medicean party. He only feigned with more skill than the rest: that was all. So Bernardo was simply cold to Tito, who returned the coldness with a scrupulous, distant respect. And it was still the notion in Florence that the old tie between Bernardo and Bardo made any service done to Romola's husband an acceptable homage to her godfather.

After delivering himself of his charge at the Old Palace, Tito felt that the avowed official work of the day was done. He was tired and adust with long riding; but he did not go home. There were certain things in his scarsella and on his mind from which he wished to free himself as soon as possible, but the opportunities must be found so skilfully that they must not seem to be sought. He walked from the Palazzo in a sauntering fashion towards the Piazza del Duomo. The procession was at an end now, but the bells were still ringing, and the people were moving about the streets restlessly, longing for some more definite vent to their joy. If the Frate could have stood up in the great Piazza and

preached to them, they might have been satisfied, but now, in spite of the new discipline which declared Christ to be the special King of the Florentines and required all pleasures to be of a Christian sort, there was a secret longing in many of the youngsters who shouted "Viva Gesù!" for a little vigorous stone-throwing in sign of thankfulness.

Tito as he passed along could not escape being recognized by some as the welcome bearer of the olive-branch, and could only rid himself of an inconvenient ovation, chiefly in the form of eager questions, by telling those who pressed on him that Meo di Sasso, the true messenger from Leghorn, must now be entering, and might certainly be met towards the Porta San Frediano. He could tell much more than Tito knew.

Freeing himself from importunities in this adroit manner, he made his way to the Piazza del Duomo, casting his long eyes round the space with an air of the utmost carelessness, but really seeking to detect some presence which might furnish him with one of his desired opportunities. The fact of the procession having terminated at the Duomo made it probable that there would be more than the usual concentration of loungers and talkers in the Piazza and round Nello's shop. It was as he expected. There was a group leaning against the rails near the north gates of the Baptistery, so exactly what he sought, that he looked more indifferent than ever, and seemed to recognize the tallest member of the group entirely by chance as he had half passed him, just turning his head to give him a slight greeting, while he tossed the end of his *becchetto* over his left shoulder.

Yet the tall, broad-shouldered personage greeted in that slight way looked like one who had considerable claims. He wore a richly embroidered tunic, with a great show of linen, after the newest French mode, and at his belt there hung a sword and poignard of fine workmanship. His hat, with a red plume in it, seemed a scornful protest against the gravity of Florentine costume, which had been exaggerated to the utmost under the influence of the Piagnoni. Certain undefinable indications of youth made the breadth of his face and the large diameter of his waist appear the more emphatically a stamp of coarseness, and his eyes had that rude desecrating stare at all men and things which to a refined mind is as intolerable as a bad odour or a flaring light.

He and his companions, also young men dressed expensively and wearing arms, were exchanging jokes with that sort of ostentatious laughter which implies a desire to prove that the laugher is not mortified though some people might suspect it. There were good reasons for such a suspicion; for this broad-shouldered man with the red feather was Dolfo Spini, leader of the *Compagnacci*, or Evil Companions—that is to say, of all the dissolute young men belonging to the old aristocratic party, enemies of the Mediceans, enemies of the popular government, but still more bitter enemies of Savonarola. Dolfo Spini, heir of the great house with the loggia, over the bridge of the Santa Trinità, had organized these young men into an armed band, as sworn champions of extravagant sup-

pers and all the pleasant sins of the flesh, against reforming pietists who threatened to make the world chaste and temperate to so intolerable a degree, that there would soon be no reason for living, except the extreme unpleasantness of the alternative. Up to this very morning he had been loudly declaring that Florence was given up to famine and ruin entirely through its blind adherence to the advice of the Frate, and that there could be no salvation for Florence but in joining the League and driving the Frate out of the city—sending him to Rome, in fact, whither he ought to have gone long ago in obedience to the summons of the Pope. It was suspected, therefore, that Messer Dolfo Spini's heart was not a-glow with pure joy at the unexpected succours which had come in apparent fulfilment of the Frate's prediction, and the laughter, which was ringing out afresh as Tito joined the group at Nello's door, did not serve to dissipate the suspicion. For leaning against the door-post in the centre of the group was a close-shaven, keen-eyed personage, named Niccolò Macchiavelli, who, young as he was, had penetrated all the small secrets of egoism.

"Messer Dolfo's head," he was saying, "is more of a pumpkin than I thought. I measure men's dulness by the devices they trust in for deceiving others. Your dullest animal of all is he who grins and says he doesn't mind just after he has had his shins kicked. If I were a trifle duller now," he went on, smiling as the circle opened to admit Tito, "I should pretend to be fond of this Melema, who has got a secretaryship that would exactly suit me—as if Latin ill-paid could love better Latin that's better paid! Melema, you are a pestiferously clever fellow, very much in my way, and I'm sorry to hear you've had another piece of good luck to-day."

"Questionable luck, Niccolò," said Tito, touching him on the shoulder in a friendly way; "I have got nothing by it yet but being laid hold of and breathed upon by wool-beaters, when I am as soiled and battered with riding as a *tabellario* (letter-carrier) from Bologna."

"Ah! you want a touch of my art, Messer Oratore," said Nello, who had come forward at the sound of Tito's voice; "your chin, I perceive, has yesterday's crop upon it. Come, come—consign yourself to the priest of all the Muses. Sandro, quick with the lather!"

"In truth, Nello, that is just what I most desire at this moment," said Tito, seating himself; "and that was why I turned my steps towards thy shop, instead of going home at once, when I had done my business at the Palazzo."

"Yes, indeed, it is not fitting that you should present yourself to Madonna Romola with a rusty chin and a tangled *zazzera*. Nothing that is not dainty ought to approach the Florentine lily; though I see her constantly going about like a sunbeam amongst the rags that line our corners—if indeed she is not more like a moonbeam now, for I thought yesterday, when I met her, that she looked as pale and worn as that fainting Madonna of Fra Giovanni's. You must see to it, my *bel erudito:* she keeps too many fasts and vigils in your absence."

Tito gave a melancholy shrug. "It is too true, Nello. She has been depriving herself of half her proper food every day during this famine. But what can I do? Her mind has been set all a-flame. A husband's influence is powerless against the Frate's."

"As every other influence is likely to be, that of the Holy Father included," said Domenico Cennini, one of the group at the door, who had turned in with Tito. "I don't know whether you have gathered anything at Pisa about the way the wind sets at Rome, Melema?"

"Secrets of the council chamber, Messer Domenico!" said Tito, smiling and opening his palms in a deprecatory manner. "An envoy must be as dumb as a father confessor."

"Certainly, certainly," said Cennini. "I ask for no breach of that rule. Well, my belief is, that if his Holiness were to drive Fra Girolamo to extremity, the Frate would move heaven and earth to get a General Council of the Church—ay, and would get it too; and I, for one, should not be sorry, though I'm no Piagnone."

"With leave of your greater experience, Messer Domenico," said Macchiavelli, "I must differ from you—not in your wish to see a General Council which might reform the Church, but in your belief that the Frate will checkmate his Holiness. The Frate's game is an impossible one. If he had contented himself with preaching against the vices of Rome, and with prophesying that in some way, not mentioned, Italy would be scourged, depend upon it, Pope Alexander would have allowed him to spend his breath in that way as long as he could find hearers. Such spiritual blasts as those knock no walls down. But the Frate wants to be something more than a spiritual trumpet: he wants to be a lever, and what is more, he *is* a lever. He wants to spread the doctrine of Christ by maintaining a popular government in Florence, and the Pope, as I know, on the best authority, has private views to the contrary."

"Then Florence will stand by the Frate," Cennini broke in, with some fervour. "I myself should prefer that he would let his prophesying alone, but if our freedom to choose our own government is to be attacked —I am an obedient son of the Church, but I would vote for resisting Pope Alexander the Sixth, as our forefathers resisted Pope Gregory the Eleventh."

"But pardon me, Messer Domenico," said Macchiavelli, sticking his thumbs into his belt, and speaking with that cool enjoyment of exposition which surmounts every other force in discussion. "Have you correctly seized the Frate's position? How is it that he has become a lever, and made himself worth attacking by an acute man like his Holiness? Because he has got the ear of the people: because he gives them threats and promises, which they believe come straight from God, not only about hell, purgatory, and paradise, but about Pisa and our Great Council. But let events go against him, so as to shake the people's faith, and the cause of his power will be the cause of his fall. He is accumulating three sorts

of hatred on his head—the hatred of average mankind against every one who wants to lay on them a strict yoke of virtue; the hatred of the stronger powers in Italy, who want to farm Florence for their own purposes; and the hatred of the people to whom he has ventured to promise good in this world, instead of confining his promises to the next. If a prophet is to keep his power, he must be a prophet like Mahomet, with an army at his back, that when the people's faith is fainting it may be frightened into life again."

"Rather sum up the three sorts of hatred in one," said Francesco Cei, impetuously, "and say he has won the hatred of all men who have sense and honesty, by inventing hypocritical lies. His proper place is among the false prophets in the Inferno, who walk with their heads turned hind foremost."

"You are too angry, my Francesco," said Macchiavelli, smiling; "you poets are apt to cut the clouds in your wrath. I am no votary of the Frate's, and would not lay down my little finger for his veracity. But veracity is a plant of paradise, and the seeds have never flourished beyond the walls. You yourself, my Francesco, tell poetical lies only; partly compelled by the poet's fervour, partly to please your audience; but you object to lies in prose. Well, the Frate differs from you as to the boundary of poetry, that's all. When he gets into the pulpit of the Duomo, he has the fervour within him, and without him he has the audience to please. Ecco!"

"You are somewhat lax there, Niccolò," said Cennini, gravely. "I myself believe in the Frate's integrity, though I don't believe in his prophecies, and as long as his integrity is not disproved, we have a popular party strong enough to protect him and resist foreign interference."

"A party that seems strong enough," said Macchiavelli, with a shrug, and an almost imperceptible glance towards Tito, who was abandoning himself with much enjoyment to Nello's combing and scenting. "But how many Mediceans are there among you? How many who will not be turned round by a private grudge?"

"As to the Mediceans," said Cennini, "I believe there is very little genuine feeling left on behalf of the Medici. Who would risk much for Piero de' Medici? A few old staunch friends, perhaps, like Bernardo del Nero; but even some of those most connected with the family are hearty friends of the popular government, and would exert themselves for the Frate; I was talking to Giannozzo Pucci only a little while ago, and I'm convinced there's nothing he would set his face against more than against any attempt to alter the new order of things."

"You are right there, Messer Domenico," said Tito, with a laughing meaning in his eyes, as he rose from the shaving-chair; "and I fancy the tender passion came in aid of hard theory there. I am persuaded there was some jealousy at the bottom of Giannozzo's alienation from Piero de' Medici; else so amiable a creature as he would never feel the

bitterness he sometimes allows to escape him in that quarter. He was in the procession with you, I suppose?"

"No," said Cennini; "he is at his villa—went there three days ago."

Tito was settling his cap and glancing down at his splashed hose as if he hardly heeded the answer. In reality he had obtained a much-desired piece of information. He had at that moment in his scarsella a crushed gold ring which he had engaged to deliver to Giannozzo Pucci. He had received it from an envoy of Piero de' Medici, whom he had ridden out of his way to meet at Certaldo on the Siena road. Since Pucci was not in the town, he would send the ring by Fra Michele, a Carthusian lay brother in the service of the Mediceans, and the receipt of that sign would bring Pucci back to hear the verbal part of Tito's mission.

"Behold him!" said Nello, flourishing his comb and pointing it at Tito, "the handsomest scholar in the world or in Maremma, now he has passed through my hands! A trifle thinner in the face, though, than when he came in his first bloom to Florence—eh? and, I vow, there are some lines just faintly hinting themselves about your mouth, Messer Oratore! Ah, mind is an enemy to beauty! I myself was thought beautiful by the women at one time—when I was in my swaddling-bands. But now—oimè! I carry my unwritten poems in cipher on my face!"

Tito, laughing with the rest as Nello looked at himself tragically in the hand-mirror, made a sign of farewell to the company generally, and took his departure.

"I'm of our old Piero di Cosimo's mind," said Francesco Cei. "I don't half like Melema. That trick of smiling gets stronger than ever—no wonder he has lines about the mouth."

"He's too successful," said Macchiavelli, playfully. "I'm sure there's something wrong about him, else he wouldn't have that secretaryship."

"He's an able man," said Cennini, in a tone of judicial fairness. "I and my brother have always found him useful with our Greek sheets, and he gives great satisfaction to the Ten. I like to see a young man work his way upward by merit. And the secretary Scala, who befriended him from the first, thinks highly of him still, I know."

"Doubtless," said a notary in the background. "He writes Scala's official letters for him, or corrects them, and gets well paid for it too."

"I wish Messer Bartolommeo would pay *me* to doctor his gouty Latin," said Macchiavelli, with a shrug. "Did he tell you about the pay, Ser Ceccone, or was it Melema himself?" he added, looking at the notary with a face ironically innocent.

"Melema? no, indeed," answered Ser Ceccone. "He is as close as a nut. He never brags. That's why he's employed everywhere. They say he's getting rich with doing all sorts of underhand work."

"It *is* a little too bad," said Macchiavelli, "and so many able notaries out of employment!"

"Well, I must say I thought that was a nasty story a year or two

ago about the man who said he had stolen jewels," said Cei. "It got hushed up somehow; but I remember Piero di Cosimo said, at the time, he believed there was something in it, for he saw Melema's face when the man laid hold of him, and he never saw a visage so 'painted with fear,' as our sour old Dante says."

"Come, spit no more of that venom, Francesco," said Nello, getting indignant, "else I shall consider it a public duty to cut your hair awry the next time I get you under my scissors. That story of the stolen jewels was a lie. Bernardo Rucellai and the Magnificent Eight knew all about it. The man was a dangerous madman, and he was very properly kept out of mischief in prison. As for our Piero di Cosimo, his wits are running after the wind of Mongibello: he has such an extravagant fancy that he would take a lizard for a crocodile. No: that story has been dead and buried too long—our noses object to it."

"It is true," said Macchiavelli. "You forget the danger of the precedent, Francesco. The next mad beggarman may accuse you of stealing his verses, or me, God help me! of stealing his coppers. Ah!" he went on, turning towards the door, "Dolfo Spini has carried his red feather out of the Piazza. That captain of swaggerers would like the republic to lose Pisa just for the chance of seeing the people tear the frock off the Frate's back. There are few things I should like better than to see him play the part of Capo d' Oca, who went out to the tournament blowing his trumpets and returned with them in a bag."

CHAPTER XLVI.

By a Street Lamp.

That evening, when it was dark and threatening rain, Romola, returning with Maso and the lantern by her side, from the hospital of San Matteo, which she had visited after vespers, encountered her husband just issuing from the monastery of San Marco. Tito, who had gone out again shortly after his arrival in the Via de' Bardi, and had seen little of Romola during the day, immediately proposed to accompany her home, dismissing Maso, whose short steps annoyed him. It was only usual for him to pay her such an official attention when it was obviously demanded from him. Tito and Romola never jarred, never remonstrated with each other. They were too hopelessly alienated in their inner life ever to have that contest which is an effort towards agreement. They talked of all affairs, public and private, with careful adherence to an adopted course. If Tito wanted a supper prepared in the old library, now pleasantly furnished as a banqueting-room, Romola assented, and saw that everything needful was done; and Tito, on his side, left her entirely uncontrolled in her daily habits, accepting the help she offered him in transcribing or making digests, and in

return meeting her conjectured want of supplies for her charities. Yet he constantly, as on this very morning, avoided exchanging glances with her; affected to believe that she was out of the house, in order to avoid seeking her in her own room; and playfully attributed to her a perpetual preference of solitude to his society.

In the first ardour of her self-conquest, after she had renounced her resolution of flight, Romola had made many timid efforts towards the return of a frank relation between them. But to her such a relation could only come by open speech about their differences, and the attempt to arrive at a moral understanding; while Tito could only be saved from alienation from her by such a recovery of her effusive tenderness as would have supposed oblivion of their differences. He cared for no explanation between them; he felt any thorough explanation impossible: he would have cared to have Romola fond again, and to her, fondness was impossible. She could be submissive and gentle, she could repress any sign of repulsion; but tenderness was not to be feigned. She was helplessly conscious of the result: her husband was alienated from her.

It was an additional reason why she should be carefully kept outside of secrets which he would in no case have chosen to communicate to her. With regard to his political action he sought to convince her that he considered the cause of the Medici hopeless; and that on that practical ground, as well as in theory, he heartily served the popular government, in which she had now a warm interest. But impressions subtle as odours made her uneasy about his relations with San Marco. She was painfully divided between the dread of seeing any evidence to arouse her suspicions, and the impulse to watch lest any harm should come that she might have arrested.

As they walked together this evening, Tito said:—"The business of the day is not yet quite ended for me. I shall conduct you to our door, my Romola, and then I must fulfil another commission, which will take me an hour, perhaps, before I can return and rest, as I very much need to do."

And then he talked amusingly of what he had seen at Pisa, until they were close upon a loggia, near which there hung a lamp before a picture of the Virgin. The street was a quiet one, and hitherto they had passed few people; but now there was a sound of many approaching footsteps and confused voices.

"We shall not get home without a wetting, unless we take shelter under this convenient loggia," Tito said, hastily, hurrying Romola, with a slightly startled movement, up the step of the loggia.

"Surely it is useless to wait for this small drizzling rain," said Romola, in surprise.

"No; I felt it becoming heavier. Let us wait a little." With that wakefulness to the faintest indication which belongs to a mind habitually in a state of caution, Tito had detected by the glimmer of the lamp that the leader of the advancing group wore a red feather and a glittering

sword-hilt—in fact, was almost the last person in the world he would have chosen to meet at this hour with Romola by his side. He had already during the day had one momentous interview with Dolfo Spini, and the business he had spoken of to Romola as yet to be done was a second interview with that personage, a sequence of the visit he had paid at San Marco. Tito, by a long preconcerted plan, had been the bearer of letters to Savonarola—carefully forged letters, one of them, by a stratagem, bearing the very signature and seal of the Cardinal of Naples, the Cardinal who had most exerted his influence at Rome in favour of the Frate. The purport of the letters was to state that the Cardinal was on his progress from Pisa, and, unwilling for strong reasons to enter Florence, yet desirous of taking counsel with Savonarola at this difficult juncture, intended to pause this very day at San Casciano, about ten miles from the city, whence he would ride out the next morning in the plain garb of a priest, and meet Savonarola, as if casually, five miles on the Florence road, two hours after sunrise. The plot, of which these forged letters were the initial step, was that Dolfo Spini with a band of his *Compagnacci* was to be posted in ambush on the road, at a lonely spot about five miles from the gates; that he was to seize Savonarola with the Dominican brother who would accompany him according to rule, and deliver him over to a small detachment of Milanese horse in readiness near San Casciano, by whom he was to be carried into the Roman territory.

There was a strong chance that the penetrating Frate would suspect a trap, and decline to incur the risk, which he had for some time avoided, of going beyond the city walls. Even when he preached, his friends held it necessary that he should be attended by an armed guard; and here he was called on to commit himself to a solitary road, with no other attendant than a fellow monk. On this ground the minimum of time had been given him for decision, and the chance in favour of his acting on the letters was, that the eagerness with which his mind was set on the combining of interests within and without the Church towards the procuring of a General Council, and also the expectation of immediate service from the Cardinal in the actual juncture of his contest with the Pope, would triumph over his shrewdness and caution in the brief space allowed for deliberation.

Tito had had an audience of Savonarola, having declined to put the letters into any hands but his, and with consummate art had admitted that incidentally, and by inference, he was able so far to conjecture their purport as to believe they referred to a rendezvous outside the gates, in which case he urged that the Frate should seek an armed guard from the Signoria, and offered his services in carrying the request with the utmost privacy. Savonarola had replied briefly that this was impossible: an armed guard was incompatible with privacy. He spoke with a flashing eye, and Tito felt convinced that he meant to incur the risk.

Tito himself did not much care for the result. He managed his

affairs so cleverly, that all results, he considered, must turn to his advantage. Whichever party came uppermost, he was secure of favour and money. That is an indecorously naked statement; the fact, clothed as Tito habitually clothed it, was that his acute mind, discerning the equal hollowness of all parties, took the only rational course in making them subservient to his own interest.

If Savonarola fell into the snare, there were diamonds in question and papal patronage; if not, Tito's adroit agency had strengthened his position with Savonarola and with Spini, while any confidences he obtained from them made him the more valuable as an agent of the Mediceans.

But Spini was an inconvenient colleague. He had cunning enough to delight in plots, but not the ability or self-command necessary to so complex an effect as secrecy. He frequently got excited with drinking, for even sober Florence had its "Beoni," or topers, both lay and clerical, who became loud at taverns and private banquets; and in spite of the agreement between him and Tito, that their public recognition of each other should invariably be of the coolest sort, there was always the possibility that on an evening encounter he would be suddenly blurting and affectionate. The delicate sign of casting the *becchetto* over the left shoulder was understood in the morning, but the strongest hint short of a threat might not suffice to keep off a fraternal grasp of the shoulder in the evening.

Tito's chief hope now was that Dolfo Spini had not caught sight of him, and the hope would have been well-founded if Spini had had no clearer view of him than he had caught of Spini. But himself in shadow, he had seen Tito illuminated for an instant by the direct rays of the lamp, and Tito in his way was as strongly-marked a personage as the captain of the *Compagnacci*. Romola's black shrouded figure had escaped notice, and she now stood behind her husband's shoulder in the corner of the loggia. Tito was not left to hope long.

"Ha! my carrier-pigeon!" grated Spini's harsh voice, in what he meant to be an under-tone, while his hand grasped Tito's shoulder; "what did you run into hiding for? You didn't know it was comrades who were coming. It's well I caught sight of you; it saves time. What of the chase to-morrow morning? Will the bald-headed game rise? Are the falcons to be got ready?"

If it had been in Tito's nature to feel an access of rage, he would have felt it against this bull-faced accomplice, unfit either for a leader or a tool. His lips turned white, but his excitement came from the pressing difficulty of choosing a safe device. If he attempted to hush Spini, that would only deepen Romola's suspicion, and he knew her well enough to know that if some strong alarm were roused in her, she was neither to be silenced nor hoodwinked; on the other hand, if he repelled Spini angrily the wine-breathing *compagnaccio* might become savage, being more ready at resentment than at the divination of motives. He adopted a third course, which proved that Romola retained one sort of power over him —the power of dread.

A Dangerous Colleague

He pressed her hand, as if intending a hint to her, and said in a good-humoured tone of comradeship,—

"Yes, my Dolfo, you may prepare in all security. But take no trumpets with you."

"Don't be afraid," said Spini, a little piqued. "No need to play Ser Saccente with me. I know where the devil keeps his tail as well as you do. What! he swallowed the bait whole? The prophetic nose didn't scent the hook at all?" he went on, lowering his tone a little, with a blundering sense of secrecy.

"The brute will not be satisfied till he has emptied the bag," thought Tito; but aloud he said,—"Swallowed all as easily as you swallow a cup of Trebbiano. Ha! I see torches: there must be a dead body coming. The pestilence has been spreading, I hear."

"Suffocation! I hate the sight of those biers. Good-night," said Spini, hastily moving off.

The torches were really coming, but they preceded a church dignitary, who was returning homeward; the suggestion of the dead body and the pestilence was Tito's device for getting rid of Spini without telling him to go. The moment he had moved away, Tito turned to Romola and said, quietly,—

"Do not be alarmed by anything that *bestia* has said, my Romola. We will go on now: I think the rain has not increased."

She was quivering with indignant resolution: it was of no use for Tito to speak in that unconcerned way. She distrusted every word he could utter.

"I will not go on," she said. "I will not move nearer home until I have some security against this treachery being perpetrated."

"Wait, at least, until these torches have passed," said Tito, with perfect self-command, but with a new rising of dislike to a wife who this time, he foresaw, might have the power of thwarting him in spite of the husband's predominance.

The torches passed, with the Vicario dell' Arcivescovo, and due reverence was done by Tito, but Romola saw nothing outward. If for the defeat of this treachery, in which she believed with all the force of long presentiment, it had been necessary at that moment for her to spring on her husband and hurl herself with him down a precipice, she felt as if she could have done it. Union with this man! At that moment the self-quelling discipline of two years seemed to be nullified: she felt nothing but that they were divided.

They were nearly in darkness again, and could only see each other's faces dimly.

"Tell me the truth, Tito—this time tell me the truth," said Romola, in a low quivering voice. "It will be safer for you."

"Why should I desire to tell you anything else, my angry saint?" said Tito, with a slight touch of contempt, which was the vent of his annoyance; "since the truth is precisely that over which you have

most reason to rejoice—namely, that my knowing a plot of Spini's enables me to secure the Frate from falling a victim to it."

"What is the plot?"

"That I decline to tell," said Tito. "It is enough that the Frate's safety will be secured."

"It is a plot for drawing him outside the gates that Spini may murder him."

"There has been no intention of murder. It is simply a plot for compelling him to obey the Pope's summons to Rome. But as I serve the popular government, and think the Frate's presence here is a necessary means of maintaining it at present, I choose to prevent his departure. You may go to sleep with entire ease of mind to-night."

For a moment Romola was silent. Then she said, in a voice of anguish, "Tito, it is of no use: I have no belief in you."

She could just discern his action as he shrugged his shoulders, and spread out his palms in silence. That cold dislike which is the anger of unimpassioned beings was hardening within him.

"If the Frate leaves the city—if any harm happens to him," said Romola, after a slight pause, in a new tone of indignant resolution,—"I will declare what I have heard to the Signoria, and you will be disgraced. What if I am your wife?" she went on, impetuously; "I will be disgraced with you. If we are united, I am that part of you that will save you from crime. Others shall not be betrayed."

"I am quite aware of what you would be likely to do, *anima mia*," said Tito, in the coolest of his liquid tones; "therefore if you have a small amount of reasoning at your disposal just now, consider that if you believe me in nothing else, you may believe me when I say I will take care of myself, and not put it in your power to ruin me."

"Then you assure me that the Frate is warned—he will not go beyond the gates?"

"He shall not go beyond the gates."

There was a moment's pause, but distrust was not to be expelled.

"I will go back to San Marco now and find out," Romola said, making a movement forward.

"You shall not!" said Tito, in a bitter whisper, seizing her wrists with all his masculine force. "I am master of you. You shall not set yourself in opposition to me."

There were passers-by approaching. Tito had heard them, and that was why he spoke in a whisper. Romola was too conscious of being mastered to have struggled, even if she had remained unconscious that witnesses were at hand. But she was aware now of footsteps and voices, and her habitual sense of personal dignity made her at once yield to Tito's movement towards leading her from the loggia.

They walked on in silence for some time, under the small drizzling rain. The first rush of indignation and alarm in Romola had begun to give way to more complicated feelings, which rendered speech and

action difficult. In that simpler state of vehemence, open opposition to the husband from whom she felt her soul revolting, had had the aspect of a temptation for her; it seemed the easiest of all courses. But now habits of self-questioning, memories of impulse subdued, and that proud reserve which all discipline had left unmodified, began to emerge from the flood of passion. The grasp of her wrists, which asserted her husband's physical predominance, instead of arousing a new fierceness in her, as it might have done if her impetuosity had been of a more vulgar kind, had given her a momentary shuddering horror at this form of contest with him. It was the first time they had been in declared hostility to each other since her flight and return, and the check given to her ardent resolution then retained the power to arrest her now. In this altered condition her mind began to dwell on the probabilities that would save her from any desperate course: Tito would not risk betrayal by her; whatever had been his original intention, he must be determined now by the fact that she knew of the plot. She was not bound now to do anything else than to hang over him that certainty that if he deceived her, her lips would not be closed. And then, it was possible—yes, she must cling to that possibility till it was disproved—that Tito had never meant to aid in the betrayal of the Frate.

Tito, on his side, was busy with thoughts, and did not speak again till they were near home. Then he said—

"Well, Romola, have you now had time to recover calmness? If so, you can supply your want of belief in me by a little rational inference: you can see, I presume, that if I had had any intention of furthering Spini's plot I should now be aware that the possession of a fair Piagnone for my wife, who knows the secret of the plot, would be a serious obstacle in my way."

Tito assumed the tone which was just then the easiest to him, conjecturing that in Romola's present mood persuasive deprecation would be lost upon her.

"Yes, Tito," she said, in a low voice, "I think you believe that I would guard the Republic from further treachery. You are right to believe it; if the Frate is betrayed, I will denounce you." She paused a moment, and then said with an effort, "But it was not so. I have perhaps spoken too hastily—you never meant it. Only, why will you seem to be that man's comrade?"

"Such relations are inevitable to practical men, my Romola," said Tito, gratified by discerning the struggle within her. "You fair creatures live in the clouds. Pray go to rest with an easy heart," he added, opening the door for her.

Relative Cost of the French and British Armies.

The pressure of public opinion seems at length likely to force our Government into some important measures of reform in the administrative departments of our army. It has been announced in newspapers supposed to communicate Ministerial intentions, that "the pruning-knife" is about to be applied in earnest; and that economy is to prevail to the fullest extent consistent with public safety. That our army cannot with safety be reduced in its numerical strength, seems to be the conviction of all persons competent to form a correct opinion on the subject; but while the rank and file remain undiminished, large and important reductions may be effected in its cost; first, by reducing the staff appointments,* by lessening the number of regimental officers, and, above all, by a new organization of the department charged with its clothing and equipment. The proportion of officers to men in the French service is about one to twenty-seven in time of peace, and one to forty, at least, when the regiment takes the field. In ours, it is the same in peace or war—namely, one officer to nineteen men. No one will pretend to say that the French army is inefficient from want of officers. Why, then, should not the same relative proportions form the rule in ours? The late Lord Herbert once asserted in the House that the proportion of officers to men was greater in the French than in the British service; but he based his calculation on the number of soldiers generally present at head-quarters in time of peace, excluding the large number always absent on *congé*, and altogether ignoring the great numerical augmentation of the companies in time of war, or when the regiment goes on foreign service, while the cadre of officers remains under all circumstances the same. But it is in the War Department that the most serious abuses still exist. It is in that department that political jobbery has been of late years rampant—jobbery concealed under the cloak of some admitted improvements—but jobbery all the same, when we find that reforms stopping far short of the point to which they might have been fairly pushed have been accompanied by the creation of unnecessary and highly paid offices, which swallow up nearly all the pecuniary benefits derived from their adoption.

As our object in this article is to point out to those who have the

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* Home Staff costs £177,880
Foreign Staff costs 235,634

£413,514

power, and whose duty it is, to demand explanations and enforce retrenchment, why the cost of our military establishments has reached so high a figure, and how that cost may be greatly diminished, we propose to place the gross relative expenses of the French and British armies in juxtaposition, and then, by examining and comparing the details, to throw a light upon the subject which will enable plain common sense to discover and maintain the truth in despite of professional mystification. That no doubt may be cast upon the authenticity of our statements, we take the figures to support them from the French and English budgets of 1862–63. The credit taken in that year in France for an active army of 400,000 men, and a reserve amounting at this moment to 150,000 well-disciplined soldiers of all arms, with 105,000 horses (including 19,000 lent out to farmers), was 14,599,000*l.*; while the credit taken in the English budget for the maintenance of 145,450 men and 14,116 horses, amounted to 15,139,379*l.** (non-effective in both services included); that is to say, we pay over half a million more money for one-fourth the number of men and about one-seventh the number of horses.

It is perfectly well known—indeed, it was openly stated during the debate in the Legislative Assembly—that the number of men estimated for in the budget by no means represented the real strength of the French army.† From 50,000 to 70,000 men are continually on *congé*, who receive no pay, and who are available for active service at a day's notice; so that, including those soldiers who cost the country nothing, and the reserves, which are perfectly well drilled and completely equipped, the actual strength of the French army must considerably exceed 600,000 men. And thus, at the first step of our inquiries, we find that England *pays more by half a million* for the maintenance of her comparatively small military force, than France does for the support of her most efficient and splendidly appointed army, *four* times the strength of the British one.

This enormous disproportion between the expenses of the two armies cannot be accounted for by the difference of cost between an enforced and a voluntary enrolment; nor yet by the difference in the amount of pay, which is greater in our service. We must, therefore, seek an explanation of the causes which produce it in the details of the respective estimates; and on comparing the items which go to form the gross sum, we can be at no loss to discover where unprofitable outlay entails increased taxation. The cost of administration in the French army (say of 600,000 men and 104,000 horses) is 95,506*l.*; while in the English army of 145,450 men and 14,116 horses it amounts to 201,833*l.*, the outlay under this head being more than double in our army what it is in the

* We have deducted the item for fortifications noted in the estimates. Total of the British army, 227,151 men and 22,557 horses. 83,521 men and 8,441 horses on the Indian establishment are not included in the estimates.

† "The commission," says M. Olivier, "have a certain conviction that there are at this moment '*sous drapeau*' a number of men far above 400,000, relative to whom not one word has been said in the budget."

French, without any reference whatever to the vast disparity in their respective numbers.

Justice in the French army costs 48,241*l.*, while in the English army, so inferior in strength, its expense amounts to 58,708*l.* The mysteries of the law are profound—we shall not attempt to fathom them; but surely some one of the many barristers who have seats in the House of Commons should be able to throw light upon the subject, and ascertain, for public satisfaction, by what means the cost of law for the small English army is worked up to a greater sum than is expended in the so much more numerous army of France.

The military colleges are supported, and an admirable compulsory system of education, embracing reading, writing, geography, and languages, with enough of scientific knowledge to fit the man who profits by it for command, and including instruction in fencing, dancing, and gymnastics, is administered in the French regiments, at an expense (all materials included) of 99,205*l.*, while in the English service the colleges, and a very defective primary one, cost the country, for a vastly smaller number of scholars, the astounding sum of 296,288*l.* The system of education adopted in the French army combines efficiency with cheapness. The staff required for its administration and supervision is found within the regiments themselves. Both the primary and superior schools are placed under the superintendence of a lieutenant, who performs no other duty. He is named by the colonel, and must be not only a man possessed of literary acquirements, but also have the gift of imparting instruction to his pupils. He is assisted by "monitors" of his own selection, taken from amongst the most advanced scholars, who receive pecuniary rewards proportionate to their proficiency and attention, and whose good conduct in the discharge of their duties insures the insertion of their names in the regimental order of the day, and so secures their promotion. There are "primary" and "superior schools" in every regiment. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught in the former—the first year's course in the latter comprises arithmetic, geometry, and military administration, and the second year's, geography, history, a foreign language (German or English), fortification, and the study of maps. Before being made corporal, the French soldier must be perfect in the first four rules of arithmetic, and competent to write quickly and correctly from dictation. All soldiers are compelled to attend the schools, save those who are found to have received a superior education already, or those who, after a three months' trial, have proved themselves incapable of learning. And this education, which has qualified many men now holding high military rank to attain their present positions, is afforded to the entire French army, and 7,000 "enfants de troupe" besides, for the modest sum (all materials included) of 99,205*l.* When the vote for education in our army comes before the House this session—no doubt its amount will be as large as last year—will no one of the professed economists take the trouble of demanding how this sum

of 296,288*l.* has been expended? The people who pay it should in justice be fully informed both as to the numbers who avail themselves of so costly a mode of instruction, and as to the proficiency which they have made under it. Should it be found that the results obtained under our regimental system are not equal to those derived from the French one, while its expense is enormously greater, surely the former ought to be adopted in our service. The change could be easily effected, for doubtless since the establishment of preliminary examinations, lieutenants may be found in our regiments, as well as in the French ones, who are competent to direct such a simple course of literary instruction. The annual saving effected under this head alone should amount to at least 200,000*l.*

But the savings which must result from a close investigation into the abuses or mismanagement of the administration, the education, and law expenses of our army, though considerable, will be insignificant in comparison with those which may be enforced with advantage in the clothing and store branches of the War Department, where official organization holds out every inducement to venality and corruption, if it does not actually produce them. It is true that our troops are now better dressed than they used to be when colonels derived their incomes from the cribbings of the allowance granted by the country for the clothing of its soldiers, and when army clothiers grew fat on the residue left after the pickings of the colonel. The monopoly of a few great houses in the accoutrement trade is, at least in theory, abolished by what is called open competition. The War Department does not now, as it used to do, invariably deal with them for articles which they did not manufacture, thus paying double profits; and the system under which the supply of a regiment was obtained by the sum paid the colonel for his patronage, and secured by bribes given subordinates to connive at the reception of worthless goods, is at an end. It is now scarcely worth a tradesman's while to corrupt a junior clerk by presents or hard cash, that he may profit by the violation of official secrecy; for he can no longer cover the soldier with a spongy rag which absorbs the rain, instead of resisting it. Those are improvements which we frankly admit to be important, but we maintain that much more may be done to secure economy in the public outlay. And to support our assertion we cannot do better than compare the expenses incurred for the same branches of the public service in England and in France. No one acquainted with both armies will dispute the fact, that in point of fit, and quality of materials, the uniform of the French is far superior to that of the British soldier; and yet we find that the clothing of our army costs, in round numbers, 597,264*l.*,* while the sum appropriated to that of the French army, *four* times its strength, is (in round numbers) only 876,000*l.*

* An increase of 71,848*l.* on the estimates of 1861-62, while there is a diminution of 594 in the rank and file of the army.

To account for this great relative disparity of expenditure, it will be necessary to inquire into the organization, cost, and mode of proceeding of the official staff charged with the direction and control of the clothing department, in either armies. At each of the great Government depôts of France,* "commissions" are appointed to inspect the stores delivered under contracts entered into by the Minister of War. They are composed of two superior officers and six captains, all belonging to regiments who happen at the time to compose the garrisons of the towns where those depôts are established. They are named by the general commanding the department; their appointment, which is but temporary, cannot exceed the duration of one year; and the only remuneration they receive for their services is a gratuity of three francs (under 2*s.* 6*d.*) for each sitting at which they are present, out of which they must defray all expenses incident on their attendance. There are "commissions" for each arm of the service, and their duties consist principally in examining the cloth and flannel used for the soldiers' clothing. The tests to be employed in ascertaining the quality and strength of the cloth and soundness of the dye are specified, to the most minute particular, in the printed book of instructions. The chemicals used in those tests are furnished them ready prepared; the method, time, and duration of their application, as well as the effects which they should produce, are pointed out, and under no circumstances is any deviation from the prescribed rules permitted; so that the most stupid man can scarcely commit a mistake, or the most corrupt one an injustice. The storekeeper of each depôt *may be* consulted, and, in case of marked diversity of opinion, the assistance of an "expert,"† named for the occasion by the military "sous-intendant" (commissary-general), may be had recourse to; but neither storekeeper nor expert has any right to vote, or even to be present, at the deliberations of the commission, five of whose members must vote, to render its proceedings legal. In case the majority is only one, the "sous-intendant" has a right to vote, and, should he join the minority, the article whose quality is disputed must be rejected. Should the decision of the commission finally condemning the article be objected to by the contractor, he has a right of appeal to a tribunal composed of three arbitrators; one named by the commission, another by the mayor of the commune, and the third by the contractor himself. They must be all chosen from amongst the licensed dealers in, or manufacturers of, the description of goods rejected, inhabiting that or the neighbouring communes; the "expert," who has already given an opinion, being disqualified to act. The arbitrators are sworn to do justice by the "sous-intendant;" the sealed pattern and delivered goods are submitted to their inspection; the

* There are Government depôts, so called to distinguish them from regimental ones, at Lille, Strasbourg, Lyons, Bayonne, &c.

† Who must be, or have been, a licensed dealer in the article whose quality is under discussion.

commission is represented by one of its members, who states the causes of rejection; the contractor is heard in reply; the arbitrators then deliberate in private, but declare their decision in presence of the "sous-intendant" and parties interested; each, in turn, being obliged to state his reasons for the verdict they arrive at, which is definitive, there being no right of appeal.

It should be remarked that no article can be inspected by the commission which has not the name of the firm under which the contractor trades printed in full, and in legible letters, on its front. Independent of the commissions appointed to act at the great Government depôts, there is in each regiment a "conseil d'administration" (council of administration), composed of the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, a "chef de bataillon," the major, a captain, the paymaster, and "capitaine d'habillement" (the officer who commands the company composed of tailors and shoemakers, and who superintends the equipment, and has charge of the regimental stores). The "chef de bataillon" and captain are changed each year, others of the same rank taking their places in turn of seniority. Subordinate to the "conseil d'administration," there is also a "commission," composed of the major—who presides, but has no vote—and three captains, chosen by the captains of the regiment from amongst themselves, by ballot; the duration of their time of service is limited to *six* months, and no member of the "conseil d'administration" can belong to the commission. Every French regiment has its own depôt, and is authorized to make contracts for all articles it may require, save for cloth, which is invariably sent from the Government depôts, and must be received without examination, when bearing the seal of the superior commission. The clothing captain (as we may call him) takes his measures to have always in store a sufficient supply of uniforms and equipments to meet any emergencies that may arise. When it is necessary to increase the quantity in hand, he makes his demand of the major, who lays his statement before the colonel, by whose authority the "conseil d'administration" is convened; they decide upon the description and amount of the articles required, and it then becomes the duty of the "commission" to procure and inspect them. Along with a sealed pattern of every article of equipment, which is never permitted to leave the regimental store, there is a tariff of prices, which must not be exceeded. Letters signed by each of the three captains are sent to the different accoutrement makers, stating what is wanted, and demanding to know their prices. When their answers arrive, the contract is given to the lowest tender; and, as the contractors know the maximum price, and the quality which will pass inspection, there is neither difficulty nor delay in terminating the transaction. The cloth, with linings, for the number of uniforms required is sent direct from the Government depôt to the regimental master-tailor, under whose inspection they are made up by the tailors belonging to "the company of workmen." For each tunic the master-tailor receives three francs (less than 2*s.* 6*d.*), out of which he is obliged to provide buttons

and trimmings, and to pay the man who makes it one shilling ; for the great coat he receives equivalent to 1*s.* 10½*d.*, out of which he buys buttons, and pays the maker 9*d.* ; for the pantaloons he receives 1*s.* 3*d.*, and pays 7*d.*; and for the foraging-cap 8*d.*, providing the tassel, and paying the workman about 2½*d.* Every soldier is measured, and accurately fitted, under the inspection of the clothing captain, whose duty is limited to that and the superintendence of the regimental stores. He always remains with the depôt, and never goes on active service with the regiment. The master-shoemaker purchases the leather for the shoes, which are made up in the regiment; he receives 5*s.* per pair, and pays 6*d.* to the workman. The gaiters are bought, by contract, for 1*s.* 3*d.* a pair; and the *jambières* or calf-pieces, are furnished from the Government depôts.

The simplicity, economy, and efficiency of the system which we have thus briefly described are proved by the results which it produces. The French army is unquestionably the best equipped in Europe ; the only other which will admit of comparison is our own ; and the figures we have already quoted show the vast disproportion between the outlay of each under the head of clothing alone. But the simplicity, economy, and effectiveness of the French system are not the only points in which it merits imitation ; under it, every possible precaution is taken to prevent the possibility of bribery or corruption. The members of the Government depôt commissions are named by the general commanding the department, who is perfectly disinterested in his selection. They can only serve upon them for one year, and it may happen, in case of change of quarters, that they don't serve even half that time. The regimental "conseil d'administration" (also annually renewed) is only empowered to determine on the quantity of articles required, and there its duty ends. The task of procuring and inspecting them devolves upon the "commission," whose acting members, the three captains, are elected by ballot by the officers of their own rank, for *six months only*. They may succeed in procuring the requisite supplies at a price below the maximum fixed upon by the Minister of War, and thus effect an economy, but they can't exceed it ; they have, in fact, but to judge the quality of the articles delivered; and that the persons appointed are competent to perform their duties in that respect is manifested by the result of their labours. Under a system of continually changing agents, it would be absurd, even were it practicable, to attempt corruption: the man bribed to-day might be replaced by another to-morrow, and no profit derived from the admission of an inferior article could cover the expense which a contractor must incur (supposing the existence of venality) to secure in the commission a majority of more than one in his favour. But, besides this, the tradesman feels that there is no necessity for expending his money in bribes, for he knows that he has the right of appeal against an unjust decision, to a tribunal composed of capable and independent men, who are sworn to do justice. The establishment of regimental depôts is another of the

advantages of the French system, for they not only prevent the vast accumulation of stores at the Government depôts, and obviate the necessity of paying men to guard and care them there, but they also save delay in the delivery, and all the expense incurred in the transmission of the supplies. When the period at which the conscripts are annually called under arms approaches, the clothing captain makes the necessary preparations, and when they arrive at head-quarters, their sacks, pouches, belts, shakos, and clothing are ready for them. In France, all articles of equipment—everything except the cloth and the shoes—are sent direct to the regiment at the contractor's expense; in England, they are delivered by the contractor at the London stores, and thence forwarded, at considerable public outlay, to their different destinations. There is no appeal from the decisions of the regimental commissions, and the members receive no remuneration for their attendance on them. The supplies which they contract for are, in almost all instances, those purchased at the soldier's expense, and in devoting their time and intelligence to lessen his pecuniary outlay, they are only supposed to be performing their duty. The articles contracted for are inspected immediately after their arrival, and if approved of, pass into store, and remain in charge of the clothing captain; he then makes out what is termed a "facture" (a bill), giving a list of each article furnished, with its price affixed; at the foot of this, the contractor signs a certificate of the correctness of the details; a full designation of the articles and their prices is written on the back of the "facture," which is signed by the three captains composing the commission, and afterwards countersigned by the "sous-intendant," who also affixes his official seal; and then the contractor, without the necessity of dancing attendance on the clerks of a "circumlocution-office," draws upon the paymaster of the regiment for the amount. Thus the clothing and shoes are made within the regiment, in the most perfect manner, at a very moderate cost; and the equipments and necessaries composing the kit are bought, inspected, and paid for by the officers of the regiment, without the intervention or control of any other authority, and without one shilling's extra expense. The conscript, on joining, receives a certain allowance to purchase his knapsack and kit from the regimental stores, and he is furnished with *two* tunics, a "capote," or great-coat, pantaloons, and foraging-cap. The great-coat lasts for three years, the pantaloons for one, and at the end of every eighteen months during his service, the tunic which has been worn in common use is returned into store and replaced by a new one. Every article of clothing and equipment furnished by the Government (save the pantaloons) must be returned to the clothing captain at the end of the period they are required to last; by him the used stores are transferred to the collector of taxes, who sells them by public auction, and returns the product to the Treasury. The *résumé* which we have given of the system under which the French army is clothed and equipped may be relied upon as accurate and faithful. It will be seen that its machinery is simple, inexpensive, and effective, while

the object and tendency of all its regulations is to prevent jobbery and corruption, and to do justice alike to the soldier, the tax-payer, and the contractor.

Before entering on a review of our system of clothing and equipping the army, pointing out its defects, and suggesting the reforms which might be effected in its organization and method of action, it may be well to place before our readers the relative expenses of the two services, under the head of "Stores and Factories."

The sum voted for "military stores and factories" for an army of 600,000 men and (round numbers) 104,000 horses, in the French budget of last year, was (round numbers) 1,478,000*l.* The sum voted in the English budget under the same heads, for an army of 145,000 men and 14,000 horses, was 3,160,000*l.*

Those figures speak for themselves. If it be urged that under this head is included the heavy expenditure lately incurred in remodelling the artillery, it must also be borne in mind that great improvements in that arm have also been effected in France; and that even if the expense of the trials of newly-invented guns form a portion of the gross sum (a fact of which we are ignorant), it would be counterbalanced by a similar item in the total of the credit taken in the French budget.

A short retrospect of what our system of army-clothing was before the recent changes in its organization, and of what has been accomplished in the way of improvement and economy, under the control of the newly-appointed and highly-paid officers created under that change, will serve more fully to demonstrate what may be still further effected under those heads, by reducing its cumbrous machinery, and rendering its action more simple and direct.

When colonels farmed out their regiments to the highest bidder for the spoils, the army accoutrement makers, in a large way of business, could afford to satisfy their demands on better terms than other tradesmen who were but as yet commencing business. They bargained to supply the clothing at a reasonable figure for honest materials, and they realized their profits by furnishing the worst the markets could afford. If a new man succeeded, through the patronage of a less avaricious colonel, in obtaining the supply of a regiment, he found the subordinate officers (and it might happen the lieutenant-colonel too, the price of whose step was probably wholly, or in part, lent him by one of the great firms) quite disinclined to show him fair play. The most trumpery objections were made. Every one had a right to apply his own test, and did so, for his own purposes. So that the contractor's articles were first injured, and then rejected, because they did not resist a force which, when in use, they could never be required to sustain. The new man's supplies being returned to him remained a dead loss on his hands, as he had no other outlet for them. And thus tradesmen were deterred from competing for the business at all, or quickly driven to abandon it, by the injustice of which they were the victims. But rejection had little terrors for the clothier

who had many regiments on his books, and one house actually furnished a majority of the regiments of the line. If he was appointed by a newly gazetted colonel to a corps in which the minor authorities were hostile from pure affection for his predecessor, and his clothing was returned, he had only to change buttons, and send it to regiments wearing the same facings, where those who received it were more accommodating. And so matters went on, until the ill-disposed parties became (under the influence of a private understanding) oblivious of their former friend, and reconciled to the interests of their new one. When a colonel or Horse Guards' authority came to inspect the clothing in the maker's store before its despatch to the regiment, the most amusing *ruses* were sometimes employed. A friend assured us that, being by accident present at one of those inspections, he happened to be so placed as to witness the whole proceeding. It was held in a very large room, divided in the centre by a high pile of bales of cloth, which concealed the doors giving admission to it on either side from the view of the inspector standing before the table, on which twelve sets of uniforms were spread out at a time. Those being approved of, the bundles were re-formed. The men who carried them passed out at one side, behind the obstructing pile, where others in waiting relieved them of their burdens, and carried them back again, entering by the opposite side. And so the farce was kept up till the end, the general loudly praising the quality and make of some hundred sets of clothing, of which he in reality saw but twelve, while the remainder arrived at head-quarters stamped with the fiat of his approbation.

As if for the purpose of maintaining such an injurious monopoly in full vigour, an arrangement existed at the Ordnance Office, by which only some half dozen contractors got notice of the nature and amount of the supplies required. Those favoured persons met, and amicably settled upon the quantity of the forthcoming contract to be allotted to each. The tendering papers were filled up, the prices demanded being nearly the same in all, except in that of the party fixed upon by mutual consent to get the contract, which was a shade lower than any; and this person was, as a matter of course, declared the successful bidder. The division previously agreed upon was made, and all engaged in the trick enjoyed their destined share of the profits. When the trade disagreed, the emissary of a favoured house waited until the last moment at which tenders could be received; and having somehow previously found means to discover the prices specified in those already sent in, he filled his own, at a fraction less, and thus obtained the golden prize for his employers. On the abolition of the Board of Ordnance, and when colonels of regiments obtained a fixed allowance, the supply of military clothing and equipments came under the direct control of the War Department, and then what is termed open competition was determined on. Any man able to satisfy the authorities that he had suitable premises and sufficient means to carry on his business, was entitled to have his name registered

in the list of contractors, and to receive notice of all contracts about to be issued, by having tendering papers sent him, without obtaining which no person could propose. But many men, whose capital was ample, but who would not incur the expense of building or renting premises until they were certain of getting business, were excluded by this regulation; so that this method of throwing open the trade added but few to the number of competitors. Complaints being made that some houses were apprised of the nature of the contracts about to be issued before the tendering papers were sent out, which gave them a manifest advantage over the others, some measures were taken to prevent such practices; and it being asserted that tenders sent in had never afterwards been seen or heard of, a new regulation directed all tenders to be deposited by the bearers of them in a box, which was only to be opened after the time appointed for their reception had expired, and in presence of certain officers of the department.

Increased business formed a pretext for the creation of new offices and for the appointment of new officers to fill them. They were, of course, not objected to by the Minister, whose patronage they so largely extended. A gentleman belonging to a "packing" concern in the city, and who had never been in the public service before, was named "Director of Contracts," at a salary of 1,500*l.* a year; and a gallant officer, who had the misfortune to be severely wounded at the trenches of Sebastopol, was appointed "Director of Clothing," with a salary of nearly similar amount; but being, we presume, found incompetent to the discharge of his new duties, he was soon removed to another berth at the Horse Guards, specially created for his reception. The mantle of the son of Mars descended on the shoulders of a son of Neptune. A naval captain was selected to superintend the tailoring branch of business, and his "deputy," with a salary of 800*l.* per annum, was taken from amongst the junior clerks of the War Office, not on account of his adroitness in stitching or his skill in the qualities of cloth, but simply because he had the good luck to be born nephew to a peer, and had for some time filled the unimportant office of private secretary to his uncle. The gallant captain receives, in his present occupation,* double the pay that he would be entitled to in his legitimate profession, without any reference to the expense which the command of a ship entails. And his "deputy," besides the comfort of his office in Pall Mall, enjoys an uninterrupted income *higher* than that of a post-captain when in commission, and *nearly four times* the amount of the paltry sum doled out to him when he happens to be unemployed. To support such well-remunerated chiefs a suitable staff must necessarily be created, and accordingly men before designated "clerks" were now denominated "principal storekeepers," with colonel's "relative" rank, and treble a colonel's pay; "superintendent storekeepers," with a lieutenant-colonel's rank and double his emoluments;

* 1,400*l.* a year, including his half-pay.

"deputy superintendents," with the "relative" rank of a major; and a host of "relative" captains and lieutenants, all receiving far higher remuneration for their services than their military doubles, without running the risks of war, or unhealthy climates, or experiencing any of the minor annoyances which soldiers are occasionally compelled to submit to. They again were backed up by a staff of "inspectors," some of whom, workingmen a very short time before, now found themselves suddenly elevated to the rank of "esquires"—we presume, for the purpose of strengthening their official morality by the increased dignity of their social position. Here, too, as in higher spheres, it was considered that the reception of honours rendered additional means for their support indispensable; and the originally moderate salaries of the newly-created "gentlemen" were doubled, with a progressive rise to 400*l.* a year, exactly the pay of a naval commander when afloat, and more than treble what he receives when ashore.

On looking at this year's Army List, we find that there are one "relative" colonel, one "relative" major, two "relative" captains, and twenty-three "relative" lieutenants, with four newly dubbed "esquires," employed at the Tower; while Weedon has a "relative" captain and lieutenant; and Pimlico is ruled over by two real colonels, with one real and another "relative" major, assisted by a "relative" captain and nine "relative" lieutenants; and all this independent of a host of similar functionaries stationed in the many minor depôts throughout the country.*

With such a martial, numerous, and well-paid staff, one might naturally suppose that the public would be served with increased zeal and ability. A succinct account of a few of the principal misdeeds committed under the new *régime* will completely dispel the illusion. We shall not allude to the *on-dits* that circulated so freely, nor to the accusations which were made, but not proven, before the Army Contract Committee; we shall only avail ourselves of the facts elicited during the investigations of that committee, which were admitted to be true, and which constitute the great scandals of this costly administration. First came the unpleasant discovery that sealed patterns, of very inferior quality, were substituted at Weedon, for other sealed patterns of the same article, of a far superior description, according to which the tenders had been sent in, and accepted; and that the chief storekeeper of that depôt had absconded, some hundreds of pounds in debt to the extensive contractor, for whose benefit, it was alleged (we do not say truly), that this substitution of bad for good sealed patterns had been effected. The strange part of the affair was, how the two sets of patterns could have received the official seal without the fraud being remarked by the person who affixed it; and stranger still did it seem, that the authority under which the fraudulent patterns were received at Weedon, as the ones which should govern the supply could not be

* Independent of the expense of the staff, 43,467*l.* have been paid to artificers and labourers at the Tower, Pimlico, and Weedon alone, during last year.

clearly discovered. Then came the affair of the boots—some thousand pairs of which were sold by auction at the Tower as condemned stores, for 2*s.* 6*d.* the pair, and again received there the following week in fulfilment of a contract, at *twelve shillings* the pair. Now if those boots were serviceable they should not have been sold for such a trifle; and if they were unserviceable, they should not have been accepted to the detriment of the public interest, at the full price of good ones. In either case, the conduct of the persons who first condemned them as valueless, and then passed them as fit for the soldiers' use, was criminal in the extreme, and merited not censure, but dismissal. Afterwards, the affair of the buff pouch-belts was brought to light,—a large quantity of those was sold to a Jew by the Tower authorities, at *sixpence* each, though new and unused. They were condemned as of an "obsolete pattern," because they happened to be *half an inch wider* than the newly sealed one; and those same belts were again received by the same officials who had so wantonly disposed of them, in completion of a contract, at *four shillings and sixpence each*, as soon as the lucky purchaser, who realized eight hundred per cent. on the transaction, had taken the trouble of cutting off the extra half-inch of their breadth, which was the original and sole cause of their condemnation. Now whether such a wanton sacrifice of public property arose from neglect, incapacity, or other and more criminal causes, it is not for us to say. Were the persons in whose department such gross conduct was committed dismissed?—"Not at all;" and they must, we presume, be amongst the number of those who have since received increased pay, and higher position. The details of both these transactions may be found in the Blue-book containing the proceedings of the Army Contract Committee. The last case which our limits will permit us to advert to is that of "Colt's holsters." A contract issued for the supply of *patent leather holsters*, to carry Colt's revolvers, was taken by Colonel Colt himself. The holsters were delivered and rejected; the contractor refused to submit to the decision, and the War Department was ultimately obliged to give in. The holsters were received and paid for, but never issued. The official explanation given (though, if Colt might be believed, not the true one) was, that "though fully equal in point of quality to the sealed pattern which had been tendered for, they were *altogether unfit for service, the pattern itself being unfortunately, from the inferior description of its materials, absolutely valueless.*" The selection of *varnished leather*, which cracks like glass under the influence of frost, for the manufacture of military equipments, which are of necessity exposed to every change of season, or of climate, sufficiently demonstrates the incapacity of those who could have committed so gross a blunder. What should we say of the negligence of the persons who wasted a considerable sum of public money in the purchase of articles which proved to be unfit for service, because made after a pattern selected by themselves?

The facts which we have enumerated were brought to light through

the instrumentality of the army accoutrement makers themselves. How many similar instances of waste and stupidity remain unknown it would be impossible to say, for the "system" invariably defends the conduct of its subordinates, and prevents the exposure of their misdoings, by gagging those who alone could denounce them. The evidence of a contractor who gave a bribe, would not avail to convict the recipient of it, while the admission of his own misconduct, would, according to "printed regulations," prevent the possibility of his ever again getting another contract. The British contractor has no impartial tribunal to appeal to; he will not even be heard in person by the chief of the department against the conduct of whose officers he protests. If he complains of injustice, his complaint is referred to the very persons against whom it is made. Explanations are given which remain uncontradicted, because the accusing party is never confronted with the accused, and is uninformed of the nature of his defence. In due time he is politely informed that his complaint has been investigated, and declared to be groundless. No course is then left open to him but to conciliate the evil-doer he cannot punish, and he must therefore increase his prices to cover an expenditure for purposes which he durst not avow, or to indemnify himself for losses which he must patiently submit to. As if to cap the climax of mismanagement, the very viewers who first examine the stores, and on the nature of whose report so much depends, are appointed through the influence, and taken from the employment of, the persons whose goods they are afterwards called upon to receive, or condemn. And hence the well-known facility with which houses who have succeeded in placing their men, can pass articles which would be certain of rejection if sent in by others. Strange it is that a system so defective and demoralizing as this should, after repeated exposure of its vices and shortcomings, be still maintained in a country where public opinion is said to be omnipotent.

But it is not alone under the heads we have alluded to that unnecessary outlay is incurred in our service. The equipment of our army is in many respects objectionable. Take, for example, the pouch-belt, which is not only heavier than the pouch it carries, but costly (*4s. 6d.*) and detrimental to the soldier's health and efficiency. Such incumbrances have long been abolished in the French army, and the pouch and bayonet are carried on a light waist-belt, which the soldier, when marching, has only to loosen, so as to allow the pouch to fall upon his rump, when the weight, which galled his shoulder when cross-belts were worn, becomes at once almost imperceptible. It is singular with what pertinacity our Horse Guards authorities cling to old habits, even when forced to follow in the wake of progress. They still adhere as far as possible to former customs; so that admitted improvements in other services are so mutilated and transformed by them that they become positive nuisances when introduced into ours. We adopted the waist-belt, but still retain the more objectionable of the two it was designed to supersede—the pouch-belt—which is now worn strapped under the waist-belt; so that its

pressure when carrying ammunition is much more severe upon the chest than it was before. The *jambière*, or calf-piece, worn by the French soldier, gives support and security to the limb when marching or acting in broken ground: its utility, therefore, could not be denied. Something of the kind (in an exaggerated form) was already adopted by the volunteers; therefore, the regular troops must be provided, if not with the real thing, at least with a substitute; and leather gaiters, to be worn over boots, woollen stockings, and thick cloth pantaloons, were issued to the Guards. Now, besides being unsightly and expensive, those gaiters could not be worn on active service. Men may be able to bear their heat when marching at slow time for an hour through the parks; but in spring, summer, and autumn, the seasons in which war is generally made, it would be impossible to support it. And those unbecoming appendages must be thrown aside precisely at the moment when the *jambière* becomes useful. We have a military commissioner at Paris, who receives at least 1,000*l.* per annum (it may be more), whose duty we suppose it is to mark all improvements effected in the equipment of the French soldier and in the administration of the French army, and to report them. The military inspector of clothing also makes occasional trips to Paris, of course at the public expense, just to see how things are getting on there. He is freely admitted to examine everything connected with the French system; "but he thinks ours a much superior one;" and why should he not? We don't blame him; "for the man must be a simpleton who would quarrel with his own bread and butter;" but what we can't understand is, why we should maintain a highly-paid functionary at the French head-quarters, who ought to keep the Horse Guards *au courant* with all that is passing there, and, at the same time, be obliged to send our inspector of clothing on a tour to Paris for the purpose of obtaining knowledge which should have been already communicated to him at home.

We trust that the facts we have stated relative to the expense, the viciousness, and the inefficiency of the system under which the "branches" of the military service which we have noticed are administered, will be considered sufficient to prove the necessity of a prompt and radical change in its organization. After the authentic instances of negligence and waste which we have detailed, we can be at no loss to discover why it is that the cost of our military stores is so enormous, and the expense of clothing our army so disproportionate to that incurred for the clothing of the French one. Numberless instances of the same kind would, no doubt, have been brought to light before the "contract committee," were it not that the army contractors, at whose instance it was granted, soon found that their expectation of receiving Government support in exposing the abuses of the clothing department was groundless. Seeing how warmly the inculpated persons were supported by members of the committee connected with the Ministry, they became disheartened, as they then perceived that the only result of their persevering in their denunciations would

be to draw upon themselves the hostility of the enraged and well-protected officials, whose alleged misconduct they were unable to punish. It may be that the French system of regimental education cannot be carried out in our service, from the want of regimental officers capable of conducting it. But surely the quantity of stores in the great depôts might be so lessened by the creation of regimental ones, as to enable us to dispense with more than a majority of the "relative" gentlemen now required to superintend them. The change would be unattended with expense. A barrack-room would be sufficient for the store, and a sergeant for its keeper. The supplies required for the regiment being bought at seasonable times, and always kept in sufficient quantities to provide for emergencies, would prevent the great fluctuations in price which occur under the present system, when the Government, having allowed their stock of equipments to rot, or run out, are suddenly obliged to rush into the market and pay for what they require the exorbitant prices which the trade is then sure to demand. The quartermaster, or some antiquated lieutenant too poor to buy his promotion, might be appointed "clothing officer," a little taste and a good deal of attention only being required for the fulfilment of the duties. Government furnishing the cloth—the only article in which deception could be practised—the clothing, with the aid of stitching-machines, could easily be made by the tailors of the regiment. A tariff of the prices of all articles of equipment, which must not be exceeded, and a sealed pattern of each, which should never be taken from store, being sent to every corps, it would be a simple matter for the captains to make contracts for and inspect pouches, knapsacks, shakos, and boots, with whose qualities and defects they should be, as a matter of duty, perfectly acquainted. By excluding the clothing officers from any share in the selection or inspection of the supplies, and by changing every six months the captains charged with those duties, confidence would be given to the contractor, and the clothing department of the army would be conducted in a satisfactory and inexpensive manner.

The Dark Church in Vienna.

The morning was rainy and windy, and the sun had not yet made an attempt at piercing through the unbroken mass of clouds. A young Italian, who occupied a room looking over the Glacis, was gazing disconsolately out of his narrow window at the distant walls and spires of Vienna, and doubting if he should keep his appointment. Every now and then came a sharp rattle of sleet against the panes, making him shrink back and shiver. As his eye ranged over the broad expanse that he had to cross before reaching the shelter of the inner town, his heart failed him. He saw the rare passengers hastening along, each figure as clearly marked in its isolation as the large-lettered cities on the map of Europe. When they splashed into seas of muddy water, in their haste to cross the open roads and gain the comparative quiet of the alleys, or when they jumped and slid two or three feet on the treacherous clay, he marked them as a general might mark the repulse of his divisions. And when he saw the trees bending and tossing their arms, as each gust took them, and the volleys of hail flying across in compact masses like squares of cavalry under cover of musket smoke, or bounding from the ground like grape shot, he let his blind down, and threw himself again on his bed.

After all, why should he go to the church that morning? He had heard Mozart's *Requiem* before, and might hear it again without any such inconvenience. His friends would hardly miss him; if they wanted him, they knew his lodging. Besides, he could not stand that domineering, questioning way of Pietro's. Because they both belonged to a Secret Society which had not yet found any vent for its patriotism, was no reason for these constant threats and mysteries. Why should he give up Aennchen? And then it struck him, she would probably be there, and would expect him. He must go. As he dressed, rather unwillingly, it came across his mind, what was it that Carlo had said to Pietro?—what that made him flush and look excited? Carlo had always been looked on as a mere dreamer, and Pietro had been open in his expressions of contempt for him. What could it have been? it was surely something connected with that which had made them all so earnest about this meeting. And thus he got rather more quickly into his clothes, and found the weather more moderate when he was out on the Glacis.

The gusts still swept over at intervals, with an occasional sprinkle of rain. But the storm was broken, and there were a few slight rifts in the veil of cloud, that promised its dispersion. Paolo, for by that name the young Italian was known, walked quickly over the broad open space of meadow, passed through the thick low walls that encompassed the

inner town, and so came to the dark church, in which the meeting was appointed.

He found the nave already full, the congregation wet and rustling, with dripping umbrellas and incipient colds. The singers were taking their places in the gallery, and the instruments were being tuned. He worked his way through the wet groups to the centre of the nave, where a small knot of young Italians was standing. But before he reached them, he had a smile from a fair young face, and the glance of two expressive eyes of the lightest brown, telling him, as plainly as eyes could speak, "I knew you would come." Then he joined the knot of his friends. They were all glad to see him, for they had just despaired of his coming. Carlo, the tall dreamy young man (as far as an Italian can be dreamy), with his fine black hair falling in masses down his neck, held out his hand with a sort of triumph, and Pietro, the little bustling arrogant figure, shot a couple of words in his ear, which made him start and look round the group. Then they were suddenly hushed, for the music began.

Paolo's head swam, and the blood ran tingling through his veins. He could scarcely conceive that it had really come to this. After all he had felt for Italy, the time was come when he might do something for her;—but the shock was so sudden that it took away his breath. Then the calm peaceful strain came floating over him with a quieting power, and as the music pictured the eternal rest and the perpetual light implored, his breast ceased heaving, and light dawned upon him. The beautiful woman's voice rose from the chorus which died away, and the picture of repose and peace grew stronger. Paolo had forgotten the presence of his companions. His soul was far away on the sunny plains of his native land. He was sailing down the magnificent wooded reaches of the Lake of Como, the distant peaks gleaming over the rich mountains hung with yellow roses. He was in the Piazza, gazing on the Oriental dream of St. Mark's, or gliding under the Rialto, watching the reflection of the gurgling ripples on the arch, a chain of wreathing light.

The dream was suddenly dispelled, as the terrible notes in which the Day of Judgment is depicted broke the silence. A deep voice proclaimed *Dies iræ, dies illa*, and the whole chorus shrieked out almost spasmodically, *Solvet sæclum—in favilla—Teste David cum Sibylla.* Paolo started, and looked round. He was in the centre of the group, and on all sides he met the fierce eyes and stern faces of his comrades. In that awful warning they all saw the judgment that should come on the oppressor of their country. Every brow was knit and scowling, as the strains thrilled through them, as the trembling of the wicked was painted in the most vivid colours, and the cries of anguish sprang from the universal consternation. Then this, too, was hushed, and the clear notes of the trumpet rang through the church. Was that their summons? Through the calmer parts that succeeded they seemed to recognize the pleadings of their injured land for freedom and redress. "O Lord, how long?" they seemed to hear from every city of their mother country, from

all who had fallen in her struggles, or who were languishing in the prisons of her tyrant. *Quidquid latet apparebit, Nil inultum remanebit.*

The first gleam of the sun that pierced the dark church came with the Osanna, and fell on the small group of Italians in the middle, and as the last note boomed out from the gallery they faced round towards each other, and joined hands. "*Giuriam!*" said Pietro, in his deep whisper, and every one sealed the vow in his heart.

Any one who had watched the young men in the church would no doubt have formed his suspicions; and if he had followed them, and seen them choose an open and unfrequented part of the Glacis, where they walked about talking and gesticulating for two or three hours, he would have had his suspicions confirmed. There were no trees near the spot they had chosen, no lurking place for a spy; but though they were safe from being overheard, they were all the more easily watched. The young blonde who had given Paolo a glance when he came in, and had vainly tried to attract his attention afterwards, followed the group, and watched them from a distance all the morning. "What mischief is Carlo going to lead him into?" she asked herself, as she saw the tall dreamy young man laying down the law to the rest. Pietro remained rather silent and subdued, but it was plain that his influence was over them all. He had given Carlo leave to speak; he silenced any doubts by a single word; he simplified all that was too refined in the plans, and rivetted each hint by practical suggestions. Paolo seemed to take up everything earnestly. "I'll teach him to leave me for them!" she said, vindictively, as she watched the group; "wait till you come for me this evening, Signor Paolo!"

But no Paolo came that evening to take her to drink coffee and hear the band in some garden or dancing-hall. Days passed and no sign of him. At first Aennchen was too proud to do more than wait at home till he came, but at last she went to his rooms in search of him. He was not there, and the good old talkative lady in whose house he lodged was prodigal of complaints about the absentee life he was leading. "He sometimes sleeps here, sometimes he does not even come home to go to bed; and then in the morning that little friend of his like a rough dog, who always seems to suspect every one he speaks to, comes and takes him away, and I hear nothing of what goes on. And he was so quiet and steady awhile ago! It is not at all the life for a young man like him; he's altogether too delicate, and rather like heart disease."

Aennchen professed herself unable to penetrate the mystery. It was evidently some scheme to alienate Paolo from her. She knew Pietro was opposed to their friendship, and she suspected him of some treachery. If she could only have overheard that colloquy on the Glacis! Yet it may be doubted if that would have eased her mind.

As soon as the eight young men had gained the open part where they were safe from being overheard, Pietro said, in a low mysterious voice, "Speak, Carlo!" and Carlo went off into a long disconnected monologue.

There was an opportunity for striking the blow in Venice. But all the plans must be kept perfectly secret, and each one of the eight must make the attempt in turn. Nothing must be communicated to the Society; the eight must form themselves into a sort of nucleus, or inner society, and while using the assistance of the rest, must keep the whole enterprise hidden from them. There was danger enough to them without drawing more into it, and as their Society consisted of many hundreds of the youth and flower of Italy, it would be staking too many lives on the chance to reveal it before it was thoroughly ripe. They must be the pioneers, if they had to moisten the way with their blood. Pietro took off his hat; each one wrote his name on a slip of paper, and then threw it in. One slip was taken out, and the young man whose name was written on it prepared for the journey. "One instant," said Carlo. "We pledge ourselves to commemorate each one who falls by the service we have just now attended."

The first took the journey and died, leaving no results. He was betrayed by a soldier, whom he had instigated to desert, and was shot. A young man who was lounging on the border of the exercising place caught a mysterious sign he made while the file was being formed in front of him, and communicated his death to the secretary. And once again the solemn strains of Mozart's *Requiem* pealed through the dark aisles of that church where the eight had assembled.

The second went, and the third, and the fourth. The frequenters of the church were surprised that each time Mozart's *Requiem* was given—and this was now the fifth time they had heard it in so short a space—that small group of strangers stood in the very middle of the church, and each time their number was diminished. But, fortunately for the Italians, the Government which prevented its subjects from thinking, lest they should wish to subvert it, had deprived itself of its natural allies, curiosity and gossip. For just now vague rumours began to prevail of something that boded ill for the Italian dominions of Austria. One or two who were well-informed whispered together ominously, and a dull sense of something impending, like the feeling before an earthquake, pervaded the people. Nobody could tell what it was, or why he felt it, and the Government was as much at fault as every one else. Without knowing how, the Society felt itself in motion, and did things without knowing why.

The fifth had now gone, and none remained but Carlo, Pietro, and Paolo. "If this time fails, I will go next," said Carlo, as they took their usual walk on the Glacis. "And if I fail, you two must go together. It surely cannot outlast you. Look what has been done already. Venice is already awake."

"They feel it here, too," said Paolo, who had been making it his business to watch the course of events in Vienna. "I think I know some who would give a good deal to have the key."

Pietro looked at him suspiciously for a moment, but did not speak, for Pietro was chary of his words. But Carlo resumed: "I dare say they

would; and they shall have the key very soon, when it is too late for them to use it. How they will fume that their boasted power and intelligence should be routed by a band of young men. And such young men, too! Did they not refuse to employ us, Pietro, because I was hot-headed and given to talking, and you seemed suspicious?"

"Yes," answered Pietro shortly, and clenched his hand.

"Andrea works well," Carlo went on; "well and quickly. I expected more from him than from any of the first."

"Ah," thought Aennchen, who was watching them from the nearest point where she could be in safety; "if I had known you were going to walk there so long I would have made a cave in the middle!"

All her attempts to get hold of Paolo had been in vain. She had followed him for days, but he was always with Pietro or some other of the party, and she could never find him alone. She hung on his footsteps like a bloodhound on those of a runaway slave; whenever he and his companions talked where there was a hiding-place at hand, she knew what they said; if he had been left alone for a minute, she would have pounced on him. But though her suspicions were roused by what she heard, nothing very important reached her. All talk of conspiracy was kept for the Glacis, where not a bird of the air could listen without being noticed.

A day or two after this she wandered into the church where Paolo had given her the last smile and last look she had got from him. Again the *Requiem*, and this time only three of that knot of young Italians. Aennchen worked her way as near them as she could, kept her eyes on them through the service, and followed them out when it was over. She saw Carlo take leave of the other two at the door; Pietro looking after him earnestly for a moment, and then leading Paolo away. She watched her lover attentively, and found him worn and anxious-looking. What had his old landlady said about heart disease? It might be true: he had certainly changed very much since the time when they were always together. As she stood at the church door, keeping her gaze fixed on them, she heard a voice behind her:—"Yes, those are the young men, no doubt of it. You keep your eye on them now, and tell me where they are housed."

She turned quickly round, and confronted a cousin of hers. "So, Franz," she said, "is that you? What work are you on now?"

"Give me your arm, Aennchen, and I'll tell you. So you go off after them," said the cousin, turning to another man; and then, taking Aennchen's arm, led her in another direction. "You see, there's something suspicious going on, I don't exactly know what; but those young men are not all right. They're Italians, I say, by the looks of them; and I've now been looking after them some time, and I don't like it at all."

"How long have you been looking after them, Franz?"

"Well, you see, I'm only lately back from Italy. They told me to

keep a look-out there; and there's something wrong going on down in Venice. It is kept very quiet, and I have not got a glimpse of it; but still there's something wrong. Those young men go and talk on the Glacis, where one can't listen: that's bad. I've watched them the last three days, up and down, up and down, and I don't like it at all."

"Can't I help you?" asked Aennchen.

"You might, if you liked to be a good girl for once in a way. I can't get any proper assistants here; the fellow I've set to watch them will come back and say he has lost them in about an hour. Did you notice their faces?"

"Yes, I saw them in the church."

"You'll remember them again for me, eh? I know you're a good girl, when you take it in your head."

"I shall remember them again, for sure."

"That's a good girl! You know where to find me, in the old place still." And so Aennchen left her cousin with a double object for watching her lover.

But she was far too clever a player to neglect her own game for her cousin's. She followed the young men even more diligently than before, and reported their movements so accurately that her cousin had full confidence in her. Their talk, however, was only fragmentary, she said. It was seldom they talked at all, and at the best they threw out hints which she was not sufficiently experienced to interpret. Any how the cousin was satisfied, and sat drinking most part of the day without taking matters into his own hands.

Some days had passed, and the two young Italians were together in one of the gardens outside Vienna. They sat close under the shade of a large tree, behind which Aennchen had crouched unseen.

"I wonder how Carlo is getting on," said Paolo, carelessly.

"If anything happens to him—" Pietro replied savagely—then turned off into a calmer remark, "but I don't think anything will. He is too open, I know; but then his openness disarms suspicion. Everybody suspects me, and I am inclined to think I had a spy after me yesterday."

"What shall we do if anything happens to Carlo?" Paolo asked.

"Do!" answered Pietro, quickly. "Go at once on his traces."

"Don't you think, Pietro, that if he should fall it would be almost more prudent in us to wait a little while? There must be a great deal of suspicion down there, owing to our conduct, and we should only be seized on at once. If we were to let it subside before trying anything——"

Pietro looked at him, half in contempt, half in suspicion. "Are you afraid?" he asked, "or do you wish to abandon the cause? I tell you, the first hour we hear anything ill of Carlo we go. What was that sound?"

Pietro sprang to his feet and listened. His quick ear had caught the first distant notes of a familiar air. "A signal!" he said to Paolo,

and his cheek grew pale. "Stay here, and remember my words." With that he was gone.

Paolo sat there, irresolute for a moment. The next, a light hand was laid on his shoulder, and a light voice whispered in his ear. "Don't turn, Paolo, it is Aennchen. I have tried to get near you for some time, to tell you. You are suspected; there is a watch on you. Don't go with Pietro; try to get rid of him for an hour, and join me here. I will tell you all about it then. There, look at the end of that walk!" Paolo looked, and saw the figure of a man.

He had scarcely noticed the figure when Pietro's steps were heard. Aennchen darted into her hiding-place again with another warning. Pietro came up as white as marble, but with a look of firmness, in spite of the tear on his cheek. "Carlo's gone," he said; "we must follow to-morrow."

Paolo rose, and the two walked away without speaking. Pietro's emotion grew upon him, and his arm trembled as he half clung to his companion. Every minute a deep sob broke from him. "What is this?" asked Paolo. "I never knew you were such a friend of Carlo."

Pietro looked round with a hurt expression. "You did not know it; nor any other—not even he. Well, he shall see how I will avenge him!"

"Did you notice a man in the garden?" asked Paolo.

"Yes; I saw a man at the end of one of the walks. Have you seen him before?"

"I think not; but he seemed to be watching us to-day. Do you really think then, Pietro, it will be better to go at once?"

"One more doubt, Paolo," answered the other, fiercely, "and I suspect you of treason."

"Ah, one more doubt, and you suspect me of treason? You shall not hear another."

"Is that the man?" asked Pietro, the next minute; and Paolo looked back and recognized him.

"Then we had better separate. To-morrow morning I will come and find you. Be ready early."

Paolo stole back to the tree where Aennchen was hiding, while the cousin followed Pietro. The fair young girl had crept out from her covert when the two young men left, and sat under the tree forming her schemes. Paolo came and sat beside her. "Tell me all you know of my danger, Aennchen dear."

"Yes, Aennchen dear, now you are in danger," she answered, but without any anger. "But no Aennchen dear, while you were planning your plans with Pietro. You tell me at once what you are engaged in, and I can save you. Hide anything from me, and you are lost."

Paolo hesitated. "There is no time to be lost," she continued.

"No, I know that," he said. "Pietro wants me to go with him to-morrow morning. He comes to my house early to fetch me."

"To go where?"

"To Venice."

"Then it is the same. Tell me instantly, or I know means of finding it out without you."

"You are hard upon me, Aennchen."

"Yes, but for your good. I wish to save you—you know from what."

"But I cannot tell without betraying my comrade."

"Betraying—to me?"

"Ah, yes, Aennchen, it should not have been told even to you."

"But it is safe with me. Take your choice, however. You are lost if you do not tell it."

"See here, then. We all belonged to a Secret Society, and we planned to release our country from Austria. Carlo contrived it all. We were to use the Society without bringing them into it till it was time, and we were the only ones to know of it. The other six have all gone and worked our way towards it, and we two could perhaps finish it. But there is much suspicion felt about it; the Government have some scent of it, and are very active. I wished Pietro to delay going till the alarm had subsided, but he threatened me if I did not accompany him; so I must go to-morrow. There, you have it all."

"There, I have it all!" exclaimed Aennchen. "I have nothing whatever. You tell me only that you have planned to free Italy; you don't tell me how. I can't help you if you tell me no more than this." But while Paolo related the plan, she was scarcely listening; her brain was busy working on what he had said.

"Well, as I have told you so much," he said, "I may as well tell you all. We were to get the army over to us and get possession of the forts, besides organizing a conspiracy among all classes. This needed that every step should be taken carefully and in person, and of course, if one was detected, he was instantly shot. We agreed on a sign to be made by all who held with us, and so without difficulty each new man succeeded to the work of the last one. When we get as far as we wish, we call in the aid of the Society, and we have mines ready to be sprung in all directions."

"Then the Society knows nothing of it?"

"Nothing whatever. We were the only ones who knew anything of it."

"The eight; and six of those have fallen?"

"All but Pietro and myself."

"Then Pietro and you are the only ones who know it?"

"Exactly so."

"And if you were to give it up now, what would happen?"

"It's impossible we should."

"Say, then, if you were both arrested to-morrow before starting?"

"In that case all would be at an end. Without us nothing more would be done."

"Then, Paolo, dear; don't you see how you can find your own safety? You must give up Pietro to the Government."

The soft coaxing tone in which these words were uttered, the speaker resting on Paolo's shoulder, and gently stroking his cheek as she said them, was not enough to overcome him. "Never!" he said, with energy. Aennchen turned away and hummed an air. The next minute she felt Paolo's whole body tremble. A man, the same he had seen watching him before, walked slowly across the end of the avenue.

"What is it, Paolo?" she asked, seeing his face whiten.

"There he is again," was his answer.

"One word to him, and you are free—more than free. Do you think they would not know how to requite such a service?"

"What! speak to the man who has been watching me?"

"Yes, you need not fear him; he is your best friend, though his duty compelled him to watch you. It was through him I was able to warn you. Oh, Paolo, do not hesitate!"

"Betray Pietro!—but the Society will kill me."

"How will they know? He will have Pietro taken so quietly that no word of it will be breathed."

"Yet, how can I give up the plan? I swore to free my country. If I desert her now that she might be freed——"

"Paolo, if you do not resolve now you will be in prison before night, and all is over. You talk of freeing your country; what aid will you give her then? If you take service here, you may do more for your country than you can now by your own exertions. Look, the man is passing again; shall I call him?"

"Yes," said Paolo, and sank back exhausted. Aennchen looked at him with anxiety.

"Ah," she said tenderly, "how ill you have made yourself by your obstinacy. But I will watch over you now, and bring you round again very quickly."

"Well, my young fellow," said cousin Franz, as the two men walked off towards the town; "you've given me a precious hunt, I can tell you. If it had not been for her I don't know what I should have done. She's a real trump, that girl, and I almost envy you."

Paolo looked up surprised; the speech contained so many hints which were mysteries to him. How could Aennchen have helped this man? If so much had been known of his plans already, how could he have escaped? What was it that he was envied? But he had a frank and open companion in cousin Franz, and he soon found out all he wanted to know. It must be said that for a spy Franz had little reserve or prudence, while for a detected conspirator Paolo put forth extraordinary powers, though it was too late to retreat.

"So you envy me?" he asked.

"Half, though it's almost foolish in me to envy what I might have had so easily. If I had known that girl would have come to manage what

she has just done, I'd almost have married her, though she is my cousin. She'd have been very useful to me in my business."

"She's done it very cleverly, I must own," remarked Paolo.

"That she has, and the best of it is, how well she consoles you after it all. It's not every girl could do that. But you don't bear spite against her in the least, as it seems to me; I should say you were going to ——" and here Franz looked mischievously at Paolo.

The Italian's face flushed.

"No: you need not blush," pursued the open speaker; "there's nothing to blush at in it. It's unpleasant for you, of course, to have your way stopped; but it's always better to have it done by a pretty girl than by an officer, especially when the pretty girl makes the best amends in her power. Don't it strike you so, comrade?"

"Precisely; you exactly express my meaning. Just tell me, will you—you don't mind now that I am in with you, eh?—we are a sort of comrades now, you know——"

"Yes, yes, we're comrades now, and if you would like employment in my department——"

"Thank you, no; I look for a very different pursuit. But I was going to ask you, how was it she managed?"

"Let's see; how long is it since I set her on to watch you? That day you were in the church; and she's reported about you every day, or every other day. Ah! if I had only known her powers last year, I should be at the head of my profession!"

Paolo relapsed into silence. So, instead of her having saved him, she it was who had betrayed him. He asked a few indifferent questions about the steps he ought to take to get a reward, whom he would see, and such like. But his thoughts were fixed on something very different.

The next morning Pietro came early to fetch away his companion. He looked round as he turned the corner, to see if he was followed, for he remembered the spy of yesterday. But the streets were still empty, and he opened the outer door, which was shut but not locked, and sprang hastily into the passage. The door slammed to behind him, and he found himself in the middle of a file of soldiers.

The prisoner was quickly secured, and the troop marched off with him across the Glacis. As they got away from the house he looked round, saw a corner of the blind lifted, and caught one glance from Paolo's eyes. And though they saw not a soul on their way, it was known that morning through all the Society in Vienna, that one of their members was betrayed.

* * * * * *

The church was full of Italians, both from respect for the dead and curiosity for the living. He for whom the *Requiem* was to be sung was rich in years and honour, and his countrymen flocked to pay the last tribute to his memory. But not for this alone were they there. The new bishop was to inaugurate his dignity by attending the funeral.

While the crowd collected and the musicians were beginning to tune their instruments, a buzz of whispering voices passed through the church. He was very young, they said, had risen surprisingly fast, considering he was an Italian. But he had never taken part against the Government—had been always quiet and peaceful. One or two envious voices hinted that he must have rendered services to their enemy, but the calumny was soon silenced. He was too good to have done anything against his country, even if he could not do anything for her. Why not take service with Austria, so long as there was no hope of freeing their Italy?

Meanwhile the musicians were taking their places, and the discordant sounds of tuning almost drowned the whispers. In the midst of this the bishop was at his place. He looks young still, they said, but he is worn and overworked—an anxious glance every now and then; he wants rest. No doubt he must have laboured to rise so young. How long that tuning lasts! Why don't they begin?

The bishop had been working hard that morning since an early hour. He felt a little weary, and as if he wanted rest. He gazed round the congregation, recognizing them all for his countrymen, and wondered if as many would come to the first sermon he was to preach. He, too, got worried by the long continuance of the tuning, and turned away at last from watching for the conductor to take his place. Thus he was not prepared for the beginning, and the lulling, gentle strain came upon him unexpectedly. He drew a long breath of relief, and felt quieted. "*Requiem æternam dona nobis, Domine*," they sang soothingly, "*et lux perpetua luceat nobis.*" The front rows, who watched the bishop curiously, saw a look of peaceful happiness steal over his face, as if his soul was far away. The lines of anxiety wore off, the wearied, glancing eyes were rested, as in a sufferer sinking into a mesmeric trance. Doubtless his soul was on the sunny plains of his native country, among those glorious lakes that wind like rivers through long mountain reaches, or in that fairy city that washes its feet in the shallow waves of the Adriatic.

But even before the chorus was ended the dream of all the Italian watchers was dispelled. There was a scuffle at the door; a man with wild looks and furious gestures burst in through the crowd, and began pushing his way up towards the chancel. All made way for him; that little sign commanded them all. But he stopped suddenly, and stared in the face of a woman who had edged herself resolutely through from another quarter. Did they recognize each other? It seemed they did not. They were both wasted and changed in looks; the masses of fair hair had half fallen away, and the light eyes had a fierce, almost a maniac, glare; and how much he was reduced by suffering! But only a moment's look, and they remembered each other. "Ah! you were *his* friend," the woman said. "You were *his* love!" the man replied. The ranks opened, and they both gained the first place by the coffin.

As the first note of the *Dies iræ* broke from the gallery, a flood of

memory came back to the bishop. He woke from his dream, and remembered everything. It was in this church those years ago, the same vision of his country, the same sudden awakening. It was then he had vowed the vow he had broken; it was then he had pledged himself to that cause he had abandoned, to those comrades he had betrayed. The whole scene passed before him: that deep voice that proclaimed *Dies iræ, dies illa*, and the whole chorus that shrieked out almost spasmodically, *Solvet sæclum—in favilla—Teste David cum Sibylla*. And as he started again and looked round he saw the fierce eyes of all his comrades bent on him, as they felt in that warning the judgment that should come on their tyrant. The dream was so vivid it might seem real. And it was no dream. There in the front he saw Pietro, escaped from his dungeon, his stern glance bent on the traitor. And behind him the scowling brows and flashing eyes of the Italians, all fixed on him, and all conscious of the treason. He knew them all now. The church was full of members of the Society.

Paolo surveyed them with the same calmness of despair, the same want of comprehension, with which the criminal brought to his sentence looks at the gallows. But his danger gradually dawned on him. Only so long as he stayed within the church was he safe from instant death, nor was even the sanctity of the church a sufficient protection. One word to any of his attendants, and he felt that he would be struck down before help could come. And as the trembling of the wicked brought to judgment, and the shrieks rang through the church, a cold sweat burst from his forehead, and he hid his face in his hands.

The clear notes of the trumpet sounded, and the Judge took his seat. *Quidquid latet apparebit—Nil inultum remanebit.*

The bishop struck his hand on his heart, and fell forward on his knees, his face buried in his vestments. No need to wait for his rising, to feel the point of your dagger beneath your dress. He will not rise till he hears that trumpet again, and is called up to the Last Judgment.

The Medical Evidence of Crime.

The trial of the woman Wilson, who was convicted of poisoning one person, and was strongly suspected of having poisoned several others, may well give rise to some serious reflections, especially when we consider the opinion of Professor Taylor, which was elicited in the course of the proceedings, that crimes like those of the prisoner are not unfrequent. I need hardly say that the evidence on which such an opinion may have been based must be very difficult to come at, and must necessarily be hidden from every one whose attention is not professionally directed to the investigation of medico-legal questions: were it otherwise, society would be convulsed with a panic fear of wholesale poisoning. As it is, the statement of Professor Taylor has excited much wonder, and some vague uneasiness; but, unaccompanied as it is by any specific proofs, it is too oracular to produce any strong conviction in the public mind. Doubtless a man of Dr. Taylor's high character and great scientific acquirements did not speak such words without some private reasons, which, to his own conscience, established their accuracy; but it may be considered, perhaps, that his communication was somewhat involuntary, and that he was rather thinking aloud than designedly sounding a general alarm of secret poisoning. Be this as it may, it appears to me that in place of occupying ourselves with agitating inquiries as to the possible frequency of so dreadful a crime, it would be more advantageous to apply our minds to the consideration of practical measures, which would render it as far as might be impossible that this great evil should exist.

An evil confessedly does exist. The last quarter of a century has not been distinguished, in this country, by any special regard for the sanctity of human life. We have had, particularly within the last ten years, a series of the most horrible murders, and besides these known crimes there is a moral certainty that under the single head of infanticide a vast number more altogether escape detection. Simultaneously there has been a great development of our knowledge of the action of poisons, and some of the recent trials have elicited the fact that the murderers were alarmingly familiar with some of the most recondite secrets of toxicology; while unfortunately the power of detecting poisoning has by no means reached perfection. Let me not be misunderstood; it is obvious that in the old days of physiological ignorance people may have been murdered by hundreds with arsenic or prussic acid, *and no suspicion awakened*, whereas *now* we know so many of the effects of poisoning, that we suspect poison fifty times for once that it was suspected in old days. Murder, however, is still unfortunately in fashion; and as long as this is the case,

poisoning will be a favourite variety of it, for many reasons, but chiefly because it seems so easy and so safe. Among all the sources of temptation, there is none so strong as the hope of impunity: and experience has shown that there is an appreciable chance of this. There is no concealing the fact that there is a great failure of justice as regards the punishment of this crime, not merely in the final result, but in every stage of the process which should lead to swift and signal retribution. In the first place, there is a slowness and unwillingness to act on the part of the persons by whom the crime is first suspected, and who are, ordinarily, the medical men. In the second place, the whole course of English trials for poisoning seems specially designed to favour the escape of the criminal from justice. And, in the third place, the public is ill-informed as to the amount and kind of evidence which ought to be required to establish the fact of poisoning.

I. The persons who first suspect the crime are slow to act. It is conventionally stated that the poisoner is the most detestable of all murderers, from the union of cowardice and premeditation which distinguishes his acts. In practice, however, it would seem that people hardly view this crime with all this horror, when it actually comes under their own observation. When a man is suspected of having committed some murder which has been marked by bloodshed or great violence, the person who so suspects him rarely conceals his belief of his guilt; but the evidence given on trials for poisoning has shown that serious suspicions of poisoning have been entertained against an individual, by more than one person, and for a long time together, without any particular action being taken in the matter. If we analyse the motives which cause this remissness, we shall perceive in the first place that mere natural timidity has much to do with it. "It would be an unfortunate thing," thinks the person who suspects the crime, "if any one were to discover this man's guilt, and at the same time to discover that I concealed my suspicions of it. But it is not like a *bloody* murder, which must be found out, and which shocks every one's feelings a great deal: in all probability I shall hear no more of it." So he keeps his secret, rejoiced to escape the bother and scandal of a public accusation, while the prisoner is greatly encouraged to further exploits in the same line. When the medical man happens to be the first person in whose mind suspicion is awakened, there is a further and very powerful motive for silence, in addition to the ordinary timidity of human nature. None know so well as the doctor all the difficulties which will attend the production of proofs which will satisfy a jury, or all the obloquy, and perhaps fatal damage to reputation, which will fall upon the medical man who prefers an unfounded charge of poisoning. To the public, from whom he must hope to draw his patients, there is no being more distasteful than an over-suspicious doctor, who must needs be prying into everything, and who is capable of bringing unnecessarily such awful distress upon a family as that which is involved in a charge of murder. And indeed,

unless he be singularly devoid of feeling, there is no one to whom the preferment of such a dreadful charge will cause so much distress as to the medical witness himself. I have seen more than one medical man of high and unblemished character, and lucrative practice, upon whom the effect of being placed in such a situation has been most melancholy to witness; and in whose haggard and anxious face one has hardly recognized the man whom one knew before. Let the reader try to imagine the feelings of a practitioner to whom is intrusted the cure of a patient whose symptoms strongly resemble those of slow arsenical poisoning. Suppose him to have satisfied himself, from the general train of symptoms, that arsenic is the cause of mischief, although, from fear of frightening the patient, or for some other good reason, he cannot obtain the crowning proof which would result from detecting the poison in the evacuations. Of course his first duty will be to search diligently for any accidental sources of the poisoning, such as are only too common in these days of arsenical colours. To carry out this inquiry thoroughly, without letting the patient or his friends know that the case is supposed to be one of poisoning will be very difficult: and yet this is highly desirable, for, supposing the poisoning to have a criminal origin, it is most essential not to give any alarm to the culprit, whoever he may be. At last, however, the medical man comes to the end of all possible sources of accidental poisoning which his experience can suggest, and it becomes necessary to look the question of criminality full in the face. It is at this point that the responsibility of the case begins to press heavily on the doctor. It would be easy to inform the sufferer of his suspicions, and to inquire whether he imagines that any of the persons surrounding him has any motive to wish for his death, but this course would involve the danger on the one hand of being turned indignantly out of the house, or, on the other, of causelessly planting a suspicion in the patient's mind, which may be unjust, but which, nevertheless, nothing may afterwards be able to eradicate, and by which the peace of mind of more than one person may be for ever destroyed: to say nothing of a possibly fatal shock to bodily health. And, of course, it is still more necessary to abstain from communication with any one who might, by the remotest possibility, be the criminal; that is to say, with any one who has any sort of access to the patient, which would give them the power of committing the crime. The medical man is thus placed in a fearful dilemma, such as might prove too much for the nerves of the coolest and most sagacious man. In his extremity of anxiety and distress, the doctor may well complain that society is most unjustly thrusting on him the duties of a police officer in addition to those of physician, and that the burden is greater than he can bear. Now, it is at this point that I would have the responsibility removed from the practitioner, and rested upon the broad shoulders of the State. Let the Chief Commissioner of Police be empowered, by Act of Parliament, to supply any medical man, who may apply to him in such a difficulty, with the assistance of two medico-legal experts, paid

servants of the Crown, and permanently appointed for this very purpose. These gentlemen would advise the doctor upon the facts which he would report to them, and especially as to the desirability, or otherwise, of calling in the detective police, a measure which involves a serious responsibility. They might also visit the case with him, if this were thought advisable, and might suggest, from their experience, many ways of obtaining evidence as to the source of poisoning without the interference of the police, perhaps with the effect of rendering such interference unnecessary.

The above suggestion is made with some diffidence, and perhaps does not indicate the best possible mode of accomplishing my object. But that something of the kind is needed to lighten the heavy burden of responsibility which often presses upon the medical man, I am quite sure; and if my words needed any further support from testimony, I would point to the recent trial for poisoning. It is far from my intention to speak harshly of the practitioner whose apparent negligence in presence of most suspicious facts connected with the death of two of Catherine Wilson's victims has provoked some strong expressions of censure. I would rather cite his case as giving force and point to the appeal which I would make on behalf of the rank and file of the profession, who are far too immersed in the details of ordinary practice to have time or skill to conduct a difficult medico-legal investigation, and who naturally dread an *esclandre*, of which the whole odium might fall, with crushing weight, upon themselves.

II. Still more serious are the obstacles to the course of justice which arise during the trial of a charge of poisoning in a criminal court. Under our English system, the value of the evidence given by medical experts is reduced to a minimum, from the mode in which such evidence is received. It would appear to be one of the most obvious of truths, that an expert, giving evidence for the information of the laity, ought to have every possible temptation to act as an *advocate* removed from him; but in our criminal courts the very reverse of this plan is followed. Counsel for the prosecution and counsel for the defence are allowed to call any person as a witness who knows, or even thinks he knows, anything about toxicology; and of course under these circumstances an immense quantity of totally irrelevant testimony is heaped upon the unfortunate jury. As for the latter, they have, of course, no means of knowing the comparative weight which ought to be attached to the statements and opinions of the different medical witnesses. For all they know, Dr. ——, who was plucked at the college and hall, and afterwards managed to slip through the mild ordeal necessary for procuring the M.D. diploma of a very complaisant university, is the equal or superior of plain Mr. ——, who may happen to be one of the first physiologists and toxicologists of the day. If in addition to the confusion of conflicting evidence given by men between whose pretensions he is utterly unable to decide, the juryman is to be subjected to the summing up of a judge who has himself dabbled in physiology, his

chances of arriving at a sound conclusion on reasonable grounds will be small indeed. It is possible that even under such circumstances the jury may arrive, by accident, at a right verdict; but they will do so with an uneasy conscience, and will be haunted, probably, long afterwards with a fear that their decision may not have been a just one. The public has fully recognized the extreme difficulty of the position in which a jury of laymen is placed in presence of conflicting scientific testimony. And some persons, in the irritation caused by such affairs as that of the Smethurst trial, have turned their wrath, not very wisely, upon the medical men whose testimony is so apt to be conflicting on these occasions. Some have even gone the length of proposing that medical witnesses shall be confined to the broad statement of fact; that they shall merely be required to say whether the poison was or was not found in the body, or in the evacuations, or in the residue of food or medicine taken by the sufferer, and to relate the symptoms without any comment or expression of opinion as to their significance. The absurdity of this proposition will, I hope, be more completely demonstrated at a later stage of my paper; at present it is sufficient to remark that it proceeds on the supposition that the conflict of evidence on trials represents a corresponding conflict of opinion among the highest toxicological authorities. Such a belief is only very partially correct. It would be a great mistake to suppose, from the evidence given on Palmer's trial, that there is any serious difficulty in distinguishing between the symptoms of strychnine poisoning and those of tetanus. The resemblances are only superficial, the differences profound and important, when viewed with the calm eye of a disinterested and dispassionate observer. But if you must need insist on medical men *taking a part*, if judge and jury and counsel all agree in expecting them to testify for or against the prisoner, how can it be wondered at, if upon every celebrated trial which attracts a great deal of attention from the public, there are nearly always serious conflicts of opinion among the medical witnesses? You drag an eminent physician or surgeon away from his private practice by the temptation of a heavy fee; you play upon his feelings, you coach him up in the line of attack or defence which he is expected to follow, you pique him with the notion that the eyes of all the world will be watching to see which gets the better of it, he or his rival who is to testify on the other side; and, finally, you skilfully appeal to him through some scientific crotchet which he is known honestly to entertain. And, after that, you wonder that there are conflicts of medical evidence! Do you not know perfectly well, my learned friend, that when once you have drawn an unfortunate witness into a strong statement of opinion, by irritating his *amour propre*, it is against all the feelings of human nature to expect him to eat his words again, although he may know the next minute that he had better never have spoken them?

In my belief there is but one way out of the ever-increasing perplexities which arise out of the reception of medical evidence. Such

evidence should be presented, in its first confused shape, not to a jury of laymen who are utterly unable to extract the truth from a mass of seeming contradictions, but to a selected and perfectly impartial commission, chosen from among the highest authorities in legal medicine, who should hear and weigh every possible medical argument which can be urged on either side, and should present a report to the court, which should be considered final as regards the purely scientific questions involved in the case. On the trial this report would be read in evidence, and afterwards handed to the jury: and no medical man should be allowed to give evidence except as a witness to ordinary matters of fact. The members of the commission should be at least three, including the chairman, and they should be chosen in rotation from the hospital teachers of forensic medicine; they would receive the report of the original medical attendant of the case, and of his skilled coadjutors, if such have been employed, and the evidence of any witnesses whom the prosecution or the defence might choose to call.

I do not hesitate to say that if such a plan as this were adopted many great scandals would be avoided. Such flimsy arguments and rash statements as some which were propounded upon Palmer's and Smethurst's trials would never have been made before a grave and learned commission, or, if such had been made, their incorrectness would have been at once demonstrated. It is not very pleasant for an English physician to hear the remarks of foreign toxicologists as to the extraordinary conflict of opinion upon such questions as were involved in Palmer's case; although in this instance there was fortunately no ultimate failure of justice. It is not the fact that we are behind-hand in this country in our knowledge of legal medicine—rather the contrary; but it is a fact that we manage our medico-legal trials in a most preposterous way. A good example of the different working of the two opposite systems may be found in a comparison between the medical evidence on Palmer's trial with that given on a celebrated trial in Germany some years ago. In the latter case, the suspected person was a medical man, or at least knew a good deal about medicine, and he was, therefore, able to suggest a theory that the deceased fell a victim to an attack of *cholera*, which, under other circumstances, would not have proved fatal, but which did so in his case because he was already weakened by having taken a long course of a particular medicine. The accused had been seen to mix up white arsenic in water very shortly before the deceased came to breakfast with him, at which meal he was taken ill; but no arsenic or other poison was found in the body. The matter was intrusted to an impartial commission of physicians, so far as regarded the medical evidence, and they at once put aside all the mystification of the defence by showing that the symptoms in their totality were not those of natural disease, and that the statement of the prisoner as to the weak health of the deceased previous to his fatal illness was altogether incorrect, and thus told heavily against its author, as showing a falsification of facts

on his part. The commission unanimously pronounced that the symptoms were, and could only be, those of irritant poisoning, and that they exactly agreed with those produced by arsenic. It may safely be said that had the medical evidence been taken in the same way in Palmer's case, a similar unanimity of opinion would have affirmed that Cook was poisoned with strychnia. And it may equally safely be said that if the German case had been tried in the English fashion, so much confusion might have been created by the advocacy of medical witnesses who would have testified to the possibility of the prisoner's story, that his guilt might have seemed very doubtful. Another good instance of the beneficial working of an impartial commission to decide authoritatively on the medical questions involved in a trial occurred not long since in Prussia. A man died with symptoms which pointed most unequivocally to phosphorus poisoning, and the non-medical evidence showed the fact that certain suspected parties had been procuring phosphorus in a most unusual and secret manner. No phosphorus, however, was found in the body, and the most was made of this in the prisoner's favour, so much that the able chemist who examined the body first was drawn into a confession that there was no distinct proof of the administration of phosphorus. The matter was referred to Casper, the celebrated medico-legist of Berlin, and he, in a luminous report, which contained the essence of every possible argument on the question, showed that it was *impossible* that any natural disease, or anything but phosphorus, could have caused the symptoms.

I must not be understood as recommending that our courts should copy the forms of criminal procedure of France or Germany; I merely desire that we should imitate them in the one method of *sifting* the medical evidence. In France, the practice is by no means uniform, but in every case the *juge d'instruction* appoints one or two experts, who are quite impartial, to collect scientific evidence on the spot where the crime was committed. It rests with the *juge d'instruction*, who is vested with discretionary powers to that effect, whether any other skilled evidence than this shall be received on the trial; nevertheless, any person who is able to communicate any important fact or opinion for the guidance of the court, may always secure a hearing, for in case of the *juge d'instruction* rejecting such evidence, there is a power of appeal to the *Cour de Cassation*. The practical result of the sifting of evidence, which takes place under the hands of the impartial experts who are appointed to investigate the matter in the first place, is, that there are comparatively few disputes, or at any rate serious conflicts of medical opinion: if any such take place, the matter is commonly referred to a still higher medical commission. In Prussia, at present, each district of the country has its *Physikus*, or official expert, who is expected to report on all medico-legal questions which arise within his jurisdiction. If any dispute occur, or if the *Physikus* be unable to give a confident opinion on the case, it is referred to the chief medico-legal authority of the country, a Government official

who resides in Berlin: at present the renowned Casper holds this responsible office.

It will thus be seen that the plan which I have proposed for the reception of medical evidence differs materially from the French and Prussian methods, from which, however, it borrows the peculiarity of presenting the scientific evidence to the lay judge and jury in a comparatively simple and authoritative form. There can surely be no objection to the purely medical questions being decided by medical men, since in fact that must be the case, even under our present imperfect and clumsy system. The jury, or the judge who sways their opinion by his summing up, take their notions of the scientific part of the question from some medical man, or men, in whom they may happen to believe, with what good reason must be a mere matter of chance. Surely, then, it would be better at once to secure the co-operation of the highest medical authorities, in the decision, which must be made somehow, and to remove the temptation to advocacy on the part of medical witnesses. No prosecutor, nor prisoner, could possibly have any pretext for supposing that a commission, consisting of at least three high medico-legal authorities, was not as impartial and proper a tribunal, for the decision of the medical questions, as the most intelligent dozen of small shop-keepers that could be brought together.

III. The public is ill-informed as to the amount and kind of evidence which ought to be required to establish the fact that death was caused by poison. The most common fallacy is, that there is no proof unless poison has been found in the body, or in the evacuations, or unless there were some evidence of actual administration. Erroneous as this notion is, and rudely as it has been shocked by the decisions in Palmer's case, and now in Catherine Wilson's, it is one which keeps its hold, with great tenacity, on the public mind, and it may be as well, therefore, briefly to state the arguments against it. In the first place, any poison, even those which, like the metallic irritants, are with the greatest difficulty dislodged, may altogether disappear from the body in consequence of vomiting and purging, or may be eliminated by means of the kidneys, if the poisoned person survive long enough. Secondly, there are a large number of substances which may cause death and yet be undetectable, with certainty, in the body. This is especially the case in many of the vegetable irritants, when administered in the form of decoction, or tincture, and with many of the powerful alkaloids which are now-a-days extracted from poisonous plants: and doubtless in future we may expect that this kind of poison will be employed for criminal purposes, rather than the metallic irritants, such as arsenic, antimony, &c., which leave such persistent chemical traces of their presence. In such cases it will be necessary to rely upon the medical opinion as to whether the cause of death were poison or natural disease, or else to let all the most clever poisoners go scot free. And, in order to illustrate forcibly the satisfactory proof of poisoning which may sometimes be obtained in cases where none

of the poison can be detected in the body, I may refer to a striking instance which occurred in Ireland some years ago. A man, whose wife was known to harbour ill-feelings towards him, was suddenly seized, while eating some greens which she had prepared for him, with symptoms of violent irritant poisoning, and died in three hours. It was noted that the rest of the family, who ate their portion of the greens from another dish, were not at all affected, while a neighbour who had taken a small quantity from the same plate with the deceased was attacked with symptoms of a precisely similar kind to his, though not so severe, and fortunately not proving fatal. No poison could be discovered in the body, or in the possession of the suspected person, nor were the post-mortem appearances such as to point at all positively to poison as the cause of death. Nevertheless, the medical witnesses, the principal of whom was Dr. Geoghegan, of Dublin, pronounced a positive opinion, that poisoning, and not natural disease, was the cause of death; and Dr. Geoghegan also expressed his belief that the particular substance which had been employed was some preparation of the plant aconite, or monkshood. The opinion that poisoning, and not natural disease, was the cause of death was doubtless rested on the fact that of all the diseases which can occasion death, under symptoms of violent irritation of the stomach and bowels, there is none which has ever been known to cause death in so short a time as three hours without leaving decisive post-mortem appearances, with the exception, perhaps, of Asiatic cholera, a disease which the general features of the case put quite out of the question. Furthermore, there were in this case certain nervous phenomena, viz. lock-jaw, and a peculiar sense of numbness and tingling in the tongue and through the flesh, which are never observed in choleraic affections; and one of these (the numbness and tingling) pointed distinctly to aconite as the cause of mischief, inasmuch as it is a symptom peculiar to poisoning with that plant. The prisoner was convicted and executed, and the medical opinion was most satisfactorily vindicated by a voluntary confession, in which she acknowledged that she had poisoned her husband by mixing the powdered root of monkshood with his food.

This case affords also an excellent demonstration of the fallacy of another popular theory—that a prisoner should never be convicted on opinions, but only on proved facts: a doctrine which some people are never tired of applying to the case of the reception of medical evidence on criminal trials. It must be remembered that the *opinions* of a first-rate toxicologist like Dr. Geoghegan in such a case as the above are in truth only the expressions of *facts*, although they may be facts of which but few persons are cognizant. Upon the basis of a great number of inductions, Dr. Geoghegan considered himself justified in grounding a general law that *nothing* but a poison, resembling aconite, could possibly produce the combination of the irritant symptoms with the lock-jaw; and with that very peculiar phenomenon—the numbness of the tongue and of the flesh. Let us compare this very satisfactory case, in which conviction was

secured by first-rate medical "opinion," with a case, which is possible enough, in which "facts" should decide the verdict. There is a certain disease of the stomach, well known to medical men, which may go on for months or years without producing serious inconvenience, and then suddenly develop symptoms which may prove fatal with frightful rapidity, perhaps even in a few hours. Suppose that a person suffering from this disease should happen to have been taking, medicinally, trisnitrate of bismuth, a medicine very commonly used, and which frequently contains traces of arsenic: the medical attendant all the time being unaware that the disease was anything more serious than a common dyspepsia. Suddenly the patient is seized with dreadful pains, perhaps with severe vomiting, and in a few hours dies. Post-mortem examination reveals a perforation of the stomach, and the presence of small quantities of arsenic in the viscera. Under such circumstances, would it not be likely to go hard with any unfortunate wretch who could be shown to have a possible interest in the death of the deceased (especially if by some chance arsenic were found in his possession), if these apparently striking "facts" were to be accepted as the guide to a verdict, uncorrected by a medical "opinion" upon them?

The stereotyped answer to arguments of this kind is, that medical opinions, even those of the highest authorities, often differ very widely. I have already anticipated the rejoinder which may properly be made to this objection; viz., that the reason of the present scandalous conflicts of medical evidence on trials is, that the witnesses are tempted, by every possible motive, to act as *advocates* instead of giving an impartial statement; and that if the expedient of a scientific commission, before which the whole question could be debated, freely and critically, were adopted, we should hear little or nothing of these scandals to legal medicine. It would be perfectly easy at any time to find three men, whose impartial verdict on the medical facts of a case would entirely satisfy the medical profession.

In thus pleading the claims of medical men to the final decision of purely medical questions upon criminal trials, I feel that I have a harder task to perform than that of merely working out a tolerably simple and intelligible argument. In truth, there is not a little prejudice to be overcome before the changes which I have suggested could be introduced. This prejudice is partly of respectable origin, inasmuch as it arises in some degree from a wholesome fear of mischievous intermeddling with the customs which have slowly grown up in this country, and which may seem at first sight essential to that liberty of the subject of which our laws are so careful. But a little reflection, I think, might convince any one that a body of impartial experts, selected from the highest ranks of an honourable and learned profession, would, probably, be at least as conscientiously careful of the lives and liberty of their fellow-subjects, and as jealous of any attempt to endanger them by yielding to rash and ill-grounded speculations, as any jury of laymen could possibly be. Nor is it proposed

to deprive the jury of the right of final decision as to the guilt or innocence of a prisoner, but merely to relieve them of the responsibility of deciding questions concerning matters of which they are necessarily ignorant.

There is another kind of prejudice, however, with which I feel that my propositions would be encountered, and which I think is entitled to very little respect. There is a certain morbid and overstrained philanthropy which is never tired of declaring that it is better for a hundred guilty men to escape than for one innocent person to be punished; and which, at heart, dislikes everything which tends to make the course of retributive justice more swift and certain, and more terrible to the criminal. With philanthropists of this type, I am aware that it is quite useless to argue at all, but it may, possibly, be of some use to appeal to the rest of the public, and to ask it whether it prefers to be dealt with on this question as Sir Joshua Jebb has dealt with it in the matter of tickets-of-leave.

To sum up the whole purpose of this paper, it claims that the doctor shall be relieved of the functions of a detective police officer, which he has made no contract with society to perform; while, at the same time, he shall be enabled, by timely assurance of the fact of poisoning, to save here and there an intended victim's life. It claims that the sober dignity of science should not be turned into a mockery by a system which forces the medical witness to take the position of an advocate, and then exposes him to the flippancy of another advocate who knows nothing about the scientific question, but who is thus artificially placed on terms of scientific equality with him. And, finally, it claims emphatically that (with all proper safeguards for impartiality, such as are herein indicated,) the maxim *cuique in suâ arte credendum* shall be applied to the medical profession in the matter of the purely medical questions arising on criminal trials.

"And have I not really loved you?"

The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Squire makes a Visit to the Small House.

MRS. DALE acknowledged to herself that she had not much ground for hoping that she should ever find in Crosbie's house much personal happiness for her future life. She did not dislike Mr. Crosbie, nor in any great degree mistrust him; but she had seen enough of him to make her certain that Lily's future home in London could not be a home for her. He was worldly, or, at least, a man of the world. He would be anxious to make the most of his income, and his life would be one long struggle, not perhaps for money, but for those things which money only can give. There are men to whom eight hundred a year is great wealth, and houses to which it brings all the comforts that life requires. But Crosbie was not such a man, nor would his house be such a house. Mrs. Dale hoped that Lily would be happy with him, and satisfied with his modes of life, and she strove to believe that such would be the case; but as regarded herself she was forced to confess that in such a marriage her child would be much divided from her. That pleasant abode to which she had long looked forward that she might have a welcome there in coming years should be among fields and trees, not in some narrow London street. Lily must now become a city lady; but Bell would still be left to her, and it might still be hoped that Bell would find for herself some country home.

Since the day on which Lily had first told her mother of her engagement, Mrs. Dale had found herself talking much more fully and more frequently with Bell than with her younger daughter. As long as Crosbie was at Allington this was natural enough. He and Lily were of course together, while Bell remained with her mother. But the same state of things continued even after Crosbie was gone. It was not that there was any coolness or want of affection between the mother and daughter, but that Lily's heart was full of her lover, and that Mrs. Dale, though she had given her cordial consent to the marriage, felt that she had but few points of sympathy with her future son-in-law. She had never said, even to herself, that she disliked him; nay, she had sometimes declared to herself that she was fond of him. But, in truth, he was not a man after her own heart. He was not one who could ever be to her as her own son and her own child.

But she and Bell would pass hours together talking of Lily's prospects. "It seems so strange to me," said Mrs. Dale, "that she of all girls should have been fancied by such a man as Mr. Crosbie, or that she should have liked him. I cannot imagine Lily living in London."

"If he is good and affectionate to her she will be happy wherever he is," said Bell.

"I hope so;—I'm sure I hope so. But it seems as though she will be so far separated from us. It is not the distance, but the manner of life which makes the separation. I hope you'll never be taken so far from me."

"I don't think I shall allow myself to be taken up to London," said Bell, laughing. "But one can never tell. If I do you must follow us, mamma."

"I do not want another Mr. Crosbie for you, dear."

"But perhaps I may want one for myself. You need not tremble quite yet, however. Apollos do not come this road every day."

"Poor Lily! Do you remember when she first called him Apollo? I do, well. I remember his coming here the day after Bernard brought him down, and how you were playing on the lawn, while I was in the other garden. I little thought then what it would come to."

"But, mamma, you don't regret it?"

"Not if it's to make her happy. If she can be happy with him, of course I shall not regret it; not though he were to take her to the world's end away from us. What else have I to look for but that she and you should both be happy?"

"Men in London are happy with their wives as well as men in the country."

"Oh, yes; of all women I should be the first to acknowledge that."

"And as to Adolphus himself, I do not know why we should distrust him."

"No, my dear; there is no reason. If I did distrust him, I should not have given so ready an assent to the marriage. But, nevertheless——"

"The truth is, you don't like him, mamma."

"Not so cordially as I hope I may like any man whom you may choose for your husband."

And Lily, though she said nothing on the subject to Mrs. Dale, felt that her mother was in some degree estranged from her. Crosbie's name was frequently mentioned between them, but in the tone of Mrs. Dale's voice, and in her manner when she spoke of him, there was lacking that enthusiasm and heartiness which real sympathy would have produced. Lily did not analyse her own feelings, or closely make inquiry as to those of her mother, but she perceived that it was not all as she would have wished it to have been. "I know mamma does not love him," she said to Bell on the evening of the day on which she received Crosbie's first letter.

"Not as you do, Lily; but she does love him."

"Not as I do! To say that is nonsense, Bell; of course she does not love him as I do. But the truth is she does not love him at all. Do you think I cannot see it?"

"I'm afraid that you see too much."

"She never says a word against him; but if she really liked him she would sometimes say a word in his favour. I do not think she would ever mention his name unless you or I spoke of him before her. If she did not approve of him, why did she not say so sooner?"

"That's hardly fair upon mamma," said Bell, with some earnestness. "She does not disapprove of him, and she never did. You know mamma well enough to be sure that she would not interfere with us in such a matter without very strong reason. As regards Mr. Crosbie, she gave her consent without a moment's hesitation."

"Yes, she did."

"How can you say, then, that she disapproves of him?"

"I didn't mean to find fault with mamma. Perhaps it will come all right."

"It will come all right." But Bell, though she made this very satisfactory promise, was as well aware as either of the others that the family would be divided when Crosbie should have married Lily and taken her off to London.

On the following morning Mrs. Dale and Bell were sitting together. Lily was above in her own room, either writing to her lover, or reading his letter, or thinking of him, or working for him. In some way she was employed on his behalf, and with this object she was alone. It was now the middle of October, and the fire was lit in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room. The window which opened upon the lawn was closed, the heavy curtains had been put back in their places, and it had been acknowledged as an unwelcome fact that the last of the summer was over. This was always a sorrow to Mrs. Dale; but it is one of those sorrows which hardly admit of open expression.

"Bell," she said, looking up suddenly; "there's your uncle at the window. Let him in." For now, since the putting up of the curtains,

the window had been bolted as well as closed. So Bell got up, and opened a passage for the squire's entrance. It was not often that he came down in this way, and when he did do so it was generally for some purpose which had been expressed before.

"What! fires already?" said he. "I never have fires at the other house in the morning till the first of November. I like to see a spark in the grate after dinner."

"I like a fire when I'm cold," said Mrs. Dale. But this was a subject on which the squire and his sister-in-law had differed before, and as Mr. Dale had some business in hand, he did not now choose to waste his energy in supporting his own views on the question of fires.

"Bell, my dear," said he, "I want to speak to your mother for a minute or two on a matter of business. You wouldn't mind leaving us for a little while, would you?" Whereupon Bell collected up her work and went upstairs to her sister. "Uncle Christopher is below with mamma," said she, "talking about business. I suppose it is something to do with your marriage." But Bell was wrong. The squire's visit had no reference to Lily's marriage.

Mrs. Dale did not move or speak a word when Bell was gone, though it was evident that the squire paused in order that she might ask some question of him. "Mary," said he, at last, "I'll tell you what it is that I have come to say to you." Whereupon she put the piece of needlework which was in her hands down upon the work-basket before her, and settled herself to listen to him.

"I wish to speak to you about Bell."

"About Bell?" said Mrs. Dale, as though much surprised that he should have anything to say to her respecting her eldest daughter.

"Yes, about Bell. Here's Lily going to be married, and it will be well that Bell should be married too."

"I don't see that at all," said Mrs. Dale. "I am by no means in a hurry to be rid of her."

"No, I dare say not. But, of course, you only regard her welfare, and I can truly say that I do the same. There would be no necessity for hurry as to a marriage for her under ordinary circumstances, but there may be circumstances to make such a thing desirable, and I think that there are." It was evident from the squire's tone and manner that he was very much in earnest; but it was also evident that he found some difficulty in opening out the budget with which he had prepared himself. He hesitated a little in his voice, and seemed to be almost nervous. Mrs. Dale, with some little spice of ill-nature, altogether abstained from assisting him. She was jealous of interference from him about her girls, and though she was of course bound to listen to him, she did so with a prejudice against and almost with a resolve to oppose anything that he might say. When he had finished his little speech about circumstances, the squire paused again; but Mrs. Dale still sat silent, with her eyes fixed upon his face.

"I love your children very dearly," said he, "though I believe you hardly give me credit for doing so."

"I am sure you do," said Mrs. Dale, "and they are both well aware of it."

"And I am very anxious that they should be comfortably established in life. I have no children of my own, and those of my two brothers are everything to me."

Mrs. Dale had always considered it as a matter of course that Bernard should be the squire's heir, and had never felt that her daughters had any claim on that score. It was a well understood thing in the family that the senior male Dale should have all the Dale property and all the Dale money. She fully recognized even the propriety of such an arrangement. But it seemed to her that the squire was almost guilty of hypocrisy in naming his nephew and his two nieces together, as though they were the joint heirs of his love. Bernard was his adopted son, and no one had begrudged to the uncle the right of making such adoption. Bernard was everything to him, and as being his heir was bound to obey him in many things. But her daughters were no more to him than any nieces might be to any uncle. He had nothing to do with their disposal in marriage; and the mother's spirit was already up in arms and prepared to do battle for her own independence, and for that of her children. "If Bernard would marry well," said she, "I have no doubt it would be a comfort to you,"—meaning to imply thereby that the squire had no right to trouble himself about any other marriage.

"That's just it," said the squire. "It would be a great comfort to me. And if he and Bell could make up their minds together, it would, I should think, be a great comfort to you also."

"Bernard and Bell!" exclaimed Mrs. Dale. No idea of such a union had ever yet come upon her, and now in her surprise she sat silent. She had always liked Bernard Dale, having felt for him more family affection than for any other of the Dale family beyond her own hearth. He had been very intimate in her house, having made himself almost as a brother to her girls. But she had never thought of him as a husband for either of them.

"Then Bell has not spoken to you about it?" said the squire.

"Never a word."

"And you had never thought about it?"

"Certainly not."

"I have thought about it a great deal. For some years I have always been thinking of it. I have set my heart upon it, and shall be very unhappy if it cannot be brought about. They are both very dear to me,—dearer than anybody else. If I could see them man and wife, I should not much care then how soon I left the old place to them."

There was a purer touch of feeling in this than the squire had ever before shown in his sister-in-law's presence, and more heartiness than she

had given him the credit of possessing. And she could not but acknowledge to herself that her own child was included in this unexpected warmth of love, and that she was bound at any rate to entertain some gratitude for such kindness.

"It is good of you to think of her," said the mother; "very good."

"I think a great deal about her," said the squire. "But that does not much matter now. The fact is, that she has declined Bernard's offer."

"Has Bernard offered to her?"

"So he tells me; and she has refused him. It may perhaps be natural that she should do so, never having taught herself to look at him in the light of a lover. I don't blame her at all. I am not angry with her."

"Angry with her! No. You can hardly be angry with her for not being in love with her cousin."

"I say that I am not angry with her. But I think she might undertake to consider the question. You would like such a match, would you not?"

Mrs. Dale did not at first make any answer, but began to revolve the thing in her mind, and to look at it in various points of view. There was a great deal in such an arrangement which at the first sight recommended it to her very strongly. All the local circumstances were in its favour. As regarded herself it would promise to her all that she had ever desired. It would give her a prospect of seeing very much of Lily; for if Bell were settled at the old family house, Crosbie would naturally be much with his friend. She liked Bernard also; and for a moment or two fancied, as she turned it all over in her mind, that even yet, if such a marriage were to take place, there might grow up something like true regard between her and the old squire. How happy would be her old age in that small house, if Bell with her children were living so close to her!

"Well?" said the squire, who was looking very intently into her face.

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Dale. "Do you say that she has already refused him?"

"I am afraid she has; but then you know ——"

"It must of course be left for her to judge."

"If you mean that she cannot be made to marry her cousin, of course we all know she can't."

"I mean rather more than that."

"What do you mean, then?"

"That the matter must be left altogether to her own decision; that no persuasion must be used by you or me. If he can persuade her, indeed ——"

"Yes, exactly. He must persuade her. I quite agree with you that he should have liberty to plead his own cause. But look you here, Mary;— she has always been a very good child to you——"

"Indeed she has."

"And a word from you would go a long way with her,—as it ought. If she knows that you would like her to marry her cousin, it will make her think it her duty——"

"Ah! but that is just what I cannot try to make her think."

"Will you let me speak, Mary? You take me up and scold me before the words are half out of my mouth. Of course I know that in these days a young lady is not to be compelled into marrying anybody; —not but that, as far as I can see, they did better than they do now when they had not quite so much of their own way."

"I never would take upon myself to ask a child to marry any man."

"But you may explain to her that it is her duty to give such a proposal much thought before it is absolutely refused. A girl either is in love or she is not. If she is, she is ready to jump down a man's throat; and that was the case with Lily."

"She never thought of the man till he had proposed to her fully."

"Well, never mind now. But if a girl is not in love, she thinks she is bound to swear and declare that she never will be so."

"I don't think Bell ever declared anything of the kind."

"Yes, she did. She told Bernard that she didn't love him and couldn't love him,—and, in fact, that she wouldn't think anything more about it. Now, Mary, that's what I call being headstrong and positive. I don't want to drive her, and I don't want you to drive her. But here is an arrangement which for her will be a very good one; you must admit that. We all know that she is on excellent terms with Bernard. It isn't as though they had been falling out and hating each other all their lives. She told him that she was very fond of him, and talked nonsense about being his sister, and all that."

"I don't see that it was nonsense at all."

"Yes, it was nonsense,—on such an occasion. If a man asks a girl to marry him, he doesn't want her to talk to him about being his sister. I think it is nonsense. If she would only consider about it properly she would soon learn to love him."

"That lesson, if it be learned at all, must be learned without any tutor."

"You won't do anything to help me then?"

"I will, at any rate, do nothing to mar you. And, to tell the truth, I must think over the matter fully before I can decide what I had better say to Bell about it. From her not speaking to me——"

"I think she ought to have told you."

"No, Mr. Dale. Had she accepted him, of course she would have told me. Had she thought of doing so she might probably have consulted me. But if she made up her mind that she must reject him——"

"She oughtn't to have made up her mind."

"But if she did, it seems natural to me that she should speak of it to

no one. She might probably think that Bernard would be as well pleased that it should not be known."

"Psha,—known!—of course it will be known. As you want time to consider of it, I will say nothing more now. If she were my daughter, I should have no hesitation in telling her what I thought best for her welfare."

"I have none; though I may have some in making up my mind as to what is best for her welfare. But, Mr. Dale, you may be sure of this; I will speak to her very earnestly of your kindness and love for her. And I wish you would believe that I feel your regard for her very strongly."

In answer to this he merely shook his head, and hummed and hawed. "You would be glad to see them married, as regards yourself?" he asked.

"Certainly I would," said Mrs. Dale. "I have always liked Bernard, and I believe my girl would be safe with him. But then, you see, it's a question on which my own likings or dislikings should not have any bearing."

And so they parted, the squire making his way back again through the drawing-room window. He was not above half-pleased with his interview; but then he was a man for whom half-pleasure almost sufficed. He rarely indulged any expectation that people would make themselves agreeable to him. Mrs. Dale, since she had come to the Small House, had never been a source of satisfaction to him, but he did not on that account regret that he had brought her there. He was a constant man; urgent in carrying out his own plans, but not sanguine in doing so, and by no means apt to expect that all things would go smooth with him. He had made up his mind that his nephew and his niece should be married, and, should he ultimately fail in this, such failure would probably embitter his future life;—but it was not in the nature of the man to be angry in the meantime, or to fume and scold because he met with opposition. He had told Mrs. Dale that he loved Bell dearly. So he did, though he seldom spoke to her with much show of special regard, and never was soft and tender with her. But, on the other hand, he did not now love her the less because she opposed his wishes. He was a constant, undemonstrative man, given rather to brooding than to thinking; harder in his words than in his thoughts, with more of heart than others believed, or that he himself knew; but, above all, he was a man who having once desired a thing would desire it always.

Mrs. Dale, when she was left alone, began to turn over the question in her mind in a much fuller manner than the squire's presence had as yet made possible for her. Would not such a marriage as this be for them all the happiest domestic arrangement which circumstances could afford? Her daughter would have no fortune, but here would be prepared for her all the comforts which fortune can give. She would be received into her uncle's house, not as some penniless, portionless bride whom

Bernard might have married and brought home, but as the wife whom of all others Bernard's friends had thought desirable for him. And then, as regarded Mrs. Dale herself, there would be nothing in such a marriage which would not be delightful to her. It would give a realization to all her dreams of future happiness.

But, as she said to herself over and over again, all that must go for nothing. It must be for Bell, and for her only, to answer Bernard's question. In her mind there was something sacred in that idea of love. She would regard her daughter almost as a castaway if she were to marry any man without absolutely loving him,—loving him as Lily loved her lover, with all her heart and all her strength.

With such a conviction as this strong upon her, she felt that she could not say much to Bell that would be of any service.

CHAPTER XX.

Dr. Crofts.

If there was anything in the world as to which Isabella Dale was quite certain, it was this—that she was not in love with Dr. Crofts. As to being in love with her cousin Bernard, she had never had occasion to ask herself any question on that head. She liked him very well, but she had never thought of marrying him; and now, when he made his proposal, she could not bring herself to think of it. But as regards Dr. Crofts, she had thought of it, and had made up her mind;—in the manner above described.

It may be said that she could not have been justified in discussing the matter even within her own bosom, unless authorized to do so by Dr. Crofts himself. Let it then be considered that Dr. Crofts had given her some such authority. This may be done in more ways than one; and Miss Dale could not have found herself asking herself questions about him, unless there had been fitting occasion for her to do so.

The profession of a medical man in a small provincial town is not often one which gives to its owner in early life a large income. Perhaps in no career has a man to work harder for what he earns, or to do more work without earning anything. It has sometimes seemed to me as though the young doctors and the old doctors had agreed to divide between them the different results of their profession,—the young doctors doing all the work and the old doctors taking all the money. If this be so it may account for that appearance of premature gravity which is borne by so many of the medical profession. Under such an arrangement a man may be excused for a desire to put away childish things very early in life.

Dr. Crofts had now been practising in Guestwick nearly seven years, having settled himself in that town when he was twenty-three years old,

and being at this period about thirty. During those seven years his skill and industry had been so fully admitted that he had succeeded in obtaining the medical care of all the paupers in the union, for which work he was paid at the rate of one hundred pounds a year. He was also assistant-surgeon at a small hospital which was maintained in that town, and held two or three other similar public positions, all of which attested his respectability and general proficiency. They, moreover, thoroughly saved him from any of the dangers of idleness; but, unfortunately, they did not enable him to regard himself as a successful professional man. Whereas old Dr. Gruffen, of whom but few people spoke well, had made a fortune in Guestwick, and even still drew from the ailments of the town a considerable and hardly yet decreasing income. Now this was hard upon Dr. Crofts—unless there was existing some such well-understood arrangement as that above named.

He had been known to the family of the Dales long previous to his settlement at Guestwick, and had been very intimate with them from that time to the present day. Of all the men, young or old, whom Mrs. Dale counted among her intimate friends, he was the one whom she most trusted and admired. And he was a man to be trusted by those who knew him well. He was not bright and always ready, as was Crosbie, nor had he all the practical worldly good sense of Bernard Dale. In mental power I doubt whether he was superior to John Eames;—to John Eames, such as he might become when the period of his hobbledehoyhood should have altogether passed away. But Crofts, compared with the other three, as they all were at present, was a man more to be trusted than any of them. And there was, moreover, about him an occasional dash of humour, without which Mrs. Dale would hardly have regarded him with that thorough liking which she had for him. But it was a quiet humour, apt to show itself when he had but one friend with him, rather than in general society. Crosbie, on the other hand, would be much more bright among a dozen, than he could with a single companion. Bernard Dale was never bright; and as for Johnny Eames——; but in this matter of brightness, Johnny Eames had not yet shown to the world what his character might be.

It was now two years since Crofts had been called upon for medical advice on behalf of his friend Mrs. Dale. She had then been ill for a long period—some two or three months, and Dr. Crofts had been frequent in his visits at Allington. At that time he became very intimate with Mrs. Dale's daughters, and especially so with the eldest. Young unmarried doctors ought perhaps to be excluded from houses in which there are young ladies. I know, at any rate, that many sage matrons hold very strongly to that opinion, thinking, no doubt, that doctors ought to get themselves married before they venture to begin working for a living. Mrs. Dale, perhaps, regarded her own girls as still merely children, for Bell, the elder, was then hardly eighteen; or perhaps she held imprudent and heterodox opinions on this subject; or it may be that she selfishly

preferred Dr. Crofts, with all the danger to her children, to Dr. Gruffen, with all the danger to herself. But the result was that the young doctor one day informed himself, as he was riding back to Guestwick, that much of his happiness in this world would depend on his being able to marry Mrs. Dale's eldest daughter. At that time his total income amounted to little more than two hundred a year, and he had resolved within his own mind that Dr. Gruffen was esteemed as much the better doctor by the general public opinion of Guestwick, and that Dr. Gruffen's sandy-haired assistant would even have a better chance of success in the town than himself, should it ever come to pass that the doctor was esteemed too old for personal practice. Crofts had no fortune of his own, and he was aware that Miss Dale had none. Then, under those circumstances, what was he to do?

It is not necessary that we should inquire at any great length into those love passages of the doctor's life which took place three years before the commencement of this narrative. He made no declaration to Bell; but Bell, young as she was, understood well that he would fain have done so, had not his courage failed him, or rather had not his prudence prevented him. To Mrs. Dale he did speak, not openly avowing his love even to her, but hinting at it, and then talking to her of his unsatisfied hopes and professional disappointments. "It is not that I complain of being poor as I am," said he; "or at any rate, not so poor that my poverty must be any source of discomfort to me; but I could hardly marry with such an income as I have at present."

"But it will increase, will it not?" said Mrs. Dale.

"It may some day, when I am becoming an old man," he said. "But of what use will it be to me then?"

Mrs. Dale could not tell him that, as far as her voice in the matter went, he was welcome to woo her daughter and marry her, poor as he was, and doubly poor as they would both be together on such a pittance. He had not even mentioned Bell's name, and had he done so she could only have bade him wait and hope. After that he said nothing further to her upon the subject. To Bell he spoke no word of overt love; but on an autumn day, when Mrs. Dale was already convalescent, and the repetition of his professional visits had become unnecessary, he got her to walk with him through the half-hidden shrubbery paths, and then told her things which he should never have told her, if he really wished to bind her heart to his. He repeated that story of his income, and explained to her that his poverty was only grievous to him in that it prevented him from thinking of marriage. "I suppose it must," said Bell. "I should think it wrong to ask any lady to share such an income as mine," said he. Whereupon Bell had suggested to him that some ladies had incomes of their own, and that he might in that way get over the difficulty. "I should be afraid of myself in marrying a girl with money," said he; "besides, that is altogether out of the question now." Of course Bell did not ask him why it was out of the question, and for

a time they went on walking in silence. "It is a hard thing to do," he then said,—not looking at her, but looking at the gravel on which he stood. "It is a hard thing to do, but I will determine to think of it no further. I believe a man may be as happy single as he may married, —almost." "Perhaps more so," said Bell. Then the doctor left her, and Bell, as I have said before, made up her mind with great firmness that she was not in love with him. I may certainly say that there was nothing in the world as to which she was so certain as she was of this.

And now, in these days, Dr. Crofts did not come over to Allington very often. Had any of the family in the Small House been ill, he would have been there of course. The squire himself employed the apothecary in the village, or if higher aid was needed, would send for Dr. Gruffen. On the occasion of Mrs. Dale's party Crofts was there, having been specially invited; but Mrs. Dale's special invitations to her friends were very few, and the doctor was well aware that he must himself make occasion for going there if he desired to see the inmates of the house. But he very rarely made such occasion, perhaps feeling that he was more in his element at the workhouse and the hospital.

Just at this time, however, he made one very great and unexpected step towards success in his profession. He was greatly surprised one morning by being summoned to the Manor House to attend upon Lord De Guest. The family at the Manor had employed Dr. Gruffen for the last thirty years, and Crofts, when he received the earl's message, could hardly believe the words. "The earl ain't very bad," said the servant, "but he would be glad to see you if possible a little before dinner."

"You're sure he wants to see me?" said Crofts.

"Oh, yes; I'm sure enough of that, sir."

"It wasn't Dr. Gruffen?"

"No, sir; it wasn't Dr. Gruffen. I believe his lordship's had about enough of Dr. Gruffen. The doctor took to chaffing his lordship one day."

"Chaffed his lordship;—his hands and feet, and that sort of thing?" suggested the doctor.

"Hands and feet!" said the man. "Lord bless you, sir, he poked his fun at him, just as though he was nobody. I didn't hear, but Mrs. Connor says that my lord's back was up terribly high." And so Dr. Crofts got on his horse and rode up to Guestwick Manor.

The earl was alone, Lady Julia having already gone to Courcy Castle. "How d'ye do, how d'ye do!" said the earl. "I'm not very ill, but I want to get a little advice from you. It's quite a trifle, but I thought it well to see somebody." Whereupon Dr. Crofts of course declared that he was happy to wait upon his lordship.

"I know all about you, you know," said the earl. "Your grandmother Stoddard was a very old friend of my aunt's. You don't remember Lady Jemima?"

"No," said Crofts. "I never had that honour."

"An excellent old woman, and knew your grandmother Stoddard well. You see, Gruffen has been attending us for I don't know how many years; but upon my word ——" and then the earl stopped himself.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," said Crofts, with a slight laugh.

"Perhaps it'll blow me some good, for Gruffen never did me any. The fact is this; I'm very well, you know;—as strong as a horse."

"You look pretty well."

"No man could be better,—not of my age. I'm sixty, you know."

"You don't look as though you were ailing."

"I'm always out in the open air, and that, I take it, is the best thing for a man."

"There's nothing like plenty of exercise, certainly."

"And I'm always taking exercise," said the earl. "There isn't a man about the place works much harder than I do. And, let me tell you, sir, when you undertake to keep six or seven hundred acres of land in your own hand, you must look after it, unless you mean to lose money by it."

"I've always heard that your lordship is a good farmer."

"Well, yes; wherever the grass may grow about my place, it doesn't grow under my feet. You won't often find me in bed at six o'clock, I can tell you."

After this Dr. Crofts ventured to ask his lordship as to what special physical deficiency his own aid was invoked at the present time.

"Ah, I was just coming to that," said the earl. "They tell me it's a very dangerous practice to go to sleep after dinner."

"It's not very uncommon at any rate," said the doctor.

"I suppose not; but Lady Julia is always at me about it. And, to tell the truth, I think I sleep almost too sound when I get to my arm-chair in the drawing-room. Sometimes my sister really can't wake me;—so, at least, she says."

"And how's your appetite at dinner?"

"Oh, I'm quite right there. I never eat any luncheon, you know, and enjoy my dinner thoroughly. Then I drink three or four glasses of port wine——"

"And feel sleepy afterwards?"

"That's just it," said the earl.

It is not perhaps necessary that we should inquire what was the exact nature of the doctor's advice; but it was, at any rate, given in such a way that the earl said he would be glad to see him again.

"And look here, Doctor Crofts, I'm all alone just at present. Suppose you come over and dine with me to-morrow; then, if I should go to sleep, you know, you'll be able to let me know whether Lady Julia doesn't exaggerate. Just between ourselves, I don't quite believe all she says about my—my snoring, you know."

Whether it was that the earl restrained his appetite when at dinner under the doctor's eyes, or whether the mid-day mutton chop which had been ordered for him had the desired effect, or whether the doctor's conversation was more lively than that of the Lady Julia, we will not say; but the earl, on the evening in question, was triumphant. As he sat in his easy-chair after dinner he hardly winked above once or twice; and when he had taken the large bowl of tea, which he usually swallowed in a semi-somnolent condition, he was quite lively.

"Ah, yes," he said, jumping up and rubbing his eyes; "I think I do feel lighter. I enjoy a snooze after dinner; I do indeed; I like it; but then, when one comes to go to bed, one does it in such a sneaking sort of way, as though one were in disgrace! And my sister, she thinks it a crime—literally a sin, to go to sleep in a chair. Nobody ever caught her napping! By-the-by, Dr. Crofts, did you know that Mr. Crosbie whom Bernard Dale brought down to Allington? Lady Julia and he are staying at the same house now."

"I met him once at Mrs. Dale's."

"Going to marry one of the girls, isn't he?"

Whereupon Dr. Crofts explained that Mr. Crosbie was engaged to Lilian Dale.

"Ah, yes; a nice girl, I'm told. You know all those Dales are connexions of ours. My sister Fanny married their uncle Orlando. My brother-in-law doesn't like travelling, and so I don't see very much of him; but of course I'm interested about the family."

"They're very old friends of mine," said Crofts.

"Yes, I daresay. There are two girls, are there not?"

"Yes, two."

"And Miss Lily is the youngest. There's nothing about the elder one getting married, is there?"

"I've not heard anything of it."

"A very pretty girl she is, too. I remember seeing her at her uncle's last year. I shouldn't wonder if she were to marry her cousin Bernard. He is to have the property, you know; and he's my nephew."

"I'm not quite sure that it's a good thing for cousins to marry," said Crofts.

"They do, you know, very often; and it suits some family arrangements. I suppose Dale must provide for them, and that would take one off his hands without any trouble."

Dr. Crofts didn't exactly see the matter in this light, but he was not anxious to argue it very closely with the earl. "The younger one," he said, "has provided for herself."

"What; by getting a husband? But I suppose Dale must give her something. They're not married yet, you know, and, from what I hear, that fellow may prove a slippery customer. He'll not marry her unless old Dale gives her something. You'll see if he does. I'm told that he has got another string to his bow at Courcy Castle."

Soon after this, Crofts took his horse and rode home, having promised the earl that he would dine with him again before long.

"It'll be a great convenience to me if you'd come about that time," said the earl, "and as you're a bachelor perhaps you won't mind it. You'll come on Thursday at seven, will you? Take care of yourself. It's as dark as pitch. John, go and open the first gates for Dr. Crofts." And then the earl took himself off to bed.

Crofts, as he rode home, could not keep his mind from thinking of the two girls at Allington. "He'll not marry her unless old Dale gives her something." Had it come to that with the world, that a man must be bribed into keeping his engagement with a lady? Was there no romance left among mankind,—no feeling of chivalry? "He's got another string to his bow at Courcy Castle," said the earl; and his lordship seemed to be in no degree shocked as he said it. It was in this tone that men spoke of women now-a-days, and yet he himself had felt such awe of the girl he loved, and such a fear lest he might injure her in her worldly position, that he had not dared to tell her that he loved her.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOHN EAMES ENCOUNTERS TWO ADVENTURES AND DISPLAYS GREAT COURAGE IN BOTH.

LILY thought that her lover's letter was all that it should be. She was not quite aware what might be the course of post between Courcy and Allington, and had not, therefore, felt very grievously disappointed when the letter did not come on the very first day. She had, however, in the course of the morning walked down to the post-office, in order that she might be sure that it was not remaining there.

"Why, miss, they be all delivered; you know that," said Mrs. Crump, the post-mistress.

"But one might be left behind, I thought."

"John Postman went up to the house this very day, with a newspaper for your mamma. I can't make letters for people if folks don't write them."

"But they are left behind sometimes, Mrs. Crump. He wouldn't come up with one letter if he'd got nothing else for anybody in the street."

"Indeed but he would then. I wouldn't let him leave a letter here no how, nor yet a paper. It's no good you're coming down here for letters, Miss Lily. If he don't write to you, I can't make him do it." And so poor Lily went home discomforted.

But the letter came on the next morning, and all was right. According to her judgment it lacked nothing, either in fulness or in affection. When

he told her how he had planned his early departure in order that he might avoid the pain of parting with her on the last moment, she smiled and pressed the paper, and rejoiced inwardly that she had got the better of him as to that manœuvre. And then she kissed the words which told her that he had been glad to have her with him at the last moment. When he declared that he had been happier at Allington than he was at Courcy, she believed him thoroughly, and rejoiced that it should be so. And when he accused himself of being worldly, she excused him, persuading herself that he was nearly perfect in this respect as in others. Of course a man living in London, and having to earn his bread out in the world, must be more worldly than a country girl; but the fact of his being able to love such a girl, to choose such a one for his wife,—was not that alone sufficient proof that the world had not enslaved him? "My heart is on the Allington lawns," he said; and then, as she read the words, she kissed the paper again.

In her eyes, and to her ears, and to her heart, the letter was a beautiful letter. I believe there is no bliss greater than that which a thorough love-letter gives to a girl who knows that in receiving it she commits no fault,—who can open it before her father and mother with nothing more than the slight blush which the consciousness of her position gives her. And of all love-letters the first must be the sweetest! What a value there is in every word! How each expression is scanned and turned to the best account! With what importance are all those little phrases invested, which too soon become mere phrases, used as a matter of course. Crosbie had finished his letter by bidding God bless her; "and you too," said Lily, pressing the letter to her bosom.

"Does he say anything particular?" asked Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, mamma; it's all very particular."

"But there's nothing for the public ear."

"He sends his love to you and Bell."

"We are very much obliged to him."

"So you ought to be. And he says that he went to church going through Barchester, and that the clergyman was the grandfather of that Lady Dumbello. When he got to Courcy Castle Lady Dumbello was there."

"What a singular coincidence!" said Mrs. Dale.

"I won't tell you a word more about his letter," said Lily. So she folded it up, and put it in her pocket. But as soon as she found herself alone in her own room, she had it out again, and read it over some half-a-dozen times.

That was the occupation of her morning;—that, and the manufacture of some very intricate piece of work which was intended for the adornment of Mr. Crosbie's person. Her hands, however, were very full of work;—or, rather, she intended that they should be full. She would take with her to her new home, when she was married, all manner of household gear, the produce of her own industry and economy. She had

declared that she wanted to do something for her future husband, and she would begin that something at once. And in this matter she did not belie her promises to herself, or allow her good intentions to evaporate unaccomplished. She soon surrounded herself with harder tasks than those embroidered slippers with which she indulged herself immediately after his departure. And Mrs. Dale and Bell,—though in their gentle way they laughed at her,—nevertheless they worked with her, sitting sternly to their long tasks, in order that Crosbie's house might not be empty when their darling should go to take her place there as his wife.

But it was absolutely necessary that the letter should be answered. It would in her eyes have been a great sin to have let that day's post go without carrying a letter from her to Courcy Castle,—a sin of which she felt no temptation to be guilty. It was an exquisite pleasure to her to seat herself at her little table, with her neat desk and small appurtenances for epistle-craft, and to feel that she had a letter to write in which she had truly much to say. Hitherto her correspondence had been uninteresting and almost weak in its nature. From her mother and sister she had hardly yet been parted; and though she had other friends, she had seldom found herself with very much to tell them by post. What could she communicate to Mary Eames at Guestwick, which should be in itself exciting as she wrote it. When she wrote to John Eames, and told "Dear John" that mamma hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him to tea at such an hour, the work of writing was of little moment to her, though the note when written became one of the choicest treasures of him to whom it was addressed.

But now the matter was very different. When she saw the words "Dearest Adolphus" on the paper before her, she was startled with their significance. "And four months ago I had never even heard of him," she said to herself, almost with awe. And now he was more to her, and nearer to her, than even was her sister or her mother! She recollected how she had laughed at him behind his back, and called him a swell on the first day of his coming to the Small House, and how, also, she had striven, in her innocent way, to look her best when called upon to go out and walk with the stranger from London. He was no longer a stranger now, but her own dearest friend.

She had put down her pen that she might think of all this—by no means for the first time—and then resumed it with a sudden start as though fearing that the postman might be in the village before her letter was finished. "Dearest Adolphus,—I need not tell you how delighted I was when your letter was brought to me this morning." But I will not repeat the whole of her letter here. She had no incident to relate, none even so interesting as that of Mr. Crosbie's encounter with Mr. Harding at Barchester. She had met no Lady Dumbello, and had no counterpart to Lady Alexandrina, of whom, as a friend, she could say a word in praise. John Eames's name she did not mention, knowing that

John Eames was not a favourite with Mr. Crosbie; nor had she anything to say of John Eames, that had not been already said. He had, indeed, promised to come over to Allington; but this visit had not been made when Lily wrote her first letter to Crosbie. It was a sweet, good, honest love-letter, full of assurances of unalterable affection and unlimited confidence, indulging in a little quiet fun as to the grandees of Courcy Castle, and ending with a promise that she would be happy and contented if she might receive his letters constantly, and live with the hope of seeing him at Christmas.

"I am in time, Mrs. Crump, am I not?" she said, as she walked into the post-office."

"Of course you be,—for the next half-hour. T' postman,—he bain't stirred from t' ale'us yet. Just put it into t' box, wull ye?"

"But you won't leave it there?"

"Leave it there! Did you ever hear the like of that? If you're afeared to put it in, you can take it away; that's all about it, Miss Lily." And then Mrs. Crump turned away to her avocations at the washing-tub. Mrs. Crump had a bad temper, but perhaps she had some excuse. A separate call was made upon her time with reference to almost every letter brought to her office, and for all this, as she often told her friends in profound disgust, she received as salary no more than "tuppence farden a day. It don't find me in shoe-leather; no more it don't." As Mrs. Crump was never seen out of her own house, unless it was in church once a month, this latter assertion about her shoe-leather, could hardly have been true.

Lily had received another letter, and had answered it before Eames made his promised visit to Allington. He, as will be remembered, had also had a correspondence. He had answered Miss Roper's letter, and had since that been living in fear of two things; in a lesser fear of some terrible rejoinder from Amelia, and in a greater fear of a more terrible visit from his lady-love. Were she to swoop down in very truth upon his Guestwick home, and declare herself to his mother and sister as his affianced bride, what mode of escape would then be left for him? But this she had not yet done, nor had she even answered his cruel missive.

"What an ass I am to be afraid of her!" he said to himself as he walked along under the elms of Guestwick manor, which overspread the road to Allington. When he first went over to Allington after his return home, he had mounted himself on horseback, and had gone forth brilliant with spurs, and trusting somewhat to the glories of his dress and gloves. But he had then known nothing of Lily's engagement. Now he was contented to walk; and as he had taken up his slouched hat and stick in the passage of his mother's house, he had been very indifferent as to his appearance. He walked quickly along the road, taking for the first three miles the shade of the Guestwick elms, and keeping his feet on the broad greensward which skirts the outside of the earl's palings. "What an

ass I am to be afraid of her!" And as he swung his big stick in his hand, striking a tree here and there, and knocking the stones from his path, he began to question himself in earnest, and to be ashamed of his position in the world. "Nothing on earth shall make me marry her," he said; "not if they bring a dozen actions against me. She knows as well as I do, that I have never intended to marry her. It's a cheat from beginning to end. If she comes down here, I'll tell her so before my mother." But as the vision of her sudden arrival came before his eyes, he acknowledged to himself that he still held her in great fear. He had told her that he loved her. He had written as much as that. If taxed with so much, he must confess his sin.

Then, by degrees, his mind turned away from Amelia Roper to Lily Dale, not giving him a prospect much more replete with enjoyment than that other one. He had said that he would call at Allington before he returned to town, and he was now redeeming his promise. But he did not know why he should go there. He felt that he should sit silent and abashed in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room, confessing by his demeanour that secret which it behoved him now to hide from every one. He could not talk easily before Lily, nor could he speak to her of the only subject which would occupy his thoughts when in her presence. If indeed, he might find her alone——But, perhaps that might be worse for him than any other condition.

When he was shown into the drawing-room there was nobody there. "They were here a minute ago, all three," said the servant girl. "If you'll walk down the garden, Mr. John, you'll be sure to find some of 'em." So John Eames, with a little hesitation, walked down the garden.

First of all he went the whole way round the walks, meeting nobody. Then he crossed the lawn, returning again to the farther end; and there, emerging from the little path which led from the Great House, he encountered Lily alone. "Oh, John," she said, "how d'ye do? I'm afraid you did not find anybody in the house. Mamma and Bell are with Hopkins, away in the large kitchen-garden."

"I've just come over," said Eames, "because I promised. I said I'd come before I went back to London."

"And they'll be very glad to see you, and so am I. Shall we go after them into the other grounds? But perhaps you walked over and are tired."

"I did walk," said Eames; "not that I am very tired." But in truth he did not wish to go after Mrs. Dale, though he was altogether at a loss as to what he would say to Lily while remaining with her. He had fancied that he would like to have some opportunity of speaking to her alone before he went away;—of making some special use of the last interview which he should have with her before she became a married woman. But now the opportunity was there, and he hardly dared to avail himself of it.

"You'll stay and dine with us," said Lily.

"No, I'll not do that, for I especially told my mother that I would be back."

"I'm sure it was very good of you to walk so far to see us. If you really are not tired, I think we will go to mamma, as she would be very sorry to miss you."

This she said remembering at the moment what had been Crosbie's injunctions to her about John Eames. But John had resolved that he would say those words which he had come to speak, and that, as Lily was there with him, he would avail himself of the chance which fortune had given him.

"I don't think I'll go into the squire's garden," he said.

"Uncle Christopher is not there. He is about the farm somewhere."

"If you don't mind, Lily, I think I'll stay here. I suppose they'll be back soon. Of course I should like to see them before I go away to London. But, Lily, I came over now chiefly to see you. It was you who asked me to promise."

Had Crosbie been right in those remarks of his? Had she been imprudent in her little endeavour to be cordially kind to her old friend? "Shall we go into the drawing-room?" she said, feeling that she would be in some degree safer there than out among the shrubs and paths of the garden. And I think she was right in this. A man will talk of love out among the lilacs and roses, who would be stricken dumb by the demure propriety of the four walls of a drawing-room. John Eames also had some feeling of this kind, for he determined to remain out in the garden, if he could so manage it.

"I don't want to go in unless you wish it," he said. "Indeed, I'd rather stay here. So, Lily, you're going to be married?" And thus he rushed at once into the middle of his discourse.

"Yes," said she, "I believe I am."

"I have not told you yet that I congratulated you."

"I have known very well that you did so in your heart. I have always been sure that you wished me well."

"Indeed I have. And if congratulating a person is hoping that she may always be happy, I do congratulate you. But, Lily——" And then he paused, abashed by the beauty, purity, and woman's grace which had forced him to love her.

"I think I understand all that you would say. I do not want ordinary words to tell me that I am to count you among my best friends."

"No, Lily; you don't understand all that I would say. You have never known how often and how much I have thought of you; how dearly I have loved you."

"John, you must not talk of that now."

"I cannot go without telling you. When I came over here, and Mrs. Dale told me that you were to be married to that man——"

"You must not speak of Mr. Crosbie in that way," she said, turning upon him almost fiercely.

"I did not mean to say anything disrespectful of him to you. I should hate myself if I were to do so. Of course you like him better than anybody else?"

"I love him better than all the world besides."

"And so do I love you better than all the world besides." And as he spoke he got up from his seat and stood before her. "I know how poor I am, and unworthy of you; and only that you are engaged to him, I don't suppose that I should now tell you. Of course you couldn't accept such a one as me. But I have loved you ever since you remember; and now that you are going to be his wife, I cannot but tell you that it is so. You will go and live in London; but as to my seeing you there, it will be impossible. I could not go into that man's house."

"Oh, John."

"No, never; not if you became his wife. I have loved you as well as he does. When Mrs. Dale told me of it, I thought I should have fallen. I went away without seeing you because I was unable to speak to you. I made a fool of myself, and have been a fool all along. I am foolish now to tell you this, but I cannot help it."

"You will forget it all when you meet some girl that you can really love."

"And have I not really loved you? Well, never mind. I have said what I came to say, and I will now go. If it ever happens that we are down in the country together, perhaps I may see you again; but never in London. Good-by, Lily." And he put out his hand to her.

"And won't you stay for mamma?" she said.

"No. Give her my love, and to Bell. They understand all about it. They will know why I have gone. If ever you should want anybody to do anything for you, remember that I will do it, whatever it is." And as he paced away from her across the lawn, the special deed in her favour to which his mind was turned,—that one thing which he most longed to do on her behalf,—was an act of corporal chastisement upon Crosbie. If Crosbie would but ill-treat her,—ill-treat her with some antinuptial barbarity,—and if only he could be called in to avenge her wrongs! And as he made his way back along the road towards Guestwick, he built up within his own bosom a castle in the air, for her part in which Lily Dale would by no means have thanked him.

Lily when she was left alone burst into tears. She had certainly said very little to encourage her forlorn suitor, and had so borne herself during the interview that even Crosbie could hardly have been dissatisfied; but now that Eames was gone her heart became very tender towards him. She felt that she did love him also;—not at all as she loved Crosbie, but still with a love that was tender, soft, and true. If Crosbie could have known all her thoughts at that moment, I doubt whether he would have liked them. She burst into tears, and then hurried away

into some nook where she could not be seen by her mother and Bell on their return.

Eames went on his way, walking very quietly, swinging his stick and kicking through the dust, with his heart full of the scene which had just passed. He was angry with himself, thinking that he had played his part badly, accusing himself in that he had been rough to her, and selfish in the expression of his love; and he was angry with her because she had declared to him that she loved Crosbie better than all the world besides. He knew that of course she must do so;—that at any rate it was to be expected that such was the case. Yet, he thought, she might have refrained from saying so to him. "She chooses to scorn me now," he said to himself; "but the time may come when she will wish that she had scorned him." That Crosbie was wicked, bad, and selfish, he believed most fully. He felt sure that the man would ill-use her and make her wretched. He had some slight doubt whether he would marry her, and from this doubt he endeavoured to draw a scrap of comfort. If Crosbie would desert her, and if to him might be accorded the privilege of beating the man to death with his fists because of this desertion, then the world would not be quite blank for him. In all this he was no doubt very cruel to Lily;—but then had not Lily been very cruel to him?

He was still thinking of these things when he came to the first of the Guestwick pastures. The boundary of the earl's property was very plainly marked, for with it commenced also the shady elms along the roadside, and the broad green margin of turf, grateful equally to those who walked and to those who rode. Eames had got himself on to the grass, but in the fulness of his thoughts, was unconscious of the change in his path, when he was startled by a voice in the next field and the loud bellowing of a bull. Lord De Guest's choice cattle he knew were there, and there was one special bull which was esteemed by his lordship as of great value, and regarded as a high favourite. The people about the place declared that the beast was vicious, but Lord De Guest had often been heard to boast that it was never vicious with him. "The boys tease him, and the men are almost worse than the boys," said the earl; "but he'll never hurt any one that has not hurt him." Guided by faith in his own teaching the earl had taught himself to look upon his bull as a large, horned, innocent lamb of the flock.

As Eames paused on the road, he fancied that he recognized the earl's voice, and it was the voice of one in distress. Then the bull's roar sounded very plain in his ear, and almost close;—upon hearing which he rushed on to the gate, and, without much thinking what he was doing, vaulted over it, and advanced a few steps into the field.

"Halloo!" shouted the earl. "There's a man. Come on." And then his continued shoutings hardly formed themselves into intelligible words; but Eames plainly understood that he was invoking assistance under great pressure and stress of circumstances. The bull was making short runs at

his owner, as though determined in each run to have a toss at his lordship; and at each run the earl would retreat quickly for a few paces, but he retreated always facing his enemy, and as the animal got near to him, would make digs at his face with the long spud which he carried in his hand. But in thus making good his retreat he had been unable to keep in a direct line to the gate, and there seemed to be great danger lest the bull should succeed in pressing him up against the hedge. "Come on!" shouted the earl, who was fighting his battle manfully, but was by no means anxious to carry off all the laurels of the victory himself. "Come on, I say!" Then he stopped in his path, shouted into the bull's face, brandished his spud, and threw about his arms, thinking that he might best dismay the beast by the display of these warlike gestures.

Johnny Eames ran on gallantly to the peer's assistance, as he would have run to that of any peasant in the land. He was one to whom I should be perhaps wrong to attribute at this period of his life the gift of very high courage. He feared many things which no man should fear; but he did not fear personal mishap or injury to his own skin and bones. When Cradell escaped out of the house in Burton Crescent, making his way through the passage into the outer air, he did so because he feared that Lupex would beat him or kick him, or otherwise ill-use him. John Eames would also have desired to escape under similar circumstances; but he would have so desired because he could not endure to be looked upon in his difficulties by the people of the house, and because his imagination would have painted the horrors of a policeman dragging him off with a black eye and a torn coat. There was no one to see him now, and no policeman to take offence. Therefore he rushed to the earl's assistance, brandishing his stick, and roaring in emulation of the bull.

When the animal saw with what unfairness he was treated, and that the number of his foes was doubled, while no assistance had lent itself on his side, he stood for awhile, disgusted by the injustice of humanity. He stopped, and throwing his head up to the heavens, bellowed out his complaint. "Don't come close!" said the earl, who was almost out of breath. "Keep a little apart. Ugh! ugh! whoop, whoop!" And he threw up his arms manfully, jobbing about with his spud, ever and anon rubbing the perspiration from off his eyebrows with the back of his hand.

As the bull stood pausing, meditating whether under such circumstances flight would not be preferable to gratified passion, Eames made a rush in at him, attempting to hit him on the head. The earl, seeing this, advanced a step also, and got his spud almost up to the animal's eye. But these indignities the beast could not stand. He made a charge, bending his head first towards John Eames, and then, with that weak vacillation which is as disgraceful in a bull as in a general, he changed his purpose, and turned his horns upon his other enemy. The consequence was that his steps carried him in between the two, and that the earl and Eames found themselves for a while behind his tail.

"Now for the gate," said the earl.

"Slowly does it; slowly does it; don't run!" said Johnny, assuming, in the heat of the moment, a tone of counsel which would have been very foreign to him under other circumstances.

The earl was not a whit offended. "All right," said he, taking with a backward motion the direction of the gate. Then as the bull again faced towards him, he jumped from the ground, labouring painfully with arms and legs, and ever keeping his spud well advanced against the foe. Eames holding his position a little apart from his friend, stooped low and beat the ground with his stick, and as though defying the creature. The bull felt himself defied, stood still and roared, and then made another vacillating attack.

"Hold on till we reach the gate," said Eames.

"Ugh! ugh! Whoop! whoop!" shouted the earl. And so gradually they made good their ground.

"Now get over," said Eames, when they had both reached the corner of the field in which the gate stood.

"And what'll you do?" said the earl.

"I'll go at the hedge to the right." And Johnny as he spoke dashed his stick about, so as to monopolize, for a moment, the attention of the brute. The earl made a spring at the gate, and got well on to the upper rung. The bull seeing that his prey was going, made a final rush upon the earl and struck the timber furiously with his head, knocking his lordship down on the other side. Lord De Guest was already over, but not off the rail; and thus, though he fell, he fell in safety on the sward beyond the gate. He fell in safety, but utterly exhausted. Eames, as he had purposed, made a leap almost sideways at a thick hedge which divided the field from one of the Guestwick copses. There was a fairly broad ditch, and on the other side a quickset hedge, which had, however, been weakened and injured by trespassers at this corner, close to the gate. Eames was young and active and jumped well. He jumped so well that he carried his body full into the middle of the quickset, and then scrambled through to the other side, not without much injury to his clothes, and some damage also to his hands and face.

The beast, recovering from his shock against the wooden bars, looked wistfully at his last retreating enemy, as he still struggled amidst the bushes. He looked at the ditch and at the broken hedge, but he did not understand how weak were the impediments in his way. He had knocked his head against the stout timber, which was strong enough to oppose him, but was dismayed by the brambles which he might have trodden under foot without an effort. How many of us are like the bull, turning away conquered by opposition which should be as nothing to us, and breaking our feet, and worse still, our hearts, against rocks of adamant. The bull at last made up his mind that he did not dare to face the hedge; so he gave one final roar, and then turning himself round, walked placidly back amidst the herd.

Johnny made his way on to the road by a stile that led out of the copse, and was soon standing over the earl, while the blood ran down his cheeks from the scratches. One of the legs of his trowsers had been caught by a stake, and was torn from the hip downward, and his hat was left in the field, the only trophy for the bull. "I hope you're not hurt, my lord," he said.

"Oh, dear, no; but I'm terribly out of breath. Why, you're bleeding all over. He didn't get at you, did he?"

"It's only the thorns in the hedge," said Johnny, passing his hand over his face. "But I've lost my hat."

"There are plenty more hats," said the earl.

"I think I'll have a try for it," said Johnny, with whom the means of getting hats had not been so plentiful as with the earl. "He looks quiet now." And he moved towards the gate.

But Lord De Guest jumped upon his feet, and seized the young man by the collar of his coat. "Go after your hat!" said he. "You must be a fool to think of it. If you're afraid of catching cold, you shall have mine."

"I'm not the least afraid of catching cold," said Johnny. "Is he often like that, my lord?" And he made a motion with his head towards the bull.

"The gentlest creature alive; he's like a lamb generally,—just like a lamb. Perhaps he saw my red pocket-handkerchief." And Lord De Guest showed his friend that he carried such an article. "But where should I have been if you hadn't come up?"

"You'd have got to the gate, my lord."

"Yes; with my feet foremost, and four men carrying me. I'm very thirsty. You don't happen to carry a flask, do you?"

"No, my lord, I don't."

"Then we'll make the best of our way home, and have a glass of wine there." And on this occasion his lordship intended that his offer should be accepted.

The Forty Royal Families, and their Intermarriages.

Now, when all the world is talking of the grand wedding soon to take place at Windsor, we are forcibly reminded of some of the peculiarities which distinguish royal families and royal alliances in Europe. One of them is very remarkable indeed. These royal families form among themselves a clique, party, circle, corps, coterie, band, fraternity, association, class (call it what we may), apart from all the other families in Europe, and attracted one to another by the single attribute of "royal blood." Actual kingship is not necessary; if the proper element of sovereign power be present, a much lower title will suffice. Some of these families may be Roman Catholic, and some Greek Catholic; some Protestant, with a Lutheran tinge, and some leaning rather towards Calvinism; some despotic, and some constitutional or parliamentary; some ruling over vast territories, and others over domains less populous than Marylebone or St. Pancras parishes; some giving to or claiming for their chief the title of Emperor or King, while others are obliged to content themselves with the humbler designation of Prince or Duke—"Arch" or "Grand," as the case may be; some tracing their pedigree back six or eight hundred years, while others dare scarcely speak of their grandsire, lest they should touch too closely upon the plebeian. Whatever may be their differences in these several particulars, there is a striking equality among them all in their personal (as distinguished from political) relations towards each other. Etiquette is a great thing among such families; they may do and say much towards each other, which they dare not do or say to the classes below them, without "losing caste."

Another peculiarity connected with these privileged families is the proneness to give a multitude of Christian and other names to the same individual; as if the royal blood had, by virtue of its royalty, a right to as much as possible of every good thing—including names. There seems, too, to be a love for particular names in particular families, no doubt to give emphasis to the theory of hereditary succession. The Austrian royal house, for instance, shows a great predilection for the name of *Joseph*. The present emperor has three Christian names, of which one is Joseph; his three brothers have each Joseph as one of their names, and so had his father, his uncle, and two of his great-uncles. The Prussian Court has manifested an equal love for *Frederick*. The present king is a Frederick, as was his brother the late king, and all the kings which Prussia has yet had; and so are the king's two brothers now living, and his son (husband of our Princess Royal), and cousins and nephews too numerous to mention. Of course it is necessary, to pre-

vent mistakes in identity, to give several additional names to each royal or princely individual, and so distinguish one Joseph or Frederick from another. If the present Emperor of the French can succeed in putting down effectually the claims of Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans, *Napoleon* will assuredly be perpetuated as a name in that country. There is one little place in Germany, called Reuss, which has had a *Henry* for its sovereign during a period of eight hundred years. Small as it is, Reuss appears to be too big to be governed by one sovereign, according to German politics; and so we hear of Reuss-Schleiz, Reuss-Köstritz, and Reuss-Greiz—all of which combined, we can in full soberness assure the reader, are considerably smaller than our one county of Herts. For a generation or two the Henrys of this petty place were distinguished one from another by some personal peculiarity—as Henry the Rich, Henry the Fat, Henry the Short, Henry the Red, &c.; but as titles naturally become in time exhausted by this process, the old resource of numerals was appealed to; and thus we have come down to Henry the Sixty-seventh of Reuss-Schleiz, Henry the Sixty-ninth of Reuss-Köstritz, &c.; while their sons and nephews (all of whom are Henrys likewise) utterly bewilder one, by their multiplicity.

In the choice of names, our own royal family is modest. The nine sons and daughters of Queen Victoria, though possessed of names quite many enough to be known by—thirty in all, or rather more than three each on an average—are far below the level of their German cousins in this matter. Some of the petty princes abroad, whose territories Deerfoot could run across in an hour or two, bear so many Christian names that one marvels how they contrive to support so great a weight. Let us look at that grand magazine and authority for all such things, the *Almanach de Gotha;* we shall find there, among others, His Serenity Prince Charles Antoine Joachim Zephyrin Frederick Mainrad of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who is also Burgrave and Count and Seigneur of Nuremberg, Veringen, Haigerloch, and Wöhrstein. Portugal eclipses all other countries in the number of names given to the royal princes and princesses. Those two thin, gentle, but rather heavy-looking Portuguese youths who came over to this country a few years ago, to visit the Queen and to have a peep at our institutions, were the king and the Duke of Oporto. The former is now dead, and the duke has succeeded him on the throne. They were two among seven brothers and sisters, children of the late Queen Donna Maria de Gloria, and the whole had together no less than *a hundred and fifteen* names—about sixteen each on an average!

Suppose that the present King of Portugal, at four or five years old, had been a "naughty boy"—would or would not the chief lady of the nursery have reproved him with, "O Don Louis-Philip-Maria-Fernando-Pedro d'Alcantara-Antonio-Miguël-Raphaël-Gabriël-Gonzaga-Xavier-Francisco d'Assisi-John-Jules-Augusto-Volsondo de Braganza-Bourbon, if you do that again, you shall be whipped and put into the corner?"

These are really the names which the boy then bore, and which he now bears as king. Or suppose that the eldest of the sisters, ten years old when her mother died, in 1853, had about that time got into trouble about her lessons, would any professor or teacher have dared to censure a little lady who bore so many magnificent names as Donna Maria-Anna-Fernanda-Leopoldina-Michaële-Gabriëla-Carlotta-Antonia-Julia-Victoria-Praxedes-Francesca d'Assisi-Gonzaga de Braganza-Bourbon? Surely such a royal child might do wrong if she liked—else what the use of so many names? Portugal, as we have said, takes the lead generally in this multiplicity of names; but in one instance Spain eclipses her. Queen Isabella's sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, has a daughter to whom no less than *twenty-one* names have been given.

By far the most important characteristic of European royal families, however, in their relations one to another, is the custom of *intermarriage*. Princes and princesses must only marry with each other. The public attention which is attracted towards any deviation from this rule only tends to illustrate more strongly the rule itself. Sometimes, as in the case of the present King of Denmark, a sovereign marries a lady who, so far from being royal, was very humbly born; or, as in the case of the Prince Adalbert of Prussia, a king's nephew takes a dancer from the stage, and marries her forthwith; but setting aside such exceptional cases, the rule is for royalty to marry royalty. This rigour of etiquette gives rise in some countries to the frequent marriage of cousins with cousins, and even of uncles with nieces—unions which are productive of more bad effects than good. The *Spectator*, in a recent curious article on this subject, said: "Royalty has realized already the cherished dream of poets—of the alliance of nations, and the brotherhood of mankind. The sovereigns of the civilized world have ceased to belong to any particular nation, race, or tribe. They are all brothers and sisters; they address each other, 'Monsieur mon frère,' regardless of rank and dignity; and they acknowledge all within the sacred circle to be *ebenbürtig*, or equal by right of birth. That they should exclusively marry within their own family circle; acknowledge no other matrimonial alliances than these to be legitimate; and stigmatize the rest, however lawful according to the law of the land, as 'morganatic'—is but the natural consequence of the system of caste so produced. From the philanthropic and philosophic point of view, this system appears very unlovely, barbaric, and, as some would say, devoid of 'progress;' practically, however, it has undeniably great advantages." We need not endeavour to trace out these advantages. One of them probably is, a lessening of the chance that ambitious subjects will plot against each other in attempts to wed the royal princes and princesses. Among the evils of the system is this, that the politics of one country become often injuriously mixed up with those of the Court with which the matrimonial alliance is made. Another is, that where all marriages are made for royal or political reasons, real affection has generally little to do with the matter; and hence royal husbands (on the Continent if not

in England) divorce their wives more frequently than men in any other grade of society. Leaving to the reader, however, to settle as well as he can the relative advantages and disadvantages of the system of royal intermarriages, the system itself is as we have already described it. If a royal prince marries a lady who is not a princess, the royal circle says, "Oh, fie!" and is very cold towards her, if not towards him. A milliner of Copenhagen became the present King of Denmark's favourite, then Countess Danner, and then—after he had successively divorced two wives of royal blood—his wife; she is said to be very powerful in her influence over the king, but nevertheless she would receive rather cold courtesy from the veritable empresses and queens and princesses of Europe. Decidedly the King of Denmark has managed his domestic affairs in a queer way; and we are rather glad that the Princess Alexandra, in whom we now take so much interest, is only distantly related to him. When Prince Adalbert of Prussia married Mademoiselle Theresa Ellsler (sister of the Fanny Ellsler of opera celebrity); when the Empress Maria Louisa, after the death of her illustrious husband, Napoleon Bonaparte, married a captain in the Austrian service; when the Archduke John of Austria married the daughter of a rural postmaster; when the Archduke William married a Vienna actress; when Prince Charles of Bavaria married Mademoiselle Bolley, a refugee's daughter; when the Queen Dowager Christina of Spain married the handsome guardsman Muñoz, and caused him to be raised to the rank of Duke of Rianzares; when the Princess Maria of Würtemberg married the son of that very captain who had espoused the ex-Empress Maria Louisa;—in all these cases, although the rank and the personal qualities of the non-royal personages differ widely, the real kings and queens almost always contrive to let the *parvenu* feel that the offence to royalty is too great to be actually forgiven. Such unions are kindly tolerated, no doubt; but because a prince stoops to lift a peasant girl into a position of equality with *himself*, it does not at all follow, say his peers, that she should at once become one of *them*. She is not, and can never be, of royal blood.

We suppose there is no particular virtue in the number 39, but there seems to be just this number of royal families in Europe permitted to intermarry one with another. The *Spectator* puts the number down at forty; but this requires us to include one or other of two potentates, who would trouble us a good deal in matrimonial matters—the Sultan and the Pope. The Sultan, besides being a Mohammedan, has so many wives that European notions on this matter are thrown into utter bewilderment; while the Pope, being, by virtue of his priestly obligations, a bachelor, and his triple crown not being hereditary, cannot form what would be deemed royal alliances with other countries. It is no little remarkable that of the remaining thirty-nine, as many as thirty-four are German, either by birth or by origin. It is from Germany that bachelor princes and maiden princesses obtain their conjugal partners. The pettiness of the sovereign state is no bar to these unions, as we have already said; provided the blood be royal,

it is of no importance how little there is of it. Unless this principle be duly estimated, it will appear amazing to what an extent the royalties of Germany have been snapped up in marriage. If we take Bavaria as an example, we shall find that the late Maximilian I., who twice had twin daughters, married all four of these young ladies either to reigning sovereigns or to heirs-apparent. At this present time, the House of Bavaria numbers among its members two empresses, three kings, and six queens; including among the latter, however, two who have recently been dethroned by the popular will, viz. the Queen of Naples and the Queen of Greece. King Ludwig, of Bavaria, it will be remembered, was one of the monarchs whose domestic establishments are not quite in accordance with the proprieties of life; for he gave up his crown rather than give up the too notorious Lola Montez.

One noticeable result of royal intermarriages is, that they furnish a plentiful crop of claimants to any and every disputed throne. If a revolution changes the dynasty of a State, two sets of claimants at least arise, with a title equally valid, perhaps, so far as royal blood is concerned, though not so in relation to constitutional law, or the voice of the people. The French can produce a sort of claim to the crown of England. If there had been no revolution in England during the last two hundred years, and if the same thing could be said of France, then the Bourbons could put forward the following curious claim:—Henrietta Anne, daughter of Charles I. of England, married the Regent Orleans of France. Their daughter, Anna Maria, married Victor Amadeus II., King of Sardinia; their son became King Victor Amadeus III.; his daughter, Maria Theresa of Savoy, married Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. of France; their son was the Duke d'Angoulême—and so on to the present representative, the Count de Chambord, of the old Legitimist party in France, who are opposed alike to the Orleanists and the Bonapartists. It is true that some rather awkward intermediate claimants must be got rid of here and there, to make this line of inheritance good, but not more so than has been surmounted in many other cases. In 1836, when the Legitimists were equally angry with Revolutionists and with Protestants, the *Gazette de France* seriously put forth the above claim. "We have the true royal legitimacy perfectly proved," it said. "Monseigneur the Duke d'Angoulême ought incontestably to be considered King of Great Britain, and Mademoiselle (the Duke's niece) heiress presumptive, in the place and instead of William IV. and the Princess Victoria, who can only reign by virtue of a Protestant law of usurpation and revolution." We must bear in mind that our claim to the supremacy of France for many centuries was not less absurd than this pretension. The English kings called themselves Kings of France likewise, down to so late a date as the year 1802. George III., after the Treaty of Amiens had been signed, voluntarily gave up the empty title, which had been a source of much annoyance to the French. An ancient law, called the Salic law, prevents France from being governed by a woman. There has never been a queen-regnant of

that country. Our Queen Elizabeth, as she could not be Queen of France without doing violence to this Salic law, evaded the difficulty by calling herself *king* of that country! This claim on the part of the sovereigns of England, and another on the part of the Spanish kings to be called Kings of Jerusalem, gave rise to a little badinage between two ambassadors in the time of Queen Elizabeth. England and Spain being at war, representatives were deputed to agree on terms of pacification. The Spaniard proposed that the negotiations should be carried on in the French tongue, observing, sarcastically, "that the gentlemen of England could not be ignorant of the language of *their fellow-subjects*, their Queen being Queen of France as well as of England." "Nay, in faith," replied the English plenipotentiary, "the French is too vulgar for a business of this importance; we will, therefore, if you please, rather treat in Hebrew, the language of Jerusalem, of which your master calls himself king, and in which you, of course, must be as well skilled as we are in French."

The king or queen of this country must marry a Protestant, if at all: Roman Catholics being excluded by the settlement of 1688. As to the other branches of the royal family, they must not marry without the sovereign's permission; but this is a rule that was established at a much later date. The forbidding of a royal prince or princess to marry a non-royal subject is also a rule of comparatively recent introduction. In old times such marriages were frequent, and there was no uniformity in the manner or degree in which the reigning sovereign interfered with them. In 1772, however, George III. procured the passing of the Royal Marriage Act, still in force. He did this mainly on account of the great annoyance which the marriages of the then Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Gloucester had given him; the one having married the widow of Colonel Horton, and the other the Dowager Countess of Waldegrave. The statute was to the effect that no descendant of George II. (who died in 1760), male or female—other than descendants of royal princesses intermarried with foreign families—should be capable of contracting marriage without the consent of the reigning sovereign; that such consent should be formally entered in the licence and register of marriage; that a royal marriage without such consent should be declared null and void; but that a certain power of exception might be admitted when the prince or princess exceeds twenty-five years of age. George III., throughout his whole life, refused permission to his sons and daughters to marry British subjects. This refusal led to much misery and demoralization. The Prince of Wales's connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Duke of Cumberland's with Lady Olivia Sparrow, and the Duke of Sussex's with Lady Augusta Murray, are all believed to have been *bonâ fide* marriages in the usual sense, though repudiated by the father of these princes, and thus made scandalous. Some of the daughters of the inflexible old king were pretty well known to have formed attachments with English noblemen or gentlemen, but were prevented from marrying in these quarters by their father: thus came more misery and more scandal. It was not always thus.

Indeed it is a remarkable fact that three out of our five queens-regnant were the daughters of ladies who had no royal blood in their veins: Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of Anne Boleyne; while Queen Mary II. (co-sovereign with William III.) and Queen Anne were daughters of Anne Hyde.

Denmark, which is now giving us a new Princess of Wales, has had several matrimonial connections with England in past ages. James I. married Anne, daughter of the King of Denmark. He was at that time only King of Scotland, and a very poor king; and there were some amusing details connected with his wooing, arising out of his troublesome poverty. He went in person to Upslo, in Norway, to which place his bride, after having put to sea, had been driven back by a storm. The marriage was solemnized at that place in November, 1589; and the royal bridegroom, who was little more than a puppet at that time in the hands of Scottish nobles, was very glad to spend a pleasant half-year at the court of his father-in-law. Anne of Denmark was accused by the scandal-mongers of that day of leading rather a restless and ill-controlled life. Another royal alliance with Denmark was that of Queen Anne with Prince George. She was nineteen years old, and was still Princess Anne when the marriage took place. They had a married life of twenty-five years, during six of which she was Queen of England. The prince was a man of quiet character, and interfered very little with public affairs —which, indeed, the spirit of the English nation would not have permitted him to do. Another Anglo-Danish union was a very mournful one. Princess Caroline Matilda, sister of George III., was married to the King of Denmark in or about 1768. At first the marriage promised to be happy; but the Queen-Dowager of Denmark formed a plan for securing the succession to the throne for her son, half-brother to the king. A conspiracy was organized, one part of which consisted in persuading the king that his young and amiable consort, with the aid of Counts Struensee and Brandt, intended to dethrone him, and establish a regency; while another part was, to spread a rumour that the Queen had formed an improper familiarity with Struensee. Both of these charges were subsequently proved to be unfounded, but not before the poor queen had sunk under the miseries which the plot had brought her. And now another Anglo-Danish alliance takes place—concerning which we need say nothing more than this: that if the young couple are as happy as the nation wishes them to be, they will be happy indeed.

A Night at Greenwich Observatory.

Greenwich, long known to history, and well-beloved of cockney holiday-makers, is most important in our time for a certain edifice in which the longest calculations, the deepest thought, and the minutest care, are in operation day and night. This is the Observatory on the hill; a building chiefly remarkable to the untaught visitor for a large clock dial, the minute hand of which advances by a series of jerks, as though stepping onwards towards eternity as a matter of private business. The hour hand of this clock may, perhaps, indicate that the time is about half-past twenty-two o'clock—an announcement that somewhat puzzles the untaught visitor, until a volunteer philosopher, who enjoys instructing the ignorant, and who prides himself on knowing this one thing, informs him that here there is no such thing as one, two, or three o'clock in the morning, but that time is counted from noon to noon, and from 0 to 24. Thus, one o'clock A.M. is thirteen o'clock, four o'clock A.M., sixteen o'clock, and so on.

If, desirous of seeing the interior of this mysterious building, we knock at the door, and ask permission to view the establishment, we shall be politely but decidedly informed that "no visitors are admitted." This seclusion is absolutely necessary, for the staff is a hard-worked one, and is not to be interrupted. The instruments are most delicate, and a touch—the resting of a hand on a screw or lever, or even breathing on a portion which is liable to rust—might cause damage or delay, which could not possibly be afforded.

In long calculations, perfect quiet is also necessary, and it is not improbable that the visitation of an occasional organ-grinder near the Observatory might lead to the wreck of some half-dozen ships, which had erroneously calculated their positions by data influenced for ill in consequence of the computer's nerves being tormented. Thus "no admission except on business" is an order rigidly enforced.

If, however, the person desirous of visiting the Observatory be a student, and anxious to acquire a knowledge of the system adopted here, he has merely to obtain the necessary introductions, and he will be received with every politeness and attention. The whole mystery and process of the "observations" and "reductions" will be shown him, with a freedom from reserve that at once indicates the soundness of the principles here adopted. The absence of all mystery,—a condition which too frequently conceals ignorance or defect,—speaks of the desire rather to impart knowledge than to preserve it amongst a select few.

Greenwich Observatory was commenced in 1675. The site selected by Wren was within view of all vessels passing up or down the Thames, and thus information could be readily telegraphed to these vessels from the Observatory. Many additions and improvements have been made to the building since its first erection, the greatest progress having been made in the instruments used for astronomical purposes.

The aim of all the time and labour given at the Royal Observatory, is to give accurately the position of the various heavenly bodies, and, from past and present observations, to be enabled to foretel for two, three, or four years in advance, the exact position of the sun, moon, and stars, at any instant during the twenty-four hours.

Upon the information thus afforded depends the accuracy of all large surveys in various parts of the world. The correct position of ships at sea, the true places also of various dangerous rocks or shoals at sea, can only be found by the aid of the data supplied from Greenwich Observatory. Thus the safety of much that is most valuable is actually dependent, in a great measure, upon the calculations made within the building in Greenwich Park.

Although to afford the information referred to is the chief object of the Observatory, still it is not the only one. A constant watch is maintained on sun, moon, planets and stars, in order to discover the slightest indications of any changes which might be occurring to them; whilst the announcement of a visitor to our system in the shape of a comet, at once entails a fresh series of observations and calculations, in order to determine the distance and course of the stranger.

To watch for the arrival of comets, or to be perpetually searching for new asteroids or planets, forms no part of the labours at the national Observatory; business in the form of observation and calculation being the main object.

Upon entering the small gate upon the left of the clock-face, a court-yard is seen, whilst on the left is the main building. In this building is the principal observing room, in which is the large "transit-instrument." This transit-instrument is the most important thing in the establishment, and deserves a special notice, for with it the greater portion of the work is done.

The transit-instrument is a large telescope, possessing an object-glass of great size, but not of very high magnifying power, the aim being not to magnify objects very much, but to be able to see them clearly and distinctly. In this telescope are placed several small and fine spiders' webs, by means of which the time of a star's passage across the centre of the object-glass can be more accurately ascertained.

Although possessing the appearance of a large cannon, yet so well arranged are the works belonging to this instrument, that one man, by the aid of a finger only, can turn it upwards or downwards as occasion may require.

It is essential to the accuracy of the observations, that the transit-

instrument should, upon being turned from the zenith towards the horizon, sweep down the exact north or south line in the heavens, and hence when horizontal, that it should point exactly north or south. The slightest deviation, even to the amount of a hair's breadth,—unless the value of this is known—will cause errors in the observations; and thus the greatest precautions are used to place and maintain the instrument in a proper position.

Formerly there was a mark on the Essex coast, near Chingford, which was exactly north of the transit-instrument, and the centre spider's web in the telescope being directed on to this, the instrument could be placed horizontally north and south. To ensure its obtaining a vertical position, it was placed, as nearly as could be guessed, vertically, and a large trough of mercury arranged beneath the object-glass. This mercury would reflect the spiders' lines, which ought then to appear to coincide when seen by direct vision and by reflection. If they should not, a slight alteration of the instrument would be requisite in order to place it in a vertical position.

If the amount of the transit's deviation be known, either from the vertical or north and south position, then all observations made with the instrument may have a correction applied to them, which will ensure as much accuracy as though the instrument had been moved.

Instead of the mark near Chingford being now used to place the transit north and south, two tubes are fixed into the walls of the transit-room, and contain cross hairs, by means of which the value of the deviation can be ascertained, and consequently allowed for.

A very comfortable-looking chair rests on a small railway beneath the transit, and on this the observer reclines, and can move himself backwards or forwards by a mere push. Directly opposite to him is a clock, whose beats are audible, decided, and business-like; and we merely now require some celestial object, and an observer, in order to make "an observation." We will, however, leave this room at present, and will return to it at night, when the usual business is being carried on.

West of the transit-room we enter the computing-room, where we find some half-dozen computers, who are employed in "reductions;" that is, they are applying certain corrections to the observed time of a star or planet's passage across the centre wire of the transit. We notice that the mean of the times of transits over nine wires is first taken, and then corrections are applied for *collimation;* that is, for the centre wire, or spider's web, not being exactly in the diameter of the telescope; for *level error*, that is, in consequence of the trunnions of the great gun telescope not being exactly level; and for *azimuthal error*, that is for the amount that the transit deviates from the north and south line.

Each star that is observed requires different corrections to be applied for these three items, and thus when, during a long winter night, some hundred stars are observed, the work entailed on the following morning is very considerable. A densely cloudy or foggy night is holiday time at the Observatory, and during the next morning arrears of work can be got up.

Every Monday morning it is usual to examine the transit, in order to test its adjustment, and thus probably a fresh value for each item mentioned above may have to be applied from week to week. So delicate are the various parts of the instrument, that a sudden change in the temperature, the intrusion of the sun's rays, and often an unexplained cause, will throw it out of adjustment.

From the computers' room we ascend a narrow staircase, and enter the chronometer-room. Here we are welcomed by a hive-like hum of ticking clocks. Upwards of one hundred valuable chronometers are arranged round this room, some on shelves, others in cases. They are all passing an examination, in order to test their regularity, and seem to be under the command of a large fixed clock, which, elevated above them, beats loudly.

The great value of a chronometer is regularity of rate. It is of no great consequence whether the instrument gain or lose, as long as it does this regularly and uniformly. If the chronometer gain, however slightly, one week, and lose the next, it is not to be trusted for astronomical purposes.

Several jets of gas are admitted into a large chest, and the chronometers are thus taken into the tropics, whilst a daily inspection of them serves to discover how they like it.

The process of rating is carried on each day by two assistants, and to the uninitiated seems very mysterious; for, instead of waiting to compare the smaller chronometer until the second hand of the large clock is at any well-defined position of its circle, such as 0, 15, or 30 seconds, the one is quickly read and compared with the other by a glance. Thus the hundred chronometers are compared in about half an hour.

Several of these instruments are purchased by the Admiralty for use in the Navy, whilst, for a small sum, any maker may have his instrument tested at Greenwich.

Leaving the chronometer-room, we pass across the small open court and enter that portion of the building to which the ball belongs. It wants some minutes to one o'clock, and, standing beside the computer, we see him wind up the ball at five minutes to one. Just before us is a large clock-face, the hands of which are moved by electricity, an important aid to modern astronomy. A sort of trigger is pointed out to us, by pressing on which the ball is released, and intimation thus given to hundreds of watchers that it is one o'clock by "Greenwich mean time." Intimation is also sent to other localities, by telegraph, of the instant at which one o'clock occurs at Greenwich. To Deal, for example, where the ball is released from its temporary elevation by the electric current, sent on its message by the computer from Greenwich. The ball at Deal on falling, completes the electric circuit; and a return electric current to Greenwich announces there that the ball has safely descended to the bottom of its pole.

When the second hand of the clock approaches near the fiftieth second,

the computer watches each beat, and, with fingers extended over the trigger, stands ready to fire:—58, 59, and off goes the signal. "Look out for the return," we are told, whilst we hear the grating of the ball above us, as it descends; and in a few seconds, a small "hand" gives a slight wave, indicating that the ball at Deal is safely down.

A glance at the library, and at some other astronomical instruments, several of which are old and now scarcely used, completes our examination of the establishment, and we defer further investigations until the night.

Before the evening has advanced beyond that condition popularly spoken of as twilight, the computer on duty for the night has commenced his operations.

Beside him is a list of stars which it is requisite that he observe during the night. To each of these is affixed certain data, indicating the instant of time that the star ought to pass across the wires of the telescope, and the elevation that the instrument ought to have in order to see the particular star in the centre of the object-glass.

A few seconds before the star is expected, the observer looks at a clock opposite to him, and takes from it one of the second beats, which he then repeats, counting on 32, 33, 34, &c., without further looking at the time-piece. Practice soon enables a person to go on counting for a minute without getting wrong, and even whilst making memoranda upon other subjects; but these individuals must be those in whom the organ of time is largely developed. As the star approaches and passes each wire of the telescope, the instant of its passage is written down in ink, not only the second, but also the decimal of a second. This decimal of a second may be estimated in the following manner:—

If upon counting 32, for example, the star had not reached a given wire, but upon counting 33 it had passed it, then if the star were equally as much short of the wire at the 32 as it was past it at the 33, then we should write 32·5 for the time of transit over that wire. Whereas if it had been three times as far beyond the wire at the instant of counting 33 as it was short of it when we counted 32, then 32·25 would be the time of transit.

The transit of an important star having been observed and registered, we, as a special favour, are allowed to take the transit of the next member of the stellar host. Having arranged ourselves on the couch in a very comfortable attitude, we apply our eye to the telescope, and are surprised by the lightness of the view within. The plane of view is cut up by a number of rather coarse looking iron bars, which might serve as protections against burglars, so stout and so strong do they appear: these are the finest spiders' threads, which are arranged within the telescope. One or two trials are made in order to practise counting the seconds correctly when looking away from the chronometer, but we soon find that to count in a trustworthy manner we must sit down for three or four days near a chronometer, whilst we count and count again—for you must count mechanically as you would walk, and not by any mental exertion, or you

can never become a practical astronomer. We, however, manage to count —after a fashion—and now "Look out" is the word.

Instantly darting into the field of view, a little fiery, twinkling object comes galloping onwards towards the wires: so rapidly does it come, that counting seconds as we are, and with the mind strained in order to remember each necessary step, we make a dash at the time of passage over the first wire and again look at the clock, for whilst writing down our estimation of time, we lost count of the seconds. We were again only just in time, for the little star was gliding onwards, and once more we scribbled down seconds and portions of seconds. Again we glance at the clock, and again we estimate, and so on until nine estimations have been made.

"Seven minutes' interval now," is announced by our companion, who proceeds to examine our memorandum, which, having been added up and divided, shows that our estimation was correct to within two seconds—a result of which we were not a little proud, until we are assured that unless we can approach to within one-tenth of a second our observation would be rejected.

"Do you know what is the value of your personal equation?" is a question which follows the summing up of our observed transit. Not being in the least aware what is meant by this question, we can merely guess that it is something connected with our opinion on the stars in general. So we reply that we do not know its value, but would like to know what was his.

We are informed in answer, that "his for stars is about ·37 from the standard." Believing from this reply that the said peculiarity cannot be anything of a very heinous description, we make further inquiries, and then discover that every observer has about his eyes an individuality which causes him to invariably perceive a phenomenon, such as the transit of a star, a little before or a little after another observer, and that this "personal equation" is allowed for in all observations; a standard observer being arbitrarily fixed upon.

We could not with any certainty ascertain whether the personal equation was found to be the same both before and after dinner, or if the state of the digestion had anything to do with the fact. The simple statement, however, showed us that here was a singular phenomenon well worthy of the inquiry of psychologists; for it would appear as though there was a variation in the rate at which the external senses telegraphed to the seat of reason.

What is even more singular is that the "personal equation" for stars is not the same with the same person as it is for the moon, and thus it is also probable that each planet might give a different result, and a most complex problem is placed before us.

An interval of some ten minutes enables my companion to show me a very ingenious contrivance for registering the time of a star's transit over a series of wires. A sort of drum revolves slowly and is moved by clockwork; round this drum are long rolls of paper fitting closely. The

electric clock pricks a small hole in the paper at every second, and thus time is measured on the paper by distance. A wire connects this drum with an electric battery, and the observer at the transit-instrument, by striking a sort of trigger, can prick holes on the revolving drum. Thus, instead of counting seconds and estimating the portions thereof, the observer strikes the trigger at the instant the star is behind the wire, and the measure (by scale) of the mark thus made will give exactly the portion of a second, as well as the second of time, at which the star passed behind the wire.

Electricity, as before mentioned, is a most important aid to astronomy: it serves to preserve a series of clocks in the various rooms of a large observatory in exact coincidence, each beat being performed at the same instant. By its aid, also, the relative position of two distant observatories can be accurately ascertained, the method being as follows:—

The speed of the electric current, or the time occupied by a signal passing from one observatory to another, is first ascertained; for electricity does take some time to pass along a wire, and the rate in all cases is not the same; then the chronometers at each observatory are compared by signal, and the difference, if any, is thus found. Both transit-instruments being adjusted, the time of a star's passage is telegraphed by the most eastern observatory to the western; after a certain interval (depending on the longitude) the same star passes the western observatory; the interval of time between the star's two passages gives the exact longitude, which, before the introduction of electricity, was a long and difficult item to obtain.

During some five or six hours of darkness a multitude of stars and two or three planets are registered in the note-book; clouds occasionally interrupting the view, and giving the observer a little leisure. As a rule, the observations are confined to those stars which are to the south of Greenwich, or immediately to the north of the zenith, and the greatest dependence is placed upon observations made on stars which pass near the zenith of the Observatory, because refraction, the astronomer's bugbear, produces no deviation of a ray of light from an object in the zenith. Thus, γ Draconis, θ and η Ursæ Majoris, are valuable stars for Greenwich Observatory.

Having commenced observations at about six o'clock in the evening, we were so engaged in noticing the second-beats of the clock, that some time elapsed before we perceived that the minute and hour hands indicated a little short of one o'clock. This discovery led to a dissertation on the subject of time, and we were given much information, of which the following is a rough sketch:

The clock that showed one hour was an astronomical clock, indicating sidereal time, sidereal time being counted from one round to twenty-four hours. It is 0 o'clock, sidereal time, when a certain point in the heavens, called the first point of Aries, is due south of the Observatory, this first point of Aries being that point in the heavens in which we see the sun

about the 21st of March, when it is exactly over the equator. Thus the hour hand of a sidereal clock, if placed horizontally, would move round regularly, and always point towards that part of the heavens called the first point of Aries.

This arrangement of time is particularly convenient for giving the position of the stars, for they are said to be one hour, two hours, and so on, from the first point of Aries, just as we say a city or town is one, two, or more hours of longitude east or west of Greenwich. Having, then, a list of stars, it is merely necessary to look at the astronomical clock in order to see which are then near to the meridian.

Instead of saying a star is "one hour from the first point of Aries," the term "right ascension" is used, and a star is said to have one hour of right ascension, and for the sake of brevity this is written 1 ℞.

When, then, we saw the astronomical clock indicating one o'clock nearly, stars having about 1 ℞ were due south of us.

Another clock in the establishment indicates Greenwich mean time, that is, portions of the common time shown by our clocks and watches. In consequence of the sun moving during the year in a sort of oblique course around the earth, and from its not being in the exact centre of the earth's annual course, it does not come to the south of any place at exactly equal intervals of time—that is, from noon of one day to the noon of the next is not an uniform quantity of time. It would be very inconvenient for all purposes to have a variable length of day, and in the present days of railway travelling regulating the clocks would be a very difficult matter. For business, as well as for scientific purposes, therefore, a day of uniform length is adopted, and this day is the *mean* of all the variable days throughout the year, and is hence called a mean day, and portions thereof "*mean time.*"

The sidereal clock and the mean-time clock only indicate the same time once during the year, viz., on or about the 21st of March ; after this date the sidereal clock moves on more rapidly, and about June 21st would indicate six hours P.M. when the mean-time clock pointed to noon. One of the items for calculation at Greenwich is the transferal of Greenwich mean time into sidereal, and *vice versâ*, but by the aid of tables this work is rendered very simple.

We will now briefly consider the practical results derived from the Greenwich Observatory, for these results are essentially practical.

We are now on board a valuable ship, and somewhere on the Atlantic Ocean ; the sun has not been visible for three days, and a heavy gale has driven us we know not where. During the night a slight opening in the clouds reveals some half-dozen stars: two of these are recognized, and the height of each above the horizon is carefully measured with the sextant. One is exactly south, the other south-west. At the instant that the observation on the south-west star was made, the time shown by the ship's chronometer, and which had been rated at Greenwich, is accurately registered ; upon referring to the *Nautical Almanac*, which work contains

the results of the Greenwich labours, we find the correct position in the heavens of these two stars.

By the aid of the star in the south, the ship's latitude is at once obtained, whilst by the aid of the second, the sidereal time of the observation is obtained: this sidereal time can, by the aid of a table and data supplied from Greenwich, be converted into mean time, which will be the mean time of the ship. The chronometer shows Greenwich time, and hence the difference between the time at the two localities gives the longitude of the ship, and hence its exact position on the ocean.

Again, from some unexplained cause the chronometer has stopped, and we know not that essential to our calculations, viz., Greenwich time. Our loss, however, can be remedied by the aid of the Greenwich observations, for there, in the southern sky, is the moon, and to the west of it a bright star. Sextant in hand, the mariner measures the height of the star and moon above the horizon, and the distance in degrees between the moon and star, the time by a hack watch, or the restarted chronometer, is noted at the instant of observation, and the measurements being corrected for certain items, it is found that the moon's centre was when observed just 40° 10′ 10″ from the star.

Upon reference to the information supplied two years previously from Greenwich, we find that it was exactly ten minutes and four seconds past nine by the Greenwich clock when the moon and the star were that distance apart. The chronometer is at once restarted correctly, and the mariner is confident that it is showing the same time as the clock on the exterior wall of Greenwich Observatory.

These are but a few of the benefits derived from this establishment, which serves, besides, as a sort of head-quarters for all practical astronomical information. It is not from it, however, that any important discoveries connected with the nature and constitution of the various celestial bodies are likely to emanate. The whole training and work of the various members partake entirely of the practical and mechanical. From independent observers it is most probable the next great advance will originate, though it will most likely be suggested by an examination of the facts collected and registered at the Greenwich Observatory.

A Moral Man.

(FROM THE RUSSIAN OF NEKRASOF.)

A strictly moral man have I been ever
And never injured anybody—never.

I lent my friend a sum he could not pay,
I jogged his memory in a friendly way—
Then took the law of him th' affair to end—
The law to prison sent my worthy friend.
He died there—not a farthing for poor me!
I am not angry, though I've cause to be.
His debt that very moment I forgave,
And shed sad tears of sorrow o'er his grave.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

I sent my slave to learn the art of dressing
Meat—he succeeded—a good cook's a blessing;
But he too oft would leave his occupation,
And gained a taste not suited to his station.
He liked to read, to reason, and discuss—
I, tired of scolding, without further fuss
Had the rogue flogged—all for the love of him:
He went and drowned himself—'twas a strange whim.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

My silly daughter fell in love one day,
And with her tutor wished to run away:
I threatened curses and pronounced my ban;
She yielded, and espoused a rich old man.
Their house was splendid, brimming o'er with wealth,
But suddenly poor Mary lost her health,
And in a year consumption wrought her doom:
She left us mourning o'er her early tomb.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

ALEXANDER KOUMANIN.

Aids to Beauty, Real and Artificial.

"Beauty," says the proverb, "is but skin deep;" a truth which carries to the ugly hearer only a mitigated satisfaction when he reflects that Opinion is no deeper. Let moralists moralize as they please, Beauty is a beautiful thing, an enviable thing, drawing admiration and kindness after it, flattering the eye, raising pleasant thoughts, and giving its possessors a thousand advantages in the "struggle for existence." None are insensible to its charm; young and old, wise and foolish, acknowledge its influence, and would gladly share its gifts. How differently fares the ugly dog from his handsome and petted rival! What kindnesses fall into the lap of the beautiful child, which the ugly child can only hope to receive from the overflowing tenderness of parental love; and in parental eyes all children are beautiful. Nay, not only in dogs and children, but even in old women we see this influence; let the old woman show some of the charms of youth reminiscent in the grey dignity of acknowledged age, and she stirs the respectful tenderness of our regards. Men, who do the hard work of the world, with brain and hand, are less called upon for a display of personal grace; a certain latitude in ugliness is permitted to them—a latitude, it must be confessed, sometimes carried into licence. *Il ne faut abuser de rien.* Even men are all the better for being pleasant to the eye.

If Nature has been niggardly to us, shall we not repair her stinginess by the generosity of Art? Shall we, in candid contentment, display our imperfect complexions, our discrepant teeth, our scanty or objectionable hair, our bulgy or unsymmetrical shapes? Shall we not rather seek to hide these defects, and so arrange the facts of Nature that we may present a more agreeable aspect even at the expense of perfect sincerity?

The universal practice of mankind has already answered this question. The art of adorning the person is the earliest art acquired by the savage, and the last relinquished by reluctant old age. This being so, we have only to consider the art of this art, the æsthetics of personal appearance. Assured that man and woman will use ingenuity in heightening their effects, and disguising their defects, we have only to discuss the methods this ingenuity has discovered. They are of two kinds, the Real and the Artificial. In the Real, no deceit is practised; the best chance is given to Nature to produce an agreeable effect, and nothing is fictitious. In the Artificial there always enters an element of deceit, more or less transparent. Defects are boldly denied, or huddled out of sight; and qualities

which have no real existence are assumed. Some artificial aids are venial, and even praiseworthy; they are meant to withdraw disagreeable details from observation, not to deceive. A glass eye, for example, or a false tooth, may have no intention of deluding the beholder, but simply of relieving him from the continual presence of an unsightly detail. Few can have witnessed the undisguised gaps in the front teeth of young German women without a regret that the dentist had not been called in. When the artificial aids are not thus venial, they are open to the twofold objection of *not* successfully effecting their purpose, and by this failure producing moral disgust. We see through the pretence, resent the fiction, and despise the vanity. The man or woman whom we should simply not have admired becomes an object of ridicule or contempt. Painfully is this forced upon us in the too common attempt to disguise age, and to dress old mutton like spring lamb. No one is deceived for more than a moment, and the reaction of disgust endures. Against such follies I know it is idle to launch the shafts of ridicule, or the epithets of scorn. Old men and women, who would resist the irresistible *fact* of age, will never be brought to acknowledge the *beauty* of age; they want another beauty; they cling to the remembrance of departed charms. If the rouge-pot and the hair-dresser can help them to dead *simulacra* of those charms, they are welcomed; and although they keenly see through the like pretences in others, they cannot be argued out of the wisdom of employing such pretences themselves.

Fortunes are made by cosmetics. Large sums, we know, are paid to artists who undertake to "enamel" the skins of ladies, bestowing the radiance of health where nature or disease has set a very different sign. Dear madam, it is all a fiction! Cosmetics are impositions. The credulity of vanity, supported by blank ignorance, may induce you to spend time and money on such appliances to create a "complexion;" but if you knew how your skin was constructed, how it grew, how it breathed, and how it assumed its "complexion," you would as soon think of remedying its defects by the use of cosmetics, as of rendering hieroglyphics legible by whitewashing a monument. Your skin has been made: as such it will continue; you cannot remake or remodel it; you cannot add to or take from its colouring matter by cosmetics. There is but one grand cosmetic, and that is Health. A healthy skin will have all the splendour which it is possible for that skin to have. By exposure to sun and wind it may be darkened and coarsened; but by no known means can it be rendered lustrous and transparent. Resource to the Artificial methods incurs two serious risks—the risk of injury to health, and the risk of being found out and despised.

The risk of injury. The enamellers and "artists" who prey upon the weakness of the would-be fair probably believe, as their victims believe, that if the deceit can be effected, all is pure gain. And when the painted surface is but small, this is in some sense true; a small part of the skin may be destroyed without sensible injury—and painting or

enamelling it is tantamount to destroying it, for the enamel prevents transpiration, and the skin, recollect, is a *breathing organ*. Experiments have often shown that if an animal be prevented from breathing by its skin (as when a coat of varnish is laid over a considerable surface) it dies in agony; and it is very often that deaths from extensive burns and scalds are due less to the direct injury, or to the nervous shock, than to the suppression of this breathing function over a large surface of the skin.

Herein you perceive at once the danger of painting or enamelling; and the absurdity of that fiction, once very generally believed in, respecting the late Madame Vestris, of whom it was said that her arms, neck, and face were covered with a coat of enamel "which required her to sit for an hour before the fire to dry." Those who knew that agreeable and accomplished actress off the stage are aware that she allowed the brown of her brunette complexion to appear undisguised, however liberally she may have applied rouge and pearl-powder when on the stage. And those who are instructed in physiology know that this pretended coat of enamel would not have left her life enough to sit before the fire while it dried. Understand, therefore, dear madam, that if you allow the enameller to cover any but an inconsiderable surface, it is at considerable risk. Understand, moreover, that unless the small patch be removed from steady gaze, it will infallibly be detected by any eye that rests upon it; for, however skilful the art may be with which the colour of the surrounding skin is imitated, the inevitable differences in the *reflection of the light* falling on the two surfaces—differences which depend on the absence of the downy hair, and the insensible moisture, no less than the smoothness of the painted surface wanting the many crossing lines of the skin—betray the secret.

Then, as to rouge and pearl-powder. Rouge is needful on the stage, so long as the present system of lighting the stage continues; without it, the healthiest complexion has a ghastly look. Pearl-powder is generally used by foreign actresses, is not unfrequently used by English actresses, and was prodigally employed by Madame Vestris. Both rouge and pearl-powder are much oftener used in drawing-rooms than is suspected—rouge is even used by men—but the moderation with which they are employed causes them to escape general notice, and, at the same time, mitigates their evil effects. The injurious effect of these powders is in, to some extent, stopping the pores of the skin, and thereby greatly lessening transpiration. That the evil is not imaginary may be seen in the universal muddy pallor of actors' complexions. This is not attributable to gas and late hours. Other men sit up till later hours, other men are pale; but no other class has the peculiar complexion observable in actors.

Would you know how to detect an artificial complexion? Look at it in a side light; and instead of the *satiny* effect which comes from the natural moisture of the skin, varied by its down, you will observe an effect comparable to that of frosted silver as compared with polished silver—a certain dead uniformity of tint.

Many women refrain from washing their faces, on the absurd supposition that washing "injures the complexion." They simply remove the dirt by a little cold-cream, rubbed off by a cambric handkerchief. Others use milk, or milk and water, for the same purpose. "It softens the skin," they believe. Understand the nature of the complexion, and you will see that these notions are as rational as if a painter dissatisfied with the flesh tints of his picture thought to improve them by cold-creaming the coat of varnish which protects the colours from the air and dust. For, in sober truth, the epidermis, or outer-skin—that which alone can be attacked by cream, milk, or cosmetics—is as essentially separated from the colouring elements of the complexion, as the coat of varnish is separated from the colours on a painted canvas. The outer skin is a layer of *dead* cells; it may be rubbed off, and thus expose the delicate surface of the skin beneath; it cannot be modified by external agents into any beauty of living texture. Keep it clean, and it is sufficiently transparent to let the colouring matter, which lies beneath, shine through it. Complexions depend on this colouring matter, and on the distribution of the minute blood-vessels, neither of which are injuriously affected by water, or advantageously by cream and cosmetics. The too constant and energetic stimulus of sunlight and fresh air will increase the activity of the circulation in the skin, and produce that red and ruddy aspect so familiar in much-exposed faces. The infrequent exposure to such healthy stimuli will diminish the activity of the circulation, and produce the dull and pallid aspect so familiar in manufacturing districts, or among the sedentary classes. Moderate exposure, with all the accessories of healthy exercise, produces the most perfect complexion compatible with the original structure of the skin.

These are the plain facts. If, therefore, Nature has bestowed on you a brilliant complexion, you have simply to keep yourself in health. If Nature has bestowed on you a skin obstinately brown, or obtrusively spotty, you must resign yourself to the inevitable, and only hope to mitigate the defect, first, by keeping yourself in health, and secondly, by the judicious choice and distribution of colour in costume. In cosmetics there is no help. They are either harmless, because powerless, or they make bad worse. To wash the negro white has long been recognized as an effort of romantic benevolence, even by those who believe they can make a brown skin fair, or a muddy complexion transparent.

Are then cold-cream, *pâte d'amandes*, and the like, without their uses? Not so. Often they are of singular benefit, but *not* in beautifying the complexion. In cases where sudden or protracted exposure has inflamed the skin, or where a dry east wind has roughened it, these appliances are very efficient; and how? First, by *protecting* the inflamed skin against the air, and thus allowing the inflammation more rapidly to subside; secondly, by softening the epidermis, and allowing the scales which are peeling off to fall without dragging with them those others not yet ready to fall.

Then, again, as to hair. The number of washes, pomades, and philocomes, which profess to make baldness hirsute, to prevent hair from turning grey, to soften, curl, and beautify it in every desired way, are all delusions. Any one who understands what the hair is, and how it grows, must, on reflection, see that the idea of preventing baldness by the external application of grease is about as rational as the idea of stimulating the growth of pearls by rubbing tallow over an oyster-shell. All that portion of the hair which is above the surface is *dead*—it is only another modification of that epidermis which we have just been considering. That it is dead, and not living, you may understand by reflecting how utterly insensible it is, and how it does not decay, nor change its form and colour after having been separated from the living body for centuries. Being dead, of course it cannot be made to grow. That portion of the hair which is living and growing lies out of sight, deep-seated beneath the skin, where grease and philocome cannot reach it. As long as the living bulb is there, and is fed from the surrounding plasma, fresh shoots will grow. Once let that bulb be destroyed and all pomades are powerless.

It *may* be true, though not proved, that certain applications, by stimulating the skin, may stimulate a languid growth of hair; but wherever there has once been hair, and it has disappeared, no art will restore it. Hence, if the reader is getting alarmed at the rapidity with which his hair is falling off, I do not bid him despair; the bulbs may be languid, but not dead. In such a case there is one remedy which may confidently be tried—a sea-voyage or residence by the sea. How the sea-air acts is not easily explained; although the fact of its general influence on the glands is notorious; but I may mention that I have known men who have reached the age of thirty, with little more than down for whiskers, return from a long sea-voyage with luxuriant beards: and it is observable that fishermen and sailors are seldom bald. Pomades, washes, &c. are not without their use for purposes of cleanliness, and to give harsh hair a glossiness; but here their effects stop—on the colour or the growth of hair they are powerless.

False hair may be worn for comfort no less than for deceit. Wigs are dangerous unless frankly avowed. A toupet may easily escape detection; also, the tresses of "back hair" so often added to eke out an appearance of luxuriance—they escape because they are not brought into close proximity with the skin. A wig is betrayed by the *sharp line* it forms against the skin; real hair springs from the surface with fine gradations. Even when not detected, wigs are mistakes in point of beauty. No man or woman who understands the real charm of grey hair, blending so perfectly with the flesh-tints, and harmonizing the whole, will for a moment think of replacing it by a wig; and it is pleasant to see how this conviction is spreading, and how much more frequently women now display their grey hair, to their immense advantage. The most sensible wig I remember to have seen was worn by a very foolish baronet of my acquaintance, whose good sense in this one particular remains a puzzle. It was not a black or

brown wig, which would have been in flagrant dissonance with the flesh-tints and crow's-feet of his seventy years, but a silvery white, luxuriant and wavy, such as his own hair might have been; and it made him look at least fifteen years younger.

Hair-dyes are æsthetical errors. Consider for a moment that to change the colour of your hair, and yet be unable to make corresponding changes in your complexion, which is suited to your hair, and is one with it—the two being causally connected—must inevitably produce a dissonance of effect. Men little understand this when they rush to dyes for their moustaches, eyebrows, and whiskers. They are unaware of the *harshness* it produces—a harshness felt by the spectator, although perhaps he cannot explain it. Black hair may be admirable; but it is only admirable with a corresponding complexion. Well-marked eyebrows may be enviable, but you are warned against pencilling your own with a view of rivalling the effect admired in some rival. The chances are fifty to one that while you will gain a well-marked eyebrow, you will also produce a corresponding dissonance. The admiration bestowed on this one detail (the eyebrow) will be compensated by a loss of admiration for the whole effect of the countenance. There is in Nature a subtlety of gradations not to be imitated by Art. Dyes present a sharp decided line, where Nature melts her tones imperceptibly; and this decision of line produces harshness of effect. Compare a man with dyed moustaches and a man with dark moustaches: the former may congratulate himself on the superior emphasis given by his dye; but he forgets the dissonance of effect which is produced. And this leads to a remark on the very common error in personal æsthetics, namely, that the attention is centred upon some *detail* instead of on the *general effect*. It is curiously manifested in the matter of beards, which have of late years become the ambition of so many: to exhibit a very luxuriant beard, the larger and longer the better, seems with some men the supreme effort of personal effect; whereas a large beard on a small face, or surmounting a small body, produces the painful incongruity of subordinating humanity to a tuft of hair. The beard may be splendid *as* a beard, larger, darker, glossier, and every way more admirable than the beards of common men; but what is it as an ornament? how does it contribute to the general effect? This is entirely overlooked; so that practically the admiration would express itself thus: "There's a handsome beard;" not, "There's a handsome man."

The only effective dyeing is that of the tips of the eyelashes, which gives increased splendour to the eyes, and, not being in immediate juxtaposition with the skin, may easily escape detection. If ever you are in doubt as to whether hair is dyed or not, view it in a side light, and the uniformity of reflection in the dyed hair, by its striking contrast with the undulating play of colour in the real hair, will at once disclose the attempted deceit. Side lights are fatal.

In England there is a general prejudice against all kinds of red hair—a foolish, unartistic prejudice, as every painter will proclaim, since many

kinds of red hair are exquisitely beautiful, and were prodigally employed by the great Venetian colourists. If you have the fortunate misfortune to possess hair of this decried hue, or, which is probable, move amid circles where its beauty is not understood, be steadfast in your faith, and strive not to escape the comments of ignorance by recourse to artificial aids. I will confess, however, that there is one plan which uneasy *amour propre* may resort to, with less dissonance of effect and less chance of detection than is open to hair of any other colour. Red hair may be partially dyed. About two-thirds of the whole mass may be coloured brown, leaving the remaining third of the natural hue; and when this third is skilfully distributed, so as to intermingle with the mass, not in patches, but in delicate strands, the effect is something like that of chestnut or brown hair with touches of gold. If the process be gradually adopted, at first only a slight proportion of the hair darkened, and this portion stealthily extended, so that about a year or so elapses before the two-thirds are embraced, even friends are deceived, and attribute the change to the not unfrequent darkening which takes place in natural hair. However, all deceit is degrading, and in proportion to the elaborateness and secresy of the means taken, is the vitiating moral effect upon the consciousness; thus if not detected, it injures the *morale;* and when detected the result is worse than any defect it may disguise.

"Bright eyes rain influence," and bright eyes accordingly are much envied. Art has discovered means of giving lustre, but none which can rival Nature. Rouge and painted eyelashes are well-known aids. The best of all is Exercise. Health gives the bright veinless splendour to the cornea, and lustre to the pupil. All young and healthy eyes are bright. Some women, young but unhealthy, or neither healthy nor young. try the treacherous and transient effect of belladonna. And many a fashionable oculist is called upon to apply this belladonna, which he consents to do, because he knows that his refusal will not prevent the application, and his compliance enables him to use it with the smallest possible amount of evil. It *is* an evil, however,—a serious evil; the false lustre is dearly purchased, and the splendour is transient. There is a herb which I could name, the effect of which is to make the eyes lustrous as those of imagined Houris; but with this feverish splendour there is a feverish blackness of the lips; and as the herb very much disturbs the equable current of the circulation, and injures the nervous centres, I refrain from disclosing so dangerous a secret. Those to whom it is known, and by whom it is employed, are warned that the occasional splendour of an evening is purchased at a price few triumphs of the kind are worth.

On more than one occasion, Exercise has been named as among the natural methods of preserving and heightening beauty. It requires a word of explanation, being, in general, very imperfectly understood. Exercise is so often and so emphatically recommended, that people have come to believe that it is always good, and of a good thing too much cannot be had. In truth, it may be as hurtful as it is beneficial. In

excess, or under improper conditions, it has seriously damaged many. The limit of excess varies with each organism; but Fatigue plainly marks the limit for each; all exercise beyond the point of fatigue is directly injurious. When I speak of exercise as an aid to beauty, it is of course only as an aid to health. Riding on horseback, a game at rackets, shuttlecock, rowing, walking in pleasant company or among pleasant scenes, gardening, botanizing; in short, any exercise, which *gently stimulates the nervous activity while employing varied muscles*, is what should be sought. For girls and young women nothing is better than a game at shuttlecock, double-handed, in the open air, or, in default, in a large room; next to this is fencing; and not to be despised is a skipping-rope. But this is only one part of the prescription. After an energetic game, which has called the whole body into vigorous activity, not unaccompanied with bursts of laughter at failure, and titillations of pride at success, the players should be *well rubbed with dry flannel or rough towels.* The effect of a course of such exercise, *and rubbings*, will soon be visible in the softness and fineness of the skin, the firmness of the flesh, the reduction of superfluous fat, the improvement in the complexion, and the lustre of the eyes.

I shall say but little on the final point—that of Costume: it would require a larger knowledge and an ampler space than are at my command. The generalities of the subject may, however, be glanced at. Costume embraces both the real and artificial methods of heightening effect. Dress being necessary, the æsthetical arrangement of that dress in form and colour may be regarded among the natural aids to beauty. That this arrangement is seldom governed by a delicate taste or any rational principle of subordinating means to an end, is but too well known. The successions of fashion seem rather determined by an ingenious desire of disguising the natural form, and of presenting an image conspicuously unallied to humanity. Partly this arises from confusion of ideas and imbecility of mind in those who lead and those who follow the fashion; partly from the inherent irrationality of that desire for conspicuous change upon which fashion depends. The caprices of costume, however, form a subject for separate treatment. Here we need only remark, that whether the prevailing costume be intrinsically beautiful or hideous, rational or silly, it cannot altogether be neglected or opposed without injury to the personal appearance; since so long as the conventional demands of the eye require a certain costume, any want of compliance with those demands will, by the conventional standard, be regarded as eccentricity and ugliness. A woman who wishes to please her contemporaries (and no sane woman dresses for *posterity*) must accommodate herself to the reigning prejudices. She must be very confident of her beauty, and her power to carry off with grace any appearance of singularity, before openly opposing popular opinion. To be "out of the fashion" generally implies an unpardonable neglect, or a certain insolent independence. When waists are worn under the arms, it is ugliness to

make the waist divide the trunk. When skirts are balloons, a woman is held to be a "guy" if she appears in skirts that are scant. When head-dresses are towers of hair and ornament, it is audacious singularity or rusticity to wear simple bands.

Fashion in all its hideousness is despotic, and can only be rebelled against by very exceptional people. There is, however, a rational and æsthetic obedience no less than an irrational and hideous servility. Perhaps in nothing does the feminine intellect more markedly betray its weakness than in this matter of costume. Although personal appearance is of paramount importance to women—although dress forms the occupation, the delight, the dream of one half their lives and the trouble of the other—although they are never tired of canvassing its details and discussing what is and what is not becoming—the surprising irrationality of their practice is enough to puzzle a reflective mind, until the determining motives of that practice are revealed. These motives are not, as a philosopher might imagine surveying the circumstances from a rational ground, to secure the admiration of men, and for that purpose to secure the most becoming arrangement of shape and colour. Women dress for women, not for men; a paradox, but an incontrovertible truth. Although it is to men they look for admiration of their beauty, it is to their own sex they look for admiration of their dress. Hence costume ceases to be considered primarily as a means of heightening effect or mitigating defect. It ceases to be a means, and becomes an end. Men are scornfully said to "know nothing about dress." And in the mantua-maker sense this is generally true. But if men know nothing of dress, they may be presumed to know something of the effect which one kind of costume produces on them, and whether it enhances or disguises the beauty. However, just as misers forget the object of money in gloating over the money itself, so women, occupied with the dress itself, forget the original purposes for which its arrangement of colour and shape were instituted; and hideous inconvenience is too frequently the result of fashion. Further, even when the idea of beauty does enter as an element, it is almost always frustrated by the profound irrationality which determines the choice. Not one woman in five hundred is really determined in her choice by what she knows to be becoming to *her*, but by what she has seen to be becoming to *others*, or by what she is assured is "much worn now." If her healthy instinct against a colour or pattern raises a timid objection, it is crushed at once by the authoritative assertion, "We are selling it very largely, madam." The shopman or shopwoman who would allow a dress to be rejected on the score of ugliness, without a strong assurance of its "being much admired," would soon be dismissed as incompetent by his fundamental ignorance of the feminine intellect. You must acknowledge this, dear madam, although you always, of course, hold yourself above such influences. You have a long face, and your "guide, philosopher, and friend," suggests that a tall bonnet is not becoming to a long face; but your guide, milliner, and enemy dis-

poses of the objection with "They are worn so." And you meekly submit. Some leader of fashion with a small, round face finds out that tall bonnets are becoming to her; and because becoming to her, all the long-faced women of Europe conclude it will be becoming to them. By the natural law of imitation to pass into excess, no sooner is the tall bonnet introduced, than it gets taller and taller, until the exaggeration produces a reaction.

There is an opening for some exercise of rational judgment even in so capricious a thing as fashion. Let a woman by careful, honest scrutiny ascertain what are the colours and forms which are most becoming to *her*, and then resolutely stick to them as far as may be without obtrusive singularity. If black is most harmonious with her complexion, let black be her colour; and with regard to shape let her be careful to keep *within* the extreme limits of the reigning model. If, for example, her face is long, and the taste runs in the direction of tall bonnets, let her bonnet be of the lowest height which will pass unnoticed: if she is short and stout, and skirts are worn of "circumambient" sweep, let her wear skirts of the least dimensions which will escape the charge of singularity. In like manner, there is one way of wearing her hair which is more becoming to her than any other; let this be found out, and unchangeably preserved. Can anything be more senseless than to see women with fat or ill-proportioned faces dragging back their hair *à la Chinoise*, simply because they have seen some pretty *piquante* face look charming with that *coiffure?* If one-third of the thought now bestowed on costume were withdrawn from the consideration of how "sweetly Maria looked in that pink," and "what a love of a bonnet Mrs. Tulle had at church"—considerations which at once determine the next order—and if this withdrawn attention were bestowed on mastering the principles of form and colour suitable to each woman, there would be ten times as much effective beauty, and the tyranny of fashion would be reduced to moderation.

A Ride with the Cossacks at Kertch.

On the 3rd May, 1855, an expedition, which had been for some time in preparation, consisting of about 10,000 French and English, with six guns, sailed for Kertch, but was recalled. A few days afterwards, General Canrobert resigned the chief command to General Pelissier, and at once several events marked the change of commanders. The Kertch expedition was one of these, which again sailed on the 23rd of the month, and on this occasion was allowed to accomplish its object.

It was in the beginning of the September following, just previous to the fall of Sebastopol, that a small force of cavalry, consisting of a squadron of the 10th Hussars, and a similar body of the 2nd Chasseurs d'Afrique, was detached from the army at Balaklava, for the purpose of doing duty with the troops at Kertch. At noon, on the 5th, after having all partaken of a good breakfast, we of the 10th Hussars paraded and marched down to the harbour, where the *Himalaya* awaited us, to convey the two squadrons to their destination. The first part of the performance was to get our horses on board, and this from previous practice had become quite an easy matter to the 10th Hussars,—our chargers were run on deck, placed in the slings, fastened, hoisted, then lowered, passed below, and finally put into their stalls. When that was done, and the baggage all on board, it took but a little while for us to get shaken into our places; and by the time the vessel had got steam up, and moved out of the harbour, every one was comfortable, the men told off in messes and rationed, the horses in their boxes watered and fed, and everything ship-shape.

On the 6th, a most lovely morning, we steamed along the shores of the Crimea, passed Kaffa on the 7th, sighted in a few hours the hills of Ak Buram, and rounding Cape Takli, on which then no lighthouse stood to guide the benighted mariner, we shortly afterwards dropped anchor off Fort St. Paul's. The French commenced disembarking at once, and by the following day had all got off, when we began; this had all to be done on rafts and in small boats, a French gunboat towing us in these, each man standing to his horse's head. When all had disembarked, we mounted our horses, and moved off in the direction of the town, which was some five miles distant, by a road that might once have been good, but was now rough and rocky as a mountain path. This, however, to our sure-footed little Arabs, was a matter of no importance; they trotted along, neighing and squealing at the mere sight of one of their own species, and, failing that, would seize the slightest opportunity of getting closer together, to have an equestrian performance among themselves—

charging open-mouthed, and kicking at each other furiously. Kertch, like most Eastern towns, had presented a fine appearance from the sea, from whence its well-built mansions and long line of quays looked as handsome and substantial as though it had been still a flourishing place; but when we entered, this delusion rapidly vanished, and it was painful to witness the ruin about us. One of the staff had met us close to the town, and directed us to our future residences; the Chasseurs were pretty comfortably located, all things considered, at what had been once the principal hotel, named the "Bosphorus Tracter;" our quarters were situated at the other extremity of the town, and had formerly been the chief seminary for young ladies in the Crimean watering-place. If "poverty makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows," war may equally be said to make them acquainted with strange bed-places; and "what a fall was here,"—from an academy for young ladies to a barrack for dragoons! Still, for our parts, we rather fancied the quarters, and although for us the house contained no pleasant recollections, yet with it were associated pleasant ideas. It helped us to think of home and all those there that we loved—mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, whose prayers that we might be preserved from "plague, pestilence, and famine, from battle, and from sudden death," had not been without avail. And thus we not only liked our new quarters, but were proud of them, and used to date all our letters from, and request them to be addressed to, the Seminary, which was a large and commodious domicile, and had been well furnished—had been, we say, for spoilers had been there before us, and their occupation was marked by wilful destruction, relentless ruffianism and studied debauchery. *Their* broad arrow was to be seen everywhere. In the ante-rooms portions of mahogany tables and chairs were piled up ready to be used for firewood, whilst amongst the decayed embers of the stove could be still seen the remains of what had been the ivory keys of a piano. In the chambers were shreds of curtains, which had been torn down and trodden under foot; the glass which had formed mirrors and chandeliers lay shivered in thousands of fragments beneath, and even pictures made part of the ruin. And they who had done all this were those for whom England was then expending her best blood and treasure,—our worthy allies the Turks; of a verity, *they* give their enemies good occasion to remember any visit they may pay.

What puzzled and amused us fresh arrivals most at first was the various kinds of costumes worn by the troops; no two appeared to dress alike, and so it was not only difficult to distinguish the Tartar or Turk from the Frenchman, but our own people from either. Each appeared to dress according to his fancy, uniformity being voted a bore, and only fit for Hyde Park or the Phœnix, where, of course, it was compulsory; but in front of the enemy it was another affair; there elegance must give way to convenience. Consequently, whatever was uncomfortable or cumbersome was speedily lost or mislaid, and replaced by the first useful substitute that offered, and had not these defects; so it may be

imagined that our fellows lost no time in conforming to the fashion, and got rigged out as soon as possible in this "*à la Française-Turko toggery*."

The cavalry force consisted of rather more than one hundred and twenty Chasseurs and about one hundred of ours; there was also some Turkish and Tartar cavalry, but a portion of the latter had fallen into an ambuscade previous to our arrival, and were all killed; the Russians never gave *them* any quarter. The enemy had been concealed in some hollow ground, and surprised them as they returned from a foraging expedition. The duty of the Chasseurs and ours was to find two outlying picquets, and convey letters and despatches from head-quarters. The French picquet was situated in a romantic hollow, about a mile to the east of the town; we were posted on an eminence a similar distance to the westward, in a white house, which gave its name to the hill. About four miles farther on, in the same direction, was a house which, belonging to a Spaniard at Odessa, was named Spanish Farm; this was occupied by some of the Turkish Contingent, and served as an advanced post. The Cossacks proved a perpetual source of annoyance to us, either by false alarms, or, as in the instance stated above, by real attack. When on picquet they kept us constantly on the alert, by continually showing front and hovering about the outpost, but always disappearing on the least attempt we made to approach them. Such conduct, of course, was not at all according to our liking, as we were eager to have a brush along with them; and various were the promises and threats of what we would do when the opportunity offered. But we had no idea how soon our wish was to be gratified; for before we had been a fortnight in Kertch we got the coveted chance of crossing swords and exchanging shots with the enemy, when we had a very narrow escape from being either all killed or taken prisoners, which was far too near a thing to be exactly pleasant.

On the 20th September information was received that bodies of Cossacks were within a few miles of Kertch, plundering the villages and carrying off forage in arabas; in consequence of this intelligence Colonel D'Osman, who commanded the cavalry, received orders to take the detachments of the 10th Hussars and 2nd Chasseurs D'Afrique, and with them proceed the same day in quest of the Cossacks. Agreeably with these instructions, the French paraded at noon, and dividing their squadron, marched in separate parties towards the villages of Kosi and Serai-le-min, each of these places being about fifteen miles from Kertch, and nearly the same distance between. When there, they were to await our arrival, and the following day, should nothing be seen of the enemy, to extend the reconnaissance farther to the front and inward flanks, so as to meet at a place agreed upon previously, and then to return. Our orders were to follow the Chasseurs so as to arrive at the rendezvous by nightfall; it was arranged in this manner, that the enemy should not be so likely to have a correct knowledge of the strength of the party. About two P.M. we were all ready, and moved off under the command of Captain Fitzclarence;

a commissariat cart accompanied us, conveying two days' rations uncooked. At Kuchack, or Lesser Turkham, we separated, C troop, under Captain Fitzclarence, taking the line by the sea-shore for Serai-le-min, whilst we, A troop, turning off in the other direction, wended our way towards Kosi-le-min. There had been no certain intelligence received regarding the strength of the enemy, but from the little knowledge obtained we were led to believe that it was only a straggling party of Cossacks from Kaffa, who partly to overawe the inhabitants, but principally for plunder, had ventured thus far, and that no force to assume the offensive was to be apprehended. In this supposition we were confirmed by our Tartar guides, they stating that it was only a small force of the enemy who were out. When too late we discovered that they had deceived us, and it was a pity we did not suspect this at the time, for, had we done so, we might have taken steps that would have placed it out of their power ever to deceive any others in this world. These worthies took us a *near* cut, by which we had not only a longer route, but a more difficult and dangerous one, where at places, had any of the enemy been secreted, we might have been taken several times at a decided disadvantage. However, so far, all passed off well, and by dusk we were close to our destination, where, to our great surprise and concern, we discovered that the Chasseurs were not at the village, nor could we gain any tidings of them. It was now quite dark, and, situated thus—some fifteen miles from our communications, in a strange place, with the enemy in our immediate vicinity—our position was, to say the least of it, very critical; and, however desirable, it would have been dangerous to attempt to form a junction with Captain Fitzclarence. To await where we were was hazardous; but to return to Kertch was equally so, while the object of the expedition would not have been accomplished; so of the number of evils we chose the least, and determined to halt where we were until daybreak. Therefore, after taking the usual precautions of placing vedettes and sending out a patrol to the front, we dismounted and prepared to pass the long hours away as best we could. A few went off on a foraging expedition and were pretty successful, having managed to get plenty of eggs; and these, with what we had of our own rations, made a meal not to be despised after a long ride. But our great misfortune was the want of water, and the poor horses suffered accordingly, having to go without after their long journey. The night was raw and chilly, and as we were unsheltered this was felt in all its acuteness, as we remained at our horses' heads, prepared to mount on the slightest alarm. Situated thus, to think of sleep was impossible; more especially as our "Arab steeds" kept continually on the move, every sinew strained and every nerve in motion just to get within reach of each other, and if they succeeded in their efforts, then tooth and heel would go to work. Some who had been accustomed to sleep under difficulties tried to snatch "forty winks" by lying down and fastening the reins round their arms; but their attempts were futile, as they would be awakened by finding themselves

dragged along the ground for several yards, or else between two belligerent animals whose hoofs would be passing in too close proximity to be either safe or agreeable. Consequently, rest was out of the question, and we passed the night as well as the adverse circumstances would allow of; telling tales, talking about old times and happy days gone by, and hoping to meet the "Russians in the morning," of which, somehow, we felt confident; for although no tidings had been heard nor trace discovered of them, a *something* told us that they were not far distant. To add to our perplexities, we found out during the night that the guides had given us the slip, carrying, as we expected, information of our whereabouts to the enemy. When this was ascertained, the position of the picquet was instantly changed farther to the flank and rear of the village, and redoubled watchfulness was felt to be necessary.

About half an hour before daybreak a Tartar arrived with a message from Captain Fitzclarence, informing us that he had found the whole of the Chasseurs at Serai-le-min, and that we were, on receipt of the note, to march immediately and join them there; so, as soon as it was light enough, we called in the vedettes and moved off at once in the direction of that village. A small stream skirted Kosi-le-min, which we had hardly crossed before we came upon a body of the enemy, who were advancing on the village covered by skirmishers. These we instantly charged, broke their lines, drove them back upon their supports, who wavered in turn as they saw us coming towards them, and not waiting until we closed, wheeled about like the others and fled, whilst we, pursuing after and among them, cutting and thrusting, became quite excited, and as is customary with cavalry in like cases, got out of hand. The fighting was excellent, while as yet we had not a man hurt, and were driving more than double our number before us, besides having made several prisoners.

After galloping in this manner for upwards of two miles, we reached a narrow gorge running between two hills, which the Cossacks and we all passed through pell-mell together. On emerging from this we discovered, to our great astonishment and dismay, that we had galloped right into the Cossacks' camp, who were swarming out of their nests and gathering round us like wasps. A suspicion began to dawn upon us that we had run into a net, the mouth of which had been temptingly left open, to allow us and the party we had pursued to enter quietly, and then of course when we were inside to draw the string and bag us all. Luckily for us, however, we appeared to have come sooner than they anticipated—before they had got prepared—and we did not fail to take advantage of our sudden entry to make as sudden a retreat before we got stung.

The first difficulty was to clear the defile, which being safely accomplished, our next object was to keep the enemy in check, and by some bold and resolute stand intimidate him. Bold in their strength, on they came. Up went our carbines, and waiting until they were within a short forty yards of us, we fired a volley, well aimed and low, into the advancing mass. In an instant a score of Cossack horses ran riderless, the remainder of them dis-

persing in all directions. This stemmed the current for a time, and the enemy rendered more cautious by the sudden repulse, advantage was taken to send out a division of ours to skirmish, and so retreat in as orderly a manner as possible. When we were retiring in this manner they continued to hover round us, threatening every moment to charge over our small body, but, fortunately so far (for they were ten to one), they did not come very close, contenting themselves with keeping up a desultory fire, that as yet had proved harmless. However, to add to our comfort, we could see some of them a mile or so distant, endeavouring to bring up a couple of field guns to bear upon us; but by good luck these got firmly fixed in some marshy ground, from which they could not be extricated in time to do us any harm. On the new turn that affairs had taken, we were obliged to set our prisoners adrift, taking the precaution, however, of disarming them and shooting their horses, which would prevent them from taking any active part in the skirmish for the time.

Still retreating, we kept in the direction whence Captain Fitzclarence's party was expected, and had gone about a mile, when, to our dismay, we heard a shout raised in rear of us, and on looking round in that direction saw another strong body of the enemy forming in line across our path. They had managed to take us in reverse by coming round the base of a hill that lay to the left of our line of retreat; and thus they had us between two fires. There was only one chance of escape—one road by which we could go, and that was, to cut our way through our new opponents; so, suddenly calling in our skirmishers, we went boldly about and at them. The very unexpectedness of the movement was in our favour, and this, seconded by its confidence, took them partly by surprise. As we charged, they fired a straggling volley (the Cossacks always fire from the hip without taking aim) that whistled harmlessly overhead. In a few more strides we were among them, and then ensued one of the most desperate struggles, with the exception of Balaklava, that had taken place during the war—a struggle of men on wearied horses, to escape from foes, despicable indeed had they been encountered in equal numbers, but in this instance terrible from their overwhelming force and from their horses being fresh. But the very numbers of the Cossacks neutralized their strength somewhat, and, although surrounded and attacked upon every side, by still keeping together we managed to hold our own.

The combat was now a regular hand-to-hand affair. We were in a predicament that no craft could assist, nor strategy extricate us from; we knew that if we escaped at all it would only be by bold riding and hard fighting, and in this manner we struggled on amid the report of fire-arms, whistling of bullets, and clanging of swords against lances, as we thrust, parried, and cut. All this, mingling with the yells of the Cossacks, created a tumult of which no description of mine can convey the least idea; whilst our cheers, sounding yet higher than the din of conflict, spoke home to each other's hearts, causing every hand to grasp firmer its blade, and to strike surer and quicker. And, even encompassed as we

were, none shrank from the encounter, nor did our spirits fail; all we fervently but vainly wished for was, that our horses were as fresh as those of our adversaries; and, had this been the case, we might yet have pulled through with but little loss; but the poor animals we rode were utterly exhausted, and kept stumbling and falling at every stride. Here we lost the sergeant-major, a sergeant, and eleven rank and file, and how we were not all ridden down and overwhelmed by the torrent in which we were engulphed seems now almost a miracle. The folly of taking out the old picquet was now apparent, as nearly all those who were taken prisoners had come off that duty; but the handful remaining cut and slashed about within the dense circle that hedged us in, and which appeared only to grow the closer and more serried the more its numbers decreased.

At last we managed to effect a breach in the living wall, and gained the open, having left nearly half our number behind. The enemy, whose loss must have been considerable, kept following us, although now at a more respectful distance, as we continued the retreat—a courtesy that, in our fatigued state, we were very thankful for, as it gave us time not only to rest ourselves, but, what was of more importance, to breathe our horses. But another calamity awaited us, for, on leaving Kosi-le-min and attacking the enemy, our commissariat cart was left behind in charge of a corporal and two men, who had orders to follow as best they could. This they did all right enough until they met us retreating before such great odds, when they left the cart in the care of the driver and a couple of Tartars to come and join us, which gave the Cossacks an opportunity that they did not fail to seize. And then we had the sorrowful satisfaction of seeing our commissariat, and little Murray of the Land Transport Corps, marched off under a "sufficient escort" of the enemy, who kept ransacking and turning over the spoil with much apparent pleasure. This, as may be imagined, was gall and wormwood to us, but our cup of misery was not filled until they were seen to broach the keg of rum—*our ration rum!* Then a cry was raised at them, and offers were made to go and attempt a recapture, and it required all our officers' authority to prevent us from essaying the foolhardy object. As it was, Collins and Broadbent, who had been the baggage guard, considered themselves bound to make the attempt, and rode off in the direction of the captured cart, round which a score or more of the enemy were regaling themselves so comfortably. On getting within shot, our two fellows opened fire on the Cossacks, who of course were too cheerfully employed to approve of this kind of interference, and savagely made at once for the intruders, who fired and fell slowly back towards us. Collins, who had shot two or three of them, managed to get away, but not so fortunate was Broadbent, whose horse failing him at his need, he was taken prisoner, and quickly disarmed. We were quite close to him when this happened, and a rescue was thought of, but to have tried it would have been madness. This the gallant fellow himself saw, for he called out "never to mind him, but look to our own safety," concluding by sending "his best respects to the

troop, whom he feared that circumstances would prevent him from seeing again for some time to come."

Leaving him to their mercy, we kept on our way, followed closer and closer by the enemy, and anticipating every moment to be again charged by them or surrounded, when the welcome sight of Captain Fitzclarence and C troop, with our allies the Chasseurs, burst upon us. They were also engaged with a body of the Russians, and were retiring in a direction nearly at right angles to us; and as we neared each other the Cossack skirmishers engaged with them got partly in our rear. To fire a volley at our own opponents, turn round, pass through these others, and join our comrades, was but the work of a few seconds.

We were now safe, comparatively, but still our situation was very precarious, as there was now opposed to us two regiments of Cossacks, and these, by a strange coincidence, happened to be the 10th Cossack Hussars and the 2nd Tchernaya Moriskeys, or Cossacks of the Black Sea. Having joined their forces, they became bolder accordingly. The Tartar cavalry which accompanied the French had run at the first appearance of the enemy, but even their desertion was turned to account by Colonel D'Osman, who, remembering that a range of hills lay behind, between us and the town, despatched an officer after the Tartars to rally them at this point, and, on our appearance, to show themselves on the crest of the ridge in skirmishing order. On our line of retreat there were neither roads nor even footpaths, and even had there been any, our topographical knowledge was too small to have turned them to any account ; so we had to make the best of our way in a straight direction across country, impeded by obstructions, and serious ones, at nearly every hundred yards. The ground, which from a distance had appeared level, was found to be intersected by deep ravines and water-courses, any one of which, at ordinary times, would have made delay. But, situated as we now were, the case was altered; gullies, wide and deep, were ridden over and through in a manner that nothing but the desperate state of affairs could have justified. And had we not been mounted on such hardy little cattle (who jumped down, across, or in and out of these with a cat-like facility and sureness of foot, that is somehow never possessed by English troop-horses), we must have been beaten to a stand-still long before, or else been buried in one of these holes. Occasionally, however, we came to an obstacle that even *they* could not get over, when we had to traverse to right and left, trying to discover a more favourable spot; and whenever this happened we were obliged to resume the offensive, and, making a charge, drive our slippery opponents back. In this manner we formed again and again to the front to attack an enemy much our superior; yet they never awaited our charge, but fled at every advance we made, although it was only to return immediately we retired, to harass us on flank and rear. In this sort of warfare the Cossack cavalry surpass all others. Mounted on light and sinewy horses, ponies we should term them—armed for the attack only—relying on the quickness of their

movements and the sagacity of their steeds for defence—they never await the charge, but disperse in all directions, to avoid the attack, only, however, to rally again in a few seconds at another point: and in this manner they harassed us, remaining spread in a large semicircle round us, firing on and threatening us at every turn.

It was near the brink of one of these formidable ravines that the Chasseurs suffered most. The enemy was close upon us, our skirmishers driven in, and the line of retreat impassable. Under these circumstances there was but one thing for it, and on the *en avant* from the French leader we gave a hearty, willing cheer, that rang clear along with the *vivas* of the Chasseurs, and with one mind and purpose, riding side by side, we dashed at them. As we rode forward they met us with a well-directed volley, but immediately turned and fled, avoiding the shock; by that fire eight of the French were killed and several more wounded. As we only wished to gain time so that we might get safely over the obstacle in rear, our object was attained when the enemy was driven back. The signal was now given to retire, and this was accomplished by all at a more favourable part of the ravine, with the exception of Privates Colter, Bolter, Poole and Lucas, who in the excitement of fighting forgot the exhausted state of their horses, and went too far. The Cossacks perceiving these men by themselves, and at their mercy, wheeled round, and like a pack of wolves, and with as little order, galloped upon them. Bolter, who was the nearest, was turning to meet them when a ball struck him in the chest; he dropped the bridle, fell forward on his horse's neck, his sword dangling by the knot, and his hands striving to clutch the mane; for a few seconds he remained thus, and then fell forward over his horse's neck upon the ground. Colter was hurled from his horse by a lance that pierced him through his left shoulder. Poole, as he dashed forward to his assistance, parried a lance thrust made at him, and threw himself on one side to avoid another, but in doing so his whole weight was on one stirrup, which caused the saddle partly to turn, and he fell under his horse. In an instant he was again mounted, defending himself sword in hand, and fighting desperately. He refused the quarter the Cossacks offered, but it was useless, one against so many; he was surrounded, his sword was knocked up, and he was disarmed.

All this, however, had not passed unobserved, and Captain Fitzclarence's attention was called to Poole's predicament by Mr. Partridge (the veterinary surgeon, who voluntarily accompanied us in *all* expeditions), who proposed to go to his rescue. This proposition was promptly replied to by our captain, who shouted, "Come on, Tenth," with a wave of his sword in Poole's direction, indicating where and what he meant, and, leading the way with Mr. Partridge, was instantly followed by half-a-dozen of ours and some of the Chasseurs. From Poole's face being towards his assailants he did not perceive the coming aid, but still, unarmed as he was, he kept struggling with them. They, however, who

could see us advancing to the rescue, redoubled their efforts to drag him away, but finding that neither he nor his horse would move (one appeared to be as stubborn as the other), and that we were close to his assistance, a Cossack drew a pistol, and, placing it at Poole's ear, drew the trigger. We who saw the movement were nearly paralysed for the moment, but rode on with set teeth and hands clenched firmer round our sword hilts, expecting to see his head blown to pieces; but, fortunately for the brave fellow, the pistol only flashed in the pan. With a cry that more resembled the yelp of a savage dog than the voice of a human being, at being thus baffled, the Cossack pulled out another, but before he had time to raise it we were on him, his head was cleft in two by Laporte, a Chasseur, and Poole was saved. Falling upon the others in front and flank, we hurled them back upon their main body, and then made good our own retreat. In retiring we came to Lucas, whose horse being dead lame, he had dismounted, and was making the best of his way on foot, stopping every few yards to try to get off his big boots, which were not at all adapted for running in. These he at last managed to kick off, and getting between Mr. Partridge and Poole, laid hold of their stirrups, and so got away with the others, not too soon, for the Cossacks came charging again down upon our flank, and were only kept at bay by the skirmishers.

On getting back safe to the party, we could not help feeling amused when Poole discovered that one of the Cossacks had made so free as to help himself to the contents of his haversack. A nice fat fowl had fallen to his lot, quite providentially as he thought, when foraging the night before in the village. This he had carefully placed in his haversack until a more convenient season, when he anticipated making from it a glorious meal; "but the best laid plans of mice and men gae oft agee," and so it proved in Poole's case. The keen nose of the Cossack had not failed to find the scent of the chicken, which, of course, was quickly confiscated and transferred, and all done so quietly by those princes of foragers, that Poole was not aware of his loss until he was well out of their clutches. He who would himself have gloried in relieving an enemy of goods or provender could not understand why *he* should be robbed. This misfortune seemed to have obliterated all thoughts of his own narrow escape, for as yet he had only once referred to it, but all the way he kept bewailing the loss of his supper. As we got nearer to Kertch the enemy became more wary, although still following and firing at us; but we may say we were only saved from being entirely destroyed by having at all times shown a determined front to our numerous opponents. Had their courage been but equal to their numbers, not one of us would have escaped.

We at last reached the point where our runaway Tartars became serviceable, by showing themselves in skirmishing order along the crest of a hill, menacing the enemy's flank. He, on perceiving them, at once came to a halt, and, afraid of being surprised by a superior force from

behind the hill, gave over the pursuit; while we, only too glad to be relieved of such attendance, were at the same time careful not to appear in any way hurried, so retired leisurely round the base of the hill until out of sight. Then, leaving a few of the best mounted men as a rear-guard to watch the enemy, we pressed forward at as good a pace as could be managed towards the town, which we reached without further molestation, having lost fourteen of our party, whilst the Chasseurs had eight killed and thirteen taken prisoners. And thus ended *our ride* with the Tchernaya Moriskeys, or Cossacks of the Black Sea. This was the principal adventure that befel us in the winter we were quartered at Kertch. Had time and space allowed, I might have told how some of ours were well treated by our old opponents a few days afterwards, when accompanying a flag of truce to inquire after our wounded, and how, on reaching their outposts, they were taken to the officer commanding the outlying picquets, who entertained the party most hospitably during their stay, sending them plenty of good mutton and white bread, with two jars of raki to wash it down.

In this narrative I have refrained as much as possible from mentioning names, thinking that where all behaved so bravely and gallantly it would be invidious to do so; at the same time it would scarcely be just not to notice our commanding officer, Captain Fitzclarence, whose gallant conduct throughout was above all praise. The first in every attack, he was the last man to retreat, setting an example to all that caused every one to be anxious to emulate such bravery and daring. And with the Chasseurs as well as our own men the only difficulty their officers had was to get them to retire at the proper time, and, in a charge, to prevent them from going too far. Two of the horses which had been captured came in some hours afterwards with their saddles on, and a third arrived without its appointments, about two o'clock on the following morning, disturbing us all by making a row at the gateway that led to its stable. The poor creature had evidently broken away from its picquet, as a piece of rope was found fastened to its head-collar; and, although wounded in the flank, it had instinctively managed to find its way, on a dark night, over dangerous ground in a strange place, straight to its quarters. Those who had been taken prisoners rejoined us at the termination of the war, with the exception of four supposed to have died of their wounds; the others gave a good account of the Russians, who had treated them remarkably well in every respect; their only hardship was being obliged to march daily from place to place. In this manner they had traversed the greater portion of the south of Russia.

Notes on Science.

Is fresh Air necessary during Sleep?—Most readers will be surprised that such a question should be asked; to ask it, they would say, is to answer it. Yet it has been asked by a physiologist, and before a grave assembly in the French Academy. Let it, therefore, be repeated in these pages.

Our forefathers troubled themselves very little about fresh air in their sleeping apartments; indeed, they were careless about it everywhere. To this day, in Germany, attention falls but lightly on it; *frische Luft* is rather a poetical luxury than a sanitary necessity there; as our Sanitary Reformers must note with some surprise. The teaching of Physiology is plain enough. If it have one lesson more emphatic than another, it is the intimate dependence of health on the free supply of oxygen. Oxygen is the flame of vital activity. Unless the blood take up oxygen from the atmosphere, in exchange for the carbonic acid which results from the wear and tear of the organs, no vital activity can long continue; the incessant waste can no longer be replaced by incessant repair; the flame goes out, and the engine stops. This, we say, is the lesson no one doubts. But how far does it apply to Sleep?

Sleep is supposed—erroneously, we believe—to be the state in which the body mainly repairs the waste incident on the activities of the waking hours. It is a fact, which no one will dispute, that during the repose of Sleep, muscle and nerve recover their exhausted energies; but that this renewal of energy is simply the consequence of a process of repair by which fresh muscle and nerve replace the worn-out particles, may very fairly be questioned; and for our own parts, we question it. Not, however, to complicate the present discussion with such doubts, let us grant that in Sleep the chief nutrition of the body takes place; let us further grant, that unless the blood be kept pure by the constant renewal of its oxygen and removal of its carbonic acid, the process of repair will be thwarted; and having granted these points, we shall be forced to admit the conclusion so strongly insisted on, that pure air, important at all times, is peculiarly important during Sleep. Our dormitories must be lofty and well ventilated, and the greatest precautions must be taken against crowding sleepers in one room. If we cannot courageously sleep with an open window (so desirable for fresh air!) we must at any rate sternly forbid the nuisances of chimney-boards and bed-curtains. One of the first questions now-a-days is often directed to the chimney-board; and we have heard more than one mysterious malady (even chronic sore throat!) mysteriously attributed to the fact of the patient sleeping in a room where a chimney-board innocently existed, although the cubic

contents of that room would have sufficed for the respiration of half a dozen adults.

Is there any adequate foundation for this opinion with regard to the atmosphere in which we sleep? With regard to the open window this may at once be said—the benefit of the fresh air is questionable, the evil of cold is positive. If ventilation can only be secured at the expense of warmth, ventilation is an evil. With regard to the assumed necessity of a constant supply of fresh air during Sleep, we beg the reader to remark that it is assuming too much to draw such conclusion from the very different condition of the organism in its waking hours; and philosophical caution suggests that we should inquire closely into it. The physiologist, M. Delbruck, whose note has called forth these remarks, does not enter upon the theoretical question at all; he simply propounds a difficulty, founding it on some very familiar facts. He thinks that the calculations of physiologists are enormously exaggerated, and that very much less air (or, what comes to the same thing, air of less purity) is needed during Sleep. He first appeals to animals. The lion, bear, or tiger retires into his lair to sleep, quitting the open air, and excluding it as much as possible. The dog seeks his kennel or corner, curls himself up, and buries his head beneath his paws or body. Even birds, those aërial creatures, who perish so rapidly when confined under a bell-glass, and therefore seem peculiarly dependent upon fresh air, when sleep approaches, hide their heads under their wings, the beak covered with the soft down. Hybernating animals, as is well known, never pass into their long sleep but when sheltered from the air. All this is very true, but what about man? Acting upon instinct, man imitates the animals; upon science, he does the very reverse. The schoolboy, if he is cold, or if he cannot sleep, hides his head under the bedclothes much as the bird hides its head under a wing. The unenlightened man or woman carefully draws the curtains round the bed. The enlightened physician or nurse tears those curtains down. Soldiers and travellers "camping out" are obliged to cover their heads if they wish to sleep; and railway travellers at night, although six or eight may be in one carriage, always finish by closing the windows.

These, and other facts of similar significance, require to be well considered. The suggestion of M. Delbruck does not, we confess, present a very acceptable aspect to us. He supposes that since plants, during the night, absorb the oxygen which they exhale during the day, "analogy would lead to the conclusion that animals at night absorb some of the carbonic acid which they exhale during the day." Analogy is a treacherous guide; and in the present case a more comprehensive acquaintance with the physiological facts would have recognized the imperfection of the analogy. It is true that plants absorb oxygen during the night; but it is only the woody parts, and *these absorb it also during the day*, although the quantities are so small as to be almost inappreciable. It is the green parts which absorb carbonic acid during the day, and these, requiring the stimulus of sunlight, are inactive at night. Nothing of the kind takes

place in the animal organism. The blood refuses to absorb carbonic acid from the atmosphere, at all times, and under all conditions.

What, then, is our explanation of the paradox? Why, if the fresh air is so indispensable to the waking organism, is it less so to the sleeping organism? In other words, why can we sleep with a very moderate supply of oxygen? Physiology furnishes an answer. Sleep is a condition during which the *vital functions are all depressed*. It is, therefore, incompatible with any excitement of the functions; as we see in the sleeplessness which succeeds over-fatigue or over-excitement (and which, by the way, suggests that the proverb, "After supper walk a mile," must not be stretched to "After supper walk five miles"). Hence the stimulating effect of oxygen too freely administered is instinctively avoided by man and beast, in order that sleep may be placid and undisturbed. Sleep requires diminished activity of the circulation and *external* warmth to compensate for this diminished activity. Hence an atmosphere that is at once highly oxygenated and cold, prevents sleep.

No rational reader will push these suggestions to absurd extremes; because there may have been an oversight in the popular opinion respecting the beneficial effect of well-ventilated dormitories, we are not to conclude that ventilation even in dormitories is useless. Far from it. The question is a question of degree. That amount of fresh air which permits prolonged sleep is the standard we must aim at, but better to have impure air than cold.

Why Animals to be eaten must be killed.—It is universally understood that animals which die from disease are not fitted for our markets. It is also understood that when cattle have been over-driven their meat is notably inferior to that of healthy animals, unless they are permitted to recover their exhausted energies before being slaughtered. Why is this? The first and most natural supposition respecting those which die from disease is that their flesh is tainted; but it has been found that prolonged agony, or exhaustion, are quite as injurious, though in these cases there is no taint of disease. M. Claude Bernard propounds the following explanation: In all healthy animals, no matter to what class they belong, or on what food they subsist, he finds a peculiar substance analogous to vegetable starch, existing in their tissues and especially in their liver. This substance he calls *glycogène*, *i. e.*, the sugar-former. It is abundant in proportion to the vigour and youth of the animal, and disappears entirely under the prolonged suffering of pain or disease. This disappearance is singularly rapid in fish; and is always observed in the spontaneous death of animals. But when the death is sudden none of it disappears. He finds that a rabbit, for example, which is killed after suffering pain for five or six hours, exhibits no trace whatever of this sugar-forming substance; and its flesh has a marked difference in flavour. The same remark applies to exhausted, over-driven animals; their muscles are almost deficient in *glycogène*, and yield in water a far larger proportion of soluble principles than the same

muscles in a normal condition. M. Bernard finds, moreover, that animals which are suffocated lose more of the sugar-forming substance than similar animals killed in the slaughter-house. To this let us add the fact that the blood of over-driven animals will not coagulate, or coagulates very slowly and imperfectly, and we shall see good reason for exercising some circumspection over the practices of our meat markets.

Formation of Coral Islands.—M. de Rochas announces to the Academy of Sciences the result of his inspection of coral islands in various parts of the globe, as not in harmony with the accepted theory in France. That theory assumes that the polypes which build up the earthy substance of these islands, cease to build when the edifice reaches the low-tide mark; and that the subsequent deposit from the waves dashing over its surface completes the elevation. M. de Rochas thinks that the first part of this statement is correct; the second part is incorrect. He attributes the elevation above the surface of the water to volcanic agency. "No coral island without an upheaval which pushes above the surface of the water the coral abandoned by the polypes;" that is the formula of his experience. He finds the surface free from the attrition and fractures which would result from the throwing over them of pebbles and sand by the waves; and he also finds the coral, in many places where no upheaval has raised it above the surface, remaining in precisely the same position in which it was observed long ago, with no accumulation of *débris* on its surface.

Mystic Pond.—Such is the name given to a lake in the vicinity of Charleston, U.S., examined and reported on by civil engineers employed for procuring for that city a supply of pure water. The surface water of this lake, to a certain depth, is very pure, containing only four grains of solid matter per gallon. But this stratum reposes on a denser and much more saline water, containing fifty-nine grains of salt per gallon. On lowering a slip of silvered copper vertically so as to be partially immersed in the lower stratum for some hours, all above was found unaltered and all below the line of demarcation sulphurized by electro-chemical action; the transition being so abrupt that within the distance of one-fourth of an inch action and no action were marked.

Manufacture of the Voice.—Verily the marvels of mechanical ingenuity are inexhaustible! To all those which were displayed at the International Exhibition, there is one now to be seen in Paris which would have been a striking addition. Hitherto the complexity and delicacy of the mechanism on which the human voice depends were considered hopelessly beyond human skill to reproduce; nevertheless, a German, named Faber, has surmounted the difficulty, and the Parisians are now admiring the figure of a woman with a larynx formed of a caoutchouc tube, not indeed so sightly as a human larynx, but which so accurately imitates the human mechanism, that it gives out two whole octaves with the tone and pitch of a female voice. In the higher notes the resemblance to the human voice is said to be close enough to deceive any ear. Hitherto all the exhibitions of speaking machines have been either squeak-

ing machines or impostures, but in this one—if we may rely on the reliable *Cosmos*—the actual timbre of the human voice is reproduced, and the figure is made to sing any song within the compass of two octaves.

Discovery of gigantic Animals in Ice.—In evidence of the activity prevailing among the Russian geologists, we notice with much satisfaction a proposition by M. Von Middendorff (a name well known to English geologists) to the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg for promoting the further discovery of the congealed remains of gigantic mammifers in Siberia. Since the discovery (in 1771) of the rhinoceros imbedded in ice at Wiljni (lat. 64°), of which hardly any portion was preserved, and that of the mammoth at the mouth of the Lena in 1806, of which the preservation of such remains as still exist was owing to the purely accidental circumstance of the failure of a Russian embassy to China, one of whose members happening to be on the spot succeeded in obtaining and preserving those precious relics, but with little or no information as to the circumstances of the locality, and with loss of by far the larger portion of the carcase—a third of a century elapsed when another of these gigantic mummies thus wonderfully preserved came to light. Three years, however, were allowed to elapse before any effective steps were taken to obtain possession of what then remained, which by that time was reduced to an undistinguishable mass. What could be collected was indeed despatched to St. Petersburg, but without so much as any precise information as to the place of the discovery, or any circumstances beyond the fact of the discovery having been made. Since that time nothing has been done in the way of further research. It cannot, however, be doubted that many other such relics must exist similarly preserved and susceptible of detection by active and systematic research. During the last two centuries it is computed that at the very least 20,000 mammoths, and probably twice or thrice that number, have been washed out of the ice and soil in which they have been embedded by the action of the spring floods, and among them the occurrence of perfect skeletons is far from unfrequent. The tusks only, however, have been made an object of conservation, from their commercial value as ivory. Meanwhile the microscopic observations of Brandt and Glebov upon the soft portions of those which have been preserved have proved that down to the minutest elementary detail of structure in the animal tissues of those parts, precisely the identical laws of structure and development prevailed in the animal economy in those far-removed ages, and in species now extinct, that prevail now in animated nature. Could but one more of these carcases be discovered and speedily and well preserved, the mere inspection of the contents of its stomach might throw a wonderful light on a host of geological and physiological problems; and that this might most reasonably be expected as a result of prizes being offered and instructions circulated by the Academy, M. Von Middendorff has very clearly shown.

Monna Brigida's Conversion.

THE

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Romola.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Check.

TITO'S clever arrangements had been unpleasantly frustrated by trivial incidents which could not enter into a clever man's calculations. It was very seldom that he walked with Romola in the evening, yet he had happened to be walking with her precisely on this evening when her presence was supremely inconvenient. Life was so complicated a game that the devices of skill were liable to be defeated at every turn by airblown chances, incalculable as the descent of thistle-down.

It was not that he minded about the failure of Spini's plot, but he felt an awkward difficulty in so adjusting his warning to Savonarola on the one hand, and to Spini on the other, as not to incur suspicion. Suspicion roused in the popular party might be fatal to his reputation and ostensible position in Florence: suspicion roused in Dolfo Spini might be as disagreeable in its effects as the hatred of a fierce dog not to be chained.

If Tito went forthwith to the monastery to warn Savonarola before the monks went to rest, his warning would follow so closely on his delivery of the forged letters that he could not escape unfavourable surmises. He

could not warn Spini at once without telling him the true reason, since he could not immediately allege the discovery that Savonarola had changed his purpose; and he knew Spini well enough to know that his understanding would discern nothing but that Tito had "turned round" and frustrated the plot. On the other hand, by deferring his warning to Savonarola until the early morning, he would be almost sure to lose the opportunity of warning Spini that the Frate had changed his mind; and the band of *Compagnacci* would come back in all the rage of disappointment. This last, however, was the risk he chose, trusting to his power of soothing Spini by assuring him that the failure was due only to the Frate's caution.

Tito was annoyed. If he had had to smile it would have been an unusual effort to him. He was determined not to encounter Romola again, and he did not go home that night.

She watched through the night, and never took off her clothes. She heard the rain become heavier and heavier. She liked to hear the rain: the stormy heavens seemed a safeguard against men's devices, compelling them to inaction. And Romola's mind was again assailed, not only by the utmost doubt of her husband, but by doubt as to her own conduct. What lie might he not have told her? What project might he not have, of which she was still ignorant? Every one who trusted Tito was in danger; it was useless to try and persuade herself of the contrary. And was not she selfishly listening to the promptings of her own pride, when she shrank from warning men against him? "If her husband was a malefactor, her place was in the prison by his side"—that might be; she was contented to fulfil that claim. But was she, a wife, to allow a husband to inflict the injuries that would make him a malefactor, when it might be in her power to prevent them? Prayer seemed impossible to her. The activity of her thought excluded a mental state of which the essence is expectant passivity.

The excitement became stronger and stronger. Her imagination, in a state of morbid activity, conjured up possible schemes by which, after all, Tito would have eluded her threat; and towards daybreak the rain became less violent, till at last it ceased, the breeze rose again and dispersed the clouds, and the morning fell clear on all the objects around her. It made her uneasiness all the less endurable. She wrapped her mantle round her, and ran up to the loggia, as if there could be anything in the wide landscape that might determine her action; as if there could be anything but roofs hiding the line of street along which Savonarola might be walking towards betrayal.

If she went to her godfather, might she not induce him, without any specific revelation, to take measures for preventing Fra Girolamo from passing the gates? But that might be too late: Romola thought, with new distress, that she had failed to learn any guiding details from Tito, and it was already long past seven. She must go to San Marco: there was nothing else to be done.

She hurried down the stairs, she went out into the street without looking at her sick people, and walked at a swift pace along the Via de' Bardi towards the Ponte Vecchio. She would go through the heart of the city; it was the most direct road, and, besides, in the great Piazza there was a chance of encountering her husband, who, by some possibility to which she still clung, might satisfy her of the Frate's safety, and leave no need for her to go to San Marco. When she arrived in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, she looked eagerly into the pillared court; then her eyes swept the Piazza; but the well-known figure, once painted in her heart by young love, and now branded there by eating pain, was nowhere to be seen. She hurried straight on to the Piazza del Duomo. It was already full of movement: there were worshippers passing up and down the marble steps, there were men pausing for chat, and there were market-people carrying their burdens. Between these moving figures Romola caught a glimpse of her husband. On his way from San Marco he had turned into Nello's shop, and was now leaning against the door-post. As Romola approached she could see that he was standing and talking, with the easiest air in the world, holding his cap in his hand, and shaking back his freshly-combed hair. The contrast of this ease with the bitter anxieties he had created convulsed her with indignation: the new vision of his hardness heightened her dread. She recognized Cronaca and two other frequenters of San Marco standing near her husband. It flashed through her mind—"I will compel him to speak before those men." And her light step brought her close upon him before he had time to move, while Cronaca was saying, "Here comes Madonna Romola."

A slight shock passed through Tito's frame as he felt himself face to face with his wife. She was haggard with her anxious watching, but there was a flash of something else than anxiety in her eyes as she said,—

"Is the Frate gone beyond the gates?"

"No," said Tito, feeling completely helpless before this woman, and needing all the self-command he possessed to preserve a countenance in which there should seem to be nothing stronger than surprise.

"And you are certain that he is not going?" she insisted.

"I am certain that he is not going."

"That is enough," said Romola, and she turned up the steps, to take refuge in the Duomo, till she could recover from her agitation.

Tito never had a feeling so near hatred as that with which his eyes followed Romola retreating up the steps.

There were present not only genuine followers of the Frate, but Ser Ceccone, the notary, who at that time, like Tito himself, was secretly an agent of the Mediceans. Ser Francesco di Ser Barone, more briefly known to infamy as Ser Ceccone, was not learned, not handsome, not successful, and the reverse of generous. He was a traitor without charm. It followed that he was not fond of Tito Melema.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Counter-Check.

It was late in the afternoon when Tito returned home. Romola, seated opposite the cabinet in her narrow room, copying documents, was about to desist from her work because the light was getting dim, when her husband entered. He had come straight to this room to seek her, with a thoroughly defined intention, and there was something new to Romola in his manner and expression as he looked at her silently on entering, and, without taking off his cap and mantle, leaned one elbow on the cabinet, and stood directly in front of her.

Romola, fully assured during the day of the Frate's safety, was feeling the reaction of some penitence for the access of distrust and indignation which had impelled her to address her husband publicly on a matter that she knew he wished to be private. She told herself that she had probably been wrong. The scheming duplicity which she had heard even her godfather allude to as inseparable from party tactics might be sufficient to account for the connection with Spini, without the supposition that Tito had ever meant to further the plot. She wanted to atone for her impetuosity by confessing that she had been too hasty, and for some hours her mind had been dwelling on the possibility that this confession of hers might lead to other frank words breaking the two years' silence of their hearts. The silence had been so complete, that Tito was ignorant of her having fled from him and come back again; they had never approached an avowal of that past which, both in its young love and in the shock that shattered the love, lay locked away from them like a banquet-room where death had once broken the feast.

She looked up at him with that submission in her glance which belonged to her state of self-reproof; but the subtle change in his face and manner arrested her speech. For a few moments they remained silent, looking at each other.

Tito himself felt that a crisis was come in his married life. The husband's determination to mastery, which lay deep below all blandness and beseechingness, had risen permanently to the surface now, and seemed to alter his face, as a face is altered by a hidden muscular tension with which a man is secretly throttling or stamping out the life from something feeble, yet dangerous.

"Romola," he began, in the cool liquid tone that made her shiver, "it is time that we should understand each other." He paused.

"That is what I most desire, Tito," she said, faintly. Her sweet pale face, with all its anger gone and nothing but the timidity of self-doubt in it, seemed to give a marked predominance to her husband's dark strength.

"You took a step this morning," Tito went on, "which you must

now yourself perceive to have been useless—which exposed you to remark and may involve me in serious practical difficulties."

"I acknowledge that I was too hasty; I am sorry for any injustice I may have done you." Romola spoke these words in a fuller and firmer tone; Tito, she hoped, would look less hard when she had expressed her regret, and then she could say other things.

"I wish you once for all to understand," he said, without any change of voice, "that such collisions are incompatible with our position as husband and wife. I wish you to reflect on the mode in which you were led to take that step, that the process may not be repeated."

"That depends chiefly on you, Tito," said Romola, taking fire slightly. It was not what she had at all thought of saying, but we see a very little way before us in mutual speech.

"You would say, I suppose," answered Tito, "that nothing is to occur in future which can excite your unreasonable suspicions. You were frank enough to say last night that you have no belief in me. I am not surprised at any exaggerated conclusion you may draw from slight premisses, but I wish to point out to you what is likely to be the fruit of your making such exaggerated conclusions a ground for interfering in affairs of which you are ignorant. Your attention is thoroughly awake to what I am saying?"

He paused for a reply.

"Yes," said Romola, flushing in irrepressible resentment at this cold tone of superiority.

"Well, then, it may possibly not be very long before some other chance words or incidents set your imagination at work devising crimes for me, and you may perhaps rush to the Palazzo Vecchio to alarm the Signoria and set the city in an uproar. Shall I tell you what may be the result? Not simply the disgrace of your husband, to which you look forward with so much courage, but the arrest and ruin of many among the chief men in Florence, including Messer Bernardo del Nero."

Tito had meditated a decisive move, and he had made it. The flush died out of Romola's face, and her very lips were pale—an unusual effect with her, for she was little subject to fear. Tito perceived his success.

"You would perhaps flatter yourself," he went on, "that you were performing a heroic deed of deliverance; you might as well try to turn locks with fine words as apply such notions to the politics of Florence. The question now is, not whether you can have any belief in me, but whether, now you have been warned, you will dare to rush, like a blind man with a torch in his hand, amongst intricate affairs of which you know nothing."

Romola felt as if her mind were held in a vice by Tito's: the possibilities he had indicated were rising before her with terrible clearness.

"I am too rash," she said. "I will try not to be rash."

"Remember," said Tito, with unsparing insistance, "that your act of distrust towards me this morning might, for aught you knew, have had

more fatal effects than that sacrifice of your husband which you have learned to contemplate without flinching."

"Tito, it is not so," Romola burst forth in a pleading tone, rising and going nearer to him, with a desperate resolution to speak out. "It is false that I would willingly sacrifice you. It has been the greatest effort of my life to cling to you. I went away in my anger two years ago, and I came back again because I was more bound to you than to anything else on earth. But it is useless. You shut me out from your mind. You affect to think of me as a being too unreasonable to share in the knowledge of your affairs. You will be open with me about nothing."

She looked like his good angel pleading with him, as she bent her face towards him with dilated eyes, and laid her hand upon his arm. But Romola's touch and glance no longer stirred any fibre of tenderness in her husband. The good-humoured, tolerant Tito, incapable of hatred, incapable almost of impatience, disposed always to be gentle towards the rest of the world, felt himself becoming strangely hard towards this wife whose presence had once been the strongest influence he had known. With all his softness of disposition, he had a masculine effectiveness of intellect and purpose which, like sharpness of edge, is itself an energy, working its way without any strong momentum. Romola had an energy of her own which thwarted his, and no man, who is not exceptionally feeble, will endure being thwarted by his wife. Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest.

No emotion darted across his face as he heard Romola for the first time speak of having gone away from him. His lips only looked a little harder as he smiled slightly and said—

"My Romola, when certain conditions are ascertained we must make up our minds to them. No amount of wishing will fill the Arno, as your people say, or turn a plum into an orange. I have not observed even that prayers have much efficacy that way. You are so constituted as to have certain strong impressions inaccessible to reason: I cannot share those impressions, and you have withdrawn all trust from me in consequence. You have changed towards me; it has followed that I have changed towards you. It is useless to take any retrospect. We have simply to adapt ourselves to altered conditions."

"Tito, it would not be useless for us to speak openly," said Romola, flushing with the sort of exasperation that comes from using living muscle against some lifeless insurmountable resistance. "It was the sense of deception in you that changed me, and that has kept us apart. And it is not true that I changed first. You changed towards me the night you first wore that chain armour. You had some secret from me—it was about that old man—and I saw him again yesterday. Tito," she went on, in a tone of agonized entreaty, "if you would once tell me every thing, let it be what it may—I would not mind pain—that there might be no wall between us! Is it not possible that we could begin a new life?"

This time there was a flash of emotion across Tito's face. He stood

perfectly still; but the flash seemed to have whitened him. He took no notice of Romola's appeal, but after a moment's pause said, quietly,

"Your impetuosity about trifles, Romola, has a freezing influence that would cool the baths of Nero." At these cutting words Romola shrank and drew herself up into her usual self-sustained attitude. Tito went on. "If by that old man you mean the mad Iacopo di Nola who attempted my life and made a strange accusation against me, of which I told you nothing because it would have alarmed you to no purpose, he, poor wretch, has died in prison. I saw his name in the list of dead."

"I know nothing about his accusation," said Romola. "But I know he is the man whom I saw with the rope round his neck in the Duomo —the man whose portrait Piero di Cosimo painted, grasping your arm as he saw him grasp it the day the French entered, the day you first wore the armour."

"And where is he now, pray?" said Tito, still pale, but governing himself.

"He was lying lifeless in the street from starvation," said Romola. "I revived him with bread and wine. I brought him to our door, but he refused to come in. Then I gave him some money, and he went away without telling me anything. But he had found out that I was your wife. *Who* is he?"

"A man, half mad, half imbecile, who was once my father's servant in Greece, and who has a rancorous hatred towards me because I got him dismissed for theft. Now you have the whole mystery, and the further satisfaction of knowing that I am again in danger of assassination. The fact of my wearing the armour, about which you seem to have thought so much, must have led you to infer that I was in danger from this man. Was that the reason you chose to cultivate his acquaintance and invite him into the house?"

Romola was mute. To speak was only like rushing with bare breast against a shield.

Tito moved from his leaning posture, slowly took off his cap and mantle, and pushed back his hair. He was collecting himself for some final words. And Romola stood upright looking at him as she might have looked at some on-coming deadly force, to be met only by silent endurance.

"We need not refer to these matters again, Romola," he said, precisely in the same tone as that in which he had spoken at first. "It is enough if you will remember that the next time your generous ardour leads you to interfere in political affairs, you are likely, not to save any one from danger, but to be raising scaffolds and setting houses on fire. You are not yet a sufficiently ardent Piagnone to believe that Messer Bernardo del Nero is the Prince of Darkness, and Messer Francesco Valori the archangel Michael. I think I need demand no promise from you?"

"I have understood you too well, Tito."

"It is enough," he said, leaving the room.

Romola turned round with despair in her face and sank into her seat. "Oh, God, I have tried—I cannot help it. We shall always be divided." Those words passed silently through her mind. "Unless," she said aloud, as if some sudden vision had startled her into speech—"unless misery should come and join us!"

Tito, too, had a new thought in his mind after he had closed the door behind him. With the project of leaving Florence as soon as his life there had become a high enough stepping-stone to a life elsewhere, perhaps at Rome or Milan, there was now for the first time associated a desire to be free from Romola, and to leave her behind him. She had ceased to belong to the desirable furniture of his life: there was no possibility of an easy relation between them without genuineness on his part. Genuineness implied confession of the past, and confession involved a change of purpose. But Tito had as little bent that way as a leopard has to lap milk when its teeth are grown. From all relations that were not easy and agreeable, we know that Tito shrank: why should he cling to them?

And Romola had made his relations difficult with others besides herself. He had had a troublesome interview with Dolfo Spini, who had come back in a rage after an ineffectual soaking with rain and long waiting in ambush, and that scene between Romola and himself at Nello's door, once reported in Spini's ear, might be a seed of something more unmanageable than suspicion. But now, at least, he believed that he had mastered Romola by a terror which appealed to the strongest forces of her nature. He had alarmed her affection and her conscience by the shadowy image of consequences; he had arrested her intellect by hanging before it the idea of a hopeless complexity in affairs which defied any moral judgment.

Yet Tito was not at ease. The world was not yet quite cushioned with velvet, and, if it had been, he could not have abandoned himself to that softness with thorough enjoyment; for before he went out again this evening he put on his coat of chain armour.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The Pyramid of Vanities.

The wintry days passed for Romola as the white ships pass one who is standing lonely on the shore—passing in silence and sameness, yet each bearing a hidden burden of coming change. Tito's hint had mingled so much dread with her interest in the progress of public affairs that she had begun to court ignorance rather than knowledge. The threatening German Emperor was gone again; and, in other ways besides, the position of Florence was alleviated; but so much distress remained that Romola's

active duties were hardly diminished, and in these, as usual, her mind found a refuge from its doubt.

She dared not rejoice that the relief which had come in extremity and had appeared to justify the policy of the Frate's party was making that party so triumphant, that Francesco Valori, hot-tempered chieftain of the Piagnoni, had been elected Gonfaloniere at the beginning of the year, and was making haste to have as much of his own liberal way as possible during his two months of power. That seemed for the moment like a strengthening of the party most attached to freedom, and a reinforcement of protection to Savonarola; but Romola was now alive to every suggestion likely to deepen her foreboding, that whatever the present might be, it was only an unconscious brooding over the mixed germs of Change which might any day become tragic. And already by Carnival time, a little after mid-February, her presentiment was confirmed by the signs of a very decided change: the Mediceans had ceased to be passive, and were openly exerting themselves to procure the election of Bernardo del Nero, as the new Gonfaloniere.

On the last day of the Carnival, between ten and eleven in the morning, Romola walked out, according to promise, towards the Corso degli Albizzi, to fetch her cousin Brigida, that they might both be ready to start from the Via de' Bardi early in the afternoon, and take their places at a window which Tito had had reserved for them in the Piazza della Signoria, where there was to be a scene of so new and striking a sort, that all Florentine eyes must desire to see it. For the Piagnoni were having their own way thoroughly about the mode of keeping the Carnival. In vain Dolfo Spini and his companions had struggled to get up the dear old masques and practical jokes, well spiced with indecency. Such things were not to be in a city where Christ had been declared king.

Romola set out in that languid state of mind with which every one enters on a long day of sight-seeing, purely for the sake of gratifying a child, or some dear childish friend. The day was certainly an epoch in carnival-keeping; but this phase of reform had not touched her enthusiasm: and she did not know that it was an epoch in her own life, when *another* lot would begin to be no longer secretly but visibly entwined with her own.

She chose to go through the great Piazza that she might take a first survey of the unparalleled sight there while she was still alone. Entering it from the south, she saw something monstrous and many-coloured in the shape of a pyramid, or, rather, like a huge fir-tree, sixty feet high, with shelves on the branches, widening and widening towards the base till they reached a circumference of eighty yards. The Piazza was full of life: slight young figures, in white garments, with olive-wreaths on their heads, were moving to and fro about the base of the pyramidal tree, carrying baskets full of bright-coloured things; and maturer forms, some in the monastic frock, some in the loose tunics and dark red caps of artists, were helping and examining, or else retreating to various points in the distance

to survey the wondrous whole; while a considerable group, amongst whom Romola recognized Piero di Cosimo, standing on the marble steps of Orgagna's Loggia, seemed to be keeping aloof in discontent and scorn.

Approaching nearer, she paused to look at the multifarious objects ranged in gradation from the base to the summit of the pyramid. There were tapestries and brocades of immodest design, pictures and sculptures held too likely to incite to vice; there were boards and tables for all sorts of games, playing-cards along with the blocks for printing them, dice, and other apparatus for gambling; there were worldly music-books, and musical instruments in all the pretty varieties of lute, drum, cymbal, and trumpet; there were masks and masquerading dresses used in the old carnival shows; there were handsome copies of Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Pulci, and other books of a vain or impure sort; there were all the implements of feminine vanity—rouge-pots, false hair, mirrors, perfumes, powders, and transparent veils intended to provoke inquisitive glances: lastly, at the very summit, there was the unflattering effigy of a probably mythical Venetian merchant, who was understood to have offered a heavy sum for this collection of marketable abominations, and, soaring above him in surpassing ugliness, the symbolic figure of the old debauched Carnival.

This was the preparation for a new sort of bonfire—the Burning of Vanities. Hidden in the interior of the pyramid was a plentiful store of dry fuel and gunpowder; and on this last day of the festival, at evening, the pile of vanities was to be set ablaze to the sound of trumpets, and the ugly old Carnival was to tumble into the flames amid the songs of reforming triumph.

This crowning act of the new festivities could hardly have been prepared but for a peculiar organization which had been started by Savonarola two years before. The mass of the Florentine boyhood and youth was no longer left to its own genial promptings towards street mischief and crude dissoluteness. Under the training of Fra Domenico, a sort of lieutenant to Savonarola, lads and striplings, the hope of Florence, were to have none but pure words on their lips, were to have a zeal for unseen good that should put to shame the lukewarmness of their elders, and were to know no pleasures save of an angelic sort—singing divine praises and walking in white robes. It was for them that the ranges of seats had been raised high against the walls of the Duomo; and they had been used to hear Savonarola appeal to them as the future glory of a city specially appointed to do the work of God.

These fresh-cheeked troops were the chief agents in the regenerated merriment of the new Carnival, which was a sort of sacred parody of the old. Had there been bonfires in the old time? There was to be a bonfire now, consuming impurity from off the earth. Had there been symbolic processions? There were to be processions now, but the symbols were to be white robes and red crosses and olive wreaths—emblems of peace and innocent gladness—and the banners and images held aloft were to tell the triumphs of goodness. Had there been dancing in

a ring under the open sky of the piazza, to the sound of choral voices chanting loose songs? There was to be dancing in a ring now, but dancing of monks and laity in fraternal love and divine joy, and the music was to be the music of hymns. As for the collections from street passengers, they were to be greater than ever—not for gross and superfluous suppers, but—for the benefit of the hungry and needy; and, besides, there was the collecting of the *Anathema*, or the Vanities to be laid on the great pyramidal bonfire.

Troops of young inquisitors went from house to house on this exciting business of asking that the *Anathema* should be given up to them. Perhaps after the more avowed vanities had been surrendered, Madonna, at the head of the household, had still certain little reddened balls brought from the Levant, intended to produce on a sallow cheek a sudden bloom of the most ingenuous falsity? If so, let her bring them down and cast them into the basket of doom. Or, perhaps, she had ringlets and coils of "dead hair?"—if so, let her bring them to the street-door, not on her head, but in her hands, and publicly renounce the *Anathema* which hid the respectable signs of age under a ghastly mockery of youth. And, in reward, she would hear fresh young voices pronounce a blessing on her and her house.

The beardless inquisitors, organized into little regiments, doubtless took to their work very willingly. To coerce people by shame, or other spiritual pelting, to the giving up of things it will probably vex them to part with, is a form of piety to which the boyish mind is most readily converted; and if some obstinately wicked men got enraged and threatened the whip or the cudgel, this also was exciting. Savonarola himself evidently felt about the training of these boys the difficulty weighing on all minds with noble yearnings towards great ends, yet with that imperfect perception of means which forces a resort to some supernatural constraining influence as the only sure hope. The Florentine youth had had very evil habits and foul tongues: it seemed at first an unmixed blessing when they were got to shout "*Viva Gesù!*" But Savonarola was forced at last to say from the pulpit, "There is a little too much shouting of '*Viva Gesù!*' This constant utterance of sacred words brings them into contempt. Let me have no more of that shouting till the next Festa."

Nevertheless, as the long stream of white-robed youthfulness, with its little red crosses and olive wreaths, had gone to the Duomo at dawn this morning to receive the communion from the hands of Savonarola, it was a sight of beauty; and, doubtless, many of those young souls were laying up memories of hope and awe that might save them from ever resting in a merely vulgar view of their work as men and citizens. There is no kind of conscious obedience that is not an advance on lawlessness, and these boys became the generation of men who fought greatly and endured greatly in the last struggle of their Republic. Now, in the intermediate hours between the early communion and dinner-time, they were making their last perambulations to collect alms and vanities, and this was why

Romola saw the slim white figures moving to and fro about the base of the great pyramid.

"What think you of this folly, Madonna Romola?" said a brusque voice close to her ear. "Your Piagnoni will make *l'inferno* a pleasant prospect to us, if they are to carry things their own way on earth. It's enough to fetch a cudgel over the mountains to see painters, like Lorenzo di Credi and young Baccio there, helping to burn colour out of life in this fashion."

"My good Piero," said Romola, looking up and smiling at the grim man, "even you must be glad to see some of these things burnt. Look at those gew-gaws and wigs and rouge-pots: I have heard you talk as indignantly against those things as Fra Girolamo himself."

"What then?" said Piero, turning round on her sharply. "I never said a woman should make a black patch of herself against the background. Va! Madonna Antigone, it's a shame for a woman with your hair and shoulders to run into such nonsense—leave it to women who are not worth painting. What! the most holy Virgin herself has always been dressed well; that's the doctrine of the Church:—talk of heresy, indeed! And I should like to know what the excellent Messer Bardo would have said to the burning of the divine poets by these Frati, who are no better an imitation of men than if they were onions with the bulbs uppermost. Look at that Petrarca sticking up beside a rouge-pot: do the idiots pretend that the heavenly Laura was a painted harridan? And Boccaccio, now: do you mean to say, Madonna Romola—you who are fit to be a model for a wise St. Catherine of Egypt—do you mean to say you have never read the stories of the immortal Messer Giovanni?"

"It is true I have read them, Piero," said Romola. "Some of them a great many times over, when I was a little girl. I used to get the book down when my father was asleep, and I could read to myself."

"*Ebbene?*" said Piero, in a fiercely challenging tone.

"There are some things in them I do not want ever to forget," said Romola, "but you must confess, Piero, that a great many of those stories are only about low deceit for the lowest ends. Men do not want books to make them think lightly of vice, as if life were a vulgar joke. And I cannot blame Fra Girolamo for teaching that we owe our time to something better."

"Yes, yes, it's very well to say so now you've read them," said Piero, bitterly, turning on his heel and walking away from her.

Romola too walked on, smiling at Piero's innuendo, with a sort of tenderness towards the odd painter's anger, because she knew that her father would have felt something like it. For herself, she was conscious of no inward collision with the strict and sombre view of pleasure which tended to repress poetry in the attempt to repress vice. Sorrow and joy have each their peculiar narrowness; and a religious enthusiasm like Savonarola's, which ultimately blesses mankind by giving the soul a strong propulsion towards sympathy with pain, indignation against wrong,

and the subjugation of sensual desire, must always incur the reproach of a great negation. Romola's life had given her an affinity for sadness which inevitably made her unjust towards merriment. That subtle result of culture which we call Taste was subdued by the need for deeper motive; just as the nicer demands of the palate are annihilated by urgent hunger. Moving habitually amongst scenes of suffering, and carrying woman's heaviest disappointment in her heart, the severity which allied itself with self-renouncing beneficent strength had no dissonance for her.

CHAPTER L.

Tessa Abroad and at Home.

Another figure easily recognized by us—a figure not clad in black, but in the old red, green and white—was approaching the Piazza that morning to see the Carnival. She came from an opposite point, for Tessa no longer lived on the hill of San Giorgio. After what had happened there with Baldassarre, Tito had thought it best for that and other reasons to find her a new home, but still in a quiet airy quarter, in a house bordering on the wide garden grounds north of the Porta Santa Croce.

Tessa was not come out sight-seeing without special leave. Tito had been with her the evening before, and she had kept back the entreaty which she felt to be swelling her heart and throat until she saw him in a state of radiant ease, with one arm round the sturdy Lillo, and the other resting gently on her own shoulder as she tried to make the tiny Ninna steady on her legs. She was sure then that the weariness with which he had come in and flung himself into his chair had quite melted away from his brow and lips. Tessa had not been slow at learning a few small stratagems by which she might avoid vexing Naldo and yet have a little of her own way. She could read nothing else, but she had learned to read a good deal in her husband's face.

And certainly the charm of that bright, gentle-humoured Tito who woke up under the Loggia de' Cerchi on a Lenten morning five years before, not having yet given any hostages to deceit, never returned so nearly as in the person of Naldo, seated in that straight-backed, carved arm-chair which he had provided for his comfort when he came to see Tessa and the children. Tito himself was surprised at the growing sense of relief which he felt in these moments. No guile was needed towards Tessa: she was too ignorant and too innocent to suspect him of anything. And the little voices calling him "Babbo" were very sweet in his ears for the short while that he heard them. When he thought of leaving Florence, he never thought of leaving Tessa and the little ones behind. He was very fond of these round-cheeked, wide-eyed human things that clung about him and knew no evil of him. And wherever affection can

spring, it is like the green leaf and the blossom—pure, and breathing purity, whatever soil it may grow in. Poor Romola, with all her self-sacrificing effort, was really helping to harden Tito's nature by chilling it with a positive dislike which had beforehand seemed impossible in him; but Tessa kept open the fountains of kindness.

"Ninna is very good without me now," began Tessa, feeling her request rising very high in her throat, and letting Ninna seat herself on the floor. "I can leave her with Monna Lisa any time, and if she is in the cradle and cries, Lillo is as sensible as can be—he goes and thumps Monna Lisa."

Lillo, whose great dark eyes looked all the darker because his curls were of a light brown like his mother's, jumped off Babbo's knee, and went forthwith to attest his intelligence by thumping Monna Lisa, who was shaking her head slowly over her spinning at the other end of the room.

"A wonderful boy!" said Tito, laughing.

"Isn't he?" said Tessa, eagerly, getting a little closer to him, "and I might go and see the Carnival to-morrow, just for an hour or two, mightn't I?"

"Oh, you wicked pigeon!" said Tito, pinching her cheek; "those are your longings, are they? What have you to do with carnivals now you are an old woman with two children?"

"But old women like to see things," said Tessa, her lower lip hanging a little. "Monna Lisa said she should like to go, only she's so deaf she can't hear what is behind her, and she thinks we couldn't take care of both the children."

"No, indeed, Tessa," said Tito, looking rather grave, "you must not think of taking the children into the crowded streets, else I shall be angry."

"But I have never been into the Piazza without leave," said Tessa, in a frightened, pleading tone, "since the Holy Saturday, and Nofri I think is dead, for you know the poor *madre* died; and I shall never forget the carnival I saw once; it was so pretty—all roses, and a king and queen under them—and singing. I liked it better than the San Giovanni."

"But there's nothing like that now, my Tessa. They are going to make a bonfire in the Piazza—that's all. But I cannot let you go out by yourself in the evening."

"Oh, no, no! I don't want to go in the evening. I only want to go and see the procession by daylight. There *will* be a procession—is it not true?"

"Yes, after a sort," said Tito, "as lively as a flight of cranes. You must not expect roses and glittering kings and queens, my Tessa. However, I suppose any string of people to be called a procession will please your blue eyes. And there's a thing they have raised in the Piazza de' Signori for the bonfire. You may like to see that. But come home early, and look like a grave little old woman; and if you see any men with

feathers and swords, keep out of their way: they are very fierce, and like to cut old women's heads off."

"Santa Madonna! where do they come from? Ah! you are laughing; it is not so bad. But I will keep away from them. Only," Tessa went on in a whisper, putting her lips near Naldo's ear, "if I might take Lillo with me! He is very sensible."

"But who will thump Monna Lisa then, if she doesn't hear?" said Tito, finding it difficult not to laugh, but thinking it necessary to look serious. "No, Tessa, you could not take care of Lillo if you got into a crowd, and he's too heavy for you to carry him."

"It is true," said Tessa, rather sadly, "and he likes to run away. I forgot that. Then I will go alone. But now look at Ninna—you have not looked at her enough."

Ninna was a blue-eyed thing, at the tottering, tumbling age—a fair solid, which, like a loaded die, found its base with a constancy that warranted prediction. Tessa went to snatch her up, and when Babbo was paying due attention to the recent teeth and other marvels, she said, in a whisper, "And shall I buy some *confetti* for the children?"

Tito drew some small coins from his scarsella, and poured them into her palm.

"That will buy no end," said Tessa, delighted at this abundance. "I shall not mind going without Lillo so much, if I bring him something."

So Tessa set out in the morning towards the great Piazza where the bonfire was to be. She did not think the February breeze cold enough to demand further covering than her green woollen dress. A mantle would have been oppressive, for it would have hidden a new necklace and a new clasp, mounted with silver, the only ornamental presents Tito had ever made her. Tessa did not think at all of showing her figure, for no one had ever told her it was pretty; but she was quite sure that her necklace and clasp were of the prettiest sort ever worn by the richest contadina, and she arranged her white hood over her head so that the front of her necklace might be well displayed. These ornaments, she considered, must inspire respect for her as the wife of some one who could afford to buy them.

She tripped along very cheerily in the February sunshine, thinking much of the purchases for the little ones, with which she was to fill her small basket, and not thinking at all of any one who might be observing her. Yet her descent from her upper story into the street had been watched, and she was being kept in sight as she walked by a person who had often waited in vain to see if it were not Tessa who lived in that house to which he had more than once dogged Tito. Baldassarre was carrying a package of yarn: he was constantly employed in that way, as a means of earning his scanty bread, and keeping the sacred fire of vengeance alive; and he had come out of his way this morning, as he had often done before, that he might pass by the house to which he had followed Tito in the evening. His long imprisonment had so intensified

his timid suspicion and his belief in some diabolic fortune favouring Tito, that he had not dared to pursue him, except under cover of a crowd or of the darkness; he felt with instinctive horror, that if Tito's eyes fell upon him, he should again be held up to obloquy, again be dragged away; his weapon would be taken from him, and he should be cast helpless into a prison-cell. His fierce purpose had become as stealthy as a serpent's, which depends for its prey on one dart of the fang. Justice was weak and unfriended; and he could not hear again the voice that pealed the promise of vengeance in the Duomo: he had been there again and again, but that voice, too, had apparently been stifled by cunning strong-armed wickedness. For a long while, Baldassarre's ruling thought was to ascertain whether Tito still wore the armour, for now at last his fainting hope would have been contented with a successful stab on this side the grave; but he would never risk his precious knife again. It was a weary time he had had to wait for the chance of answering this question by touching Tito's back in the press of the street. Since then, the knowledge that the sharp steel was useless, and that he had no hope but in some new device, had fallen with leaden weight on his enfeebled mind. A dim vision of winning one of those two wives to aid him came before him continually, and continually slid away. The wife who had lived on the hill was no longer there. If he could find her again, he might grasp some thread of a project, and work his way to more clearness.

And this morning he had succeeded. He was quite certain now where this wife lived, and as he walked bent a little under his burden of yarn, yet keeping the green and white figure in sight, his mind was dwelling upon her and her circumstances as feeble eyes dwell on lines and colours, trying to interpret them into consistent significance.

Tessa had to pass through various long streets without seeing any other sign of the Carnival than unusual groups of the country people in their best garments, and that disposition in everybody to chat and loiter which marks the early hours of a holiday before the spectacle has begun. Presently, in her disappointed search for remarkable objects, her eyes fell on a man with a pedlar's basket before him, who seemed to be selling nothing but little red crosses to all the passengers. A little red cross would be pretty to hang up over her bed; and it would also help to keep off harm, and would perhaps make Ninna stronger. Tessa went to the other side of the street that she might ask the pedlar the price of the crosses, fearing that they would cost a little too much for her to spare from her purchase of sweets. The pedlar's back had been turned towards her hitherto, but when she came near him she recognized an old acquaintance of the Mercato, Bratti Ferravecchj, and accustomed to feel that she was to avoid old acquaintances, she turned away again and passed to the other side of the street. But Bratti's eye was too well practised in looking out at the corner after possible customers, for her movement to have escaped him, and she was presently arrested by a tap on the arm from one of the red crosses.

"Young woman," said Bratti, as she unwillingly turned her head, "you come from some castello a good way off, it seems to me, else you'd never think of walking about, this blessed Carnival, without a red cross in your hand. Santa Madonna! Four white quattrini is a small price to pay for your soul—prices rise in purgatory, let me tell you."

"Oh, I should like one," said Tessa, hastily, "but I couldn't spare four white quattrini."

Bratti had at first regarded Tessa too abstractedly as a mere customer to look at her with any scrutiny, but when she began to speak he exclaimed, "By the head of San Giovanni, it must be the little Tessa, and looking as fresh as a ripe apple! What, you've done none the worse, then, for running away from father Nofri? You were in the right of it, for he goes on crutches now, and a crabbed fellow with crutches is dangerous; he can reach across the house and beat a woman as he sits."

"I'm married," said Tessa, rather demurely, remembering Naldo's command that she should behave with gravity; "and my husband takes great care of me."

"Ah, then you've fallen on your feet! Nofri said you were good-for-nothing vermin; but what then? An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down. I always said you did well to run away, and it isn't often Bratti's in the wrong. Well, and so you've got a husband and plenty of money? Then you'll never think much of giving four white quattrini for a red cross. I get no profit; but what with the famine and the new religion, all other merchandise is gone down. You live in the country where the chestnuts are plenty, eh? You've never wanted for polenta, I can see."

"No, I've never wanted anything," said Tessa, still on her guard.

"Then you can afford to buy a cross. I got a Padre to bless them, and you get blessing and all for four quattrini. It isn't for the profit; I hardly get a danaro by the whole lot. But then they're holy wares, and it's getting harder and harder work to see your way to Paradise: the very Carnival is like Holy Week, and the least you can do to keep the Devil from getting the upper hand is to buy a cross. God guard you! think what the Devil's tooth is! You've seen him biting the man in San Giovanni, I should hope?"

Tessa felt much teased and frightened. "Oh, Bratti," she said, with a discomposed face, "I want to buy a great many *confetti:* I've got little Lillo and Ninna at home. And nice coloured sweet things cost a great deal. And they will not like the cross so well, though I know it would be good to have it."

"Come, then," said Bratti, fond of laying up a store of merits by imagining possible extortions and then heroically renouncing them, "Since you're an old acquaintance, you shall have it for two quattrini. It's making you a present of the cross, to say nothing of the blessing."

Tessa was reaching out her two quattrini with trembling hesitation, when Bratti said, abruptly, "Stop a bit! Where do you live?"

"Oh, a long way off," she answered, almost automatically, being preoccupied with her quattrini; "beyond San Ambrogio, in the Via Piccola, at the top of the house where the wood is stacked below."

"Very good," said Bratti, in a patronizing tone; "then I'll let you have the cross on trust, and call for the money. So you live inside the gates? Well, well, I shall be passing."

"No, no!" said Tessa, frightened lest Naldo should be angry at this revival of an old acquaintance. "I can spare the money. Take it now."

"No," said Bratti, resolutely; "I'm not a hard-hearted pedlar. I'll call and see if you've got any rags, and you shall make a bargain. See, here's the cross; and there's Pippo's shop, not far behind you: you can go and fill your basket, and I must go and get mine empty. *Addio, piccina.*"

Bratti went on his way, and Tessa, stimulated to change her money into confetti before further accidents, went into Pippo's shop, a little fluttered by the thought that she had let Bratti know more about her than her husband would approve. There were certainly more dangers in coming to see the Carnival than in staying at home; and she would have felt this more strongly if she had known that the wicked old man, who had wanted to kill her husband on the hill, was still keeping her in sight. But she had not noticed the man with the burden on his back.

The consciousness of having a small basketful of things to make the children glad, dispersed her anxiety, and as she entered the Via de' Libraj her face had its usual expression of child-like content. And now she thought there was really a procession coming, for she saw white robes and a banner, and her heart began to palpitate with expectation. She stood a little aside, but in that narrow street there was the pleasure of being obliged to look very close. The banner was pretty: it was the Holy Mother with the Babe, whose love for her Tessa had believed in more and more since she had had her babies; and the figures in white had not only green wreaths on their heads, but little red crosses by their side, which caused her some satisfaction that she also had her red cross. Certainly, they looked as beautiful as the angels on the clouds, and to Tessa's mind they too had a background of cloud, like everything else that came to her in life. How and whence did they come? She did not mind much about knowing. But one thing surprised her as newer than wreaths and crosses; it was that some of the white figures carried baskets between them. What could the baskets be for?

But now they were very near, and, to her astonishment, they wheeled aside and came straight up to her. She trembled as she would have done if St. Michael in the picture had shaken his head at her, and was conscious of nothing but terrified wonder till she saw close to her a round boyish face, lower than her own, and heard a treble voice saying, "Sister, you carry the *Anathema* about you. Yield it up to the blessed Gesù, and He will adorn you with the gems of His grace."

Tessa was only more frightened, understanding nothing. Her first

conjecture settled on her basket of sweets. They wanted that, these alarming angels. Oh, dear, dear! She looked down at it.

"No, sister," said a taller youth, pointing to her necklace and the clasp of her belt, "it is those vanities that are the *Anathema*. Take off that necklace and unclasp that belt, that they may be burned in the holy Bonfire of Vanities, and save *you* from burning."

"It is the truth, my sister," said a still taller youth, evidently the archangel of this band. "Listen to these voices speaking the divine message. You already carry a red cross: let that be your only adornment. Yield up your necklace and belt, and you shall obtain grace."

This was too much. Tessa, overcome with awe, dared not say "no," but she was equally unable to render up her beloved necklace and clasp. Her pouting lips were quivering, the tears rushed to her eyes, and a great drop fell. For a moment she ceased to see anything; she felt nothing but confused terror and misery. Suddenly a gentle hand was laid on her arm, and a soft, wonderful voice, as if the Holy Madonna were speaking, said, "Do not be afraid; no one shall harm you."

Tessa looked up and saw a lady in black, with a young heavenly face and loving hazel eyes. She had never seen any one like this lady before, and under other circumstances might have had awe-struck thoughts about her; but now everything else was overcome by the sense that loving protection was near her. The tears only fell the faster, relieving her swelling heart, as she looked up at the heavenly face, and, putting her hand to her necklace, said sobbingly,

"I can't give them to be burnt. My husband—he bought them for me—and they are so pretty—and Ninna—Oh, I wish I'd never come!"

"Do not ask her for them," said Romola, speaking to the white-robed boys in a tone of mild authority. "It answers no good end for people to give up such things against their will. That is not what Fra Girolamo approves: he would have such things given up freely."

Madonna Romola's word was not to be resisted, and the white train moved on. They even moved with haste, as if some new object had caught their eyes; and Tessa felt with bliss that they were gone, and that her necklace and clasp were still with her.

"Oh, I will go back to the house," she said, still agitated; "I will go nowhere else. But if I should meet them again, and you not be there?" she added, expecting everything from this heavenly lady.

"Stay a little," said Romola. "Come with me under this doorway, and we will hide the necklace and clasp, and then you will be in no danger."

She led Tessa under the archway, and said, "Now, can we find room for your necklace and belt in your basket? Ah! your basket is full of crisp things that will break: let us be careful, and lay the heavy necklace under them."

It was like a change in a dream to Tessa—the escape from nightmare into floating safety and joy—to find herself taken care of by this lady, so lovely, and powerful, and gentle. She let Romola unfasten her necklace

and clasp, while she herself did nothing but look up at the face that bent over her.

"They are sweets for Lillo and Ninna," she said, as Romola carefully lifted up the light parcels in the basket, and placed the ornaments below them

"Those are your children?" said Romola, smiling. "And you would rather go home to them than see any more of the Carnival? Else you have not far to go to the Piazza de' Signori, and there you would see the pile for the great bonfire."

"No; oh, no!" said Tessa, eagerly; "I shall never like bonfires again. I will go back."

"You live at some *castello*, doubtless," said Romola, not waiting for an answer. "Towards which gate do you go?"

"Towards Por' Santa Croce."

"Come, then," said Romola, taking her by the hand and leading her to the corner of a street nearly opposite. "If you go down there," she said, pausing, "you will soon be in a straight road. And I must leave you now, because some one else expects me. You will not be frightened. Your pretty things are quite safe now. Addio."

"Addio, Madonna," said Tessa, almost in a whisper, not knowing what else it would be right to say; and in an instant the heavenly lady was gone. Tessa turned to catch a last glimpse, but she only saw the tall gliding figure vanish round the projecting stonework. So she went on her way in wonder, longing to be once more safely housed with Monna Lisa, undesirous of carnivals for evermore.

Baldassarre had kept Tessa in sight till the moment of her parting with Romola: then he went away with his bundle of yarn. It seemed to him that he had discerned a clue which might guide him if he could only grasp the necessary details firmly enough. He had seen the two wives together, and the sight had brought to his conceptions that vividness which had been wanting before. His power of imagining facts needed to be reinforced continually by the senses. The tall wife was the noble and rightful wife; she had the blood in her that would be readily kindled to resentment; she would know what scholarship was, and how it might lie locked in by the obstructions of the stricken body, like a treasure buried by earthquake. She could believe him: she would be *inclined* to believe him, if he proved to her that her husband was unfaithful. Women cared about that: they would take Vengeance for that. If this wife of Tito's loved him, she would have a sense of injury which Baldassarre's mind dwelt on with keen longing, as if it would be the strength of another Will added to his own, the strength of another mind to form devices.

Both these wives had been kind to Baldassarre, and their acts towards him, being bound up with the very image of them, had not vanished from his memory; yet the thought of their pain could not present itself to him as a check. To him it seemed that pain was the order of the world for all except the hard and base. If any were innocent, if any were noble,

where could the utmost gladness lie for them? Where it lay for him—in unconquerable hatred and triumphant vengeance. But he must be cautious: he must watch this wife in the Via de' Bardi, and learn more of her; for even here frustration was possible. There was no power for him now but in patience.

CHAPTER LI.

Monna Brigida's Conversion.

When Romola said that some one else expected her, she meant her cousin Brigida, but she was far from suspecting how much that good kinswoman was in need of her. Returning together towards the Piazza, they had descried the company of youths coming to a stand before Tessa, and when Romola, having approached near enough to see the simple little contadina's distress, said, "Wait for me a moment, cousin," Monna Brigida said hastily, "Ah, I will not go on: come for me to Boni's shop,—I shall go back there."

The truth was, Monna Brigida had a consciousness on the one hand of certain "vanities" carried on her person, and on the other of a growing alarm lest the Piagnoni should be right in holding that rouge, and false hair, and pearl embroidery, endamaged the soul. Their serious view of things filled the air like an odour; nothing seemed to have exactly the same flavour as it used to have; and there was the dear child Romola, in her youth and beauty, leading a life that was uncomfortably suggestive of rigorous demands on woman. A widow at fifty-five whose satisfaction has been largely drawn from what she thinks of her own person, and what she believes others think of it, requires a great fund of imagination to keep her spirits buoyant. And Monna Brigida had begun to have frequent struggles at her toilet. If her soul would prosper better without them, was it really worth while to put on the rouge and the braids? But when she lifted up the hand-mirror and saw a sallow face with baggy cheeks, and crow's feet that were not to be dissimulated by any simpering of the lips—when she parted her grey hair, and let it lie in simple Piagnone fashion round her face, her courage failed. Monna Berta would certainly burst out laughing at her, and call her an old hag, and as Monna Berta was really only fifty-two, she had a superiority which would make the observation cutting. Every woman who was not a Piagnone would give a shrug at the sight of her, and the men would accost her as if she were their grandmother. Whereas, at fifty-five a woman was not so very old—she only required making up a little. So the rouge and the braids and the embroidered berretta went on again, and Monna Brigida was satisfied with the accustomed effect; as for her neck, if she covered it up, people might suppose it was too old to show, and on the contrary, with the necklaces round it, it looked better than Monna

Berta's. This very day, when she was preparing for the Piagnone Carnival, such a struggle had occurred, and the conflicting fears and longings which caused the struggle, caused her to turn back and seek refuge in the druggist's shop rather than encounter the collectors of the *Anathema* when Romola was not by her side.

But Monna Brigida was not quite rapid enough in her retreat. She had been descried, even before she turned away, by the white-robed boys in the rear of those who wheeled round towards Tessa, and the willingness with which Tessa was given up was, perhaps, slightly due to the fact that part of the troop had already accosted a personage carrying more markedly upon her the dangerous weight of the *Anathema*. It happened that several of this troop were at the youngest age taken into peculiar training; and a small fellow of ten, his olive wreath resting above cherubic cheeks and wide brown eyes, his imagination really possessed with a hovering awe at existence as something in which great consequences impended on being good or bad, his longings nevertheless running in the direction of mastery and mischief, was the first to reach Monna Brigida and place himself across her path. She felt angry, and looked for an open door, but there was not one at hand, and by attempting to escape now, she would only make things worse. But it was not the cherubic-faced young one who first addressed her; it was a youth of fifteen, who held one handle of a wide basket.

"Venerable mother!" he began, "the blessed Jesus commands you to give up the *Anathema* which you carry upon you. That cap embroidered with pearls, those jewels that fasten up your false hair—let them be given up and sold for the poor; and cast the hair itself away from you, as a lie that is only fit for burning. Doubtless, too, you have other jewels under your silk mantle."

"Yes, lady," said the youth at the other handle, who had many of Fra Girolamo's phrases by heart, "they are too heavy for you: they are heavier than a millstone, and are weighting you for perdition. Will you adorn yourself with the hunger of the poor, and be proud to carry God's curse upon your head?"

"In truth you are old, buona madre," said the cherubic boy, in a sweet soprano. "You look very ugly with the red on your cheeks and that black glistening hair, and those fine things. It is only Satan who can like to see you. Your Angel is sorry. He wants you to rub away the red."

The little fellow snatched a soft silk scarf from the basket, and held it towards Monna Brigida, that she might use it as her guardian angel desired. Her anger and mortification were fast giving way to spiritual alarm. Monna Berta, and that cloud of witnesses, highly-dressed society in general, were not looking at her, and she was surrounded by young monitors, whose white robes, and wreaths, and red crosses, and dreadful candour, had something awful in their unusualness. Her Franciscan confessor, Fra Cristoforo, of Santa Croce, was not at hand to reinforce her

distrust of Dominican teaching, and she was helplessly possessed and shaken by a vague sense that a supreme warning was come to her. Unvisited by the least suggestion of any other course that was open to her, she took the scarf that was held out, and rubbed her cheeks, with trembling submissiveness.

"It is well, madonna," said the second youth. "It is a holy beginning. And when you have taken those vanities from your head, the dew of heavenly grace will descend on it." The infusion of mischief was getting stronger, and putting his hand to one of the jewelled pins that fastened her braids to the berretta, he drew it out. The heavy black plait fell down over Monna Brigida's face, and dragged the rest of the head-gear forward. It was a new reason for not hesitating: she put up her hands hastily, undid the other fastenings, and flung down into the basket of doom her beloved crimson velvet berretta, with all its unsurpassed embroidery of seed-pearls, and stood an unrouged woman, with grey hair pushed backward from a face where certain deep lines of age had triumphed over embonpoint.

But the berretta was not allowed to lie in the basket. With impish zeal, the youngsters lifted it up, and held it pitilessly, with the false hair dangling.

"See, venerable mother," said the taller youth, "what ugly lies you have delivered yourself from! And now you look like the blessed Saint Anna, the mother of the Holy Virgin."

Thoughts of going into a convent forthwith, and never showing herself in the world again, were rushing through Monna Brigida's mind. There was nothing possible for her but to take care of her soul. Of course, there were spectators laughing: she had no need to look round to assure herself of that. Well! it would, perhaps, be better to be forced to think more of Paradise. But at the thought that the dear accustomed world was no longer in her choice, there gathered some of those hard tears which just moisten elderly eyes, and she could see but dimly a large rough hand holding a red cross, which was suddenly thrust before her over the shoulders of the boys, while a strong guttural voice said, "Only four quattrini, madonna, blessing and all! Buy it. You'll find a comfort in it now your wig's gone. Deh! what are we sinners doing all our lives? Making soup in a basket, and getting nothing but the scum for our stomachs. Better buy a blessing, madonna! Only four quattrini; the profit is not so much as the smell of a danaro, and it goes to the poor."

Monna Brigida, in dim-eyed confusion, was proceeding to the further submission of reaching money from her embroidered scarsella, at present hidden by her silk mantle, when the group round her, which she had not yet entertained the idea of escaping, opened before a figure as welcome as an angel loosing prison bolts.

"Romola, look at me!" said Monna Brigida, in a piteous tone, putting out both her hands.

The white troop was already moving away, with a slight consciousness

that its zeal about the head-gear had been superabundant enough to afford a dispensation from any further demand for penitential offerings.

"Dear cousin, don't be distressed," said Romola, smitten with pity, yet hardly able to help smiling at the sudden apparition of her kinswoman in a genuine, natural guise, strangely contrasted with all memories of her. She took the black drapery from her own head, and threw it over Monna Brigida's. "There," she went on, soothingly, "no one will remark you now. We will turn down the Via del Palagio and go straight to our house."

They hastened away, Monna Brigida grasping Romola's hand tightly as if to get a stronger assurance of her being actually there.

"Ah, my Romola, my dear child," said the short fat woman, hurrying with frequent steps to keep pace with the majestic young figure beside her. "What an old scarecrow I am! I must be good—I mean to be good!"

"Yes, yes; buy a cross!" said the guttural voice, while the rough hand was thrust once more before Monna Brigida; for Bratti was not to be abashed by Romola's presence into renouncing a probable customer, and had quietly followed up their retreat. "Only four quattrini, blessing and all—and if there was any profit, it would all go to the poor."

Monna Brigida would have been compelled to pause, even if she had been in a less submissive mood. She put up one hand deprecatingly to arrest Romola's remonstrance, and with the other reached out a grosso, worth many white quattrini, saying, in an entreating tone—

"Take it, good man, and begone."

"You're in the right, madonna," said Bratti, taking the coin quickly, and thrusting the cross into her hand, "I'll not offer you change, for I might as well rob you of a mass. What! we must all be scorched a little, but you'll come off the easier; better fall from the window than the roof. A good Easter and a good year to you!"

"Well, Romola," cried Monna Brigida, pathetically, as Bratti left them, "if I'm to be a Piagnone, it's no matter how I look!"

"Dear cousin," said Romola, looking at her affectionately, "you don't know how much better you look than you ever did before. I see now how good-natured your face is, like yourself. That red and finery seemed to thrust themselves forward and hide expression. Ask our Piero or any other painter if he would not rather paint your portrait now than before. I think all lines of the human face have something either touching or grand, unless they seem to come from low passions. How fine old men are, like my godfather! Why should not old women look grand and simple?"

"Yes, when one gets to be sixty, my Romola," said Brigida, relapsing a little; "but I'm only fifty-five, and Monna Berta and everybody—but it's no use: I will be good, like you. Your mother, if she'd been alive, would have been as old as I am—we were cousins together. One *must* either die or get old. But it doesn't matter about being old, if one's a Piagnone."

Life in a Barrack.

The British people has, without doubt, a deep interest in its Army, as well as a lasting pride in it; but of the daily life of the individual soldier, his duties and indulgences, his surroundings and his sentiments, little seems to be known beyond the barrack wall. And yet a plain, unvarnished statement on some of these matters cannot fail to be interesting, and so I, a man in the ranks, make bold to attempt it.

The soldier is born when he is enlisted; and I think I may say that, just as few of us come into the world of our own mere will and pleasure, so there are not many men who enter the army from choice. They volunteer, but they cannot help themselves; or believe they cannot. Sometimes a young man gets into "trouble" (a word you may interpret many ways—as debt, for instance, or peculation, or early marriage, or some other little vice), and then the "ranks" afford him convenient shelter; but far oftener a man becomes a private through downright privation. There is, indeed, a sorry sort of joke not unfrequently heard in the barrack-room, but very popular for all that: "It was not for want that *I* enlisted," the red-coat will say; "I had plenty of that before I joined."

The recruiting sergeant is still a teller of most glorious and most dreadful lies; though, no doubt, he is more moderate than he used to be. There are several ways of accounting for the change. In the first place, his old misrepresentations would not "go down" with his hearers now—reading, writing, and arithmetic have altered all that; and then too much fibbing is discouraged by his superiors; and finally, the service now-a-days is really something like what it was *said* to be. Altered facts have, in some degree, corrected unchanged assertions. In some places, however, the ignorance and credulity of Lubin still offer too tempting an opportunity for the cultivation of romance, especially in times when men are much wanted; and many a simpleton takes the shilling under a belief that he is to receive thirteen pence a day pay, and be fed, lodged, and clothed into the bargain. Such an inducement to enlist is best understood when we remember what wages are in many parts of the country.

Enrolment is a far more ceremonial performance than it is generally supposed to be. The passing of a coin from palm to palm under any decent pretence may have been enough to entrap men in the times of the French war, but regular enlistment is deliberate and formal. This is what happens when the operation is performed according to the military Cocker. The recruit holds out his hand, the sergeant suspends the shilling over it between finger and thumb, and asks, "Are you married?" "No,"

say you, of course. "Are you an apprentice?" "I am not." "Do you belong to any militia regiment?" "No." "Did you ever serve in her Majesty's army or navy?" "No." "Are you marked with the letter D?" "Certainly not." "Have you ever been cupped?" "Never." "Are you free, able, and willing to serve her Majesty the Queen for a period of ten years, or twelve if required?" "Yes." "Then I enlist you for her Majesty's 222nd Regiment of the Line." The shilling is dropped into your palm, and enlisted you are.

However, the formalities are not yet over. A paper is made out and handed to you—you, the recruit—and in this document you are informed that you did enlist in such and such a regiment, on a certain day, and at a certain hour; and further you are warned that if you do not appear next day at or before nine o'clock A.M., you will be proceeded against and punished as a rogue and a vagabond. You are not a rogue, though it may happen that, having been on the tramp in search of work for a week or two, you may not unfairly be called a vagabond. However, you do present yourself at the appointed time, and are then taken before the doctor for examination. If he passes you, you now receive two days' pay (pay commences from the day of enrolment), which amounts to two shillings and twopence. If no sleeping accommodation is provided for you, you get an extra fourpence a day for lodging; but it usually *is* provided. At the recruiting head-quarters in town—(a public-house called the "Rendezvous," in Charles Street, Westminster)—they have two large rooms, each containing five-and-twenty beds, for the recruits' comfort.

From the doctor you are next taken to be sworn in before a magistrate; that is to say, if twenty-four hours have now elapsed from the moment when the shilling dropped into your hand. It is not a legal enlistment if you are sworn in *within* the twenty-four hours, and in such a case you can claim your discharge. The virtue of this regulation is obvious, since if before he is attested the recruit changes his mind, and can muster the necessary "smart-money," he can take his discharge. But then the smart-money is a sovereign and the enlisting-shilling; a sum which not many recruits have a chance of raising, however they may repent them of the streamers that flutter in their hats. The hour comes, but no friends and no money; and you are sworn duly. The magistrate asks pretty much the same questions as the recruiting sergeant did, and, as before, they are answered more or less truly; the book is kissed, and the Queen has another soldier. The conditions of service being so far fulfilled, you now get an earnest of your bounty-money, in the magnificent sum of two and sixpence. Bounty-money varies very much, just in proportion to the demand for men. Sometimes five or six pounds are paid. In the old-fashioned times (which are certainly not dear to the army), the bounty rarely covered the cost of the kit, or first outfit; so that the young soldier found himself entered on his new and not very lucrative profession without ever seeing a penny of the small capital he had been led to expect, and, what was worse, positively in debt. Of course, affairs

were so managed that this delightful prospect came upon the poor fellow with a surprise, when it was impossible to back out. That state of things cannot exist now, because the kit has no longer to be paid for out of the bounty-money. It is given free of cost.

After the ceremony of attestation, nothing remains to be done but to take the recruit before the colonel, or officer commanding the recruiting party, for measurement. But that has been already ascertained pretty accurately by the practised eye of the recruiting sergeant, so that there are few rejections at this stage. Sometimes a sergeant knowingly tips the shilling to men too low in stature, or too small in girth; but that is only when he has to choose between bagging a whole party of companions, or losing all. He nets the smaller fish with the greater, and is quite content to see the little ones swim through the meshes again, even at the cost of a shilling and some beer. *They* are sent adrift at an early period without troubling doctor or magistrate, and without touching bounty-money, of course; but as for you, who are five feet nine inches high, and thirty-eight inches round the chest, you are now about to receive another instalment of that gift. Seven shillings and sixpence are handed to you in token of your having passed satisfactorily through the various tests and ceremonies; and with all that money you are sent to join your regiment, or the regimental depôt. Of course you do not go alone. The sergeant attends you, nor does he leave your side till he has handed you over to the pay or colour sergeant of the company you are posted to.

With so much money in his pocket, the recruit has not joined his regiment an hour before he finds himself surrounded by friends. True, when the money is gone, the friends also disappear; but I have heard that this result follows just as naturally amongst men who are not soldiers, and in places which are not barracks. I doubt, however, if anywhere else the hypocrisy is so daring, or the catastrophe so sudden. There is little or no attempt to hide the spring of the deep interest your comrades take in you: it is the tap at the Royal George or the Duke of Wellington, by you to be set flowing for the entertainment of the gallant fellows who so warmly greet a new, raw comrade. Their impatience to be rewarded is wonderful. The recruit, it should be known, is not allowed to go into the town before he has got his regimentals. But he has already got his bounty-money (in many cases), and there it lies idly in his stupid civilian pocket. Delay is unbearable. What the regiment has not yet furnished in the course of public duty, his comrades hasten to lend him out of private benevolence. One comes with a cap, another with a jacket, a third with a pair of trousers, and so on. They do not fit, these garments, but that is nothing to the purpose. Appearances are disregarded. The capitalist is to be got out into the town, guy or no guy; and he *is* got out accordingly. He behaves in almost every instance like a man; that is to say, he freely gets drunk, and as liberally spends his money for the gratification of his new-found friends and their new-found wives. Small sums are borrowed of him with the affability of friendship and the bonhomie of brethren in

arms: and not till the young soldier refuses, or till his inclination to "stand a drain" can no longer be stimulated, is he allowed to perceive that his companions are all the while laughing at him as an innocent, as a greenhorn, as a chaw-bacon. It is not an uncommon thing for a comrade more friendly than the rest to leave the recruit at last in the hands of some female acquaintance, who manages to clear his pockets out quite before he returns to barracks. Presenting himself there next morning, penitent and apprehensive, he is forthwith placed under arrest, for "stopping absent," while the obliging comrade goes off to share the spoils of victorious Beauty.

It should be remarked before I go further, that up to 1847 (I believe) the soldier was enlisted not for ten, but for twenty-one years. I speak of infantry regiments. Cavalry, artillery, and engineers are now enlisted for twelve years; and *they* also have to serve two years longer, if on foreign service, where men cannot well be spared sometimes. Should the soldier volunteer to remain in the army at the end of his first ten years in it, he has then another ten or twelve years before him; but he gets a second bounty at starting, a free kit, and two or three months' furlough, if he likes to take it. Cavalry men are better paid than infantry men. They get sixteenpence a day; we, thirteenpence; and as the cost of rations and other charges are much the same in all branches of the service, it follows that the cavalry man enjoys more "spending money" than his fellows afoot. If I remain in the army ten years only, I shall get no pension. Twenty-one years' service entitles me to a stipend of eightpence daily as long as I may live thereafter; and, besides, I shall get a penny a day for every good-conduct stripe I may gain. Three years' good conduct after enrolment gives me one of these stripes or "rings;" but I must show five years' good behaviour for every other. And so a quiet good soldier may retire on a shilling a day. If a man is discharged as unfit for service after spending more than three, but fewer than ten years in the ranks, he then gets an optional and temporary pension; say sixpence a day for a year or eighteen months.

Within two or three days after he has joined his regiment, the recruit is "served out" with his kit, and sent to drill. The items which make up the kit are these:—One knapsack and straps, *i. e.*, the straps that fasten it on; two coat-straps to bind the coat upon the knapsack; three shirts, three pairs of socks, two towels, two pairs of boots, one pair of leathern leggings, one pair of winter trousers, and one pair of summer trousers; a tunic, a shell-jacket, one pair of braces, two shoe-brushes, a clothes-brush, a box of blacking; a razor and case, a comb, a shaving-brush, a knife, a fork, and a spoon, with a "hold-all" to keep these last-named articles in. It must be acknowledged that this is a sufficiently handsome allowance. And I must remark on another improvement which the army has to be grateful for, though, to be sure, it would seem the most natural provision in the world if it had not been overlooked till lately. It is not long, I believe, since the British soldier had to march and fight

in the same clothing, and the same equipments, whether in the heats of India or the frost of Canada. Climate no consideration, was the view at the Horse Guards ; but that is now changed. In very cold climates the soldier is more warmly clad, and he has the felicity of licking rebellious sepoys in the airiest of military costumes.

Every year after the first, the soldier gets one tunic, one pair of winter trousers, and two pairs of boots; every second year a pair of winter trousers are also served out to him. Everything else that he needs he has to pay for—caps, shirts, socks, towels, &c. &c. It is necessary to buy a jacket, too, every year, and as it is a mere poetical presumption that summer trousers will wear for two seasons, eight shillings and ninepence have to be expended every other year for a new pair. Eight and ninepence is the regulation price for those articles. A jacket costs eleven shillings and sixpence; a cap, two and twopence; a shirt, two and threepence; a pair of socks, thirteenpence; a towel, one shilling. Of course some men wear out more clothes than others; and that class of soldiers who are called by their comrades lady-killers, must be very ingenious to save a penny a day from their expenditure. That is about the sum our disposable income amounts to for more than a third of our time; and yet there are men in the army who save money. They spare and pinch, and are careful to a wonderful degree; and it must be remembered, for the rest, that many men, both of the thrifty and the sottish sort, have some little help from friends and admirers. Of the admirers of the sottish sort I will only say that they often show a degree of devotion which is inexplicable, except on the old hypothesis of some rabid love of red cloth. I have known a woman sell the clothes from her back to get drink for a soldier whom she has not known for twenty-four hours. And I don't believe she would have done the same thing for any civilian alive.

About drill I have nothing to say here save that it is not considered agreeable at any time, but especially does it lack charm on first acquaintance. Nor is the recruit very much delighted, at first, with his barrack apartment, if he happen to have been lately familiar with the comforts of a decent home (and remember that some amongst us have been tenderly bred), though as for thousands of men who enter the army, they find themselves at once more handsomely and wholesomely provided for than ever they were in their lives. Still, a barrack-room is by no means a bower; and, above all, there is no chance of quiet or privacy in it. Generally it accommodates about fourteen or sixteen men, for whom it has to serve as bed-room, dining-room, drawing-room, work-room, and study; and thus, with a half-dozen men about me at this moment—some at work, some at play, and none quiet—I must say I find the cultivation of literature on a barrack-room table rather thorny. However, literature is not our business, though I am glad to say there are a few of us who make it our recreation, so far as we can. Well, each man of us here has a bed to himself, with an arm-rack behind it, and two or three pegs in the walls above to hang belts, &c., upon. The bedstead is of iron, about two and

a half feet wide, and hinged in the centre, so that it can be turned back in the daytime and form a seat. To each cot there is a mattress, a pillow (both stuffed with straw, and ungrateful to the bones at first, but we soon get used to that), two blankets, two sheets, and a rug. The sheets are changed every month, the blankets every three or four months. Shelves run round the room, which is also furnished with a cupboard, two tables, four forms, a plate and a basin for every man, a large long-handled scrubbing-brush, a broom, small hand-scrubber, a tin pail, a wooden pail, a wooden box with handles to contain coals, with poker, shovel, &c. The tables have moveable tops fitting upon iron stands; and the cupboard-doors are of iron-wire, like those of a meat-safe. The basins are made to serve the purpose of tea-cups also: knife, fork, and spoon, as I have said, are provided in the kit. Of course I do not know that these details are the same in *all* barrack-rooms, but I describe those of one of the most important stations in England, and I should expect to find few differences elsewhere.

The ordinary routine of a soldier's life in barrack is pretty much as follows:—At six in the morning he is called up by the reveille, or, in more familiar English, the rouse. The first notes of the rouse are dismal, in accordance with the feelings of every sluggard who hears them; but they are succeeded by a few others of an encouraging and lively character, and to their music we rise. The first thing to be done now is to make the beds. The bed-irons are turned up, mattress and pillow are folded together, then the sheets, then the blankets (all very neatly), and placed on top of the bed-irons, towards the wall; the rug is folded next, and that being placed on the bed-irons in *front* of bed, blankets, &c., a seat is formed. When a bed is well made up, it looks very neat and tidy indeed. The next operation is to clean the room, which is done by sweeping and scrubbing with the formidable long-handled brush before mentioned; that, and the adjustment of tables, and forms, and so on, completes the business. The orderly man—that is to say, a man told off to cater for his comrades—to draw rations, prepare tables, keep the room clean, and wash up everything for the day—next considers breakfast, which is served at about eight o'clock. Before that time, of course, the orderly has drawn rations, of which more presently. Breakfast is speedily prepared (each room forming a mess), for nothing is to be done but to put a table up and clap the basins on it. Table-cloths are unknown, and are the less needed considering that the tables are kept white as a new deal board. The meal consists of bread, and coffee which is made for us by the cook in the cook-house, where coppers and ovens are fitted up according to the number of men to be served. Breakfast over, the orderly man washes up, and I cannot say he does it nicely. No cloths are provided for the purpose, and an old shirt, or any other rag that can be obtained, is thought good enough. Good enough, I say! It has only to be tolerably large, and it is a treasure: a thing to be conveyed by the envied owners from mess to mess, and even from barrack to barrack most carefully.

After clearing away, the orderly man next employs himself in scrubbing tables, making the fire-place tidy, and so on, while the other men clean their arms and accoutrements for morning parade, which takes place about ten o'clock. The "dress," or warning for the men to prepare for parade, sounds at a quarter to ten; and the "fall in" at ten precisely. Any man who makes his appearance after the "fall in" has sounded is punished with two or three hours' extra-drill; and that is felt as a disgrace as well as a bore. However, the offence is very infrequent. The regular morning drill lasts for about an hour and a half; after that has been accomplished the men are free to dispose of themselves till dinner-time, when every one has to answer to the roll-call. One o'clock is the dinner hour; when we have a very fair meal of meat, potatoes, and soup. Sometimes we have a baked dinner—in fact, we are supposed to enjoy that luxury three times a week; but there are few barracks, I believe, in which the three times are not reduced to two. However, we are at liberty to send our food out to some baker's in the town; and though he charges twopence for cooking, we save as much as that on the cost of the materials that would have gone to make the soup. Occasionally a brief period of parade or drill follows dinner. At a quarter-past four tea-time comes round, when our basins steam with the decent aroma of the Chinese plant; and then again we are at our own disposal till "tattoo," or half-past nine. Between tea-time and "tattoo" the "retreat" sounds—at sunset: that is to say, at various hours, according to the season. When the "retreat" has sounded, the band plays.

"Tattoo" is divided into the "first post" and "last post." The first post sounds at nine, when all the men's names are called in the barrack-rooms; the names of those who are absent being taken down. As many men as return before the last post has sounded at half-past nine have their names scratched from the list, which is then taken up to the orderly officer. As the absentees drop in they are marched to the guard-room, which is pretty full by midnight with deserters, absentees, and men drunk. At ten we who are sober and well-behaved are all in bed and in darkness.

Of course there are special duties for certain men to perform during the day; some men are in hospital, some in prison, some under fatigue-duty, and so on; but the above is a fair account of what passes in the general. The routine in a cavalry barrack is, of course, different in detail. Let us take the case of a dragoon regiment. At half-past five in the morning in summer, at six in the winter, the morning stable trumpet sounds, in answer to which the men dress and proceed to stables, groom their horses, and clean their appointments and the stable itself. By this time it is about a quarter to seven. They then return to the barrack-room, where they make up their beds and clean their personal accoutrements. Breakfast arrives from the cook-house at a quarter to eight—fetched by an orderly man as with us of the infantry—and, this despatched, the time till nine is employed in saddling horses and in dressing. At nine, should there be no field-day (which in country quarters is ordered

perhaps once a week), the men ride their horses to exercise in the surrounding country or in the riding-school: always under superintendence, of course. After about two hours' exercise they return to barracks, and proceed to undress (old clothes are used for work in barrack), and arrange their kits tidily on the shelves over the cots; their arms being placed on the tables for the casual inspection of officers visiting the room. The midday trumpet sounds at half-past eleven; from which time until one the men thoroughly clean their horses, and put up saddles, polishing the saddle-irons till they are as bright as a mirror. This is a point of honour with every good soldier. At one they dine. After dinner—save for an occasional drill or parade on foot, from three to half-past three—the men are at full liberty till six. From six to seven they have a third stable hour, bedding down the horses and making them snug for the night; seven to ten are liberty hours again. The bold dragoon who is not present when the orderly-sergeant goes round at the latter hour noting the absentees gets into trouble. If he does not appear within ten minutes, he spends the night in prison-cell, and next morning is punished according to length of absence, to his general character, and to the condition in which he returned.

Some men spend as much of their time as possible out of barrack, while others abide within its walls pretty constantly. The poorer men, who have no friends to send them a shilling or two now and then, the dull and disappointed men (often the best soldiers), and the slovens, go far to make up the number of stay-at-homes. Not that it is easy to get accustomed to a barrack-room so as to feel at home in it. When the men are not at drill or cleaning their arms, accoutrements, &c., all sorts of employments are carried on in the room, and with infinite confusion. Gambling, swearing, reading, writing, larking, boxing, single-stick exercise, and conversation, these are the occupations which beguile our leisure; and when they all go on at the same moment, the result is not agreeable to quiet and retiring spirits. However, we are not many of us of that character, though a single regiment furnishes, of course, specimens of every variety of Great Briton. I do believe, and therefore I will say, that some of the most finished rogues in the world are to be found in the army—heartless, profligate—men who will rob you while your eyes are on their hands. These men, too, are often first-rate soldiers as well as excellent rogues, and popular opinion keeps them very much in order. Of course it is impossible to collect a thousand men of any grade or any degree of education together without including several blackguards, and I daresay we are not much worse off in that respect than other communities. A known pilferer has a very bad time of it in the army; but the man whose life is most oppressed—who suffers most constantly from "chaff"—is he who pretends to be more moral and religious than his comrades have reason to believe him to be. A truly religious man, or rather I should say a man of whose piety his comrades are convinced, is left in peace, and is respected. Almost every

company has a good singer or a good dancer, who is not only favoured by his fellows, but who sometimes gets an engagement to perform of an evening at a public-house in the town. He comes out strong at Christmas, when the officers usually subscribe a few pounds to furnish forth good cheer for their men, and what is more, they will come and spend an hour at the table. Officers are generally considerate and kind in our days, spending much time and money in providing for the recreation and comfort of their humbler fellows. Cricket-grounds, skittle-alleys, and billiard-tables are common indulgences, and, with the library, keep many a man not only out of mischief, but wholesomely employed.

However troublesome life in a barrack-room may be (though we soon get used to it), it is better than life in camp—in a tent. This habitation is generally made to accommodate twelve men, and is too small to form comfortable quarters for that number. It is a simple dwelling; a pole in the centre, with canvas spreading round from it in the shape of a bell. There are two doors, one in front, one in the rear. Each man is supplied with a rug and a blanket, and sometimes—not always—the luxury of a little straw is added. The process of going to bed is very simple. You undress, and then put your cloak on; round this you wrap first your blanket and next your rug; and thus bundled up in a neat judicious roll, you lie down on your straw—if you are lucky enough to have any. Your knapsack forms an excellent pillow, or it is to be hoped you think so, for you get no other. Should the rain come down moderately, you take no harm, for the water runs off the tent into a trench cut round it; but if the rain falls heavily you will probably get a soaking, because the trenches are apt to fill and the water to flow in upon you. The *cuisine* of the camp is decidedly imperfect. A deep trench is dug, with branch cuttings to supply a draught of air: that is the fireplace. A fire is lit in the trench, and your food is suspended over it in tin cans: that is the system of cookery, according to my own experience. Water for cooking or for immediate consumption is brought in by the military train; but for washing I have had to dig holes in the ground for water to drain into. Of course it is very good discipline all this, and even while we grumble at it we do not forget that a time may come when our very lives may be the profit of such experience. The army is full of inveterate grumblers, and it is not to be supposed that *they* readily take this view of sleeping on the bare ground, twelve in a tent, in a deluging thunder-storm; but these men, growl as they may, are willing to be influenced at last by their own better sense and the cheerfulness of others. Besides, these are no great hardships after all. At first they are displeasing no doubt, and it is never agreeable to wake at the dead of night to find yourself reposing in a puddle; but, on the whole, tolerably hardy men get reconciled to tent life in less than a week; and he would be ridiculed whose growlings were thought to be very sincere at any time.

Our rations and the usual disposition of our incomes must be treated together. As I have said, the men in every room mess together. Three-

quarters of a pound of meat (*not* "without bone") and a pound of bread are drawn every morning for each man, and for that fourpence-halfpenny is charged against us. The whole room's meat is drawn in one piece, the bread in four-pound loaves: thus fourteen men will be served with ten and a half pounds of beef, and four and a half loaves. And here I am reminded of an important article of barrack furniture—an enormous two-handled tin dish, in which these rations are drawn, among other purposes. Meat and bread are supplied by a contractor, and it has to be passed as sound wholesome food by four officers—the quartermaster, the doctor, the captain of the day, and his subaltern. Moreover, it is part of the duty of the orderly officers to go round to every room during or after each meal, to hear any complaints that may be made for report to the commanding officer. If the complaints are trivial, they themselves settle them without reference to the superior officer. Supplied with meat and bread, then, we are still in need every day of tea, coffee, sugar, pepper, salt, mustard, potatoes, milk, and bread for tea. All these articles are supplied in sufficient quantity (bread, half a pound) for threepence-halfpenny. We have now fivepence of daily income to be disposed of. Out of this, a halfpenny is deducted for washing; a halfpenny runs on to the end of the month, and fourpence we receive daily. The halfpenny which is kept back to be dealt with on signing accounts, goes to meet various incidental charges; so that, at the end of the month we seldom have more than sixpence to receive. We have been under the hands of the barber, and his fee is a halfpenny; twopence has to be paid for sheet washing; a penny towards supporting the library; a penny a week for the reading-room and for stationery; twopence for barrack damage, that is to say, for broken crockery, broken windows, &c. It will be seen, therefore, that little remains of our halfpenny-a-day savings. Here is a specimen of the monthly accounts, which are kept by the pay-sergeant:—

August, 1862.

Thirty-one days' messing, at 8*d.*	£1	0	8
„ „ pay, at 4*d.*	0	10	4
„ „ washing, at ½*d.*	0	1	3½
Sheet-washing	0	0	2
Hair-cutting	0	0	0½
Barrack damages	0	0	2
Library	0	0	1
Reading-room (stationery)	0	0	4
	£1	13	1
Thirty-one days' pay, at 1*s.* 1*d.*	£1	13	7
Amount expended	1	13	1
Balance creditor	£0	0	6

And so we live very well, and have all our daily wants supplied for ninepence. But the fourpence that remains is not (alas!) all "spending

money." I have already explained that a stock of underclothing and other apparel has to be supported out of that sum.

The corporals, whose pay is one shilling and fivepence a day, mess with the privates, and at the same cost; so that they are much richer men. But the sergeants—the sergeants are our envy. They get two shillings and a penny a day. They have a mess to themselves, in a good room apportioned for that purpose. To be sure, the same rations of bread and meat are served out to them as to us; but then they expend fivepence halfpenny per day for groceries instead of threepence halfpenny, and that adds considerably to the comforts of the mess. Then, again, they may supply themselves with beer and spirits; and they are at liberty to enjoy the luxuries of their lot up to eleven o'clock at night, long after we are asleep. The colour-sergeant is even better off than his comrades the stripe-sergeants. *He* gets three shillings and a penny a day, while his rations cost no more than theirs. Besides this advantage, he has the privilege of marking all the men's clothes. Every article has to be marked with the owner's regimental number, and the mark of the regiment, and for every article so stamped the fee is a halfpenny.

The rations of cavalry men are the same as those served to the infantry, and are supplied at the same price: a pound and a half of bread, three quarters of a pound of meat, potatoes, a basin of coffee, and a basin of tea, per diem, for eightpence. For washing they generally pay a penny, instead of a halfpenny, as with us; and that leaves them sevenpence clear. If, however, they get more pay, they do more work; each man has a horse to keep in order.

When a man is in hospital, he pays tenpence a day for his food, however costly or however simple it may be; and there is no stint of good things for a sick soldier. The wards are comfortably fitted up, and an orderly is appointed to wait upon every ten inmates. A suit of blue serge—trousers, jacket, and cap, all of the same colour—is substituted for the ordinary regimentals, in hospital; which, in spite of its constraints, has many charms for skulkers. Such men seize every excuse to report themselves sick; but the trick is no sooner discovered than they are hated forthwith by their comrades, and not unnaturally, for the duties evaded by the skulkers fall on better men.

When a soldier is in gaol, he gets no pay at all, but sixpence a day is handed to the governor of the prison for his support. If he be lodged in the regimental prison, or provost cells, then his pay is stopped also; and besides having oftentimes to work harder than I suppose a convict ever did, his dietary is far less satisfactory than that enjoyed in her Majesty's other prisons. For breakfast he has eight ounces of oatmeal, and half a pint of milk; for dinner, twelve ounces of bread, and half a pint of milk; for supper, eight ounces of bread, and half a pint of milk. There is no provocation to crime in such a dietary as that; and when hard labour is awarded, it *is* hard. It has to be done nine hours a day, and consists of shot-drill, pack-drill, and stone-breaking. The nature of the last-named

punishment is pretty generally understood. Shot-drill means the carrying of a thirty-two pound shot from one low block in the barrack-yard to another, and so backward and forward without end. Pack-drill is as interesting an employment as shot-drill, though not so laborious, perhaps; in this case the culprit has to carry a knapsack with a complete kit in it. Nine hours' labour is for serious offences, of course; smaller deviations from the path of duty (absence without leave, drunkenness, and so on) are punished by from three to twenty-eight days' confinement to barrack, with pack-drill four hours a day. Confinement to barrack is not easily evaded; for it is provided that a man under that sentence is to answer to his name every half-hour.

It is a very unpleasant thing to spend a night in the guard-room or lock-up, though *we* of course do not call the place by those hard, unfeeling names. The fond fancy of the soldier supplies it with more figurative appellations—such as the mill, the jigger, the corner shop, the House that Jack built, the Irish theatre. But by no name can it be loved. At a quarter past nine in the morning, the prisoners' call, or levée, sounds (for it is then that the colonel, or senior major in the colonel's absence, holds his levée), whereupon every heart in the guard-house is disturbed. The prisoners are marched out, first to the hospital, that it may be known whether they are fit to endure punishment, and then to the orderly-room; their escort being the men of the guard with fixed bayonets. In the orderly-room sit the colonel, the adjutant, and the sergeant-major, who proceed to deal out three, fourteen, twenty-eight days' punishment to the minor criminals; the more serious cases being reserved for court-martial. If a man sent to punishment by this tribunal thinks himself unjustly treated, he can appeal for a court-martial; but he seldom profits by the move. For the court-martial being assembled, and the prisoner brought in, there he sees before him his colonel and his captain, with the defaulters' book in their hands. In this book every man's name in the company is inscribed, and every time he does wrong, the fault is written down to him; and if it be only one fault, there it remains against him in black and white, though he be twenty years in the service. When a man is confined for being drunk, a cross in red ink is made against his name; to be drunk on duty counts as two chalks, and as soon as he attains the distinction of four chalks, he is liable to be tried by court-martial for habitual drunkenness. But to have this effect, the four marks must be booked in not less a period than three hundred and sixty-five days; a licence which is wide enough, and yet I have known men tried three or four times within the year. The sentence of a court-martial on such offenders as these is usually about forty-two days' imprisonment; which is done in the regimental prison or provost cells within the barracks. The sergeant in charge of them, and the superintendent of punishment in general, is called the provost-sergeant. A deserter is sent to a military prison, and generally gets about eighty-four days' imprisonment, with the additional discipline of being marked with the letter D. This brand is

made under the left arm, in Indian ink. If a man deserts two or three times, he may be flogged; but flogging does not often take place, and then for the most part for robbing his comrades, who more readily concur with the punishment than is supposed out of doors. No doubt it is a disgusting exhibition. A man under the lash has his neck protected by his leathern stock.

A regimental court-martial has power to sentence a man to from seven to forty-two days. It consists of a captain for president, and subalterns for members. A garrison court-martial is a far more important assembly; there you have a major for president, captains and lieutenants for members, and they may doom an offender to as much as three years' imprisonment. The colonel has to sign and approve the proceedings of a regimental court-martial; no less a personage than the general commanding the district must confirm the decision of a garrison court-martial before it is valid. Whether a prisoner be found guilty or not, the decision is read to all the men on parade. It ought to have been mentioned before, perhaps, that while the unfortunate or guilty one is in the guard-room, awaiting trial by court-martial, he gets but sixpence a day; which would probably end in famine if his comrades did not supply him with food. Of course this is not allowed, but the provost-sergeant is himself acquainted with the pinch of hunger, and he winks at the offence.

It is not generally known that we ourselves, the private soldiers of the army, hold a court-martial now and then. Take the case of a man discovered to be a thief: he has stolen the money or other properties of his fellows in the barrack-room. His comrades seize him, search him, find him guilty, and put it to him whether he prefers to be summarily dealt with, or to be taken to the provost-sergeant.

"What are you going to give me?" asks the hesitating culprit.

"Well," replies the spokesman on the other side, "what do you say to twenty-eight?"

"No; make it a score."

"Can't make it no less than twenty-six; there's thirteen of us to do the punishment, and we *must* have two welts a piece."

The thief, considering his prospects with due anxiety, agrees. He strips his back and shoulders, is stretched upon a table, and forthwith receives two stripes with a belt from every one of his outraged comrades.

The special duties of a soldier are fatigue duty, guard, and picket. Fatigue means all sorts of work about a barrack: I instance one which is especially disliked—carrying coal; it is carried in two-handled boxes containing eighty pounds, two men to a box. Of the guard there are three men to a post, so that each man can have four hours off duty, and two hours on. Their commander is a sergeant, and there is a corporal to every twelve men. The sergeant of the guard has charge of all prisoners confined in the guard-room; he and his men are relieved every twenty-four hours. Picket duty is pretty well known; it is to patrol the town

after hours, and bring in any soldier found astray. They also go out before tattoo, prowling for drunken men.

The sergeant-major stands first in the ranks of non-commissioned officers. Next to him come the quartermaster-sergeant, the paymaster-sergeant, colour-sergeant, stripe-sergeant, and lastly, the corporal. There are several other sergeants, but they are in staff employ—as the hospital-sergeant and the armourer-sergeant, who has the mending of the arms in his charge. The sergeant-major's duty is to superintend drill, to see that the men are smart-looking, &c. &c. He immediately commands all the other non-commissioned officers in the regiment, warning them of what duty they have from day to day. Early in the evening the call to take orders sounds. These orders, taken from the adjutant by the sergeant-major, are by him transmitted to the orderly-sergeants. They are told how many men they must take out of their various companies for guard, picket, and so on, next day; and then each orderly-major, going to the roll of his company, which is kept in alphabetical order, warns the men in turn who come next for duty. Another part of the orderly-sergeant's business is to see that the men are at every parade and roll-call. The difference between parade and roll-call is this: the one is held on the parade-ground, while the other is simply a calling and an answering of names in the barrack-room. An orderly-corporal has to be careful that the men's rations are fairly weighed, to draw their letters—in short, to see that they "get their rights." A corporal stands at the barrack-gate from rouse to tattoo to keep an eye on those who come in and those who go out, and especially to seize and convey drunken men to the guard-room.

A few men of the hospital corps are attached to every regiment, I believe; but we scarcely regard them as soldiers, and some of us grudge that distinction to the pioneers, of whom we have also a few. Their supposed duty is to go before a regiment and clear the way of bushes and other obstructions; and so it may be in actual war, but at home their business is rather to sweep about the barracks, whitewash walls, and so on.

The regulations about married soldiers have much improved lately. Eight non-commissioned officers in a hundred may marry; of the sergeants, two-thirds of that number. Often, now-a-days, the married men have separate quarters; whereas, not long ago, domestic privacy could only be obtained by rigging up blankets between the cots. The children of soldiers have schools provided for them at small cost to the parents: two-pence a month has to be paid for one child, and threepence for two; if you have a third child, instruction for that is thrown into the bargain; the trio are taken at a penny a head per month. The libraries, reading-rooms, cricket-grounds, &c. &c., provided gratis, or at a merely nominal cost, have already been spoken of; but of the military savings-banks I have yet to say that they offer the liberal inducement of three and three-quarters per cent. per annum: which is more than any savings-bank open to civilians pays.

Another little bit of information I will give, because it seems that not only the general reader but the general writer has very indistinct notions about it. When a company of soldiers are standing in double rank, one man behind another, they are called a file of men, so that when we speak of a company as so many file, we mean double that number of men. So many "rank and file," however, expresses the exact number. Thus, thirty file are sixty men, but sixty rank and file are sixty men. Corporals are included in rank and file, but not sergeants.

And now I find I have consumed many sheets of reading-room note-paper, while still some interesting passages in the life of a common soldier remain unnoticed. However, these I shall now make no effort to remember; especially as some conclusions as to our lot in life may as valuably furnish forth the rest of this article. Well, I am constrained to say, Briton though I am, and, therefore, never perfectly satisfied, that I think we men of the army have reason to be content. Of course the question resolves itself into a matter of pay very much, and I do think we have nothing to grumble about on that score, on fair consideration. You, who read this, have seen pretty clearly what is the ordinary day's work of a soldier, and it must have struck you as being, in comparison with that of the shoemaker and tailor, who toil twelve hours a day for a pound a week, very light. Of course there are certain additional contingencies, such as the chance of being shot, or of being fatigued and starved to death in a trench; but I have no doubt it would be found, on inquiry, that the tailor's trade is more destructive to life in the long run than the soldier's. And then the soldier's calling keeps him healthy while he *does* live: the operative's is often little better than a lingering disease; and I take that to be a very great difference in our favour. I consider this, that the daily bread of the soldier is certain. He is never without shelter; and come corn famine, or cotton famine, *he* does not suffer. Should his barracks be burnt over his head and all his worldly goods perish in the flames, he simply removes to the next barracks, and should his loss be accidental, he is compensated. When he falls sick he goes at once into an hospital in which every care is taken of him; as it should be with an article so costly to acquire, and so difficult to replace, as a well-trained soldier. Should he be invalided and discharged before he has completed his term of service, he receives a small pension according to the nature, cause, and probable duration of his disease. And on completing the full term of service he is guaranteed from starvation by a pension varying from eightpence to fifteenpence a day (according to the character of his service), a pension inadequate, no doubt, but easily eked out by the extreme alacrity of civilians to employ deserving old soldiers. To be sure, a soldier cannot marry on his pay, but it is hard to see how an agricultural labourer can or ought to marry on *his* pay. Nor is it fair to forget what *we* know well enough, that a man almost always enters the army as a *dernier ressort*, to save himself from the disgrace and difficulty of begging, borrowing, stealing, or working.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the soldier lies altogether on a bed of roses. His pallet is of simple straw, and there are not a few exasperating thorns in it. And the sharpest of these is, the method of appointment, and the private's subjection to the caprices of non-commissioned officers. I strive to think dispassionately, but my tongue *will* tingle, when I see, as I not seldom do see, a comrade badgered into insolence, and the instant the hasty word has burst from his passionate lips, I see him carried off to receive the penalty due to deliberate insubordination. The rules for promotion throughout the service are radically bad; or rather, there are no rules at all. In many cases promotion goes, as in higher spheres, by home interest used by parents or friends with officers. In very many others, it is obtained by fawning on the chief non-commissioned officer of the troop or company, whose favourable bias on the captain, and his (as he believes) *bonâ fide* favourable report to the commanding officer, bring the desired honour. A private seldom receives promotion after he has been in the service three years. The consequence is, a man often is an officer before he thoroughly knows how to be a private; and overbalanced by his speedy elevation, who can wonder that he will sometimes start with being dictatorial and capricious, and end in becoming tyrannical? This is a very frequent cause of desertion, of the crowded state of military prisons, and of that horrible crime which I thank God I have only read of—murder of officers.

I do not aver that this is true of all, or even of the majority of non-commissioned officers; far from it. But that dreadful specimens do exist, and are not rare exceptions, in every regiment, I believe every soldier will bear me out in affirming. And the sore is easily healed, and that without trenching on the prerogative of lawful authority. Let no man be promoted from the ranks until he has served long enough at least to know his duty as a private, and his duty of bearing and forbearing toward his fellow privates—to have had his shoulder wrung by the inevitable gall of the collar, and have learned to know and command himself. Then let him serve a term of *real* probation, to prove whether he be not thrown off his balance and rendered arrogant and overbearing by being "clothed in a little brief authority." And when he has fairly undergone this ordeal, then, and not till then, let him be entrusted with the command of his fellows. Observe, however, that I am very ready to admit that soldiers are often men not easily dealt with; that the duties of a non-commissioned officer necessarily make him unpopular, and that there is such a thing as envy.

Corpulence.

The subject of this paper is not only interesting to that large section of the community who remember with fond regret the slimness and activity which were once theirs, and now, alas! have departed; but to all classes it is a matter of real importance that we should understand, as far as may be, what are the causes of excessive fatness; in what ways, if any, it is likely to be injurious, and how its development may be prevented, or its amount reduced.

The proportion which the fatty tissue ought to bear, in weight, to the whole mass of the body has been variously estimated at from one-half to one-tenth. Practically, however, this rule is of no use; and it is more important to remember this—that for every adult man of a certain height there is a tolerably definite weight, which it is not difficult for the individual himself to find out; and that all considerable permanent additions to this must consist of fat. As to the exact amount of fat which may exist without proving injurious to health there appears to be the greatest variation. It is certain that many individuals have possessed an enormous development of this tissue, who, nevertheless, enjoyed perfect health and the complete use of their faculties. Maccary states that he encountered at Pavia a man who exhibited himself as a dancer, and was extremely agile and graceful in his movements, although the most enormously fat man he ever saw. Dr. Williams mentions a girl who from her childhood was fat, and at the age of twenty weighed 450 lbs.; but who possessed an extraordinary degree of muscular strength, so much that at the age of six she was able to carry her own mother in her arms, and at the age of twenty could carry 250 lbs. weight in each hand with ease: and another girl who at the age of five began suddenly to accumulate fat with great rapidity; so that by the time she was twelve years old she weighed 182 lbs., and yet preserved good health and strength. The celebrated Daniel Lambert, probably the fattest man whose history has been recorded, lived to a good age, and, though much encumbered by his bulk, preserved his faculties well: at his culminating point he weighed 739 lbs.! Platerus records the case of a man who attained an enormous bulk without any diminution of his remarkable agility, which was such that he walked and danced with unusual ease and grace. Nor is it only the muscular system which may retain its full powers in presence of an extreme accumulation of fat. It is a common prejudice that fat persons are slow of intellect, and the provincial epithet of "fat head" sufficiently expresses the popular idea of the mental powers of the corpulent. But there are plenty of instances which conflict with this view; and I need only mention David Hume and Napoleon to convince every one that it is not

universally true. Raggi, an Italian physician, who was a great authority on corpulence, relates many cases of extreme corpulence in which the intellect remained quite alert to the last. Most of us were probably acquainted, from personal observation, with the huge bulk of that remarkable man Dr. Woolff, the Bokhara missionary, one of the fattest of men, and whose intellect was a marvel of restless activity.

These examples of muscular and mental activity in very fat people do not prove that fat is no hindrance to body or mind; on the contrary, I am quite ready to confess that they are exceptions to the general rule. There can be little doubt that, in the majority of instances, the development of a large amount of fat diminishes bodily and mental activity; but this brings me to the point which I wish to enforce, viz. that the influence which obesity exerts in these respects depends upon the situation in which the fatty tissue is laid down, and upon a certain physiological equilibrium which appears to me to have excited too little attention, but which many facts seem to indicate as highly important to perfect bodily and mental health.

Before we speak of fatness as a diseased condition, it will be necessary to consider the character of the natural tissue of which it is a mere exaggeration. Fat is one of the most useful of the tissues; its structure is very simple, and it pervades nearly every part of the body, and beneath the skin it forms a thick layer, maintaining that plumpness and roundness of outline which contributes so largely to beauty, allowing the skin to glide freely over the parts which lie beneath it, and by its non-conducting qualities forming an admirable defence against external cold. Around the great vessels and nerves it is deposited as a kind of sheath; it invests the base of the heart, lying between the muscular tissue and the serous membrane which covers it; it forms cushions between and around the muscles of the limbs; it makes a soft casing for the kidneys, it is deposited between the layers of the peritoneum (the great serous membrane which lines the cavity of the abdomen and covers the intestines), and in the mediastinum, or central interspace of the chest which intervenes between the two serous bags, or *pleuræ*, in which the lungs are contained, and it is found in considerable quantity between the joints. In the orbits, or bony cavities in which the eyes are lodged, and in the cheeks, palms of the hands, and soles of the feet, it is found in large quantities. In the interior of bones it is present in a modified form as *marrow*. In all the above-mentioned situations it forms a distinct tissue, called the "adipose tissue," which possesses a peculiar structure. It is composed of a congeries of closed cells of large size, the walls of which are formed of a transparent structureless membrane, and among which ramify numerous capillary blood-vessels. These cells contain the fatty matter, which, during life, exists as a semi-fluid substance, capable of being divided into two separate elements, an oily and a crystalline one. It is obvious that one of the chief uses of such a tissue as this, so widely distributed through the body, must be a mechanical one, namely, to act as a kind of cushion, filling up the spaces between

more important organs, and preventing their mutual pressure and concussion; and I have already spoken of another purpose which the subcutaneous layer serves, as a defence against cold. But besides those deposits which take the form of a regular tissue, fatty matter exists abundantly in the nervous substance and the secreting glands; in these latter situations it does not form a continuous structure, but is deposited in more or less isolated globules. In speaking of corpulence we shall have to consider, primarily, that portion of the fatty matter of the body which forms the regular "adipose" tissue. It is this portion of our fat which is liable to such remarkable fluctuations in quantity within the limits of apparent health; fluctuations to which all considerable permanent changes in the weight of fully grown animals are due. While the body is yet developing, of course there are increases of weight due to the increasing size of bones, muscles, &c.; but in the adult these may practically be left out of consideration.

The fluctuations in the amount of fatty tissue which exists in the same individual at different times are easily to be accounted for up to a certain point; for certain influences can plainly be seen to favour them. The most obvious of these is the amount of food of a fatty nature, or convertible into fat, which is taken. The second is the general activity of vital motions, particularly of muscular movements and of respiration, which tends, according to its amount, to the more or less rapid destruction of the tissues, among which the fatty tissue is the first to suffer. But a very superficial observer may see that these influences by no means explain all the alterations in fatness which occur in individuals, and still less the remarkable differences which exist between different persons as to their tendency to fatten. Every one knows of instances in which not the severest system of diet, short of absolute starvation, has succeeded in averting or diminishing extreme corpulence, and other cases in which no possible combination of generous living with repose both of body and mind has been able to make the person adopting it any fatter. Yet both these classes of constitutions may appear tolerably healthy. The difficulty is got over, commonly, by saying that such a one inherited a fat or a lean body from his parents; but it is obvious that this is no real explanation of the matter, but a mere postponement of the difficulty.

In order to arrive at as clear an appreciation as may be of the present state of the inquiry, it may be well if we pass in review the facts, as far as they are known, which throw light upon the formation of the fatty tissue.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the healthy adipose tissue is formed, in some way, from the elements of our food. This is sufficiently proved by the fact, of which there is abundant evidence, that food which contains actual fat is more efficient in increasing the amount of this tissue than any other; on the proviso that it can be digested and taken up into the system; a point on which organisms widely differ. Dr. Stark, who subsequently fell a victim to his enthusiastic zeal for physiological

experiments, proved in his own person that *suet* was the most rapidly fattening article of food which he could take. And a multitude of familiar facts connected with the management of domestic animals intended for the meat market testify to the pre-eminent value of oily substances for this purpose. Inquiry, however, long since proved that animals can fatten upon other than absolutely fatty foods. The characteristic feature of the chemical constitution of all fatty matters is, that they consist of carbon and hydrogen (the former in greatly the largest proportion), with the addition of various amounts of oxygen. Now the chemical composition of various saccharine, starchy, and gummy foods is not so far removed from this, but that a change of the former into the latter, by processes occurring within the body, was conceivable, and Liebig pointed out that this might be occasioned by the action of oxygen. Whether this took place after digestion of the food, or by a fermentative process occurring while it was as yet unabsorbed from the stomach and intestines, was disputed. But the belief that other than fatty food might generate fatty tissue, was supported by a multitude of facts. One of the most striking of these was the circumstance noted with regard to bees, that they possess the power of elaborating wax (a fatty secretion) while subsisting purely on honey, which contains saccharine materials in plenty, but no fat. Further, Boussingault and Persoz made careful experiments on geese, which they fed upon maize, a vegetable food which contains a certain per-centage of oily matter, and they clearly established the fact that far more fatty matter was generated than could be accounted for by the quantity of oil in the food, and they were forced to attribute this additional generation of fat to the transformation of saccharine and starchy matters. Again, it was discovered that albumen and gluten, nitrogenized substances, much further removed than starch, sugar, &c. from the chemical composition of fat, might be artificially changed into a fatty matter by the prolonged action of heat and alkalies; and that in the body itself, various nitrogenous tissues pass into a fatty condition as one stage in their natural progress to degeneration and decay.

In whatever way the fatty matter may be derived from the food, we find abundant proof that it is present in the blood. Long ago, Morgagni and Hewson observed cases in which blood, taken from the body, and allowed to separate into serum and clot, showed a brilliant surface of oily matter floating upon the serum. Lecanu, Gulliver, Blainville, and others have proved that this is at most only an exaggeration of a condition which prevails even in healthy blood; and Gulliver showed that the blood of the great liver vein contains more fatty matter than that of the arterial system. Of the precise way in which fat contained in the blood is made to form the fatty tissue we are ignorant; but it is probably a tolerably simple process. The blood arrives charged with the fatty element, in that mesh of capillary vessels which everywhere penetrates the adipose tissue, and in some way the fatty matter finds a passage to the interior of the cells already described.

It is easy for any one to see that if there be any very excessive deposit of fat, a mechanical obstacle to the action of the heart and lungs will at once be caused. But the mischief does not end here; for when fat is deposited in excess around the base of the heart, it nearly always dips down amongst the bundles of muscular fibre, which it presses upon and seriously impedes in their contractions: in extreme cases, even causing a serious diminution in their number and strength, so that ordinary fatty tissue comes to be in part substituted for the muscular wall of the heart. (This change must not be confounded with true "fatty degeneration," which is a sign of imperfect nutrition of the muscle, and in which no real fatty tissue is formed, but oil globules are deposited *within the muscular fibres themselves.* This latter condition may indeed co-exist with the former, but it is often found in persons who are of a *lean* frame.) Moreover, the pressure of fatty matter not only impedes the movements of the heart and lungs, but in some cases retards the return of the impure venous blood to the heart, and consequently keeps important organs (and especially the brain) filled with a nutrient material which is of defective quality, and unequal to the task of keeping up the functions of those organs. Such are the consequences of excessive fatty deposits on the base of the heart, and there can be no difficulty, after reflecting upon them, in understanding the significance of the fact that out of thirty-nine obese persons whose history was collected by Dr. Shearman, in thirteen instances dropsy, and in eleven apoplectic coma, was the cause of death. For both these diseases would be traceable to the obstacle to circulation and respiration occasioned by an excessive deposit of fat in the neighbourhood of the heart.

There are some other situations in which an unusual growth of adipose tissue may be prejudicial. For instance, there is reason to think that the expansion of the chest in respiration is materially hindered by the fixing of the ribs which results from a very considerable deposit of fat among the intercostal muscles; particularly those which move the upper ribs. A more partial damage, but still a serious one, appears to be occasionally inflicted by the loss of sensibility of the surface of the body, owing to an extreme deposition of fat beneath the skin. Maccary quotes the observation of Pliny (an authority of small value, to be sure), that pigs, in a state of extreme fatness, had their flesh gnawed by rats, without taking any notice of their molestations; and he mentions a case which had come under his own notice, of an excessively fat individual, who had almost completely lost the sense of touch, and upon whom the stings of bees and flies made no impression. Another and more serious damage is that already alluded to, which results from the excessive growth of fatty tissue among muscles, the strength of which it materially impairs, both by mechanical pressure, and, in extreme cases, by the actual substitution of adipose tissue for healthy muscular fibre.

Such are some of the principal injuries, general and local, which the formation of a large amount of fatty tissue in certain localities may pro-

duce. With the knowledge of these possibilities we may congratulate ourselves that, upon the whole, the chief force of the fattening process usually expends itself in a region like the abdomen. Beneath the abdominal skin, and among the loose reflections of the great serous membrane which lines the general abdominal cavity, there is plenty of room for the deposit of an extraordinary amount of fat without serious distress from mechanical pressure or interference with the functions of important organs. It is in this situation, especially in the omentum, that the fat collects in hybernating animals, who sleep through the winter, and in whom animal heat is supported, in the absence of any food, by the gradual absorption into the blood of the extra stock of fatty matter which nature had providently laid up beforehand.

The ancient name by which what I should call the "disease" obesity was called is significant of the light in which our medical forefathers regarded excessive fatness. They named it *Polysarkia*, "abundance of flesh;" and although the more observant of them carefully guarded themselves against any general statement that abundance of fat always signified abundance of strength, it is evident that they all regarded fatness, in otherwise healthy subjects, as a sign of exuberant life. We can hardly hold such an opinion in these days. The discovery that "fatty degeneration," a process by which the more highly organized tissues are degraded to a lower organic type, frequently co-exists with the exuberant formation of adipose tissue; the more accurate clinical observation which has taught us that fatty subjects as a rule can ill sustain the shock of acute diseases, warns us against this view of the matter, and teaches us, other things being equal, to look with distrust upon the health of an individual who rapidly, and without some well-defined and temporarily acting cause, becomes extremely corpulent. It is probable that the very fact of a tendency to exuberant fatty formation is itself an indication of a certain constitutional vice by no means on the side of strength. Nevertheless, we all know numerous instances of persons who all their lives have exhibited a marked tendency to fatness, and who have yet lived long and actively. What are we to infer is the cause of this good health under disadvantages? We must conclude, I think, that by a happy chance the deposition of fat has confined itself chiefly to those regions where its presence is mechanically least harmful, and that unusual circumstances have favoured the general health.

Assuredly the older doctors were by no means at a loss, in their own opinion, for efficacious remedies for corpulence, if we are to judge by the long list of them which figures in the numerous treatises which appeared from the earliest times up to the important era when physiological chemistry first started into life. "Polysarkia" was a special favourite, both with budding graduates who had theses to defend, and with learned old dons whose treasury of ripe experience was nearly full; and the way in which they handled it gives their reader a high idea of their adventurous prowess. I cannot forbear quoting, for the benefit of my stouter friends,

a list of the principal measures which might have been adopted for the reduction of their bulk had they lived some fifty or sixty years ago. I quote from Maccary, who seems to have compiled most diligently all the information on the subject which he could lay hold of from Aristotle downwards. I advise obese readers who may happen to be nervous, to take a glass or two of sherry before reading the following list of remedies:—

Bleeding from the arm; bleeding from the jugular vein; dry cupping; prolonged blistering; vegetable diet, with vinegar; every kind of acid, except nitric and phosphoric; hot baths; ditto, with salt in them; baths of Aix, Spa, Forges, Rouen, and Acqui; occasional starvation (to prevent apoplexy); decoction of guaiacum and sassafras, instead of wine (!); scarifications; purgatives (including the *dew collected at night*); pricking the flesh with needles during sleep; walking about with naked feet; the artificial production of grief and anxiety (if it could not be procured by natural means); and, finally, removal of the exuberant tissue with the scalpel! The latter operation is stated, on the authority of Pliny and of some later writers, to have been actually performed on two separate individuals, to each of whom, or to their respective doctors, the bright idea seems to have occurred spontaneously. Such were the principal remedies in the days of theoretical medicine and unavoidable physiological ignorance. Modern investigations in physiology, as might be expected, have dismissed the greater part of this queer therapeutical armament to a limbo from which it is not likely to emerge again; and it must be confessed that, as far as the action of drugs goes, we have not much to put in its place.

The discovery of the remarkable property which iodine possesses of stimulating absorbent action led many to hope that it might prove serviceable in reducing corpulence; and, accordingly, its various preparations have been frequently tried, with the result, so far, that it is very doubtful whether, without producing a deleterious effect on the constitution, their action can be carried far enough to secure the desired effect. The only two medicinal agents which at present much engage the attention of medical men are the Fucus vesiculosus (a kind of seaweed) and the bromide of ammonium. The former of these, which contains iodine, is said by Dr. Duchesne du Parc and others to produce the desirable absorbent effects of iodine without any of its deleterious results. At present this remedy is in fashion, but the reports of its success require confirmation from much extended experience. The bromide of ammonium has been introduced by Dr. Gibb, who accidentally discovered its fat-absorbing powers while experimenting with it for a different purpose, and who is still carrying on further researches, the result of which the profession awaits with interest. It is at present supposed that the action of this remedy is chiefly exerted in preventing the deposition of new fatty tissue, rather than in causing the absorption of that already existing. The lay reader who has a personal interest in the subject of my paper will,

however, turn from these matters, of which he cannot fairly judge, to those dietetic and hygienic considerations which must, after all, lie at the foundation of any proper treatment for such an affection as corpulence.

With regard to the diet proper to the treatment of corpulence, if our sole object be to reduce the amount of adipose tissue, the task is tolerably simple. All fatty foods, and, as far as possible, all saccharine and farinaceous matters, should be avoided, including such drinks as contain sugar, dextrine, &c. The total quantity of nourishment taken should be as small as is consistent with health; and its principal items should be *lean* meat and biscuit. Ordinary bread should be avoided, as also beer and all sweet wine: if any alcoholic drink must be taken, dry sherry, or a little weak spirit and water, would be the most suitable. Not much food should be taken at one time, in order that the whole of it may be quickly digested and absorbed, without allowing time for fermentative changes to occur while it is still in the alimentary canal.

Such would be the kind of diet most suitable for the simple purpose of reducing fat. Unfortunately, however, the manipulation of the food supply to our bodies is not quite so simple an affair as it may seem at first sight; and there are certain important considerations which must modify our proceedings if we do not wish to do harm.

I have already alluded to the fact that fat is a most essential element in the constitution of the nervous system, especially of the great nervous centres. Nature herself, during the period for which she undertakes the feeding of a human being, viz. during suckling, takes very good care that a sufficient supply of this nervous food shall be administered: and in those cases in which she fails to perform this duty, unless it be artificially supplemented, serious nervous disorders are apt to arise. I have obtained abundant evidence of this fact from my own experience and that of others; and I consider that it has a bearing on the question of the advisability of such a plan of diet as is commonly recommended for the reduction of corpulence which is in the highest degree important, especially as it is supported by another fact, which has lately attracted the attention of physicians, that oily matters are the most efficient remedies which we possess against chronic convulsive diseases depending on an enfeebled nutrition of the nervous centres. An observation recorded by Maccary, of the true bearing of which he seems to have had no idea, is most important in relation to this question. He relates the case of an infant, born of a very obese mother, which, by the age of three months, had become so monstrously fat that the parents, by the advice of a physician, submitted it to a diet spare in quantity, and from which care was taken to exclude fatty substances. The obesity was rapidly cured, but *the child became an epileptic*. The nervous system had been starved, for want of fatty food. There is nothing whatever in the fact that a particular patient is very fat to assure us that his nervous centres are receiving their proper fat-supply. The exact reverse of this may really be the case; and matters which should have gone to nourish the nervous system may have been expended

in the formation of an exuberant adipose tissue It is evident, therefore, that the exclusion of fatty substances from the food of obese persons is not to be adopted without regard to the particular circumstances of each case. There are certain well-known crises in life, the first of them being the period of teething in infancy, at all of which there is a marked tendency for the nervous system to break down, and for a number of evil results to follow. If, therefore, the obese patient be at any of these dangerous epochs of existence, it would be clearly unreasonable to proceed by exclusion of fatty matters from the food. Some other measures must be taken.

Besides diet, however, there are other means quite as important for the reduction of excessive fat. Every one understands that active muscular exercise is a powerful agent in reducing corpulence, and it may be worth while to inquire whether this is universally true, and within what limits its application is safe. This is a very interesting question, because of the practical illustrations which it receives in the hands of the trainers who prepare men for athletic contests of various kinds. Here again we may say, if your object be simply to reduce fat, you may easily produce a very considerable impression. The common practice of trainers for Epsom, and of the university crews at Oxford and Cambridge, supplies a complete proof of the efficiency of this plan for its immediate purpose. By increasing the activity of the respiratory process, and by stimulating the liver to increased action, it causes the excretion of a large quantity of carbon and hydrogen, and very rapidly reduces the amount of fat. We must remember, however, that one of the chief reasons why large developments of fat render men unfit for active exertion is that the adipose matter is apt to be deposited in inconvenient proximity to the heart, as already explained. Doubtless this is the most frequent cause of the "short-windedness" of fat people, and the removal of such a superincumbent mass of fat as often presses on the heart must rapidly relieve this. It is, therefore, to be supposed that where a decidedly fat man not only gets rid, by diet and severe exercise, of much of his superficial fat, but also improves his wind greatly, a considerable absorption of fat has taken place; and if this result could be constantly obtained without any simultaneous damage, the Oxford trainer might fairly rank as one of the most useful of physicians. But against this view there must be set one very serious consideration. Large deposits of fat upon the surface of the heart are in very many cases combined with a state of things which is different in its nature, and even more serious in the results which it produces. "Fatty degeneration" of muscular fibres is a condition which may occur in any portion of the muscular system, but which specially affects the muscles which build up the heart, and on which its action depends; and its effect, as may easily be imagined, is to render every bundle of fibres so changed weaker in its action and more liable to rupture or other serious damage. Now, when muscle has once developed this condition, it is not in a state to be benefited by powerful exercise, as the biceps of a

blacksmith might be by strenuous hammering. If urged while in this state to extra efforts, it will only take the more rapidly the downward course of organic degradation, and serious disaster may be the result of measures which, *primâ facie*, might be supposed to afford the best prospect of permanent benefit to health and activity. That this result actually does follow the indiscriminate use of violent exercise is well known to physicians. Many a crack oarsman, who, although originally a heavy man, prided himself on having reduced himself by Herculean efforts to good "working trim," has, unconsciously to himself, been fatally increasing a degeneration of the heart-tissue which had already commenced. I have been assured by physicians who have the best reason to know, that this evil is most serious, from the increasingly reckless style of training which at present prevails at the universities. *Violent* muscular exercise, and especially such as particularly increases the force and rapidity of the heart's action, is, in my opinion, *not* the proper cure for corpulence.

But *moderate* exercise, prolonged for a considerable period each day, but yet stopping short of fatigue, is most necessary; for without it the action of the liver will almost infallibly become sluggish, and thus one great natural outlet for hydrocarbon would be made comparatively useless. Moreover, the action of the skin is increased by active exercise, and thus a large quantity of water is removed from the system, a circumstance which always appears to afford relief to the sense of oppression under which fat people labour, besides increasing the rapidity of the absorbent processes by which we may hope that the amount of existing fat will be reduced. This brings us to the consideration of other remedies addressed to increasing the perspiration from the skin.

Hot baths are a very old plan of treatment for corpulence, being mentioned by nearly every writer. And there is no doubt that in cases in which they have established copious perspiration they may have been a material benefit. But no physician in the present day would probably employ them in any case where it was possible, and safe, to use instead of them the hot-air bath now in fashion under the name of "Turkish." The hot-air bath, when not immoderately indulged in (say two or three baths per week), seems to effect a large amount of good with a minimum of harm. It must be distinctly understood, however, that there are persons for whom the use of the Turkish bath is wholly improper, and this mode of treatment should therefore never be undertaken without express medical sanction.

If we consider what are the periods of life at which fatness is usually most developed, we shall probably gain a clearer idea of the impolicy of wholesale exhaustive measures for the reduction of corpulence. In the usual way, this tendency does not conspicuously gain the upper hand till late in middle life; in fact, till just that period when the powers are beginning to fail. In such persons a careful anatomical search, could it be made, would discover other and very significant traces of the failure of vital energy, even though these might be such as are consistent with

an extended prolongation of life. It would be found that fatty matter was beginning to replace many higher tissues. Conspicuously this would be noticed, in the case of the arteries, the walls of which would exhibit many patches of fatty, and even of earthy formations, instead of the fibrous and muscular elements of which they are naturally composed. This sort of change in the blood-vessels is one that always occurs, to a greater or less degree, with advancing age; and it reaches its extreme at that still later date when the tendency to excessive deposits of adipose tissue has again disappeared, and the frame is lean and bent and withered, and the muscles, instead of being red and full and firm, are of a paler tint, contain much oil, and shrink notably in size. That an individual of from forty to fifty years of age should become fat (provided his fatness be not excessive), is not in itself ground for apprehension, unless there be actual symptoms of local mischief such as I have described.

Such is the natural state of things; and there is therefore a considerable presumption that the occurrence of decided obesity in quite early manhood or womanhood is *pro tanto* an anticipation of the feebleness of age. Under these circumstances, we are certainly justified in regarding the old plans of treatment as injudicious; and we may now add that, in a certain number of cases, they even prove ineffectual to produce their acknowledged end. One of the early writers records an extreme example of the possibility of such a failure. The subject of it was the wife of a tramp, miserably poor, and frequently obliged to beg the commonest necessaries of life, but who from early childhood had displayed the most uncontrollable tendency to obesity, and who, by the time she had had six children, attained the large circumference of five feet two inches, although she was constantly hard-worked and in a state of partial starvation.

Aristotle says that "fat persons age early, and therefore die early." As a mere statement of fact, this is true when tested by averages; but it is important to remember that obesity may be either the cause of an early death, or merely a warning that a tendency to premature decay exists, in which latter case the time given for treatment may allow of the happiest results being produced. Perhaps if one were to sum up, in the shortest way, the things which are to be most avoided when we are threatened in this way, we might say—sloth, and debilitating influences of all kinds. The former influence is a very serious one. People who tend to be fat are usually not so much inclined to actual sleep as to immobility, retention of one posture for long periods together; and hence they lie in bed, or stand loitering for hours together. It is probable that this is in some degree owing to the diminution of the superficial sensibility, in consequence of which obese persons seem removed, as it were, from the external things with which they are immediately surrounded. This *physical* apathy, if I may use such an expression, is by no means incompatible with great intellectual activity, and persons who possess this kind of constitution are apt to be too readily content with a minimum of physical movement. This indolence will hardly fail ultimately to produce

a diminution of the respiratory movements and a stagnation of the circulation, and hence, a reduction of the activity of the brain, by reason of the blood which supplies that organ being imperfectly oxygenated.

The whole question of the relation which vigour of the nervous system bears to the amount of adipose tissue in the body, is a very complicated one. On the one hand, it seems certain that indulgence in grief, anxiety, overweening passions of any kind, is almost incompatible with any considerable degree of corpulence; the cause of this may be partly the damage to appetite and digestion which these affections cause; but that is not nearly sufficient to explain the matter. On the other hand, pure *intellectual* activity has often been seen in corpulent persons; according to my experience, such persons are large eaters, but I am not certain whether this is universal. My own opinion certainly inclines to the belief that hard brain-workers require rather more than less of easily assimilable fat if they have an irresistible tendency to corpulence than if they are lean, supposing that there is no serious defect in the digestion in either case.

March Winds.

The March winds rave between the hills,
Cold run the steel-blue shining rills.
Through the wide void a wailing shrills.

The sun is high at equinox,
The cold blast the pale sunshine mocks,
Helpless the giddy rookery rocks.

Ice gathers on the scarce-loosed flood,
The sap stands still within the bud,
Chill slackens soon the heart's young blood.

The far heights start out one by one,
Down the hill-sides cloud shadows run,
Across the cold glare of the sun.

The long marsh, in the windy vale,
With sedges lightens and turns pale,
Pointed one way before the gale.

All wan and dazzling overhead,
The Arctic flood is tossed and spread,
Methinks the Spring itself is dead.

Mr. Palliser and Lady Dumbello.

The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lord De Guest at Home.

THE Earl and John Eames, after their escape from the bull, walked up to the Manor House together. "You can write a note to your mother, and I'll send it by one of the boys," said the earl. This was his lordship's answer when Eames declined to dine at the Manor House, because he would be expected home.

"But I'm so badly off for clothes, my lord," pleaded Johnny. "I tore my trowsers in the hedge."

"There will be nobody there besides us two and Dr. Crofts. The doctor will forgive you when he hears the story; and as for me, I didn't care if you hadn't a stitch to your back. You'll have company back to Guestwick, so come along."

Eames had no further excuse to offer, and therefore did as he was bidden. He was by no means as much at home with the earl now as during those minutes of the combat. He would rather have gone home, being somewhat ashamed of being seen in his present tattered and bare-headed condition by the servants of the house; and moreover, his mind would sometimes revert to the scene which had taken place in the garden at Allington. But he found himself obliged to obey the earl, and so he walked on with him through the woods.

The earl did not say very much, being tired and somewhat thoughtful. In what little he did say he seemed to be specially hurt by the ingratitude of the bull towards himself. "I never teased him, or annoyed him in any way."

"I suppose they are dangerous beasts?" said Eames.

"Not a bit of it, if they're properly treated. It must have been my handkerchief, I suppose. I remember that I did blow my nose."

He hardly said a word in the way of thanks to his assistant. "Where should I have been if you had not come to me?" he had exclaimed immediately after his deliverance; but having said that he didn't think it necessary to say much more to Eames. But he made himself very pleasant, and by the time he had reached the house his companion was almost glad that he had been forced to dine at the Manor House. "And now we'll have a drink," said the earl. "I don't know how you feel, but I never was so thirsty in my life."

Two servants immediately showed themselves, and evinced some surprise at Johnny's appearance. "Has the gentleman hurt hisself, my lord?" asked the butler, looking at the blood upon our friend's face.

"He has hurt his trowsers the worst, I believe," said the earl. "And if he was to put on any of mine they'd be too short and too big, wouldn't they? I am sorry you should be so uncomfortable, but you mustn't mind it for once."

"I don't mind it a bit," said Johnny.

"And I'm sure I don't," said the earl. "Mr. Eames is going to dine here, Vickers."

"Yes, my lord."

"And his hat is down in the middle of the nineteen acres. Let three or four men go for it."

"Three or four men, my lord!"

"Yes,—three or four men. There's something gone wrong with that bull. And you must get a boy with a pony to take a note into Guestwick, to Mrs. Eames. Oh, dear, I'm better now," and he put down the tumbler from which he'd been drinking. "Write your note here, and then we'll go and see my pet pheasants before dinner."

Vickers and the footman knew that something had happened of much moment, for the earl was usually very particular about his dinner-table. He expected every guest who sat there to be dressed in such guise as the fashion of the day demanded; and he himself, though his morning costume was by no means brilliant, never dined, even when alone, without having put himself into a suit of black, with a white cravat, and having exchanged the old silver hunting-watch which he carried during the day tied round his neck by a bit of old ribbon, for a small gold watch, with a chain and seals, which in the evening always dangled over his waistcoat. Dr. Gruffen had once been asked to dinner at Guestwick Manor. "Just a bachelor's chop," said the earl; "for there's nobody at home but myself." Whereupon Dr. Gruffen had come in coloured trowsers,—and had never again been asked to dine at Guestwick Manor. All this Vickers knew well; and now his lordship had brought young Eames home to dine with him with his clothes all hanging about him in a manner which Vickers declared in the servants' hall wasn't

more than half decent. Therefore, they all knew that something very particular must have happened. "It's some trouble about the bull, I know," said Vickers;—"but bless you, the bull couldn't have tore his things in that way!"

Eames wrote his note, in which he told his mother that he had had an adventure with Lord De Guest, and that his lordship had insisted on bringing him home to dinner. "I have torn my trowsers all to pieces," he added in a postscript, "and have lost my hat. Everything else is all right." He was not aware that the earl also sent a short note to Mrs. Eames.

DEAR MADAM (ran the Earl's note),—

YOUR son has, under Providence, probably saved my life. I will leave the story for him to tell. He has been good enough to accompany me home, and will return to Guestwick after dinner with Dr. Crofts, who dines here. I congratulate you on having a son with so much cool courage and good feeling.

Your very faithful servant,

Guestwick Manor, DE GUEST.
Thursday, October, 186—

And then they went to see the pheasants. "Now, I'll tell you what," said the earl. "I advise you to take to shooting. It's the amusement of a gentleman when a man chances to have the command of game."

"But I'm always up in London."

"No, you're not. You're not up in London now. You always have your holidays. If you choose to try it, I'll see that you have shooting enough while you're here. It's better than going to sleep under the trees. Ha, ha, ha! I wonder what made you lay yourself down there. You hadn't been fighting a bull that day?"

"No, my lord. I hadn't seen the bull then."

"Well; you think of what I've been saying. When I say a thing, I mean it. You shall have shooting enough, if you have a mind to try it." Then they looked at the pheasants, and pottered about the place till the earl said it was time to dress for dinner. "That's hard upon you, isn't it?" said he. "But, at any rate, you can wash your hands, and get rid of the blood. I'll be down in the little drawing-room five minutes before seven, and I suppose I'll find you there."

At five minutes before seven Lord De Guest came into the small drawing-room, and found Johnny seated there, with a book before him. The earl was a little fussy, and showed by his manner that he was not quite at his ease, as some men do when they have any piece of work on hand which is not customary with them. He held something in his hand, and shuffled a little as he made his way up the room. He was dressed, as usual, in black; but his gold chain was not, as usual, dangling over his waistcoat.

"Eames," he said, "I want you to accept a little present from me,—just as a memorial of our affair with the bull. It will make you think of it sometimes, when I'm perhaps gone."

"Oh, my lord——"

"It's my own watch, that I have been wearing for some time; but I've

got another;—two or three, I believe, somewhere upstairs. You mustn't refuse me. I can't bear being refused. There are two or three little seals, too, which I have worn. I have taken off the one with my arms, because that's of no use to you, and it is to me. It doesn't want a key, but winds up at the handle, in this way;" and the earl proceeded to explain the nature of the toy.

"My lord, you think too much of what happened to-day," said Eames, stammering.

"No, I don't; I think very little about it. I know what I think of. Put the watch in your pocket before the doctor comes. There; I hear his horse. Why didn't he drive over, and then he could have taken you back?"

"I can walk very well."

"I'll make that all right. The servant shall ride Crofts' horse, and bring back the little phaeton. How d'you do, doctor? You know Eames, I suppose? You needn't look at him in that way. His leg is not broken; it's only his trowsers." And then the earl told the story of the bull.

"Johnny will become quite a hero in town," said Crofts.

"Yes; I fear he'll get the most of the credit; and yet I was at it twice as long as he was. I'll tell you what, young men, when I got to that gate I didn't think I'd breath enough left in me to get over it. It's all very well jumping into a hedge when you're only two-and-twenty; but when a man comes to be sixty he likes to take his time about such things. Dinner ready, is it? So am I. I quite forgot that mutton chop of yours to-day, doctor. But I suppose a man may eat a good dinner after a fight with a bull?"

The evening passed by without any very pleasurable excitement, and I regret to say that the earl went fast to sleep in the drawing-room as soon as he had swallowed his cup of coffee. During dinner he had been very courteous to both his guests, but towards Eames he had used a good-humoured and almost affectionate familiarity. He had quizzed him for having been found asleep under the tree, telling Crofts that he had looked very forlorn,—"So that I haven't a doubt about his being in love," said the earl. And he had asked Johnny to tell the name of the fair one, bringing up the remnants of his half-forgotten classicalities to bear out the joke. "If I am to take more of the severe Falernian," said he, laying his hand on the decanter of port, "I must know the lady's name. Whoever she be, I'm well sure you need not blush for her. What! you refuse to tell! Then I'll drink no more." And so the earl had walked out of the dining-room; but not till he had perceived by his guest's cheeks that the joke had been too true to be pleasant. As he went, however, he leaned with his hand on Eames' shoulder, and the servants looking on saw that the young man was to be a favourite. "He'll make him his heir," said Vickers. "I shouldn't wonder a bit if he don't make him his heir." But to this the footman objected, endeavouring to prove to Mr. Vickers that, in accordance with the law of the land, his lordship's second cousin, once removed, whom the earl had never seen, but whom he was supposed to hate, must be his heir. "A hearl can never choose his own

heir, like you or me," said the footman, laying down the law. "Can't he though really, now? That's very hard on him; isn't it?" said the pretty housemaid. "Phsa," said Vickers: "you know nothing about it. My lord could make young Eames his heir to-morrow; that is, the heir of his property. He couldn't make him a hearl, because that must go to the heirs of his body. As to his leaving him the place here, I don't just know how that'd be; and I'm sure Richard don't."

"But suppose he hasn't got any heirs of his body?" asked the pretty housemaid, who was rather fond of putting down Mr. Vickers.

"He must have heirs of his body," said the butler. "Everybody has 'em. If a man don't know 'em himself, the law finds 'em out." And then Mr. Vickers walked away, avoiding further dispute.

In the meantime, the earl was asleep upstairs, and the two young men from Guestwick did not find that they could amuse themselves with any satisfaction. Each took up a book; but there are times at which a man is quite unable to read, and when a book is only a cover for his idleness or dulness. At last, Dr. Crofts suggested, in a whisper, that they might as well begin to think of going home.

"Eh; yes; what?" said the earl: "I'm not asleep." In answer to which the doctor said that he thought he'd go home, if his lordship would let him order his horse. But the earl was again fast bound in slumber, and took no further notice of the proposition.

"Perhaps we could get off without waking him," suggested Eames, in a whisper.

"Eh; what?" said the earl. So they both resumed their books, and submitted themselves to their martyrdom for a further period of fifteen minutes. At the expiration of that time, the footman brought in tea.

"Eh, what? tea!" said the earl. "Yes, we'll have a little tea. I've heard every word you've been saying." It was that assertion on the part of the earl which always made Lady Julia so angry. "You cannot have heard what I have been saying, Theodore, because I have said nothing," she would reply. "But I should have heard it if you had," the earl would rejoin, snappishly. On the present occasion neither Crofts nor Eames contradicted him, and he took his tea and swallowed it while still three parts asleep.

"If you'll allow me, my lord, I think I'll order my horse," said the doctor.

"Yes; horse—yes—" said the earl, nodding.

"But what are you to do, Eames, if I ride?" said the doctor.

"I'll walk," whispered Eames, in his very lowest voice.

"What—what—what?" said the earl, jumping up on his feet. "Oh, ah, yes; going away, are you? I suppose you might as well, as sit here and see me sleeping. But, doctor—I didn't snore, did I?"

"Only occasionally."

"Not loud, did I? Come, Eames, did I snore loud?"

"Well, my lord, you did snore rather loud two or three times."

"Did I?" said the earl, in a voice of great disappointment. "And yet, do you know, I heard every word you said."

The small phaeton had been already ordered, and the two young men started back to Guestwick together, a servant from the house riding the doctor's horse behind them. "Look here, Eames," said the earl, as they parted on the steps of the hall door. "You're going back to town the day after to-morrow you say, so I shan't see you again?"

"No, my lord," said Johnny.

"Look you here, now. I shall be up for the Cattle-show before Christmas. You must dine with me at my hotel, on the twenty-second of December, Pawkin's, in Jermyn Street; seven o'clock, sharp. Mind you do not forget, now. Put it down in your pocket-book when you get home. Good-by, doctor; good-by. I see I must stick to that mutton chop in the middle of the day." And then they drove off.

"He'll make him his heir for certain," said Vickers to himself, as he slowly returned to his own quarters.

"You were returning from Allington, I suppose," said Crofts, "when you came across Lord De Guest and the bull?"

"Yes: I just walked over to say good-by to them."

"Did you find them all well?"

"I only saw one. The other two were out."

"Mrs. Dale, was it?"

"No; it was Lily."

"Sitting alone, thinking of her fine London lover, of course? I suppose we ought to look upon her as a very lucky girl. I have no doubt she thinks herself so."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Johnny.

"I believe he's a very good young man," said the doctor; "but I can't say I quite liked his manner."

"I should think not," said Johnny.

"But then in all probability he did not like mine a bit better, or perhaps yours either. And if so it's all fair."

"I don't see that it's a bit fair. He's a snob," said Eames; "and I don't believe that I am." He had taken a glass or two of the earl's "severe Falernian," and was disposed to a more generous confidence, and perhaps also to stronger language, than might otherwise have been the case.

"No; I don't think he is a snob," said Crofts. "Had he been so, Mrs. Dale would have perceived it."

"You'll see," said Johnny, touching up the earl's horse with energy as he spoke. "You'll see. A man who gives himself airs is a snob; and he gives himself airs. And I don't believe he's a straightforward fellow. It was a bad day for us all when he came among them at Allington."

"I can't say that I see that."

"I do. But mind, I haven't spoken a word of this to any one. And I don't mean. What would be the good? I suppose she must marry him now?"

"Of course she must."

"And be wretched all her life. Oh-h-h-h!" and he muttered a deep groan. "I'll tell you what it is, Crofts. He is going to take the sweetest girl out of this country that ever was in it, and he don't deserve her."

"I don't think she can be compared to her sister," said Crofts slowly.

"What; not Lily?" said Eames, as though the proposition made by the doctor were one that could not hold water for a minute.

"I have always thought that Bell was the more admired of the two," said Crofts.

"I'll tell you what," said Eames. "I have never yet set my eyes on any human creature whom I thought so beautiful as Lily Dale. And now that beast is going to marry her! I'll tell you what, Crofts; I'll manage to pick a quarrel with him yet." Whereupon the doctor, seeing the nature of the complaint from which his companion was suffering, said nothing more, either about Lily or about Bell.

Soon after this Eames was at his own door, and was received there by his mother and sister with all the enthusiasm due to a hero. "He has saved the earl's life!" Mrs. Eames had exclaimed to her daughter on reading Lord De Guest's note. "Oh, goodness!" and she threw herself back upon the sofa almost in a fainting condition.

"Saved Lord De Guest's life!" said Mary.

"Yes,—under Providence," said Mrs. Eames, as though that latter fact added much to her son's good deed.

"But how did he do it?"

"By cool courage and good feeling;—so his lordship says. But I wonder how he really did do it?"

"Whatever way it was, he's torn all his clothes and lost his hat," said Mary.

"I don't care a bit about that," said Mrs. Eames. "I wonder whether the earl has any interest at the Income-tax. What a thing it would be if he could get Johnny a step. It would be seventy pounds a year at once. He was quite right to stay and dine when his lordship asked him. And so Dr. Crofts is there. It couldn't have been anything in the doctoring way, I suppose."

"No, I should say not; because of what he says of his trowsers." And so the two ladies were obliged to wait for John's return.

"How did you do it, John?" said his mother, embracing him, as soon as the door was opened.

"How did you save the earl's life?" said Mary, who was standing behind her mother.

"Would his lordship really have been killed, if it had not been for you?" asked Mrs. Eames.

"And was he very much hurt?" asked Mary.

"Oh, bother," said Johnny, on whom the results of the day's work, together with the earl's Falernian, had made some still remaining im-

pression. On ordinary occasions, Mrs. Eames would have felt hurt at being so answered by her son; but at the present moment she regarded him as standing so high in general favour that she took no offence. "Oh, Johnny, do tell us. Of course, we must be very anxious to know it all."

"There's nothing to tell, except that a bull ran at the earl, as I was going by; so I went into the field and helped him, and then he made me stay and dine with him."

"But his lordship says that you saved his life," said Mary.

"Under Providence," added their mother.

"At any rate, he has given me a gold watch and chain," said Johnny, drawing the present out of his pocket. "I wanted a watch badly. All the same, I didn't like taking it."

"It would have been very wrong to refuse," said his mother. "And I am so glad you have been so fortunate. And look here, Johnny: when a friend like that comes in your way, don't turn your back on him." Then, at last, he thawed beneath their kindness, and told them the whole of the story. I fear that, in recounting the earl's efforts with the spud, he hardly spoke of his patron with all that deference which would have been appropriate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. Plantagenet Palliser.

A week passed over Mr. Crosbie's head at Courcy Castle without much inconvenience to him from the well-known fact of his matrimonial engagement. Both George De Courcy and John De Courcy had in their different ways charged him with his offence, and endeavoured to annoy him by recurring to the subject; but he did not care much for the wit or malice of George or John De Courcy. The countess had hardly alluded to Lily Dale after those few words which she said on the first day of his visit, and seemed perfectly willing to regard his doings at Allington as the occupation natural to a young man in such a position. He had been seduced down to a dull country house, and had, as a matter of course, taken to such amusements as the place afforded. He had shot the partridges and made love to the young lady, taking those little recreations as compensation for the tedium of the squire's society. Perhaps he had gone a little too far with the young lady; but then no one knew better than the countess how difficult it is for a young man to go far enough without going too far. It was not her business to make herself a censor on a young man's conduct. The blame, no doubt, rested quite as much with Miss Dale as with him. She was quite sorry that any young lady should be disappointed; but if girls will be imprudent, and set their caps at men above their mark, they must encounter disappointment. With such language did Lady De Courcy speak of the affair among her daughters, and

her daughters altogether agreed with her that it was out of the question that Mr. Crosbie should marry Lily Dale. From Alexandrina he encountered during the week none of that raillery which he had expected. He had promised to explain to her before he left the castle all the circumstances of his acquaintance with Lily, and she at last showed herself determined to demand the fulfilment of this promise; but, previous to that, she said nothing to manifest either offence or a lessened friendship. And, I regret to say, that in the intercourse which had taken place between them, that friendship was by no means less tender than it had been in London.

"And when will you tell me what you promised?" she asked him one afternoon, speaking in a low voice, as they were standing together at the window of the billiard-room, in that idle half-hour which always occurs before the necessity for dinner preparation has come. She had been riding and was still in her habit, and he had returned from shooting. She knew that she looked more than ordinarily well in her tall straight hat and riding gear, and was wont to hang about the house, walking skilfully with her upheld drapery, during this period of the day. It was dusk, but not dark, and there was no artificial light in the billiard-room. There had been some pretence of knocking about the balls, but it had been only pretence. "Even Diana," she had said, "could not have played billiards in a habit." Then she had put down her mace, and they had stood talking together in the recess of a large bow-window.

"And what did I promise?" said Crosbie.

"You know well enough. Not that it is a matter of any special interest to me; only, as you undertook to promise, of course my curiosity has been raised."

"If it be of no special interest," said Crosbie, "you will not object to absolve me from my promise."

"That is just like you," she said. "And how false you men always are. You made up your mind to buy my silence on a distasteful subject by pretending to offer me your future confidence; and now you tell me that you do not mean to confide in me."

"You begin by telling me that the matter is one that does not in the least interest you."

"That is so false again! You know very well what I meant. Do you remember what you said to me the day you came? and am I not bound to tell you after that, that your marriage with this or that young lady is not matter of special interest to me? Still, as your friend——"

"Well, as my friend!"

"I shall be glad to know——. But I am not going to beg for your confidence; only I tell you this fairly, that no man is so mean in my eyes as a man who fights under false colours."

"And am I fighting under false colours?"

"Yes, you are." And now, as she spoke, the Lady Alexandrina blushed beneath her hat; and dull as was the remaining light of the

evening, Crosbie, looking into her face, saw her heightened colour. "Yes, you are. A gentleman is fighting under false colours who comes into a house like this, with a public rumour of his being engaged, and then conducts himself as though nothing of the kind existed. Of course, it is not anything to me specially; but that is fighting under false colours. Now, sir, you may redeem the promise you made me when you first came here,—or you may let it alone."

It must be acknowledged that the lady was fighting her battle with much courage, and also with some skill. In three or four days Crosbie would be gone; and this victory, if it were ever to be gained, must be gained in those three or four days. And if there were to be no victory, then it would be only fair that Crosbie should be punished for his duplicity, and that she should be avenged as far as any revenge might be in her power. Not that she meditated any deep revenge, or was prepared to feel any strong anger. She liked Crosbie as well as she had ever liked any man. She believed that he liked her also. She had no conception of any very strong passion, but conceived that a married life was more pleasant than one of single bliss. She had no doubt that he had promised to make Lily Dale his wife, but so had he previously promised her, or nearly so. It was a fair game, and she would win it if she could. If she failed, she would show her anger; but she would show it in a mild, weak manner,—turning up her nose at Lily before Crosbie's face, and saying little things against himself behind his back. Her wrath would not carry her much beyond that.

"Now, sir, you may redeem the promise you made me when you first came here—or you may let it alone." So she spoke, and then she turned her face away from him, gazing out into the darkness.

"Alexandrina!" he said.

"Well, sir? But you have no right to speak to me in that style. You know that you have no right to call me by my name in that way!"

"You mean that you insist upon your title?"

"All ladies insist on what you call their title, from gentlemen, except under the privilege of greater intimacy than you have the right to claim. You did not call Miss Dale by her Christian name till you had obtained permission, I suppose?"

"You used to let me call you so."

"Never! Once or twice, when you have done so, I have not forbidden it, as I should have done. Very well, sir, as you have nothing to tell me, I will leave you. I must confess that I did not think you were such a coward." And she prepared to go, gathering up the skirts of her habit, and taking up the whip which she had laid on the window-sill.

"Stay a moment, Alexandrina," he said; "I am not happy, and you should not say words intended to make me more miserable."

"And why are you unhappy?"

"Because —— I will tell you instantly, if I may believe that I am telling you only, and not the whole household."

"Of course I shall not talk of it to others. Do you think that I cannot keep a secret?"

"It is because I have promised to marry one woman, and because I love another. I have told you everything now; and if you choose to say again that I am fighting under false colours I will leave the castle before you can see me again."

"Mr. Crosbie!"

"Now you know it all, and may imagine whether or no I am very happy. I think you said it was time to dress;—suppose we go?" And without further speech the two went off to their separate rooms.

Crosbie, as soon as he was alone in his chamber, sat himself down in his arm-chair, and went to work striving to make up his mind as to his future conduct. It must not be supposed that the declaration just made by him had been produced solely by his difficulty at the moment. The atmosphere of Courcy Castle had been at work upon him for the last week past. And every word that he had heard, and every word that he had spoken, had tended to destroy all that was good and true within him, and to foster all that was selfish and false. He had said to himself a dozen times during that week that he never could be happy with Lily Dale, and that he never could make her happy. And then he had used the old sophistry in his endeavour to teach himself that it was right to do that which he wished to do. Would it not be better for Lily that he should desert her, than marry her against the dictates of his own heart? And if he really did not love her, would he not be committing a greater crime in marrying her than in deserting her? He confessed to himself that he had been very wrong in allowing the outer world to get such a hold upon him, that the love of a pure girl like Lily could not suffice for his happiness. But there was the fact, and he found himself unable to contend against it. If by any absolute self-sacrifice he could secure Lily's well-being, he would not hesitate for a moment. But would it be well to sacrifice her as well as himself?

He had discussed the matter in this way within his own breast, till he had almost taught himself to believe that it was his duty to break off his engagement with Lily; and he had also almost taught himself to believe that a marriage with a daughter of the house of Courcy would satisfy his ambition and assist him in his battle with the world. That Lady Alexandrina would accept him he felt certain, if he could only induce her to forgive him for his sin in becoming engaged to Miss Dale. How very prone she would be to forgiveness in this matter, he had not divined, having not as yet learned how easily such a woman can forgive such a sin, if the ultimate triumph be accorded to herself.

And there was another reason which operated much with Crosbie, urging him on in his present mood and wishes, though it should have given an exactly opposite impulse to his heart. He had hesitated as to marrying Lily Dale at once, because of the smallness of his income. Now he had a prospect of considerable increase to that income. One of

the commissioners at his office had been promoted to some greater commissionership, and it was understood by everybody that the secretary at the General Committee Office would be the new commissioner. As to that there was no doubt. But then the question had arisen as to the place of secretary. Crosbie had received two or three letters on the subject, and it seemed that the likelihood of his obtaining this step in the world was by no means slight. It would increase his official income from seven hundred a year to twelve, and would place him altogether above the world. His friend, the present secretary, had written to him, assuring him that no other probable competitor was spoken of as being in the field against him. If such good fortune awaited him, would it not smooth any present difficulty which lay in the way of his marriage with Lily Dale? But, alas, he had not looked at the matter in that light! Might not the countess help him to this preferment? And if his destiny intended for him the good things of this world,—secretaryships, commissionerships, chairmanships, and such like, would it not be well that he should struggle on in his upward path by such assistance as good connections might give him?

He sat thinking over it all in his own room on that evening. He had written twice to Lily since his arrival at Courcy Castle. His first letter has been given. His second was written much in the same tone; though Lily, as she had read it, had unconsciously felt somewhat less satisfied than she had been with the first. Expressions of love were not wanting, but they were vague and without heartiness. They savoured of insincerity, though there was nothing in the words themselves to convict them. Few liars can lie with the full roundness and self-sufficiency of truth; and Crosbie, bad as he was, had not yet become bad enough to reach that perfection. He had said nothing to Lily of the hopes of promotion which had been opened to him; but he had again spoken of his own worldliness —acknowledging that he received an unsatisfying satisfaction from the pomps and vanities of Courcy Castle. In fact he was paving the way for that which he had almost resolved that he would do, now he had told Lady Alexandrina that he loved her; and he was obliged to confess to himself that the die was cast.

As he thought of all this, there was not wanting to him some of the satisfaction of an escape. Soon after making that declaration of love at Allington he had begun to feel that in making it he had cut his throat. He had endeavoured to persuade himself that he could live comfortably with his throat cut in that way; and as long as Lily was with him he would believe that he could do so; but as soon as he was again alone he would again accuse himself of suicide. This was his frame of mind even while he was yet at Allington, and his ideas on the subject had become stronger during his sojourn at Courcy. But the self-immolation had not been completed, and he now began to think that he could save himself. I need hardly say that this was not all triumph to him. Even had there been no material difficulty as to his desertion of

Lily—no uncle, cousin, and mother whose anger he must face,—no vision of a pale face, more eloquent of wrong in its silence than even uncle, cousin, and mother, with their indignant storm of words,—he was not altogether heartless. How should he tell all this to the girl who had loved him so well; who had so loved him, that, as he himself felt, her love would fashion all her future life either for weal or for woe? "I am unworthy of her, and will tell her so," he said to himself. How many a false hound of a man has endeavoured to salve his own conscience by such mock humility? But he acknowledged at this moment, as he rose from his seat to dress himself, that the die was cast, and that it was open to him now to say what he pleased to Lady Alexandrina. "Others have gone through the same fire before," he said to himself, as he walked downstairs, "and have come out scathless." And then he recalled to himself the names of various men of high repute in the world who were supposed to have committed in their younger days some such little mistake as that into which he had been betrayed.

In passing through the hall he overtook Lady Julia De Guest, and was in time to open for her the door of the drawing-room. He then remembered that she had come into the billiard-room at one side, and had gone out at the other, while he was standing with Alexandrina at the window. He had not, however, then thought much of Lady Julia; and as he now stood for her to pass by him through the door-way, he made to her some indifferent remark.

But Lady Julia was on some subjects a stern woman, and not without a certain amount of courage. In the last week she had seen what had been going on, and had become more and more angry. Though she had disowned any family connection with Lily Dale, nevertheless she now felt for her sympathy and almost affection. Nearly every day she had repeated stiffly to the countess some incident of Crosbie's courtship and engagement to Miss Dale,—speaking of it as with absolute knowledge, as a thing settled at all points. This she had done to the countess alone, in the presence of the countess and Alexandrina, and also before all the female guests of the castle. But what she had said was received simply with an incredulous smile. "Dear me! Lady Julia," the countess had replied at last, "I shall begin to think you are in love with Mr. Crosbie yourself; you harp so constantly on this affair of his. One would think that young ladies in your part of the world must find it very difficult to get husbands, seeing that the success of one young lady is trumpeted so loudly." For the moment, Lady Julia was silenced; but it was not easy to silence her altogether when she had a subject for speech near her heart.

Almost all the Courcy world were assembled in the drawing-room as she now walked into the room with Crosbie at her heels. When she found herself near the crowd she turned round, and addressed him in a voice more audible than that generally required for purposes of drawing-room conversation. "Mr. Crosbie," she said, "have you heard lately

from our dear friend, Lily Dale?" And she looked him full in the face, in a manner more significant, probably, than even she had intended it to be. There was, at once, a general hush in the room, and all eyes were turned upon her and upon him.

Crosbie instantly made an effort to bear the attack gallantly, but he felt that he could not quite command his colour, or prevent a sudden drop of perspiration from showing itself upon his brow. "I had a letter from Allington yesterday," he said. "I suppose you have heard of your brother's encounter with the bull?"

"The bull!" said Lady Julia. And it was instantly manifest to all that her attack had been foiled and her flank turned.

"Good gracious! Lady Julia, how very odd you are!" said the countess.

"But what about the bull?" asked the Hon. George.

"It seems that the earl was knocked down in the middle of one of his own fields."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Alexandrina. And sundry other exclamations were made by all the assembled ladies.

"But he wasn't hurt," said Crosbie. "A young man named Eames seems to have fallen from the sky and carried off the earl on his back."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" growled the other earl, as he heard of the discomfiture of his brother peer.

Lady Julia, who had received her own letters that day from Guestwick, knew that nothing of importance had happened to her brother; but she felt that she was foiled for that time.

"I hope that there has not really been any accident," said Mr. Gazebee, with a voice of great solicitude.

"My brother was quite well last night, thank you," said she. And then the little groups again formed themselves, and Lady Julia was left alone on the corner of a sofa.

"Was that all an invention of yours, sir?" said Alexandrina to Crosbie.

"Not quite. I did get a letter this morning from my friend Bernard Dale,—that old harridan's nephew; and Lord De Guest has been worried by some of his animals. I wish I had told her that his stupid old neck had been broken."

"Fie, Mr. Crosbie!"

"What business has she to interfere with me?"

"But I mean to ask the same question that she asked, and you won't put me off with a cock-and-bull story like that." But then, as she was going to ask the question, dinner was announced.

"And is it true that De Guest has been tossed by a bull?" said the earl, as soon as the ladies were gone. He had spoken nothing during dinner except what words he had muttered into the ear of Lady Dumbello. It was seldom that conversation had many charms for him in

his own house; but there was a savour of pleasantry in the idea of Lord De Guest having been tossed, by which even he was tickled.

"Only knocked down, I believe," said Crosbie.

"Ha, ha, ha!" growled the earl; then he filled his glass, and allowed some one else to pass the bottle. Poor man! There was not much left to him now in the world which did amuse him.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Plantagenet Palliser, who was sitting at the earl's right hand, opposite to Lord Dumbello.

"Don't you?" said the earl. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll be shot if I do. From all I hear De Guest is an uncommon good farmer. And I don't see the joke of tossing a farmer merely because he's a nobleman also. Do you?" and he turned round to Mr. Gazebee, who was sitting on the other side. The earl was an earl, and was also Mr. Gazebee's father-in-law. Mr. Plantagenet Palliser was the heir to a dukedom. Therefore, Mr. Gazebee merely simpered, and did not answer the question put to him. Mr. Palliser said nothing more about it, nor did the earl; and then the joke died away.

Mr. Plantagenet Palliser was the Duke of Omnium's heir,—heir to that nobleman's title and to his enormous wealth; and, therefore, was a man of mark in the world. He sat in the House of Commons, of course. He was about five-and-twenty years of age, and was, as yet, unmarried. He did not hunt or shoot or keep a yacht, and had been heard to say that he had never put a foot upon a race-course in his life. He dressed very quietly, never changing the colour or form of his garments; and in society was quiet, reserved, and very often silent. He was tall, slight, and not ill-looking; but more than this cannot be said for his personal appearance,—except, indeed, this, that no one could mistake him for other than a gentleman. With his uncle, the duke, he was on good terms;—that is to say, they had never quarrelled. A very liberal allowance had been made to the nephew; but the two relatives had no tastes in common, and did not often meet. Once a year Mr. Palliser visited the duke at his great country seat for two or three days, and usually dined with him two or three times during the season in London. Mr. Palliser sat for a borough which was absolutely under the duke's command; but had accepted his seat under the distinct understanding that he was to take whatever part in politics might seem good to himself. Under these well-understood arrangements, the duke and his heir showed to the world quite a pattern of a happy family. "So different to the earl and Lord Porlock!" the people of West Barsetshire used to say. For the estates, both of the duke and of the earl, were situated in the western division of that county.

Mr. Palliser was chiefly known to the world as a rising politician. We may say that he had everything at his command, in the way of pleasure, that the world could offer him. He had wealth, position, power, and the certainty of attaining the highest rank among, perhaps, the most brilliant nobility of the world. He was courted by all who could get near enough to court him. It is hardly too much to say that he might have selected a

bride from all that was most beautiful and best among English women. If he would have bought race-horses, and have expended thousands on the turf, he would have gratified his uncle by doing so. He might have been the master of hounds, or the slaughterer of hecatombs of birds. But to none of these things would he devote himself. He had chosen to be a politician, and in that pursuit he laboured with a zeal and perseverance which would have made his fortune at any profession or in any trade. He was constant in committee-rooms up to the very middle of August. He was rarely absent from any debate of importance, and never from any important division. Though he seldom spoke, he was always ready to speak if his purpose required it. No man gave him credit for any great genius; —few even considered that he could become either an orator or a mighty statesman. But the world said that he was a rising man, and old Nestor of the Cabinet looked on him as one who would be able, at some far future day, to come among them as a younger brother. Hitherto he had declined such inferior offices as had been offered to him, biding his time carefully; and he was as yet tied hand and neck to no party, though known to be liberal in all his political tendencies. He was a great reader; —not taking up a book here, and another there, as chance brought books before him, but working through an enormous course of books, getting up the great subject of the world's history,—filling himself full of facts,—though perhaps not destined to acquire the power of using those facts otherwise than as precedents. He strove also diligently to become a linguist;—not without success, as far as a competent understanding of various languages. He was a thin-minded, plodding, respectable man, willing to devote all his youth to work, in order that in old age he might be allowed to sit among the Councillors of the State.

Hitherto his name had not been coupled by the world with that of any woman whom he had been supposed to admire; but latterly it had been observed that he had often been seen in the same room with Lady Dumbello. It had hardly amounted to more than this; but when it was remembered how undemonstrative were the two persons concerned,—how little disposed was either of them to any strong display of feeling,—even this was thought matter to be mentioned. He certainly would speak to her from time to time almost with an air of interest; and Lady Dumbello, when she saw that he was in the room, would be observed to raise her head with some little show of life, and to look round as though there were something there on which it might be worth her while to allow her eyes to rest. When such innuendoes were abroad, no one would probably make more of them than Lady De Courcy. Many, when they heard that Mr. Palliser was to be at the castle, had expressed their surprise at her success in that quarter. Others, when they learned that Lady Dumbello had consented to become her guest, had also wondered greatly. But when it was ascertained that the two were to be there together, her good-natured friends had acknowledged that she was a very clever woman. To have either Mr. Palliser or Lady Dumbello would have been a feather in her

cap; but to succeed in getting both, by enabling each to know that the other would be there, was indeed a triumph. As regards Lady Dumbello, however, the bargain was not fairly carried out; for, after all, Mr. Palliser came to Courcy Castle only for two nights and a day, and during the whole of that day he was closeted with sundry large blue-books. As for Lady De Courcy, she did not care how he might be employed. Blue-books and Lady Dumbello were all the same to her. Mr. Palliser had been at Courcy Castle, and neither enemy nor friend could deny the fact.

This was his second evening; and as he had promised to meet his constituents at Silverbridge at one P.M. on the following day, with the view of explaining to them his own conduct and the political position of the world in general; and as he was not to return from Silverbridge to Courcy, Lady Dumbello, if she made any way at all, must take advantage of the short gleam of sunshine which the present hour afforded her. No one, however, could say that she showed any active disposition to monopolize Mr. Palliser's attention. When he sauntered into the drawing-room she was sitting, alone, in a large, low chair, made without arms, so as to admit the full expansion of her dress, but hollowed and round at the back, so as to afford her the support that was necessary to her. She had barely spoken three words since she had left the dining-room, but the time had not passed heavily with her. Lady Julia had again attacked the countess about Lily Dale and Mr. Crosbie, and Alexandrina, driven almost to rage, had stalked off to the farther end of the room, not concealing her special concern in the matter.

"How I do wish they were married and done with," said the countess; "and then we should hear no more about them."

All of which Lady Dumbello heard and understood; and in all of it she took a certain interest. She remembered such things, learning thereby who was who, and regulating her own conduct by what she learned. She was by no means idle at this or at other such times, going through, we may say, a considerable amount of really hard work in her manner of working. There she had sat speechless, unless when acknowledging by a low word of assent some expression of flattery from those around her. Then the door opened, and when Mr. Palliser entered she raised her head, and the faintest possible gleam of satisfaction might have been discerned upon her features. But she made no attempt to speak to him; and when, as he stood at the table, he took up a book and remained thus standing for a quarter of an hour, she neither showed nor felt any impatience. After that Lord Dumbello came in, and he stood at the table without a book. Even then Lady Dumbello felt no impatience.

Plantagenet Palliser skimmed through his little book, and probably learned something. When he put it down he sipped a cup of tea, and remarked to Lady De Courcy that he believed it was only twelve miles to Silverbridge.

"I wish it was a hundred and twelve," said the countess.

"In that case I should be forced to start to-night," said Mr. Palliser.

"Then I wish it was a thousand and twelve," said Lady De Courcy.

"In that case I should not have come at all," said Mr. Palliser. He did not mean to be uncivil, and had only stated a fact.

"The young men are becoming absolute bears," said the countess to her daughter Margaretta.

He had been in the room nearly an hour when he did at last find himself standing close to Lady Dumbello;—close to her, and without any other very near neighbour.

"I should hardly have expected to find you here," he said.

"Nor I you," she answered.

"Though, for the matter of that, we are both near our own homes."

"I am not near mine."

"I meant Plumstead; your father's place."

"Yes; that was my home once."

"I wish I could show you my uncle's place. The castle is very fine, and he has some good pictures."

"So I have heard."

"Do you stay here long?"

"Oh, no. I go to Cheshire the day after to-morrow. Lord Dumbello is always there when the hunting begins."

"Ah, yes; of course. What a happy fellow he is; never any work to do! His constituents never trouble him, I suppose?"

"I don't think they ever do, much."

After that Mr. Palliser sauntered away again, and Lady Dumbello passed the rest of the evening in silence. It is to be hoped that they both were rewarded by that ten minutes of sympathetic intercourse for the inconvenience which they had suffered in coming to Courcy Castle.

But that which seems so innocent to us had been looked on in a different light by the stern moralists of that house.

"By Jove!" said the Honourable George to his cousin, Mr. Gresham, "I wonder how Dumbello likes it."

"It seems to me that Dumbello takes it very easily."

"There are some men who will take anything easily," said George, who, since his own marriage, had learned to have a holy horror of such wicked things.

"She's beginning to come out a little," said Lady Clandidlem to Lady De Courcy, when the two old women found themselves together over a fire in some back sitting-room. "Still waters always run deep, you know."

"I shouldn't at all wonder if she were to go off with him," said Lady De Courcy.

"He'll never be such a fool as that," said Lady Clandidlem.

"I believe men will be fools enough for anything," said Lady De Courcy. "But, of course, if he did, it would come to nothing afterwards. I know

one who would not be sorry. If ever a man was tired of a woman, Lord Dumbello is tired of her."

But in this, as in almost everything else, the wicked old woman spoke scandal. Lord Dumbello was still proud of his wife, and as fond of her as a man can be of a woman, whose fondness depends upon mere pride.

There had not been much that was dangerous in the conversation between Mr. Palliser and Lady Dumbello, but I cannot say the same as to that which was going on at the same moment between Crosbie and Lady Alexandrina. She, as I have said, walked away in almost open dudgeon when Lady Julia recommenced her attack about poor Lily, nor did she return to the general circle during the evening. There were two large drawing-rooms at Courcy Castle, joined together by a narrow link of a room, which might have been called a passage, had it not been lighted by two windows coming down to the floor, carpeted as were the drawing-rooms, and warmed with a separate fireplace. Hither she betook herself, and was soon followed by her married sister Amelia.

"That woman almost drives me mad," said Alexandrina, as they stood together with their toes upon the fender.

"But, my dear, you of all people should not allow yourself to be driven mad on such a subject."

"That's all very well, Amelia."

"The question is this, my dear,—what does Mr. Crosbie mean to do?"

"How should I know?"

"If you don't know, it will be safer to suppose that he is going to marry this girl; and in that case——"

"Well, what in that case? Are you going to be another Lady Julia? What do I care about the girl?"

"I don't suppose you care much about the girl; and if you care as little about Mr. Crosbie, there's an end of it; only in that case, Alexandrina——"

"Well, what in that case?"

"You know I don't want to preach to you. Can't you tell me at once whether you really like him? You and I have always been good friends." And the married sister put her arm affectionately round the waist of her who wished to be married.

"I like him well enough."

"And has he made any declaration to you?"

"In a sort of a way he has. Hark, here he is!" And Crosbie, coming in from the larger room, joined the sisters at the fireplace.

"We were driven away by the clack of Lady Julia's tongue," said the elder.

"I never met such a woman," said Crosbie.

"There cannot well be many like her," said Alexandrina. And after that they all stood silent for a minute or two. Lady Amelia Gazebee was

considering whether or no she would do well to go and leave the two together. If it were intended that Mr. Crosbie should marry her sister, it would certainly be well to give him an opportunity of expressing such a wish on his own part. But if Alexandrina was simply making a fool of herself, then it would be well for her to stay. "I suppose she would rather I should go," said the elder sister to herself; and then, obeying the rule which should guide all our actions from one to another, she went back and joined the crowd.

"Will you come on into the other room?" said Crosbie.

"I think we are very well here," Alexandrina replied.

"But I wish to speak to you,—particularly," said he.

"And cannot you speak here?"

"No. They will be passing backwards and forwards." Lady Alexandrina said nothing further, but led the way into the other large room. That also was lighted, and there were in it four or five persons. Lady Rosina was reading a work on the millennium, with a light to herself in one corner. Her brother John was asleep in an arm-chair, and a young gentleman and lady were playing chess. There was, however, ample room for Crosbie and Alexandrina to take up a position apart.

"And now, Mr. Crosbie, what have you got to say to me? But, first, I mean to repeat Lady Julia's question, as I told you that I should do.—When did you hear last from Miss Dale?"

"It is cruel in you to ask me such a question, after what I have already told you. You know that I have given to Miss Dale a promise of marriage."

"Very well, sir. I don't see why you should bring me in here to tell me anything that is so publicly known as that. With such a herald as Lady Julia it was quite unnecessary."

"If you can only answer me in that tone I will make an end of it at once. When I told you of my engagement, I told you also that another woman possessed my heart. Am I wrong to suppose that you knew to whom I alluded?"

"Indeed, I did not, Mr. Crosbie. I am no conjuror, and I have not scrutinized you so closely as your friend Lady Julia."

"It is you that I love. I am sure I need hardly say so now."

"Hardly, indeed,—considering that you are engaged to Miss Dale."

"As to that I have, of course, to own that I have behaved foolishly;—worse than foolishly, if you choose to say so. You cannot condemn me more absolutely than I condemn myself. But I have made up my mind as to one thing. I will not marry where I do not love." Oh, if Lily could have heard him as he then spoke! "It would be impossible for me to speak in terms too high of Miss Dale; but I am quite sure that I could not make her happy as her husband."

"Why did you not think of that before you asked her?" said Alexandrina. But there was very little of condemnation in her tone.

"I ought to have done so; but it is hardly for you to blame me with

severity. Had you, when we were last together in London—had you been less——"

"Less what?"

"Less defiant," said Crosbie, "all this might perhaps have been avoided."

Lady Alexandrina could not remember that she had been defiant; but, however, she let that pass. "Oh, yes; of course it was my fault."

"I went down there to Allington with my heart ill at ease, and now I have fallen into this trouble. I tell you all as it has happened. It is impossible that I should marry Miss Dale. It would be wicked in me to do so, seeing that my heart belongs altogether to another. I have told you who is that other; and now may I hope for an answer?"

"An answer to what?"

"Alexandrina, will you be my wife?"

If it had been her object to bring him to a point-blank declaration and proposition of marriage, she had certainly achieved her object now. And she had that trust in her own power of management and in her mother's, that she did not fear that in accepting him she would incur the risk of being served as he was serving Lily Dale. She knew her own position and his too well for that. If she accepted him she would in due course of time become his wife,—let Miss Dale and all her friends say what they might to the contrary. As to that head she had no fear. But nevertheless she did not accept him at once. Though she wished for the prize, her woman's nature hindered her from taking it when it was offered to her.

"How long is it, Mr. Crosbie," she said, "since you put the same question to Miss Dale?"

"I have told you everything, Alexandrina,—as I promised that I would do. If you intend to punish me for doing so——"

"And I might ask another question. How long will it be before you put the same question to some other girl?"

He turned round as though to walk away from her in anger; but when he had gone half the distance to the door he returned.

"By heaven!" he said, and he spoke somewhat roughly, too, "I'll have an answer. You at any rate have nothing with which to reproach me. All that I have done wrong, I have done through you, or on your behalf. You have heard my proposal. Do you intend to accept it?"

"I declare you startle me. If you demanded my money or my life, you could not be more imperious."

"Certainly not more resolute in my determination."

"And if I decline the honour?"

"I shall think you the most fickle of your sex."

"And if I were to accept it?"

"I would swear that you were the best, the dearest, and the sweetest of women."

"I would rather have your good opinion than your bad, certainly," said Lady Alexandrina. And then it was understood by both of them

that that affair was settled. Whenever she was called on in future to speak of Lily, she always called her, "that poor Miss Dale;" but she never again spoke a word of reproach to her future lord about that little adventure. "I shall tell mamma, to-night," she said to him, as she bade him good-night in some sequestered nook to which they had betaken themselves. Lady Julia's eye was again on them as they came out from the sequestered nook, but Alexandrina no longer cared for Lady Julia.

"George, I cannot quite understand about that Mr. Palliser. Isn't he to be a duke, and oughtn't he to be a lord now?" This question was asked by Mrs. George De Courcy of her husband, when they found themselves together in the seclusion of the nuptial chamber.

"Yes; he'll be Duke of Omnium when the old fellow dies. I think he's one of the slowest fellows I ever came across. He'll take deuced good care of the property, though."

"But, George, do explain it to me. It is so stupid not to understand, and I am afraid of opening my mouth for fear of blundering."

"Then keep your mouth shut, my dear. You'll learn all those sort of things in time, and nobody notices it if you don't say anything."

"Yes, but George;—I don't like to sit silent all the night. I'd sooner be up here with a novel if I can't speak about anything."

"Look at Lady Dumbello. She doesn't want to be always talking."

"Lady Dumbello is very different from me. But do tell me, who is Mr. Palliser?"

"He's the duke's nephew. If he were the duke's son, he would be the Marquis of Silverbridge."

"And will he be plain Mister till his uncle dies?"

"Yes, a very plain Mister."

"What a pity for him. But, George,—if I have a baby, and if he should be a boy, and if ——"

"Oh, nonsense; it will be time enough to talk of that when he comes. I'm going to sleep."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Mother-in-Law and a Father-in-Law.

On the following morning Mr. Plantagenet Palliser was off upon his political mission before breakfast;—either that, or else some private comfort was afforded to him in guise of solitary rolls and coffee. The public breakfast at Courcy Castle was going on at eleven o'clock, and at that hour Mr. Palliser was already closeted with the Mayor of Silverbridge.

"I must get off by the 3.45 train," said Mr. Palliser. "Who is there to speak after me?"

"Well, I shall say a few words; and Growdy,—he'll expect them to listen to him. Growdy has always stood very firm by his grace, Mr. Palliser."

"Mind we are in the room sharp at one. And you can have a fly, for me to get away to the station, ready in the yard. I won't go a moment before I can help. I shall be just an hour and a half myself. No, thank you, I never take any wine in the morning." And I may here state that Mr. Palliser did get away by the 3.45 train, leaving Mr. Growdy still talking on the platform. Constituents must be treated with respect; but time has become so scarce now-a-days that that respect has to be meted out by the quarter of an hour with parsimonious care.

In the meantime there was more leisure at Courcy Castle. Neither the countess nor Lady Alexandrina came down to breakfast, but their absence gave rise to no special remark. Breakfast at the castle was a morning meal at which people showed themselves, or did not show themselves, as it pleased them. Lady Julia was there, looking very glum, and Crosbie was sitting next to his future sister-in-law Margaretta, who already had placed herself on terms of close affection with him. As he finished his tea she whispered into his ear, "Mr. Crosbie, if you could spare half an hour, mamma would so like to see you in her own room." Crosbie declared that he would be delighted to wait upon her, and did in truth feel some gratitude in being welcomed as a son-in-law into the house. And yet he felt also that he was being caught, and that in ascending into the private domains of the countess he would be setting the seal upon his own captivity.

Nevertheless, he went with a smiling face and a light step, Lady Margaretta ushering him the way. "Mamma," said she; "I have brought Mr. Crosbie up to you. I did not know that you were here, Alexandrina, or I should have warned him."

The countess and her youngest daughter had been breakfasting together in the elder lady's sitting-room, and were now seated in a very graceful and well-arranged deshabille. The tea-cups out of which they had been drinking were made of some elegant porcelain, the teapot and cream-jug were of chased silver and as delicate in their way. The remnant of food consisted of morsels of French roll which had not even been allowed to crumble themselves in a disorderly fashion, and of infinitesimal pats of butter. If the morning meal of the two ladies had been as unsubstantial as the appearance of the fragments indicated, it must be presumed that they intended to lunch early. The countess herself was arrayed in an elaborate morning wrapper of figured silk, but the simple Alexandrina wore a plain white muslin peignoir, fastened with pink ribbon. Her hair, which she usually carried in long rolls, now hung loose over her shoulders, and certainly added something to her stock of female charms. The countess got up as Crosbie entered and greeted him with an open hand; but Alexandrina kept her seat, and merely nodded at him a little welcome. "I must run down again," said Margaretta, "or I shall have left Amelia with all the cares of the house upon her."

"Alexandrina has told me all about it," said the countess, with her

sweetest smile; "and I have given her my approval. I really do think you will suit each other very well."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Crosbie. "I'm sure at any rate of this,—that she will suit me very well."

"Yes; I think she will. She is a good sensible girl."

"Phsa, mamma; pray don't go on in that Goody Twoshoes sort of way."

"So you are, my dear. If you were not it would not be well for you to do as you are going to do. If you were giddy and harum-scarum, and devoted to rank and wealth and that sort of thing, it would not be well for you to marry a commoner without fortune. I'm sure Mr. Crosbie will excuse me for saying so much as that."

"Of course I know," said Crosbie, "that I had no right to look so high."

"Well; we'll say nothing more about it," said the countess.

"Pray don't," said Alexandrina. "It sounds so like a sermon."

"Sit down, Mr. Crosbie," said the countess, "and let us have a little conversation. She shall sit by you, if you like it. Nonsense, Alexandrina,—if he asks it!"

"Don't, mamma;—I mean to remain where I am."

"Very well, my dear;—then remain where you are. She is a wilful girl, Mr. Crosbie; as you will say when you hear that she has told me all that you told her last night." Upon hearing this, he changed colour a little, but said nothing. "She has told me," continued the countess, "about that young lady at Allington. Upon my word, I'm afraid you have been very naughty."

"I have been foolish, Lady De Courcy."

"Of course; I did not mean anything worse than that. Yes, you have been foolish;—amusing yourself in a thoughtless way, you know, and, perhaps, a little piqued because a certain lady was not to be won so easily as your Royal Highness wished. Well, now, all that must be settled, you know, as quickly as possible. I don't want to ask any indiscreet questions; but if the young lady has really been left with any idea that you meant anything, don't you think you should undeceive her at once?"

"Of course he will, mamma."

"Of course you will; and it will be a great comfort to Alexandrina to know that the matter is arranged. You hear what Lady Julia is saying almost every hour of her life. Now, of course, Alexandrina does not care what an old maid like Lady Julia may say; but it will be better for all parties that the rumour should be put a stop to. If the earl were to hear it, he might, you know ———" And the countess shook her head, thinking that she could thus best indicate what the earl might do, if he were to take it into his head to do anything.

Crosbie could not bring himself to hold any very confidential intercourse with the countess about Lily; but he gave a muttered assurance

that he should, as a matter of course, make known the truth to Miss Dale with as little delay as possible. He could not say exactly when he would write, nor whether he would write to her or to her mother; but the thing should be done immediately on his return to town.

"If it will make the matter easier, I will write to Mrs. Dale," said the countess. But to this scheme Mr. Crosbie objected very strongly.

And then a few words were said about the earl. "I will tell him this afternoon," said the countess; "and then you can see him to-morrow morning. I don't suppose he will say very much, you know; and perhaps he may think,—you won't mind my saying it, I'm sure,—that Alexandrina might have done better. But I don't believe that he'll raise any strong objection. There will be something about settlements, and that sort of thing, of course." Then the countess went away, and Alexandrina was left with her lover for half an hour. When the half hour was over, he felt that he would have given all that he had in the world to have back the last four and twenty hours of his existence. But he had no hope. To jilt Lily Dale would, no doubt, be within his power, but he knew that he could not jilt Lady Alexandrina De Courcy.

On the next morning at twelve o'clock he had his interview with the father, and a very unpleasant interview it was. He was ushered into the earl's room, and found the great peer standing on the rug, with his back to the fire, and his hands in his breeches' pockets.

"So you mean to marry my daughter?" said he. "I'm not very well, as you see;—I seldom am."

These last words were spoken in answer to Crosbie's greeting. Crosbie had held out his hand to the earl, and had carried his point so far that the earl had been forced to take one of his own out of his pocket, and give it to his proposed son-in-law.

"If your lordship has no objection. I have, at any rate, her permission to ask for yours."

"I believe you have not any fortune, have you? She's got none; of course you know that?"

"I have a few thousand pounds, and I believe she has as much."

"About as much as will buy bread to keep the two of you from starving. It's nothing to me. You can marry her if you like; only, look here, I'll have no nonsense. I've had an old woman in with me this morning,—one of those that are here in the house,—telling me some story about some other girl that you have made a fool of. It's nothing to me how much of that sort of thing you may have done, so that you do none of it here. But,—if you play any prank of that kind with me, you'll find that you've made a mistake."

Crosbie hardly made any answer to this, but got himself out of the room as quickly as he could.

"You'd better talk to Gazebee about the trifle of money you've got," said the earl. Then he dismissed the subject from his mind, and no doubt imagined that he had fully done his duty by his daughter.

On the day after this, Crosbie was to go. On the last afternoon, shortly before dinner, he was waylaid by Lady Julia, who had passed the day in preparing traps to catch him.

"Mr. Crosbie," she said, "let me have one word with you. Is this true?"

"Lady Julia," he said, "I really do not know why you should inquire into my private affairs."

"Yes, sir, you do know; you know very well. That poor young lady who has no father and no brother, is my neighbour, and her friends are my friends. She is a friend of my own, and being an old woman, I have a right to speak for her. If this is true, Mr. Crosbie, you are treating her like a villain."

"Lady Julia, I really must decline to discuss the matter with you."

"I'll tell everybody what a villain you are; I will, indeed;—a villain and a poor weak silly fool. She was too good for you; that's what she was." Crosbie, as Lady Julia was addressing to him the last words, hurried upstairs away from her, but her ladyship, standing on a landing-place, spoke up loudly, so that no word should be lost on her retreating enemy.

"We positively must get rid of that woman," the countess, who heard it all, said to Margaretta. "She is disturbing the house and disgracing herself every day."

"She went to papa this morning, mamma."

"She did not get much by that move," said the countess.

On the following morning Crosbie returned to town, but just before he left the castle he received a third letter from Lily Dale. "I have been rather disappointed at not hearing this morning," said Lily, "for I thought the postman would have brought me a letter. But I know you'll be a better boy when you get back to London, and I won't scold you. Scold you, indeed! No; I'll never scold you, not though I shouldn't hear for a month."

He would have given all that he had in the world, three times told, if he could have blotted out that visit to Courcy Castle from the past facts of his existence.

A Run through the Southern States.

BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

Toward the close of last year I found myself on board the *Rowena* steaming slowly down the Mississippi river between St. Louis and Memphis. The boat was full, but with a very different description of passengers to those who usually travel in peaceful times. My fellow-travellers consisted principally of officers and soldiers going to the several posts on the Mississippi river, or to reinforce the armies of General Grant or Sherman; of traders and sutlers with contracts to supply those troops, or hoping to make some money by an illicit traffic in cotton. To these might be added a few planters returning from the North in doubt whether they would find their houses standing and their plantations unwasted by war; and also two or three disguised Confederate officers, who had been to visit friends at St. Louis, and were returning to join again the Confederate armies. These, with a few ladies in search of homes and relations from which the war had separated them, made up the number of my fellow-passengers on board the *Rowena*. Every one soon knew that I was an Englishman, and therefore a fit recipient of their various ideas on politics. These generally inclined to the Confederate side, for most of the employés on board these Mississippi steamers are "Secesh," and afford assistance to those who may be endeavouring to evade the Federal regulations. Three times a day we scrambled for our food, the passengers sitting down by detachments, the last lot consisting of the nigger servants, who seemed by far the most cheery. Drinking at the bar, playing poker (a game at cards), and spitting, filled up the remainder of the day as regards the majority of the passengers.

Of all rivers I have ever seen the Mississippi is the least interesting: the shores are flat and thickly wooded; the stream muddy, and continually winding round sandbanks. Fogs, at the time of year I speak of, are incessant, and they greatly delayed our course, as the snags, or large masses of timber which encumber the stream, render navigation dangerous. We passed the famous island No. 10, where shot and shell, still lying about, evinced the struggle which had continued for so long a time last summer; and the next day we reached Memphis, where I landed, as I considered I had a better chance of getting South from Memphis than from Helena, the most southern port held by the Federals.

Memphis had quite changed its usual aspect; instead of bales of cotton, which in ordinary years are piled along the banks of the Mississippi waiting shipment, warlike stores were being collected, preparatory to a

forward movement. A fortified camp occupied the southern portion of the town, and some particularly raw troops were being drilled or licked into shape. The fortifications had been thrown up by negroes, and were well made. Instead of vessels for trade, a few gunboats guarded the river, and the ordinary passenger steamers had been turned into transport vessels. Sometimes the Confederate irregular troops would erect a small battery, or bring a few field-guns to open on these steamers, from various bluffs on the river; but General Sherman, the Federal general in command, gave out an order that for every vessel fired on, ten Confederate families should be driven out of Memphis; and I believe this order had the effect of putting a stop to the practice of firing on unarmed vessels. Of course the inhabitants at Memphis were very *Secesh*, although generally they were discreet enough not to express their opinions. There is a pleasant society, but the topics of conversation, and little incidents which frequently occur, and are passed by without much notice, bespeak times of commotion. For instance, you would call on an acquaintance and would hear that the troops had threatened to burn Mrs. ——'s house because a Secesh flag had been exhibited from the windows; or a lady would send her servant with a message to her relations a few miles in the country, and the servant would return, saying he had been robbed by guerillas; then again the troops are too free and easy in their manners, strolling into gardens and killing and appropriating the chickens and pigs. Yet in the midst of all this, life goes on much as usual; the children's schools are open, and the ordinary domestic arrangements continue in their usual course, excepting that in many instances the slaves have run away and deserted their masters, leaving them in great straits. I was most kindly received by General Sherman, an officer of the old regular army, and like all those officers, most ready to assist in any way an English officer. I had some scruples in asking him for a pass to proceed south, as such a favour was never granted at Washington; but directly he had heard my request, he said there was no difficulty, only before I went south I was to see all he could show me at Memphis; he placed a horse at my disposal, and directed his adjutant-general to point out everything that might be of interest.

The out pickets were at no great distance from the town, and beyond them the country was said to be infested by guerillas. I paid a visit to a brigadier-general, and was by him taken to see a regiment inspected. They drilled uncommonly well, and were a smart, active set of men, but the mode of conducting the inspection amused me immensely. I called on the general, a fine soldier-like man, and we mounted our horses and galloped to the ground. On parade we found a Missouri regiment in square, standing easy. So the general rode up to them, and said, "Here's Colonel —— come all the way from London to see you, because he hears you are such a d——d set of rascals." When the men heard this they hallooed, "A speech, a speech!" but the general answered, "You don't suppose you fellows are worth a speech." The drill then proceeded, and uncommonly well the men

moved. After about half an hour the regiment was again formed into square; and then the general, coming up to me, said, "Now's your time to give them a speech." I was, as the Americans say, "slightly stampeded" at this request, but tried to do my best, and flattered myself I had got through it rather well; at the end of it, however, the general came up to me and said consolingly, "Well, I never knew a soldier worth a d—n who could make a speech." Upon which we cantered off, the general turning round as he was going, to say, "Mind, boys, you don't steal no pigs this evening." "No, no, general," was the reply, in full chorus.

I fear there was some need of this caution, for the pigs had suffered much from this regiment. As we rode home we met two soldiers more than slightly elevated with liquor. The general turning to admonish them, said, "Ah, boys, you've had too much to drink." "Guess we have, general," was the ready answer. Certainly the whole method of conducting the inspection was slightly different to what we are accustomed to in Europe, but I believe the general to be a good soldier, and very brave in action. There are many things consequent on the state of society in America, and the rough organization of the volunteer force, which strikes a European officer as rather odd. I remember some months previously to have been walking through a Federal camp late in the evening. I was stopped by a sentry, and asked for the countersign. I said I had not got it. "Well," said the sentry, "then you can't go by; it's Colonel S——'s orders." I accordingly halted whilst the sentry called for the corporal of the guard. By way of saying something, I asked him, "Who is Colonel S——?" "Well, sir," said he, "he's the d——est fool in the whole army, and I was a thundering ass when I enlisted under him; he keeps me a-turnpiking of roads from morning till night, and whenever I sees General M'Clellan, I'll tell him." Having thus given his opinion of his commanding officer, he proceeded to call the corporal of the guard, but as no one answered, he guessed he had better call the officer; still no one came, so he finally guessed I had better go past, which I did, accordingly.

I was most anxious to set off as soon as possible for the South, so the following day I hired a conveyance to drive about ten miles to Hernando, where it was said the Confederate pickets were stationed. A lady and some other persons from Memphis formed the party. Our start was unpropitious; my luggage having gone off by itself on one road, leaving ourselves, and some very large boxes which ladies always travel with, to find our way in a small one-horse conveyance for ten or twelve miles by another road. It appeared impossible for the horse to move the load; however, by dint of going slowly, the thing was done. We were stopped by the Federal pickets soon after leaving the town, and during the delay I had an opportunity of seeing how the present of a bottle of spirits, or some such small gift, smoothed the way through the lines. After passing the pretty environs of Memphis, and the comfortable houses of the merchants, we traversed a forest country, interspersed with planta-

tions and planters' houses, the latter usually built on one pattern—square houses, with a large portico supported by pillars in front of them—whilst in close vicinity almost invariably stand the cottages of the slaves. The country round Memphis is famous for producing cotton, but this year the cotton either stands unpicked in the fields, or the plant itself is removed for the sake of corn, which has taken its place. "Corn" in America invariably means Indian-corn. The cotton-presses still standing in the centre of the cornfields attest their former crop. The forests are very beautiful; and any one wanting shooting now would find plenty of bears, deer, &c., on the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries; for not only is powder scarce, but the hunters are all gone to the wars.

We jolted along, scarcely meeting any one; luckily the weather had been tolerably dry, and the roads were passable. Night came on, but no guerillas made their appearance; and about seven o'clock we entered Hernando without encountering the Confederate pickets. We drove up to the small inn, which was almost full; the landlord, on my asking for a room, telling me he might possibly find me a bed. The bar was full of rowdies, soldiers on leave, guerillas, and travellers, all talking very loudly round a blazing fire, and bragging about how they would whip those d—— Yankees. Ten miles had made a curious change in the sentiments and opinions one heard expressed; everything that was *en règle* at Memphis was, of course wrong at Hernando. The Federals had a short time previously held possession of the town, and another advance by them was expected. People were busy sending their slaves into the interior, and many of them had run away to the Federals. This we found to our cost, as there were no servants; and one had even to black one's own boots, brushes being considerately furnished by the landlord. Supper was provided for all the guests in a room at the back, corn bread and little round hot cakes forming the staple food, with a decoction of rye to take the place of coffee.

About bedtime I requested the landlord to show me my room, and I was accordingly ushered into an apartment where were three beds; but already five people occupied it: one, a peculiarly dirty but civil guerilla, was sleeping in half the bed allotted to me. This was decidedly embarrassing: however, the only thing left was to draw one's chair to the fire, and make friends with one's companions, which is easily done in America. People have no foolish scruples about asking who you are, and where you come from; and it is always best to answer good-humouredly. No one need take offence at questions, which are not intended to be impertinent. Directly I was known to be an Englishman, the questions asked almost everywhere in the South were put to me. First question: "Well, sir, what do you think of our peculiar institution?" This refers to slavery, and thereupon follows a discussion on that subject. Americans think Englishmen form all their ideas of slavery from such books as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and argue against the supposed cruelty of it, at the same time talking of their slaves much in the same terms as an English farmer talks of his valuable beasts.

But ah, how tired one becomes of the question! The second inquiry is—"Why don't England help us?" Southerners acknowledge that they began the war on the false impression that England would be forced to help them by want of cotton; and they are proportionately disappointed that such has not been the case. Still, I must say that, however strong the feelings may be on these or other subjects of argument, I never remember an American to have lost his temper in discussing them. They will never be offended if answered frankly, however unpleasant may be the truth they are obliged to hear; but they cannot understand sarcasm, and do not like it. Well, sitting round the fire, we discussed these important questions until my companions paired themselves off into their respective beds. I selected the cleanest corner of the room—that is, the corner that had been least spat upon—and lay down on the floor with my carpet-bag for a pillow, the last remark I heard being, "Oh, he is a British officer, and can sleep anywhere," in answer to some question as to how a man could sleep on a wooden floor.

We were fortunate enough to procure conveyances, and started next morning for Coldwater, the first station on the Jackson line of rail, the rail between Coldwater and Memphis having been broken up. There were several travellers, and our various conveyances made quite a cavalcade: first came an old coach like a London hackney coach, then a spring waggon, on the top of which I sat, and, lastly, a pony carriage driven by a lady. The latter came to grief by running against a waggon driven by a nigger; however, of course the ladies asserted that it was all the fault of the black man, who was proportionally abused. We passed families of slaves going into the interior, the master or overseer riding, the men walking, and their wives, children, and household furniture carried in carts. Farther on, we overtook two or three waggons laden with army stores; a tall fine-looking Confederate soldier, in light grey uniform, being in charge of them.

In many cases there has been no opportunity to organize a proper system of supplying the army with clothing, &c., therefore individual exertions have been forced to supply the absence of official management. For instance, when a company or regiment is in want of clothing, a trusty man is detached to the country and village from which the men have been raised, and soon collects by voluntary subscriptions supplies of all sorts. The carpets of the rooms are even cut up into blankets for the troops, and the ladies spend their time and wear out their fingers in making clothing. In fact, the zeal for the cause evinced by the ladies of the South appears greater than that of the men, if such could be possible. Their whole nature has become changed; from being accustomed to a life of luxury and idleness, dependent on their slaves, they have become self-denying and hard-working, and willing not only to give up their own time for the good of the country, but, without murmuring, to see their best and dearest friends and relations killed in the war.

To continue our journey, we rattled down an awfully steep place, driving in and out, and even over trunks of trees, and found ourselves

on the banks of the small stream or bayou of Coldwater. Here a ferry-boat was ready to carry us across, and on the opposite side was the first Confederate picket we had encountered. It was a picturesque scene. The sombre forest all round; the horses of the picket, ready saddled and bridled, tied up under the trees; the men lounging about, not dressed in uniform, unless the brown cloth of the country, often in rags, can be termed uniform; their weapons ready at hand; guns of various descriptions, from the old double-barrelled shot gun to the Enfield rifle, leaning against the trees. A piece of canvas stretched across the branches of an ilex formed a tent for the officer in command, and altogether, the scene reminded one of the pictures of robber life. The creek or bayou formed a line of defence, the intimate knowledge of the country acquired by residence in the vicinity giving the defenders an advantage over an attacking force, which numerical superiority could scarcely counterbalance. A few of the escort accompanied our party to the railway station, where we found a train waiting to carry us on our journey. After a short delay our luggage was discharged on the platform, and as I stood in expectation that some one would put it into the carriage, the guard called out, "Well, I guess if you want that luggage put in, you'd better be smart about it, and hand it up." I looked rather ashamed of myself for my negligence, and of course did hand it up, learning at the same time the lesson, that in the present state of society in the South, if a man does not wait on himself, no one else will do it for him. Railway travelling, in fact, is not agreeable at the present moment. The cars are almost worn out, and awfully dirty, being chiefly used for the transport of troops; the rails are scarcely in a fit state to be travelled over, in consequence of the iron being nearly worn to pieces; the engines are often out of order; and as to refreshment stations, a hungry man must depend on what he carries with him, for they don't exist. Along the line I saw large quantities of cotton packed in bales, and piled ready for burning on the advance of the Federal troops; while here and there ashes told of other piles destroyed. Coldwater was the farthest point reached by the Federal troops, and the station had been partially burnt by them.

As the train proceeded, a peculiarly gentlemanlike officer walked through the cars to examine the various travellers both verbally and from their papers, in order to guard against spies. I had brought no papers with me; however, I handed him a few private letters I happened to have in my pocket, and, amongst them, my old game-licence. That, I thought, would be the best proof of my identity that I could show. The provost-marshal turned it over, examined it, but could make nothing of it. I explained what it was, when he burst into laughter, first at the idea of a man bringing a game-licence to America, and then at its being produced in proof of loyalty. However, my papers were thought satisfactory, and the subject of game-licences afforded a topic for a long conversation.

Grenada was our stopping place for the night, old familiar omnibuses being in waiting to carry the passengers to the inn, which was as

crowded and as bad as it could be; my modest request for a towel and a bit of soap created quite a commotion. Every one, however, was civil and ready to be of assistance to an Englishman. About 2 A.M. I went off by train to Abbeville, where it was said General Van Dorn's head-quarters were. Early in the morning I arrived there: the station was crammed with stores for the troops, one of the first objects I saw being a Parrot gun, evidently captured from the Federals. General Van Dorn's head-quarters were at a short distance from the station: he occupied a small house, his staff living at another cottage close at hand. General Price's quarters were in the vicinity, and the troops were bivouacked in the surrounding woods. It was expected that the Federals were about to advance, and great precautions were taken to prevent any communication being held with the opposite side: as it was early when I arrived, I heard the stories of various applicants for passes before the general made his appearance. Some men wanted to go as far as Holly Springs or Corinth, to look after supplies they had left there; others to visit relations living within the Federal line; others, "soldiers on leave," to go home to their friends. Confederate officers and men often visit friends living within the country occupied by the Federals, even as far as St. Louis: the strong secessionist feeling of the people assists their concealment. General Van Dorn was formerly in the old United States army, and is well known and respected by many of his old brother officers on the opposite side. He is a small, wiry, but soldierlike man, and has acquired reputation during the present war by his conduct in the field. His staff received me very kindly. They were a particularly gentlemanlike set of fellows. Few, if any, had served as soldiers before this present war, but were planters or planters' sons, and were fighting with the strongest feelings for the cause. It was not a question with them of glory or military fame; the question was mere existence as a nation: they hated the Northerners with the bitterest hatred, and were resolved to sacrifice everything rather than give in. Still there was no love for the war; they all desired peace, but only on the terms of being allowed to remain a separate people. There was a more business-like appearance in their arrangements than I had noticed in the Northern camps, less time frittered away in conversation; in fact, they appeared like men who were really engaged in a cause which called forth all their energies. The officers were dressed in grey, with silver lace, but uniform was much disregarded; in fact, anything like display was rather ridiculed. They were anxious for news from Europe, and especially as regarded the line of politics England and France were likely to take in the American question. They were rather sore at the refusal of European Powers to recognize them as a nation, alleging that the South American republics had been recognized far more quickly. They acknowledged that, at the commencement of the war, they had looked too much for exterior assistance, but were now resolved to trust to themselves. They spoke in terms of great praise of the devotion and gallantry of the private

soldier, and had evidently complete confidence in their men. The general was obliged to ride out, and his escort, a soldierlike body of cavalry, accompanied him. The men sat well on their horses, and looked like soldiers. I was also introduced to General Price, who is much beloved and respected by the troops. Unlike General Van Dorn, he had only become a soldier since the war. One of the officers of the staff was a Scotchman, who had settled in the West, a fine noble fellow, keen for the cause he was fighting in, but yet strong in his love for Scotland.

I left the camp in the evening; a train full of sick and wounded soldiers took me as far as Jackson, Mississippi. The dirt and discomfort of railway travelling in the South cannot be described. One carriage is usually set apart for ladies, and is slightly cleaner than the others. This is quite necessary, as wounded and sick soldiers, men returning from furlough, &c., are not the most pleasant companions for a long journey, especially where the habit of chewing is universal. I reached Jackson, the capital of the State of Mississippi, the following morning. The town possesses the usual features of State capitals, viz., a large building for the meeting of parliament, a gaol, the governor's house, some hotels, and two or three wide streets. Few shops remained open, and the prices of the commonest articles were enormous. I paid half a dollar for a piece of soap, and two and a quarter dollars for a toothbrush. The usual charge at hotels for the worst conceivable accommodation is five dollars per diem. These prices must, however, be considered with reference to the value of gold, which, at the time I speak of, was at 230 premium, 100 dollars in gold being worth 330 in paper. As in the North, all sorts of money is in circulation, and it is very difficult to detect forgeries. A large camp had been established near Jackson, the situation having been selected from its being a central point for the railroads, which branched off to Vicksburg, towards New Orleans, Memphis, Mobile, the north of Georgia, and to the lines of rail which connect with Richmond. Almost all the troops had, however, been sent to the armies on the frontier. The hotels were quite full; a bed in a crowded room being all the accommodation that could be expected. Three times a day a bell rang, the doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and the crowd pushed and struggled into their places for meals. Any one arriving late got nothing to eat. The company one meets on such occasions is decidedly mixed—generals and private soldiers, rich planters and mechanics, mingled with all sorts of adventurers which the war has brought together, sit down at the same tables. It was at St. Louis where I noticed my opposite neighbour in great difficulties; he had had a basin of thin soup given him, the spoon had been forgotten, and he sat himself down quietly to eat it with a knife—he evidently felt something was wrong, but he had not sufficient confidence in himself to ask for a spoon. There are not as many foreigners in the Southern as in the Northern armies, there are few or no Germans; Irish, of course, there must be in every quarrel; there are also some Englishmen and several French—or, rather, French creoles—who appear to imitate the

uniform and carriage of the troops of Old France. At Vicksburg, commanding the working parties at the fortifications, I met an old officer of the army of Algeria; we had mutual acquaintances in that country, and talked over the campaigns of Pelissier. He had been with the detachment under the command of that general, which accomplished the feat of destroying an Arab tribe in a cavern, in the province of Oran.

The men one falls in with in these sort of places are pleasant, good-humoured fellows; often adventurers, such as Kingsley cleverly delineates in the hero of his novel *Two Years Ago*—men who have been ruined over and over again, who have made fortunes and lost them in the diggings of California; who have bred cattle in Texas, or hitched up teams to cross the Western prairies to the mines at Pike's Peak; in fact, who have been knocking about in all places, and in all sorts of conditions. They are always ready for a drink, but will never drink alone, and will invariably lend a helping hand to any one requiring it. In fact, the disorganized state of Southern society has developed some good traits of character; men have become much less selfish, and are ready to do many little kindnesses for each other which are looked for in vain in more civilized countries. Ladies who formerly were brought up in luxury, and with the greatest care, have been forced by circumstances to lead much more independent lives. They travel alone through the country, and are invariably treated by every one with the greatest respect.

At Jackson were planters from Louisiana who had left their homes to be pillaged by the troops under the command of Butler. One especially I remember: he was of an old French family, whose ancestors had left France during the great Revolution, and had established themselves in Louisiana; they had acquired great wealth, and had ornamented their houses with statues from Europe (some executed by Canova), these had been packed up and carried to the North by Federal officers. If any man ever was hated by a nation, General Butler is that man. All sorts of stories are told of him and of the troops under his command. It is said that some of the houses of the wealthiest of the merchants of New Orleans have been appropriated by his officers, their furniture stolen, and even the dresses of their wives distributed among the favourites of these officers. A lady narrated to me an incident that happened at her own house: a Federal officer arrived to carry off her horses for the use of the army; among these was a small pony which belonged to her grandchild, a little boy, who was standing near with tears in his eyes, fearing the loss of his pony. The lady requested that the animal might be spared, as it was too small to be of any use for army purposes, and the poor child was so sorry to lose it; but the officer replied, "*One of the causes of this war is the manner in which you Southerners have pampered your children, therefore I shall remove the pony,*"—which he did. There was a story current, that a short time previously a ball was to be given on board H.M.'s gunboat which was lying off New Orleans. General Butler, having expressed a wish to see the vessel, came on board whilst the preparations for the ball

were going on. The officer in command apologized to the general for not inviting him, saying that he could not do so, as if he (General Butler) came not a lady in New Orleans would accept an invitation. So much for Butler. There is a marked distinction in the manner in which the Southerners regard their enemies, and the terms in which General M'Clellan is spoken of are very different. They say he conducted war as a gentleman should do; and if, after peace is established, he should visit the South, he will be received with kindness, and treated as an honourable enemy ought to be.

From Jackson I took the rail to Vicksburg, about four hours. Vigorous preparations were going on in expectation of a fresh attack. The officers in command were confident of successfully defending the place, and were naturally proud of the last defence, when the town was attacked, towards the end of the summer, by two fleets from the Upper and Lower Mississippi. As I stood near the town-hall on the highest point overlooking the great river, the attack and defence were described to me; and as Vicksburg has acquired fresh fame from the late repulses of General Sherman's expedition, some description of its situation may not be out of place. At a short distance above the town the river makes one of those sharp bends so common in the Mississippi, leaving a narrow peninsula of low land in front of the town. The town stands on rather high bluffs on the left bank of the river. The ground on the land side is much broken, is hilly and intersected with ravines, whilst at a little distance the forest extends for many miles. A short distance above the town the Yazoo river flows into the Mississippi. Advantage has been taken of the nature of the ground in preparing the defences, both on the land and river front, and batteries have been placed above the town in order to command the upper reach of the river, others below the town to prevent the advance of vessels from the lower Mississippi, and also to command the low point of land through which the Federals endeavoured last summer to cut a canal. The forest which formerly covered this point of land has been levelled, in order to afford a clear sweep for the guns of the defenders, and to prevent its giving shelter to the gunboats, as was the case at the last siege, when the gunboats and transports were laid close in shore with their masts covered with boughs, in order to resemble the forest-trees, and so conceal themselves from the enemy. But little damage was done to the town during the six weeks' bombardment it sustained; a few houses and churches suffered, but only fifteen lives were lost, most of the inhabitants having left the town previous to the bombardment.

The work of throwing up fortifications at Vicksburg was busily going on, but the shops were still open, and Christmas presents exhibited in the windows. Long lines of waggons, and great numbers of stores, were passing over the river on their way into the interior of Texas, in order that they might be out of reach of the Federals, should their armies succeed in occupying the State of Mississippi. I had the pleasure of meeting some of General M'Gruder's staff at Vicksburg: he (the

general) was on his way to a command in Texas. They spoke highly of his conduct in the Yorktown campaign, where he managed, on the first landing of the army of the Potomac, to hold in check far superior forces, with but from eleven to fifteen thousand men, until the army of General Johnston could arrive to occupy the lines of Yorktown.

On the 27th of November, I left Jackson (having returned there from Vicksburg), and resolved to make my way to Mobile. Railway travelling is very uncertain on account of the bad order into which the rails have fallen; and if a train breaks down between the stations, the travellers are in rather an awkward predicament, since they find themselves surrounded by a vast forest, without means of procuring food. At some places the train is advertised to stop for refreshments; but these simply consist of Indian-corn bread and eggs, pawed about and distributed at high prices by niggers. Between Meridian and Mobile (a whole day's journey at the pace the train went) there were no signs even of niggers with food, and very grateful I felt for the gift of a sweet potato. In fact, the usual houses for refreshments have been closed, the people finding it a difficult matter to obtain food for themselves. There is something monotonous, and yet striking, in the vast forests traversed by the rail. Usually the least fertile ground has been chosen, through which the line is constructed; therefore a passenger fails to see the various rich plantations which may be at no great distance off. Sometimes at the small stations, built often of logs, a primitive-looking carriage with rope-harness is seen; but this is but seldom, for freight, rather than passengers, generally appears to be taken in at the smaller stations.

Mobile, where I arrived on the 28th November, is a pretty pleasant-looking city, situated at the end of a bay about forty miles long. The business part of the town, together with the principal warehouses, shops, theatre, &c., are near the water; the houses of the merchants, standing in their separate gardens, are placed farther back. The climate is far warmer than that of Jackson; oranges were growing in the open air, and the bright sun reminded one of summer. It was sad to see how desolate the town looked, though—the warehouses closed, scarcely any shipping in the harbour, the shops but poorly furnished with goods, save the book-shops, where one might still purchase the old novels. The people of Mobile, however, are willing to endure any hardship rather than give in, and say they will burn the town, if necessary, rather than allow it to suffer a fate like that of New Orleans. The Southerners allow that the loss of New Orleans was a terrible blow to the Confederacy, and attribute it to neglect, either on the part of the Central Government or the local authorities. Some people even go so far as to say that the troops which defended the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi had been bought, and therefore permitted the Federal vessels to pass them without opposition. They are still sanguine of holding the two strong places on the Mississippi, viz. Port Hudson and Vicksburg, and so keeping communication open with Texas, from which good cavalry and large supplies are furnished.

Whilst at Mobile, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Admiral Buchanan, who commanded the *Merrimac* in her combat with the *Monitor*. He was formerly an officer of the United States' navy, but on the war breaking out he joined the Southern cause; and having done good service in the James River, received the naval command of Mobile. He was severely wounded in the battle between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*. The failure of the *Merrimac* to run down the *Monitor* is accounted for by the fact that her ram was broken in her previous attack on the *Congress*.

Admiral Buchanan kindly invited me to form one in an expedition down the bay to visit the *Ovieto* or *Florida*, lying about fifteen miles from Mobile. It was a beautiful bright day when we left the quay, in a small river steamer, our party consisting of one of the generals in command, a few officers, and several of the ladies of Mobile. These, like their sisters elsewhere, are most zealous in the cause of the Confederacy, and their zeal is shown not only in words, for they sacrifice many of their comforts, and, without murmuring, willingly put up with the serious inconvenience caused by the blockade. Gloves and ladies' shoes are very scarce articles; and it was said that one ship, which was endeavouring to run the blockade laden with crinolines, was ruthlessly captured by the Federal cruisers. Can such barbarity be true! Still, somehow or other, ladies always contrive to dress nicely and look well, and the ladies of Mobile were no exception to the rule. We steamed through the winding and narrow channel which affords the only access to the actual port of Mobile, passing two or three iron-clad river steamers, either lying off the quay, or else on the stocks. We left to our right a battery on the shore, and arrived at a boom thrown across the entrance of the fort, under fire of some newly constructed forts on small islands, and of the shore batteries, which are concealed from view by thick forest. Through this intricate navigation, and under fire of these formidable batteries, would the invading fleet have to approach Mobile, after having passed the forts which guard the entrance to the harbour. The channel also, even at its deepest part, is but shallow, and only navigable for small vessels of war. There were only a very few fishing and coasting vessels to be seen. Sometimes small vessels contrive to run the blockade, or to make their way along the coast to New Orleans, running the risk of being captured by the cruisers off Ship Island, the rendezvous of the Federal fleet. We found the *Ovieto*, under the command of Captain Maffit, lying at anchor about fifteen miles down the bay. She had been built at Glasgow, had run out unarmed, and, trusting to her great speed, had, in broad daylight, passed through the whole blockading squadron, and so entered Mobile. She was pursued for thirty miles, and received an almost incredible number of shots, some of the blockading vessels having approached close enough to fire into her with shrapnel. At Mobile she had taken in her armament and recruited her crew. She is armed with Blakely rifled guns on the main deck, is not iron-clad, and a large proportion of her crew are Englishmen. When we arrived, she was anxiously

waiting an opportunity of again passing through the blockading squadron, and entering on her mission of destruction to Federal merchantmen.

Every now and then, among all the changes which a new country, and especially this state of war, has produced among those who originally came from England, an Englishman still sees much that reminds him of home. This is especially the case on Sunday, when the church, identical in its architecture with the London churches of the last century, the service the same as that of the Church of England, excepting the change of a few words, and the numbers of well-dressed people flocking to church at eleven o'clock, almost make one fancy that one has suddenly returned to some pleasant country town in England. It was, however, melancholy to see in the church of Mobile the numbers of families in mourning, bespeaking the losses in the war! The people at Mobile were most hospitable. Many had visited Europe, and looked forward to again doing so after this war has terminated, and when a market is again open for their cotton. The British consul, an old inhabitant of the place, endeavoured in every way to render my stay agreeable.

From Mobile I took the steamer across the bay to the railway station of the line leading to Montgomery and Richmond. A young fellow on board spoke to me. He was a private in the Confederate cavalry, but was, by birth, a Northerner; and his brother was serving on the opposite side; his cousin, also, was a general in the Northern armies. Frequently men of good family and wealth are found in the ranks of the Confederate armies: for instance, a rich planter will raise a company, even arming and clothing it, and then, feeling that he has no talent for military matters, will delegate the command of it to another, and take service in the ranks.

But the officers of the old army complain that there is but little military spirit among the troops. They do not seek or appear to care for glory; and a sort of neighbourly feeling of each man to his comrade as coming from the same village is a species of substitute for the *esprit de corps* of regiments. They have the organization of armies; but it is difficult to carry out discipline without injuring the very feeling that ensures them victory. If the details of discipline are too strictly insisted on, disgust ensues, and the men lose their keenness for the cause. There is no time to make them good regular troops; therefore, latitude in discipline must be allowed, in order to keep them as good volunteers. They are better supplied than formerly with arms and military stores, but they have the wastefulness of undisciplined troops; and it is very difficult to make them carry their proper supplies of rations on the march, and to prevent them from wasting or consuming those supplies too quickly.

It was a drizzling wet day when I left Mobile, and the great marshes and swamps looked very dreary: they afford shelter to alligators—who, however, only make their appearance in warm weather—and to other species of game with which Florida abounds. The line led us through dreary forests of the live oak, the ilex, and other trees, covered with long pendants of moss; and on leaving these we entered on almost endless forests

of pines, now and then passing Confederate pickets, the horses tied, ready saddled and bridled, to the trees. At the culverts and bridges small parties of soldiers were usually stationed to guard them, and prevent any sudden raid from the neighbouring Federal post of Pensacola being made for the purpose of destroying the rail. Little amusement is there to be found in a Southern railway car, as the passengers are not much given to conversation; and, in fact, the main portion of the travellers are usually soldiers, going to, or returning from, their regiments. But it is rather amusing to sit for a short time in the car reserved for the niggers. They are a most ridiculous race of beings, and always appear to be caricaturing themselves. No representation of their manners can be too ridiculous or extravagant for the reality. A nigger in the South is almost always addressed by the whites as *uncle*, especially if he be rather old. What this term has arisen from I cannot say. As we approached Montgomery, the country became more cultivated, and the forest receded; and towards evening we reached the town, or rather the station, where omnibuses and flys were waiting to convey us to Montgomery.

Montgomery is a well-built, nice town, with, as usual, the court-house, containing room for the sittings of the Senate and Congress of the State. Large hotels, filled to overflowing, received the passengers; but as, for some reason, the morning train of that day had not left Montgomery, there was very little accommodation for the new arrivals. After waiting for a long time, a mattress on the floor of the hall was allotted to me, whilst around, on various mattresses, lay my fellow-travellers. Certainly the accommodation of Southern hotels is not at present first-rate.

We started again early next morning, the train awfully crowded, as two days' passengers had to be accommodated. I have a dim recollection of passing through the towns of Atalanta and Augusta, some time during the next two days and night, but they have left no impression on my memory. The cotton crops converted into corn-fields, the pine forests, and, as we approached Charleston, the rice-fields, succeeded each other without leaving any mark on the mind. Sometimes the train stopped for refreshments, when, as before, we obtained hard-boiled eggs, corn bread, and sometimes pieces of chicken, from niggers who charged an enormous price for those delicacies.

On the third day after leaving Mobile, I reached Charleston, an older-looking town than one generally sees in the States, and perhaps rather more cheerful than Mobile, for there is still a slight appearance of business about it. A large, and even at this time a well-conducted hotel received me;—and to appreciate a good hotel, a journey of two or three days in a Southern railway is no bad preparation. The fire which devastated Charleston about a year ago has left terrible traces of its progress: it seems to have swept clean through one of the best parts of the city; and, owing to the war, which employed labour elsewhere, no steps to repair the damage have been taken. Still Charleston is a pleasant place, and the walk along the quays by the side of the bay is delightful;

the houses, being built somewhat in the Italian style of architecture, and standing on the very edge of the waters of the bay, remind one of some of Claude Lorraine's sea pictures.

However, warlike preparations appeared on all sides. Batteries had been erected along the quay; a regiment was encamped in the public gardens; iron-clad vessels were in course of preparation; the forts at the entrance of the harbour were all armed; and people spoke of a desperate defence, and of burning the town rather than allowing it to fall into the enemy's hands. General Beauregard's head-quarters were in the town. I had the pleasure of passing the evening in his company, and a remarkably nice person and good officer he appeared to be. He is a small, very intelligent-looking man, with remarkably bright dark eyes and rather grey hair; in fact, his appearance bespeaks a more southern descent than that of the Anglo-Saxon. He spoke confidently of being able successfully to defend the place. General Beauregard corroborated the curious facts one heard respecting the bombardment of Fort Sumpter. It is perfectly true that after a most severe bombardment, the fort replying vigorously, it surrendered, because untenable, and not one man of the garrison was either killed or wounded; whilst on the attacking side the casualties only amounted to three men slightly wounded. The fact that such was the case is almost unaccountable.

The situation of Charleston on the point of land between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, and surrounded with forests and marshy country, renders it very strong on the land side, whilst the forts at the entrance of the bay, it was hoped, would afford insurmountable obstacles to the Federal navy. As usual, they (the Federals) have lost their opportunity. At one time the town was scarcely defended, and a few resolute captains of ships might have forced a passage into the bay, and bombarded it. Now, however, deficiencies have been remedied, and an obstinate defence will be the result. Every day people expected the attack to take place; the large force which was under the command of General Banks threatened the whole southern coast, and each city supposed itself to be the object of menace.

The rail to Wilmington was open, and as that was the shortest way to Richmond, I took the train, and reached Wilmington about one A.M., where a steam-ferry carried the passengers across the harbour. We were kept waiting in an awfully cold night, crowding round the doors of the railway cars; and as it was a case of first come first served, those who got in first secured a seat, whilst those who did not were forced to stand.

The usual uncertainty attending Southern railway travelling prevented me from making any calculation as to the time of reaching Richmond. At Weldon we "missed connection," which means that the train had gone off without waiting for us, and we had the agreeable prospect of passing twenty-four hours at one of the most miserable places I ever saw. Even in peace time it has a bad name, and during the present state of things it has become ten times worse than before. Two dreary

houses, dignified by the name of hotels, received the passengers. I was fortunate enough to obtain a bed; two soldiers of the Confederate army occupying the other bed in my room. We even procured the luxury of a fire, and, whilst sitting round it, my two companions discussed their campaigns, and, in doing so, described two battles at which I had been present on the opposite side. It was very amusing to hear their descriptions, especially that of one man, who gave me an account of his charging squares and performing other prodigies of valour, no such squares, to my certain knowledge, having existed. I did not tell them that I had seen the battles from another point of view. At Weldon there is an important bridge across a river, on which a guard was stationed, as it was supposed to be an object of attack of the Federals, who occupied parts of the country lying in the vicinity near the coast. After our twenty-four hours' delay, a train arrived and carried us on to Peterborough, a large well-built town, near the James River. Omnibuses, driven by niggers, conveyed us through the town to the Richmond railway station, and on my way I took the opportunity of asking the "intelligent contraband" who was driving me, whether the Yankees had any gunboats on the James River. "O yeth, massa," was the answer, "them Yankees have got three thousand gunboats down there." This awful piece of information ought, of course, to have been forwarded to President Davis, if he had been in the same habit of acquiring information from "intelligent contrabands" as the other President. The train conveyed me to Richmond, where I arrived about seven o'clock P.M., very glad to have accomplished the long journey from Mobile.

Of all the expeditions I have made, the ride I took out of Richmond to the scene of the old battle-fields of the Chickahominy was to me the most curious. Six months previously, I had been encamped with the Federal army for a month, within four and a half miles of the city, and now I was about to visit the same localities from the opposite side. To do this I hired a wretched horse—horses are scarce articles at Richmond,—and started off alone to find my way to the Chickahominy, feeling sure when once there of knowing every inch of the ground. After leaving the town, I passed the redoubts which encircle it—earthworks thrown up hastily during the war,—and found the guard stationed on the road; however, my pass ensured me every civility, and I was put in the right way of reaching Newbridge on the Chickahominy.

Very soon the country showed palpable signs of war—fences broken down and destroyed, houses burnt—in short, a fertile country had become a waste. I looked in vain for the lines of earthworks which I was led to believe had prevented the advance on Richmond of the Federal army; they did not exist; a very small trench and breastworks being the only signs of any fortification. Still I rode on, expecting to meet some traces of field-works, until I found myself among the well-remembered places facing the heights, from which I had often watched the Federal batteries play on the very ground I was riding over. There was the

house which I remembered served as a mark for the Federal artillery; there was the steep piece of road down which, through a telescope, I had watched the Confederate waggons hastening to avoid the fire. In fact, I almost seemed to have two separate existences, and imagined that I should see myself and former companions appear on the opposite heights. My ride was stopped by the bridge (called Newbridge) having been destroyed. Men were engaged in repairing it; the muddy stream of the Chickahominy flowing on, unconscious of having separated two vast armies, and played so considerable a part in a great struggle.

Across the deserted fields, the former stations of the Confederate pickets, I made my way; then through the abandoned Federal camps and entrenchments, across the country, and through the woods, and among the numerous graves of those who fell at Fairoaks and the seven days' battle, until I reached the redoubt, the scene of Hooker's fight, where the last battle was fought with the object of advancing on Richmond. The battles which succeeded it were for existence, not victory. The country was deserted; a solitary sportsman looking for partridges was the only person I encountered. Where were all those I had known so intimately six months before? Some were killed in those last disastrous battles; most had left the army in disgust, or been driven from it by the politicians at Washington.

I crossed the rail, and returned to Richmond by the road which passes the Seven Pines, from which the battle of that name is called. Richmond must be singularly changed from what it was two years ago—then a State capital as little known to fame as any other of the numerous capitals of the various States, now the centre of the Confederacy and the object for which vast armies are contending. It is a pleasant town on the left bank of the James River, whose winding course can be seen for many miles from one of the numerous hills on which it stands. There is still traffic in the streets; the theatres are open; ladies riding and driving (the latter usually in ambulances, instead of carriages) pass not unfrequently, and the whole town appears endeavouring under difficulties to keep up an appearance of peace and prosperity. When I was there, but few soldiers were to be seen in the streets; they were concentrated in front of Fredericksburg, where a battle was daily expected. The crowded state of the hotels, filled with officers, the appearance every now and then of some rough-looking cavalry or artillery, the enormous hospitals which cover one of the hills overlooking the river, the iron-clads built and in course of building on that river—all told of war. Although great confidence was felt in General Lee and his army, yet a certain uneasiness existed as to the result of the approaching battle. In the event, however, of utter defeat, and the occupation by the Federals of Richmond, the resolution had been formed to leave nothing but its ashes to receive the enemy. Commodore Pegrim, who formerly commanded the *Nashville*, was kind enough to show me the new *Merrimac*, to which he had been appointed. She differs slightly from her namesake,

and is armed with very large rifled guns made at the foundry at Richmond. She is destined to co-operate with the fort at Drury's Bluff, in order to ensure the safety of Richmond from any attempt at attack which might be made from the James River. Two other iron-clads were in the course of construction, one built by contributions from the ladies of Richmond. On the land side, a circle of bastioned field-works guard the town; they are insignificant compared with the works round important European towns, but are as strong or stronger than the lines of Yorktown, which for so long a time held in check the Federal troops.

It was an easy matter enough to get into Richmond, but quite the reverse to get out again, and so on to Washington. A flag-of-truce boat for exchange of prisoners frequently went down the James River, but no passengers were allowed on board; and in the present state of affairs, when any day might bring news of some great conflict, the authorities were chary about granting passes. Still they were very kind, and I was told I might make my way across the lines by what is called the Underground Railway. The officer in charge of the secret service furnished me with a pass in the event of my meeting any Confederate pickets, and directed me to make my way by rail to Culpepper Court-house, and then as best I could to Alexandria or Leesburg, from which places the journey to Washington was easy enough. However, he asked me at the same time to take charge of a lady and her two grandchildren, which, "pleasant as their company might be," would considerably add to my difficulties in traversing a country devastated by war.

We started on a cold bright winter's morning, driving to the station, where, to begin with, all the luggage, including the ladies' big boxes, were nearly left behind. We arrived late at the station; the train would not wait, and the desperate nigger in charge, after trying to drive after it, ended by jumping out of the cart, and with myself running along the rails, with the luggage on our shoulders, which we just managed to shove up behind the last carriage, the train being in motion at the time. We crossed the Chickahominy, and reached Hanover Junction, the scene of a battle at which I had been present six months before.

Some persons in the train fancied they could hear guns in the distance. Little did we then think that the battle of Fredericksburg was being fought at that moment within a few miles of where we were. At Gordonsville, we passed a depôt of military stores and a train full of niggers, or contrabands, as they are called, who were cheering lustily, and were, we were told, on their way to work on the fortifications at Richmond—poor fun, I should think, for them; but they are unaccountable beings, and always appear ready to laugh. I remember once seeing a lot of niggers sitting round a house which was being shelled, and on my remarking to their master, who was looking very mournful, that he was being shot at, they went into fits of laughter.

It was all plain sailing for us as far as Culpepper Court-house; but there we came to a standstill. How were the ladies and their big boxes

to be conveyed through a country where there were no horses or carriages? For two days and a half I wandered through the town, looking over the palings and into the yards wherever there was a sign of a horse, mule, or even ox; running after any cart that might make its appearance in the town; routing up teamsters at all hours of the day or night; but to no purpose. We were regularly fixed. At length I espied a cart bringing a load of women and baggage to the railway station. I ran up to the driver, and at once concluded a bargain with him to take the ladies and baggage to Warrington—I walking.

The following day we were to start; but during the night the rain fell in torrents, and my friend the driver did not make his appearance until some hours after the appointed time. When he did arrive and saw the big boxes, he tried to shirk his bargain, but we kept him to it: to vent his displeasure at this result he drove his waggon, containing the unlucky ladies, for some distance over the sleepers of the broken-up railway.

Well, we started: the country showed many signs of recent battles. Over this very ground had General Pope advanced towards Richmond, and just beyond Culpepper he had met with his first repulse, ending in his disgraceful retreat to Washington. The fences were destroyed and burnt, the trees cut down, skeletons of dead horses were lying about, whilst pieces of uniform and remains of old encampments marked out the burial-places of the dead, and the former residences of the living. These were the inevitable results of war. Much wanton damage did not appear to have been perpetrated, nor did the inhabitants of Culpepper accuse the Federal soldiers of misbehaviour.

Virginian roads are not the best in wet weather, and we progressed very slowly: sometimes we plunged through deep mud, then we were obliged to drag away a great trunk of a tree placed as an obstruction across the road; then we had to cross a river, where the water almost flowed into the cart. It was near one of these rivers that we encountered the Confederate pickets, a rough-looking set of horsemen. One, a Swiss, was disposed to make himself rather disagreeable, in order to obtain a bribe; but fortunately an officer passed, who ordered him back to his post. There was much that was pretty in the scenery: the country was thickly wooded and undulating, the fine range of the Blue Ridge Mountains bounding the view towards the north-west. We could only reach Jefferson, a small village, that evening, where a lady, residing in a comfortable house, was induced to receive us, and give us some supper and beds. A few of the neighbouring gentlemen called in in the evening, including the schoolmaster and clergyman—very agreeable, pleasant people.

The next day we crossed the Rappahannock, where some houses showed, by their dilapidated appearance, signs of a bombardment. On the opposite bank, before the war, stood a large hotel and watering-place; now only the bare walls mark the place where formerly the Virginian gentry used to flock in the summer season: it was said that the buildings

had been wantonly destroyed by the retreating Federals. Snow was falling as we entered Warrington, twenty-five miles from Culpepper, and little prospect did there appear of our getting on. People would not let out their carts to go through the lines, for fear of being refused permission to return; and our driver had engaged to take another traveller from Warrington, so he could not take the ladies and the big boxes any farther. I was hopelessly mooning through the streets, when a Confederate picket asked me for my pass. I gave it rather sulkily; but directly they knew who I was, and what I wanted, they could not be too civil. They busied themselves to find a conveyance, and soon discovered a gentleman who had brought in a load of pork, and who, for a consideration, was willing, having sold his pork, to carry us, big boxes and all, to another gentleman's house in the neighbourhood. This was a great relief to our minds.

Several of the picket were in the room where we dined, and were talking of the capture of a Federal commissariat waggon, which I had seen standing in the street. One of them, a mere boy, was saying how he had shot and killed the driver, having been ordered to do so by his officer, as the driver had resisted after being captured. He was a quiet, good-humoured country lad, but he talked of shooting the man in much the same terms as one talks of killing a dog, so great a change of feeling does war create. A few of the cavalry rode a portion of the way with us, and afterwards, we heard, roused up a Federal cavalry picket near Bull's Run, capturing several horses and shooting one man. We drove up to the gentleman's house, and asked for food and shelter, saying we had come to stay with him. Although we were all perfect strangers, nothing could be kinder than our reception. Mr. —— not only received us most hospitably, but used all his endeavours to procure conveyance for us to Alexandria. In fact, without his assistance, I believe we should never have been able to accomplish our journey. He lent me a horse, and a friend of his acted as my guide. The ladies and small boxes—the big ones had to be left behind—were put into a light cart, and off we started again. We had forty miles to make before reaching Alexandria. Our road lay through Gainsville, and over the old battle-ground of Bull's Run. At the latter place, dead horses, fortunately frozen when we passed, were lying in great numbers; shot and shell were strewed about; the half-burnt chimney-stacks marked where houses had formerly stood, and even, in some places, skeletons and bones of human beings appeared above the ground; in fact, there were all the signs of great battles having been fought on the ground over which we were passing.

Close to the stream of Bull's Run, on an eminence commanding a view of the surrounding country, we encountered the first Federal picket. It was a party of cavalry, under charge of a sergeant, patrolling the country. As we approached they drew their revolvers and unslung their carbines; and I was rather anxious lest they might take me and my friend for Confederate cavalry, knowing how lately they had been roused up by them. It turned out, when we came up to them, that they had done so, and were

only convinced of their mistake by our extremely peaceable appearance. They had been out during the night, were very cold, and had no desire of fighting that morning; and so were only too pleased to find we were quiet travellers, and not the black horse cavalry. In fact, they could not be too civil; they took us to the picket fire, reported our arrival to the officer in command, who forwarded us on, under escort, to his colonel. He (the colonel) was at Centreville, where the old field-works, thrown up by the Confederates after the battle of Bull's Run, were still standing. From thence an escort conducted us to Fairfax Court-house, with orders to take us to the provost-marshal. Nothing could exceed the civility of every one, from the colonel to the troopers of the escort; they, poor fellows, were heartily sick of the war, and wished they were back at their farms in Ohio. The provost-marshal having seen my permit, by means of which I had passed the Federal lines at Memphis, was perfectly satisfied, and gave both myself and the ladies permission to proceed. My friend took the horses back to Mr. ——'s house, and I luckily found a sutler's cart, in which I made the journey to Alexandria. Large bodies of troops were bivouacked and encamped along the road, and all appeared to be what the Americans call "on the stampede"—I suppose in consequence of the attack lately made by the Confederate cavalry. Little did they think that the only forces opposed to them in that part of the country were two or three troops of irregular cavalry.

About four o'clock I passed through the well-remembered forts round Alexandria, and the whole party arrived just in time to catch the steamer up the Potomac to Washington, which we reached about seven o'clock.

Thus terminated my rapid two months' travelling through the Confederate States; and from all I have seen and heard, I feel fully convinced that no danger will ever frighten, or bribes of power induce, the States of the Confederacy to join again the Northern Union. They are unanimous; there is no party feeling in the South; they have confidence in their President, their Government, and their generals; and in all these respects how great is the contrast they present to the States of the North! Their troops also have proved themselves victorious in almost every great action, and are fully capable of defensive warfare. What the future boundaries of the Confederates may be, no one can prophesy, or into how many distinct Governments the Union may be split up; but never again will the Slave States consent to a reunion with the North, the hatred between the two countries (especially on the side of the South) is too intense, and is transmitted with increased bitterness from parents to children. It is a bitter pill for the Americans to swallow, and hard for them to admit that their Government has proved a failure, and that the extent of dominion which gave them so much power is at an end.

Oaths.

At a recent trial in a court of quarter sessions, a little girl being called as a witness, the prisoner's counsel asked the chairman to ascertain whether she understood the nature of an oath. The chairman—as good-natured a squire as ever patted a little girl on the head—said, "Well, my little girl, do you know what an oath means?" She simpered out, with the true Sunday-school beatitude of voice and manner, a set of indistinct phrases, of which the following reached the hearers' ears: "Please, sir—say my catechism—go to the bad place when I die." "Nothing more required, I think, Mr. ——?" said the chairman to the counsel; and the little lady told her story without further observation.

Such scenes as this are not of very infrequent occurrence in courts of justice, and, like some of the other occurrences which take place there, they lead attentive observers to ask themselves several questions as to the nature of oaths, and the reasonableness of the use which is made of them, which neither the little girl nor the paternal chairman would have found it altogether easy to answer. What is an oath? What is the practical value of an oath? How far does our own practice square with true principles on this subject?

An oath is usually defined as "a calling God to witness;" but this is obviously a rhetorical phrase. Its defects are described by Jeremy Bentham, in language which, though not really profane, produces some of the effects of profanity by its picturesque and passionate vigour. The common theory, he says, "ascribes to man a power over his Maker. It places the Almighty in the station of a sheriff's officer; it places him under the command of every justice of the peace." . . . "The notion which represents the common ceremony of an oath as entailing, and without recovery, guilt, with its inseparable appurtenance—future punishment—on the violators of it; and this independently of, and over and above whatever may be attached to the occasion; leaves to Divine Omnipotence no alternative. Bailiff to and under the human magistrate, the Divine Functionary has given bond for the execution—the constant, and punctual, and sure execution—of whatever writ shall be sent from the court below to the court above; for when the idea is so self-contradictory, language is at a loss how to phrase it." Startling as this language may sound, it is no doubt justified by any theory which ascribes to oaths some specific characteristic distinct from those which attach to all other assertions. A man would find it very hard to answer Bentham's argument, who maintained that there was some feature common to the conduct of the false witness, who attempts to take away the life of an innocent man by falsely accusing him of parricide; and that of every Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who after

swearing to obey the old statutes, omitted on certain occasions to talk Latin; but which was not to be found in the conduct of a Quaker, who made a false affirmation to precisely the same effect as the supposed testimony of the perjured witness. On the other hand, Bentham's objection would not apply to a person who considered an oath merely as a prayer—a prayer to God to afflict and injure the supplicant if he failed to speak the truth, or to keep his word in relation to some given subject-matter. Such a person, however, must agree in Bentham's conclusion that an oath is no more than a very solemn way of giving emphasis to an assertion, and of pledging the credit of the speaker to his sincerity in making it; and this may be implied by the circumstances where the form is absent, as in the case of the Quaker witness, or may be so qualified by circumstances as to be of little practical effect, though the form is unhappily and wrongly present, as in the case of swearing to the college statutes. This view of the subject is in itself the most reverent, and it is also the one which in all probability is held by the great majority of persons who are in the habit of reflecting with any accuracy on the language which they habitually use. The notion that the prayer, and not the falsehood, is the important thing—that the Deity regards not the immorality of the transaction, but the personal affront implied in asking him to testify to what is false—is a notion fitter for a heathen than a Christian, and is probably a remnant of heathen-superstition. All experience shows that, in point of fact, this is so. Savage nations and uneducated classes place the greatest distinctive value on an oath, and lay the greatest stress on the difference between lying and perjury. It is said that in one of our Chinese establishments, if a Chinese witness is wanted really to tell the truth, he has to be taken to a remote temple, supposed to be inhabited by a god who has views as to perjury peculiar to himself, and is particularly severe on those who take a liberty with him on the subject. It is supposed that something dreadful will happen to a man who is so audacious as to go through certain prescribed formulas before his image with a dishonest intent. So tremendous is the anger of this mysterious power supposed to be that there is a general feeling that witnesses ought not to be required to swear by him unless some special necessity for having true evidence exists. To put a man under such a sanction is felt to be taking a mean advantage. This superstition is almost universal, and clings closer to all of us than we are aware, though it is strongest in the most ignorant, ill-instructed, and wicked. There are few stranger or darker corners of human experience than those which relate to this subject. No classes of men dread an oath more than the most abandoned vagrants and criminals. It has been often remarked that unlawful associations such as those which were for many years the curse of Ireland lay particular stress upon oaths. The same is true of gangs of criminals. In his earliest and one of his most powerful novels, Sir E. Lytton introduces, with much justice and great dramatic effect, a scene in which a professional robber swears to secrecy as to other matters a murderer who is

about to betray his associate. "I think," says the ruffian who administers the oath, "the Devil himself would not break that oath." The gipsies have oaths which terrify them, and ignorant and utterly mendacious members of the lowest class of Irish will often shrink from perjuring themselves on a particular relic, or will imagine that they avoid the penalty of their crime by kissing their thumbs, instead of kissing the cross on the Testament.

This, no doubt, is the extreme and consistent view of perjury, as something generically different from other forms of emphatic and deliberate falsehood. The fact that such a view is entertained by the very off-scourings of mankind is sometimes treated by persons who write or think on the subject as proof that there really is such a generic difference. Would these people, it is said, dread perjury so much and falsehood so little if they were substantially the same things? and can anything short of the irresistible power of truth compel those who have broken through all the restraints of human law, and all the checks of conscience, to tremble before a ceremony which in reality adds nothing to their guilt? One answer to this is, that it is impossible to underrate the value of the opinions of men of this kind upon any subject. No doubt upon certain points their feelings are keen, but the inferences which they draw from them are simply worthless. Their clouded minds and guilty consciences combine to possess them with a notion of their Maker, than which nothing more false, scandalous, and horrible can be imagined. They form to themselves a conception of a narrow, limited being, as capricious and moody as themselves, capable of being flattered and bribed on the one hand, and piqued on the other, keenly alive to anything like a breach of etiquette, and comparatively indifferent to a breach of morality. It is from this paltry and heathenish state of feeling that they infer that it is in their own power to apportion their Maker's judgment in particular cases; that by the use of particular ceremonies they can compel the infliction of a particular punishment for a particular falsehood, and so provide some security as between themselves for truth and honour after they have flung to the wind the securities already provided for them by the order of Providence. No sight is more hateful, and very few are more instructive, than that of men steeped in crime and utterly unworthy of the faintest confidence on any subject whatever, struggling to make themselves an artificial character for a particular purpose by the help of essentially blasphemous imprecations. Whether, in point of fact, such oaths really do effect their purpose, is a curious question on which it would be instructive to hear trustworthy evidence; but even if they do, the fact would prove, not that there really is any specific difference between perjury and falsehood, but that the most degraded part of the human race are led to think so by reason of their degradation, and by reason of the base views which it suggests to them on the most important of all subjects.

These views as to the nature of oaths do not show that they ought not to be administered. They show only what is their true nature and

purport. When a reasonable man takes an oath to speak the truth, he expressly promises to do so to all the parties concerned, and by the form in which he makes this promise he records his own conviction that there is a God who imposes on him and all mankind in general—and on him specifically on that particular occasion—the duty of speaking the truth, and liability to punishment according to the circumstances of the case, in case of failure; and he further expressly states his own submission to and acquiescence in this state of things. No doubt it is quite true that all this is so, whether the person swearing says it or not. It is as true of a Quaker, who only affirms, as of members of other denominations who swear; and whether the person swearing says the words or not—whether, by a verbal address to the Almighty, he expresses his submission to, and acquiescence in, this constitution of things or not, his position is precisely the same. It is, however, no less true that the solemn expression of language has deep importance. It has the strongest possible effect upon parts of our nature which are quite as characteristic of human creatures as such, as any others, and which no one can afford to underrate—the imagination, namely, and the memory. It is by no means uncommon to write and speak as if the imagination was little better than a weakness, and was not fit to be trusted or employed in the serious business of life. It is, in fact, one of the most important parts of our nature. No one can do anything at all unless he has in his mind an image of the thing to be done, and unless he applies to his imagination appropriate stimulants on necessary occasions, he will be very apt to forget what it most concerns him to remember. We all know what would happen if a man were systematically to repress all those outward signs of courtesy and goodwill by which he is constantly impressed with the truth that his neighbours have feelings like himself, and that it is his place to conciliate and soothe them. Hence the solemn recalling to a man of the obligation of truth, and of the ultimate sanction of moral obligations in general, is matter of real and high importance, and would still be matter of high importance even if some of the associations and superstitions connected with it were by degrees to die away.

Such being the nature of an oath, what is its importance in practice? Whatever the theory may be, do oaths, in point of fact, impose a great restraint on mankind and furnish any considerable guarantee for the objects which they are generally supposed to secure? Several eminent men have used language on this point which experience appears hardly to justify. Tillotson, for instance, whose name it is impossible to mention without an expression of regret, on reflecting what the pulpit was 180 years ago, and what it is, and might, and ought to be, at the present day—Tillotson observes that "the use, and even necessity, of oaths is so great that human society can very hardly, if at all, subsist long without them. Government would many times be very insecure, and for the faithful discharge of offices of great trust, in which the welfare of the public is nearly concerned, it is not possible to find any security equal to that of

an oath. . . . . And where men's estates or lives are concerned, no evidence but what is assured by an oath will be thought sufficient to decide the matter so as to give full and general satisfaction to mankind.' So in the trial of Williams, for publishing Paine's *Age of Reason*, Lord Erskine, as counsel for the Crown, treated oaths as "the foundation of all our laws and the sanction of all justice." He said:—"What gives our court its jurisdiction? what but the oath which his lordship, as well as yourselves (the jury), have sworn upon the Gospel to fulfil?" From this he argued that the jurisdiction of the court being founded on an oath, and the oath being sworn on the New Testament, attacks on the Bible were "attacks on the very foundations of the court's jurisdiction."

What amount of truth is there in general assertions like these? They are founded upon, and indeed assume, the well-known division of oaths into promissory and assertory oaths—those which bind a man to do something, and those which bind him to speak the truth; and it is remarkable that both Tillotson and Lord Erskine lay great stress on promissory oaths; indeed, they assign to them the most conspicuous place in their statements of the importance of an oath. You can have no other security, says Tillotson, for the performance of the duties of offices of high importance to the public. The jurisdiction of courts of justice is entirely based upon these, says Erskine; that is, in the absence of an oath you have no security for the integrity of judges or juries. No doubt the common practice of mankind favours this opinion. To say nothing of the importance which was attached to oaths in heathen times, and especially by the Romans, there can be no question that in Christian Europe they have played a most conspicuous part in the economy of all nations. So high was the common estimate of the importance of oaths, that people seem to have thought that it was impossible to put too much trust in them. In the earlier and ruder periods of our history oaths were used on every conceivable occasion. Not only was everybody sworn to perform every duty with which he was trusted, but oaths were imposed upon the members of almost all corporations in perpetual succession. Kings considered it a matter of serious importance to obtain oaths of allegiance, and were themselves considered to give great security to their subjects by their coronation oath. As political and religious divisions began to grow rife the unhappy expedient of test oaths suggested itself, and rival parties excluded each other's adherents from power by contrivances identical in principle with the Japanese test of trampling on the cross. Perhaps it would not be altogether improper to say that the principal classes of promissory oaths have been oaths of office and corporation, oaths of allegiance and test oaths. In estimating their practical importance, somewhat different considerations apply to these different classes. Oaths of offices and of corporations have, as a general rule, been almost totally disregarded—corporation oaths in particular. Till very recently the members of the foundations of the colleges at each university used for the most part to swear to observe the statutes, many of which were puerile or perfectly unsuited to

the times in which the oath was taken ; and so plain was this that men famous for their scrupulous regard to veracity invented theories as to the meaning of these oaths and the nature of the obligations imposed by them, which rival any of the Jesuitical sophistries ridiculed by Pascal in the *Provincial Letters*. Dr. Hey was a man famous for excessive honesty, yet he said—"'I will say so many masses for the soul of Henry VI.' may come to mean, 'I will perform the religious duties required of me by those who have authority.' 'I will commonly wear a gown with a standing collar; in my journeys, a priest's cloak, without gards, welts, long buttons or cuts.' This may come to mean, 'I will observe a decency in my dress suitable to my profession.' 'I will preach at Paul's Cross,' may mean, 'I will endeavour to propagate true religion.'" One of the consequences of this way of dealing with language was, that no one ever thought that the meaning supposed to be substituted for the plain sense of the words was really binding on the conscience. Probably Dr. Hey would not have considered that a man who neither said masses for the soul of Henry VI., nor went to the college chapel according to the rules established for the time being, was perjured, yet his words would imply that he was.

Oaths of allegiance have undergone a considerable change in their binding force, according to time and place. Of those who took the solemn league and covenant in the seventeenth century, a considerable proportion faithfully observed it long after it was sworn to ; and there can be no doubt that the fact that it was sworn to, exercised a perceptible influence over the history of the nation for a considerable space of time. There have, however, especially of late years, been innumerable instances to the contrary. The oaths of allegiance which were taken to James II. were no protection to him ; and persons fond of historical curiosities have calculated the number of oaths made by men who lived through the French Revolution till the re-establishment of the Bourbons. A large proportion of the French nation swore allegiance to several different rulers, and to a variety of constitutions ; yet they threw aside each, in its turn, with neither more nor less reluctance than if they had never sworn at all. Particular persons, no doubt, were faithful to their oaths; but, for the most part, they would have been faithful to their respective parties without oaths, and it appears very unlikely that any government which held power in France from 1789 to 1863 has derived any advantage from the imposition of oaths, in the shape of securing the fidelity of those who took them.

Undoubtedly, however, some advantage has been derived from the operation of the practice on those who refused to swear; and this introduces the subject of test oaths. Indeed, oaths of allegiance are test oaths as to those who refuse them; and there is no doubt that such oaths frequently have the effect of excluding from office, or otherwise from public power, persons whom the parties imposing the oath wish to exclude. During the long period in which oaths designed to exclude Roman

Catholics from Parliament were administered, no Roman Catholics ever sat in Parliament, though there was probably not a single Fellow or Scholar at either university who had not sworn to do a variety of things which he never did, and was never supposed by any one ever to intend to do.

The result of this review of promissory oaths is, that in most instances they are practically worthless, and that the only case in which they really effect their purpose is when they operate on those who do not take them. This proves that, as oaths, they have, in practice, no force whatever. Whatever force they have, they derive not from their quality as oaths, but from their character as promises. No one can doubt that a solemn declaration of Protestantism would have kept Roman Catholics out of Parliament as effectually as an oath in the same terms. Nor would the promises contained in the marriage service be more solemn if the parties said "So help me God," and kissed a Testament. By comparing the effect of an oath to keep a college statute, requiring the person swearing to talk Latin at dinner, which people in general regarded as a mere empty form, with the effect of an oath of abjuration, which would be regarded as innocent or criminal according to the political or religious sentiments of the person swearing, we get a crucial test as to the practical importance of an oath as an oath. Where the public at large expect it to be kept, where they look upon the non-observance of it as substantially false and disgraceful, it has great effect. Where they look upon it as a mere form, it has, generally speaking, and except in the case of persons of specially scrupulous consciences, literally no effect at all. This demonstrates the truth, that whatever the importance of oaths ought to be, it is, in fact, dependent almost entirely on the view which is generally taken of the subject-matter of the assertion to which the oath relates. This conclusion is corroborated by the slightness of the check which the fear of perjury, in fact, imposed upon human conduct in rude ages, when the moral power of opinion was small, even in cases in which there could be no question as to its atrocious guilt. In speaking of the moral character of the middle ages, Mr. Hallam observes :—"One crime as more universal and characteristic than others may be particularly noticed. All writers agree in the prevalence of judicial perjury. It seems to have almost invariably escaped human punishment, and the barriers of superstition were in this, as in every other instance, too feeble to prevent the commission of crimes." * He also says elsewhere : "Perjury was the dominant crime of the middle ages, encouraged by the preposterous rules of compurgation, and by the multiplicity of oaths in the ecclesiastical law."

It does not follow from this that it really is a light matter to break or trifle with a promissory oath. No man, who has any sense of morality or religion, would for a moment admit such a notion into his mind. No

* Hallam's *Middle Ages*, ii. 404, iii. 307, 11th edition.

question in morals is more difficult than the question as to the consequences of taking a rash or idle oath, or as to the degree in which its obligation may be altered by subsequent occurrences. It would be out of place to attempt to discuss it on the present occasion, nor is it ever very edifying to do so. Hardly anything has a more immoral tendency than the practice of dwelling needlessly upon the exceptions to general moral rules. The true inference is, that promissory oaths do not, in point of fact, add, in any perceptible degree, to the strength of the institutions which they are supposed to fortify—that they are a mere snare to the conscience, and ought to be abolished, because, as a rule, they are observed only when they are not required. When Lord Erskine spoke, as he did, of the sanction of an oath being the only foundation of the jurisdiction of courts of law, and the only guarantee for the integrity of judges, his sincerity can be vindicated only by the reflection that he laboured under the infirmity, which affects almost every lawyer more or less, that it is necessary to have a technical reason for everything—an infirmity which has led men of eminence to defend the rule which requires two witnesses in cases of high treason, on the ground that the prisoner's oath of allegiance must be supposed to require an extra oath to outweigh it, over and above the oath of a person who testifies to a direct act of guilt. The real guarantee for the pure administration of justice is to be found in the independence of the judges, and in the tone of public feeling prevalent in the nation at the time. The reason why every one of the fifteen judges is altogether above the suspicion of any form of judicial corruption is that, by long habit and education, by professional sympathy, by virtue of his position as an English gentleman, sharing the ordinary feelings of his class, time, and country, he is placed under the strongest possible guarantees for uprightness. No one would trust them less if they were not sworn. No one does trust them less if, by any accident, they are called upon to act in an extra-judicial capacity. For instance, Sir John Pattison, after his retirement, acted as arbitrator between the university and town of Cambridge. He was a mere private person under no oath, but he was trusted as implicitly as when he sat in the Court of Queen's Bench, and with quite as much reason.

We have still a great number of promissory oaths, though some of the most offensive—university oaths, for instance—have been abolished. The oath of allegiance is administered on all occasions to all sorts of people. Can any one suppose that it adds the faintest shadow of stability to the throne of her Majesty, or that those who have not taken it might not be relied upon as implicitly to support her authority or defend her person as those who have? Is a surgeon, for instance, less loyal than a barrister, or a clergyman more loyal than his wife? On the other hand, can any one suppose that if we ever had a sovereign who came into vehement collision with the people at large, the oath of allegiance would produce the least practical effect? It would be either forgotten, evaded, or defied, but would have no more substantial effect than a straw before

the wind. How many of the citizens of the Confederate States have sworn allegiance to the Government of the United States? and how many of them have failed to find some path out of the terms of their oath?

Some of our modern promissory oaths are not merely useless but profane. They take the name of the Almighty in vain, in the sense of attaching it to declarations as trifling as that of the famous Highgate oath, "never to drink water when you can drink wine, unless you prefer the water." Several times a year a number of barristers newly called, and a stray clergyman or two newly presented to livings, are to be seen clustered together in one of the courts at Westminster, "from their hearts abjuring and detesting as impious, schismatical, and heretical the damnable doctrine and position," that the Pope may lawfully give people orders to murder the Queen, a ceremony frequently interrupted by the half-smothered laughter of those who take part in it. The most singular piece of absurdity is connected with this profane ceremony. Part of it was intended to exclude Roman Catholics from the bar; but when this monstrous iniquity was removed, instead of abolishing the test oath altogether, a new form was introduced for the use of Roman Catholics. The Protestant barrister still has to swear certain things about the Pope in order to prevent Roman Catholics being barristers, but the Roman Catholic comes in by an oath of his own, for which it is difficult to find any reason at all. This ingenious plan goes a step beyond the big hole for the cat and the little hole for the kitten. Not only are there two holes, but the door itself is kept wide open.

Oaths to give true evidence are generally supposed to stand on a different footing from promissory oaths, and are accordingly described by the separate name of assertory oaths. The division is merely one of convenience, and does not denote any substantial difference, for an assertory oath is, in fact, a promissory oath—an oath by which he who takes it promises to speak the truth on the occasion in question. There is, however, this accidental difference between the two. In the case of assertory oaths, the promise is always one which is collaterally sanctioned in the highest degree by every consideration of religion, morality, and public opinion. It is also one in which the fulfilment of the promise is always required, and required whilst the impression of having taken the oath is still fresh on the memory of the person swearing. This is not the case with promissory oaths, which may never have to be fulfilled at all, or only at a period very remote from the taking of the oath, as in the case of the oath taken by a Volunteer on his enrolment. No doubt these circumstances save assertory oaths from the imputation to which most promissory oaths are exposed—the imputation of producing a needless trifling with sacred names; but they do not prove their necessity. It may be asked, whether a solemn affirmation would not do as well. The answer to this is, that it would not do as well now, because the practice of taking oaths does in fact prevail, because the associations connected with the practice do, in fact, deeply influence men's minds, and because a change in the

form would be taken by the public at large to imply the recognition of a lower view of the importance of speaking the truth. Combining these reasons with the observations already made as to the rational interpretation of an oath, it seems to be clear that, for purposes of judicial evidence, oaths ought to be retained. It is, however, interesting and practically important to inquire what amount of credit is due to sworn testimony—what, so to speak, is the dead weight of an oath. This is the more important, because the administration of justice in this country is entirely in the hands of jurymen, who decide conclusively in matters involving life, liberty, character, and property solely by reference to the impression which evidence given on oath makes on their minds.

Those who have seen much of the administration of justice will probably concur in the impression that juries attach an exaggerated value to sworn testimony. They are far too apt to draw from the fact that a person swears he saw, or did, or heard something, the inference that he really did see, do, or hear it, and one main reason of this is, that they suppose an oath to be a far greater guarantee of truth than it really is. The true guarantee lies not in the witness's oath, nor in his dread of punishment, but in the resources which are, in most cases, at the disposal of persons practised in that art, for the object of distinguishing truth from falsehood. A few words on the history of this subject, and on the nature of the tests by which truth and falsehood may be distinguished, and on the cases in which they fail, will throw light upon this. In early times it would appear that hardly any attempt was made to distinguish between true and false statements. One person swore one thing, and one another, and that was enough. So true is this, that the rules of evidence known to the Anglo-Saxons, some of which maintained a sort of dead-alive existence down to our own time, as well as those known to the modern Roman law which prevailed on the continent of Europe, resolved themselves, for the most part, into technical ways of weighing evidence. So many oaths, *plus* such and such circumstances, were *plena probatio*, or full proof; such and such circumstances without the oaths, or such and such oaths without the circumstances, were *semi-plena probatio*, or half full proof; and even in our own day, this system exercises considerable influence over the jurisprudence of nations which ought to know better.* In our own country the Roman law of evidence never prevailed, except to a slight extent in the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Courts; but the laws of the Anglo-Saxons, though not so elaborate, had a naïve absurdity of their own which proceeded on similar principles. In many cases, both civil and criminal, the process of trying a man consisted simply in producing a number of witnesses to swear on the one hand that they believed him guilty, and on the other that they believed him innocent. This system of compurgation, when the evidence on opposite sides was numerically

* See Feuerbach's *Remarkable Trials, passim.* An interesting review of this curious book is contained in Mr. Senior's *Biographical Sketches*, p. 227.

weighed, was abolished by the Normans as far as criminal trials were concerned, though it still retained a sort of existence in a process called "waging his law," by which a defendant, in certain civil actions, could escape from his liability, simply by producing a number of compurgators to deny it upon oath. This absurdity is now happily abolished, and jurymen, in all cases whatever, are judges in the proper sense of the word, that is, they hear the evidence, and say what it proves. It is strange, and in one sense painful, to see what submissive confidence they usually place in the discharge of this function on a direct oath. Let a man, of whom they know nothing whatever, get into the witness-box and swear, "I saw this or that," and if he is not contradicted, though there may be no possibility of contradicting him, or shaken by cross-examination, though there may be no means of shaking him, the jury will almost always believe what he says, however tremendous the consequences may be to others.

The observations already made tend to show that this confidence proceeds upon a mistake. There is in reality little or no reason for trusting a man's oath where you would not trust his word, for the case of promissory oaths shows that where the oath is the only consideration by which a person is induced to speak the truth, and where the other sanctions which lead men to abstain from falsehood do not apply, the oath in itself has in fact little force. Jurymen, therefore, are greatly in the wrong who will decide important questions either in civil or criminal cases upon a witness's oath when, if he had not been upon oath, they would not have trusted him. If any further evidence is required to show how little force ought to be attached to a bare oath, it is supplied by the experience of civil courts since it became usual to call the parties as witnesses in their own cases. In almost every case they are called, and they almost invariably contradict each other. It would be harsh to say that in all, or even in most cases, this arises from wilful and corrupt perjury. It is as often as not the result of bias and onesidedness, and of that wonderful power which men undoubtedly have of remembering without conscious falsehood those parts of a transaction or conversation which are favourable to their own view and unfavourable to their antagonists. On such occasions juries are always told that they must look at the whole transaction, consider which side on the whole tells the most probable story, and is most confirmed by circumstances, and find their verdict accordingly. This, no doubt, is very proper. The misfortune is that they should ever suppose that they have any other duty, that their hands are ever, so to say, tied by a direct oath, so that in the absence of some specific reason for believing it to be false they are bound to make it the basis of their verdict. There is little doubt that, in point of fact, they are under the influence of such a notion, and there is great reason to fear that gross injustice often results from it.

How, then, ought juries to act? If they are not to rely upon direct oaths as to what a man personally heard or saw, on what can they rely?

The answer is that the degree in which they can and ought to rely upon a statement depends not on its being made on oath, but on its belonging or not to one or the other of several classes into which assertions may be divided. To give a complete enumeration of these classes would require a large treatise. In his six octavo volumes on the subject of judicial evidence Bentham treated the matter imperfectly, and in a fragmentary way, though with wonderful power, originality, and occasional humour. All that can be done here is to give a few hints on the subject as illustrations of its general nature. The great safeguards of truth are honesty and the fear of detection. Of the honesty of a witness a jury can in general know nothing at all, though his manner and position in life may give them some clue to it. As a rule, however, he is a stranger to them and they to him, and they have to rely much more on his fear of being found out if he lies than on his disinclination to lie. Hence the questions for the consideration of every man likely to sit on a jury are, In what cases are people likely to be found out when they lie, and to what extent may we trust them when they are not likely to be found out? The principal way of finding out liars in courts of justice is by cross-examination, the force of which depends upon the fact that by bringing other circumstances than those which he has mentioned to the memory of a witness, and by comparing together different parts of his conduct or narrative, and requiring him to explain inconsistencies between them, it is often possible to expose falsehood, or mental confusion, or imperfections of memory. It does, in fact, answer one or the other of the two last-mentioned purposes much oftener than the exposure of direct falsehood. An honest man who says in the warmth of his heart and imagination more than he can stand to, can generally be reduced to his due dimensions by judicious cross-examination, but the falsehood of a wilful liar who tells a lie and sticks to it can rarely be exposed. The utmost that can be done is to tie him down to so many details and collateral circumstances that if he is lying he can be contradicted by other testimony. This is frequently possible, especially if the fact deposed to was witnessed in whole or in part by other persons, but cases continually occur where no cross-examination whatever can shake a false witness—where, on the contrary, it can only confirm him. This happens when the fact deposed to was in its nature transient, and could have left no traces of its occurrence except on the memory of the witness who says he saw it. Suppose, for instance, the question was, whether a man knew that a bad sovereign passed by him was really bad, and suppose that a person was called who said, "I travelled with the prisoner in the train from Birmingham to London at such a time; he showed me a sovereign which he took from his waistcoat pocket, and said he had been cheated; that he took it in change, and it was a bad one. No one else was in the carriage at the time." If the man really had travelled in the same carriage alone, any amount of cross-examination as to details will only confirm this evidence. Yet it might be totally false. Hence the great leading dis-

tinction in the trustworthiness of evidence tested by cross-examination, is whether or not it is capable of being contradicted either by persons or things. If not, cross-examination is no test at all; for, except in novels, people are never, or hardly ever, made to contradict themselves, or to vary materially in a story which they have once told; though, if they are honest though mistaken, the fact that they are or may be mistaken may generally be brought to light. It is for this reason that the bare assertion that a particular person heard or saw this or that on occasions where no one can contradict him ought to be received with great caution. There is, however, another subordinate distinction of hardly less importance as to the subject-matter of such assertions. In mathematical language it may be said that their credibility varies inversely as their apparent importance to the point at issue. This is the true meaning of many of the current commonplaces in what is usually called circumstantial evidence.* It is often said that the kind of evidence thus described is stronger than what is contrasted with it as direct evidence because it is more difficult to forge it. No one, it is said, could put together a set of circumstances suggesting collectively the guilt of an innocent person without exposing himself to contradiction, though it is comparatively safe to swear falsely to the actual commission of a crime. A man is generally, at least, as open to contradiction in the one case as in the other, and though it would, no doubt, be hard to forge a great many circumstances which would make an innocent man look guilty, yet, when a number of circumstances are already given which, by the addition of one more circumstance, may be made to suggest the guilt of an innocent man, there is no more difficulty in forging that one circumstance than in testifying to the execution of the act itself. To stab a man with a knife is a simpler operation than to get powder, shot, and wadding, to charge and level a gun, and to shoot him; but if he passes of his own accord before a loaded gun, it is easier to pull the trigger than to stab him with a knife. A, B, and C are alone in a railway carriage together; C goes to sleep. Is it easier for A to say falsely, on reaching the station, "I saw B pick C's pocket and throw his purse out of the window on my observing him;" or to steal the purse himself and privately conceal it in B's pocket? There would be no greater difficulty in the one than in the other form of false testimony; yet by those who divide evidence into direct and circumstantial evidence, the one would be described as direct, and the other as circumstantial evidence. Hence the difficulty of concocting evidence does not depend on its being direct or circumstantial.

On the other hand, the credibility of a given article of evidence is affected by the degree of its apparent connection with the matter in debate at the time when it is given. If one man sees another stick a knife into somebody else, he knows at once that he has witnessed an important

* On this expression see an article on the "Trial of Jessie M'Lachlan," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for November last, pp. 699-700.

transaction, and if his assertion is the only reason for believing that the transaction occurred as he describes it, and if the jury know nothing of any importance about the witness except the fact that he has made that assertion, it is always possible to suggest numerous reasons which may have induced him to lie. He may have some secret ground of hostility to the man; he may have committed the crime himself, or have been bribed by the person who did commit it; and if the prisoner is not in a position to prove these secret motives, he has no way of showing their existence except by asking the witness the question, which would of course produce an indignant denial.

On the other hand, if the evidence given is not immediately and apparently connected with the subject of inquiry, a witness has fewer motives for forging it, and if at the time and subsequently he was ignorant of the other parts of the affair, nearly every possible motive for falsehood is taken away. Suppose, for instance, it happened to become important to show that a man was at a given place on a given day, a witness who said he saw him there on the day in question, though he was ignorant of all the other circumstances in the case, and did not appreciate the importance of his own evidence, would be entitled to far greater confidence than if he swore to some striking dramatic incident of obviously vital importance.

Experience shows that it is a most difficult thing to bring the jurymen, or, indeed, any men whatever, to doubt an explicit confident assertion. They appear to feel a sort of satisfaction in bowing to it. It saves trouble, and is supposed to save responsibility. In fact, however, whatever we hear, and in whatever capacity we listen, we have to argue as well as to listen. The inference from the assertion to the truth of the assertion is not the less important or the less difficult because its form is simple, and it is of the highest importance that men should be aware of this, and should not suppose that there is any virtue in the most solemn ceremonies which will absolve them from the responsibility of using their minds as well as their ears in deciding on the truth and falsehood of statements made to them. It is hard to say whether it is more difficult to teach people to doubt or to believe in a really judicious manner.

The Cilician Pirates.

(*Temp. Pompeii Magni.*)

The Autumn night was warm and still, the deep Cilician bay
Lay placid, like an inland lake, but on their silent way,
With slow and gently heaving curves, the landward waves passed by;
While, through the gloom, the wall of mist crept forward momently.
'Twas just before the midnight, when a waving point of flame,
With a swift and steady motion from the distance onward came,—
Now like a star,
Now like a signal fire,
Now like a lurid burning pyre,
Now through the mist like a globe of golden light;
On either side dividing far the dark and sullen night,
With torches lit, and scented lamps, a trireme hove in sight—
Of Tyrian purple were the sails, and wrought with thread of gold,
In serpent curves the rich design flowed on from fold to fold;
With silver, and with ivory, the oars were all inlaid,
And struck the sounding sea in time to music softly played.
In serried ranks, in chains of steel, the scowling rowers sate,
All captive men of divers lands, but all akin in hate;
For on the deck for banqueting the triple couches rare
Were spread with crimson cushions, and the rich and costly fare
Was piled on citron tables; fish and fowl from many lands
In salvers rough with beryl, wrought by cunning Grecian hands;
And in goblets graved by Mentor with the legend of the vine,
By the torchlight shining red as blood the mighty Formian wine—
The booty from a Roman lord, that bore it o'er the sea
For a solace in his banishment in barren Galilee.
On yielding silk reclining lay the pirates at the feast—
Iberians, Greeks, and Asians, fiery West and languid East;
With wreaths of Persian roses crowned, and ivy the divine,
Their broidered festal garments damp with perfume, stained with wine.
Seemed the wild and haggard faces, 'neath the roses pure and white,
Like the faces in a dream that haunts a madman in the night.
Laughing girls from sunny Corinth, raven tresses, limbs of snow,
Mixed the wine, and filled the goblets, gliding softly to and fro.
In the highest place Serapio, though pirate, Roman still,
Lay unmindful of the wrangling, and the laughter loud and shrill,
With his scornful face averted; for an old and storied name,
Like the Centaur's robe, clung round him, in his exile and his shame.

The Cilician Pirates

At his feet the fair Lycoris: on her shoulders white and bare,
Like the shower of gold on Danaë, fell down the golden hair:
But dark the long eyelashes, and the wild bright eyes beneath,
That gleamed with eager pleasure as she hid her shining teeth
In a luscious purple blooming fruit; Serapio the while,
Through his half-closed eyelids, watched her with a strange and bitter smile.
As waving shadows, luminous from cressets flaring high,
Pass through a darkened chamber, when the midnight watch goes by,
So through the solemn stillness of the deep Autumnal night,
Like a vision passed the galley, with its music and its light.
Now through the mist like a globe of golden light,
Now like a lurid burning pyre,
Now like a signal fire,
Now like a star,
While slowly in the distance that sweet music died away,
And closing o'er the angry wake at rest the waters lay.

The first bright beams of morning struck with rosy-tinted flame
The sails of Pompey's quinquiremes that from the seaward came.

Terrible is Rome's vengeance: ere the setting of the sun,
Along the hills of drifted sand that line the curving shore,
Stood three score oaken crosses, black with pitch, and every one,
In cruel arms uplifted high, a writhing burden bore.

Again the early morning o'er the fair Cilician land,
And black and clear against the sky the three score crosses stand.
With a hollow sound and sorrowful the weary waves come home,
And each against the rising sun uplifts its crest of foam—
Now makes a veil translucent, now an arching crystal dome.
Is Aphroditë born again from Ocean as of old?
Alas, this Aphroditë lies so still and pale and cold;
The shallow wash of broken waves creeps rippling round her head,
With life-like motion stirs her hands, and waves the hair outspread;
The parted lips still strangely keep a tinge of coral red,
But ah! the widely-opened eyes are lustreless and dead.
The sea has laid Lycoris at her master's feet again,
For on the highest cross he hangs apart from all, and now
A crown of roses sere and dead clings loosely round his brow,
In a ghastly coronation and supremacy of pain.

W. FRANK SMITH.

Poland and her Friends.

There is no lack of sympathy for Poland in France, England, Sweden, Italy, Switzerland, and among honourable men of all classes throughout the West of Europe. We admire the Poles for their heroism and their devotion to their country; we pity them for their unexampled sufferings; and we really wish the Russians would not beat them, shoot them, proscribe them, exile them, and maltreat them as they do. Whether, if the Poles remained quiet under their afflictions, we should take much interest in them, is a very different question; and I think it may be safely answered in the negative. The first partition of Poland in 1772 did not even call forth a passing remark in the British House of Commons. It was alluded to in one of the King's speeches of that year as a territorial change without importance, and not likely to disturb the peace of Europe. We had an ambassador at Warsaw at the time, and knew perfectly well what was going on from the beginning. Indeed, Stanislaus Augustus at the last moment addressed an autograph letter to George III., begging him to interfere, to which this pious monarch replied that the misfortunes of Poland had reached such a pass that Heaven alone could extricate her from them; hinting, in fact, that the King would do well to offer up a short prayer for divine protection, but that he must not expect assistance of any kind from England. Louis XV. received a similar appeal, and seems not even to have replied to it. But France had already endeavoured to save the Poles by sending them officers to drill their undisciplined and turbulent troops; and the most distinguished of those officers, Dumouriez, with all his liking for the Poles, came to about the same conclusion respecting them that their bitterest enemy, Frederick the Great, had arrived at. He found them an unmanageable race, always ready to command, but never willing to obey; already demoralized by foreign rule, but nevertheless full of ardour for their country, which every one wished to save, on condition that he should save it in his own particular fashion, and have the entire credit of the transaction.

The essential virtue of patriotism remains to the Poles in all its brightness, and their factiousness has disappeared beneath the crushing effect of an oppression which has weighed equally on all the educated classes; but it should be understood that Poland in 1772 was in such a state of corruption that it was threatened with dissolution from within if amputation had not been practised upon it from without. A Moscow journalist, M. Aksakoff, expressed a sort of half-regret, in an article published by him about a year ago on the subject of Poland, that Russia had ever consented to the partition; for, as he justly remarks, that operation

brought the country to life again, whereas it would otherwise, according to all probabilities, have died in the arms of Russia, which had appointed the two last kings of Poland without any reference to the wishes of the Poles, and which for eight years before the first partition held the whole country in subjection. The first partition was forced upon the Poles in the most cruel and tyrannical manner, but it was accepted by them much as the annexation of Nice and Savoy was accepted by Nizzards and Savoyards. The Diet, deliberating with Russian cannon pointed at the doors, and with Russian and Prussian officers in the assembly, voted the first partition by a majority of one. Many of the members protested until the last moment, refused to leave the assembly, called to the crowd outside to bear witness that the decision arrived at was utterly invalid, that the proceedings were outrageously illegal from beginning to end. But all in vain. By bribery and menaces the three Powers had extorted the resolution they desired from the Diet, and it now only remained for them to obtain the adhesion of the King. They simply assured him that if he withheld his signature Warsaw would be bombarded, pillaged, and every inhabitant put to the sword ; and as he had reason to know that the allied troops would shrink from no act of cowardice and cruelty, he at last in despair affixed his name to the Act of Partition. A protest was at the same time drawn up by the chief law officer of the Crown, and duly registered in the archives of the kingdom ; and upon this protest the Poles have acted ever since. But they accepted the partition as a matter of form. They made no attempt at armed resistance, and it was not altogether unreasonable that England and France should not think it worth while to fight for Polish independence if the Poles themselves did not as a nation take up arms in their own cause. The Poles showed no want of courage in not endeavouring with an army of about 20,000 men to resist an invading force of 250,000, who had entered the country, moreover, without any declaration of war. But they have fought against quite as great odds since then, and whenever they have risen with arms in their hands, have excited the admiration of all civilized Europe ; whereas, as long as they have suffered without complaining, they have been regarded with a pity which, if it is akin to love, is also related more or less distantly to contempt. No one cared anything for the Poles until Kosciuszko, at the head of a little band of heroes, rose against the combined forces of three great military despotisms. The world then began to understand that Poland must be worth saving, since her children could make such superhuman efforts to save her; and when English politicians began to inquire what Kosciuszko's gigantic struggle really signified, they found that he had been fighting not merely for his country's legitimate frontiers, but for every principle that England, Poland, and Hungary—the only three countries in which constitutional liberty is a plant of natural growth—have always held sacred. Poland, during the interval of nineteen years that elapsed between the first and second partitions, had reformed all the abuses which had crept into her ancient

constitution, and of which the surrounding Powers had cunningly taken advantage to bring about the total ruin of the country. There were no longer any factions among the nobility, who had been brought to their senses and entirely sobered by the cruel blow of 1772; while through the abolition of serfdom, and a wide extension of the suffrage, the surest means had been taken for bridging over the chasm which had hitherto separated the lower from the upper classes of society. In 1772 the Allied Powers had simply coveted a certain amount of Polish territory. But after the proclamation of the Polish constitution of the 3rd of May, 1791, they took up arms to destroy liberty in Poland. They saw that there was a principle in the national life of that country which was quite incompatible with their existence as despotic Powers in its immediate neighbourhood.

The first partition was, in a great measure, brought about by the faults of the Poles themselves; but the country was finally destroyed, just as England herself would be destroyed, if we can fancy England, with her traditional form of government, placed between three great military despotisms and entirely cut off from the sea. When the despotic principle, which is gradually leading Russia, Austria, and Prussia, if not to their destruction, at least to a state of glorious confusion—when this principle has fairly done its work, then the Polish principle will triumph, and Poland will live again. One may foresee this general result, but it is a mere waste of ingenuity to show how Poland may rise by means of Austria, or even France. We must judge France by her deeds in the past. We know that she has always thrown over the Poles when it has suited her to do so; that in 1807 she gave up the district of Bialystock, in Lithuania, to the Russians; that she consented to suppress the name of Poland to please Russia; that at a later period she drove Polish exiles from Paris to gain the favour of Nicholas; and that only the other day, two Polish noblemen were arrested in Paris at the request of the Emperor Alexander's police. No deceptions will ever open the eyes of the Poles to the well-established fact that the French, though always ready to fight for them, are always still more ready to betray them; but that is no reason for not keeping it in view in England.

As for the sympathy of Austria, to which Power many of the unhappy Poles, in the torments of their despair, are now turning, we must remember that the three Powers who partitioned Poland in 1772 have in reality been united against her ever since, though it has been found convenient from time to time for one of them to play the part of Poland's friend, so as to lead her more certainly to her destruction. This honourable character was first assumed, in 1792, by Frederick William, worthy successor of Albert, who acquired the dukedom of Prussia by an act of apostasy; of Frederick William, who freed himself from the homage he owed to Poland by obligingly changing from the Swedish to the Polish side in the thick of the battle of Warsaw;* and of Frederick the Great, who guaranteed the Poles the integrity of their territory when he had

* 1656.

already made secret arrangements for partitioning it. In 1792, Poland received every encouragement from the King of Prussia to proceed with the reforms on which she had long been engaged, and was assured of Prussia's support if she would only improve her constitution and strengthen her army. When the celebrated constitution of the 3rd of May was promulgated, Frederick William wrote to congratulate the King of Poland on the excellence of the measure, and renewed his promises of aid. A year afterwards he was in league with Catherine; and Poland was invaded by Prussia and Russia on the ground that she had dared to adopt a form of government stigmatized in one manifesto as Jacobinical and revolutionary, and in another as tending to introduce despotism!

When Napoleon undertook to raise up Poland—a work which he commenced, characteristically enough, by forging Kosciuszko's name to a proclamation—it was the Emperor of Russia's turn to appear as the friend of the Poles. Alexander I. really wished to do more for the Poles than Napoleon had done, partly because he was "a moral man," and partly because he did not wish his Polish subjects to slip from under his dominion and swell the population of the Duchy of Warsaw. The Duchy of Warsaw had great attractions for many of the Lithuanian nobility. Prince Radziwill was so eager to serve under the national colours, that he equipped a regiment of lancers on one of his estates, and went off to join the army of the duchy, leaving a hundred and fifty villages to be confiscated by the Russian Government. Alexander saw the necessity of stopping this sort of thing, and, in accordance with the wise advice of Czartoryski and Oginski, resolved to grant such privileges to the Lithuanians that the Poles of the Duchy of Warsaw should in their turn be attracted to Lithuania. He promised Prince Poniatowski, during the Russian retreat, that if he would remain neutral with all the Polish troops until the end of the war, he would restore Poland. It was almost ungenerous to put such a terrible temptation in the way of the Polish chief, and it was not until after a night's consideration, during which he was more than once on the point of committing suicide, that, for the sake of Napoleon and of his own personal honour, he resolved to reject the offer.

It was better for him that he should die as he did, fighting gloriously until the last moment, than that he should have accepted Alexander's proposition, and after all have been deceived. Had he abandoned Napoleon in his misfortune, like an Austrian or a Prussian, and found that still nothing was to be done for Poland, he would have wished himself sunk deeper than the bottom of the Elster; and his body would certainly not have been reposing now in the cathedral of Cracow, side by side with those of Sobieski and Kosciuszko; nor would Thorwaldsen have presented to the Polish nation a statue of the patriot who refused to commit an act of perfidy for the sake of his country; nor would the Emperor Nicholas have so hated the sight of this statue as to *exile* it from Warsaw, as though it had been alive and possessed of human feeling. Doubtless he recognized in Thorwaldsen's equestrian figure the type of

the Pole he was in the habit of sending to Siberia. Perhaps, too, he saw in it the figure of his own particular "Commendatore," and did not like to be reminded that, sooner or later, it would pay him the inevitable visit.

Whether Alexander deceived the Poles willingly or not, it would be hard to say. It is worth while, however, to remember that Kosciuszko acquitted him of any such intention; and he thought that but for the opposition of his cabinet he would have fulfilled all his engagements, as far as the stipulations of the Western Powers allowed him to do so. The Emperor's first promise was to restore Poland, declare himself King, and govern the country with a Polish administration, under a constitution resembling that of England. This would not only have satisfied but have delighted the Poles; and Kosciuszko, who had never listened for a moment to any of the propositions of Napoleon, wrote an enthusiastic letter to Alexander, acknowledging him as his sovereign, placing himself at his service, and offering to proceed at once to Poland, that he might help to carry out his views.

On the whole, the friendliness of Alexander for Poland, and the hopes he excited among the Poles, had the effect of checking the national rising in the Polish provinces of Russia, when Napoleon passed through with his army on his road to Moscow; and of making the Poles place full confidence in him in 1815, when, in assuming the crown of Poland, he gave them to understand that it was his intention to unite all the Polish provinces seized by Russia at the various partitions to the newly made constitutional kingdom. The deception undergone by the Poles on this point was the main cause of the insurrection of 1830; and since that period Russia has been generally known as Poland's bitterest enemy.

Hitherto, we have only seen Poland afflicted by two friends. We have seen Prussia, in 1791, pretend to assist her, from jealousy of Russia, and then, having completely thrown her off her guard, unite with Russia to attack her. We have seen Russia, as long as Napoleon's influence lasted, and as long as there was a chance of the West of Europe insisting on the independence of Poland, pay court to the Poles; and then, having gained possession of the greater portion of the Duchy of Warsaw, turn round upon them and persecute them.

At last, it was Austria's turn to profess friendship for the Poles; and, during the insurrection of 1830–31, when Russia, aided by Prussia, her traditional "jackal," was waging a desperate war against them, Austria not only allowed arms, ammunition, and medical stores to be conveyed across the Galician frontier into the kingdom; not only did not prevent the inhabitants of Galicia from joining the Polish army; but actually favoured many of the Galician landowners, who returned home after the capture of Warsaw and the re-establishment of "order," by remitting the arrears with which their highly-taxed estates were burdened. Austria simply wished to set the Poles, as much as possible, against Russia, just as Russia had sought to separate them from Napoleon in 1811, just as

Frederick William had endeavoured to detach them from a possible alliance with Catherine in 1791.

Fifteen years more and the part of Poland's friend was resumed by Russia. In the year 1846, the Austrian Government, threatened with an insurrection in Galicia, resolved to paralyze the movement, by turning loose the "dangerous classes," intoxicating and arming the serfs—whom the Galician proprietors had repeatedly, but in vain, sought permission to relieve of their task-work—and offering about a pound sterling a head for every insurgent landowner delivered over dead to the police. For a live insurgent, the price was fixed at ten shillings (five florins); and the rewards were, for the most part, paid out of a fund raised by the Galician nobility for the relief of the peasantry of the province, who had suffered greatly the year before from an inundation. The Government, ever watchful to prevent the establishment of anything like friendly relations between peasants and proprietors, had seized the fund under pretence of administering it judiciously. At the same time, the Austrians thought fit to bombard the "free city" of Cracow, where there had been no disturbances, and where, as the city and district were under Polish government, it was impossible to raise the peasants—the most loyal and affectionate in all Poland—against their masters. The Austrian general, after the bombardment, had given the city up to pillage, and the troops were about to enter, when, to the joy of the inhabitants, a couple of regiments of Russian cavalry made their appearance, and rendered the Austrian project impossible to execute. The Russian lancers were welcomed by all the Cracovians as deliverers. They were received with enthusiastic cheers, to which the officers replied by ordering the military bands to play the Polish national airs.

During the occupation of Cracow by the troops of the three Powers, previous to its annexation to Austria, a Russian officer died. His funeral was made the occasion of a grand "demonstration" on the part of the Poles, thousands followed the procession to the grave, and the velvet of the coffin was torn into innumerable pieces to be distributed among the crowd as mementos. When, at last, Cracow was handed over to the Austrians, and the Russian regiments left the last resting-place of Polish nationality to be converted, as far as the change was possible, into a corner of Germany, the inhabitants of the "city of the Jagellons" accompanied them for seven or eight miles towards the frontier; partly, no doubt, to testify their hatred for the Austrians, but partly, also—and chiefly—to show what a welcome they would give the Russians if they would only return, save them from the Austrian yoke, and annex them to their fellow-countrymen in the kingdom. The British consul at Warsaw wrote a despatch on the subject to his Government, stating that thousands of Poles of all classes had followed the Russians, and that repeated cheers had been given for Russia, to which the military bands replied as usual by playing Krakoviaks and other national airs.

In fine, if the Emperor Nicholas, instead of being simply a stolid,

obstinate martinet, had been the ambitious, designing prince which he is sometimes represented to have been, he had only to allow Cracow to annex itself to his dominions. It would have been almost an act of charity to the inhabitants to have placed them in union with the Poles of the kingdom. As it was, the sole effect of the good-will manifested between the Russian troops and the Cracovians was to excite the suspicion and rage of the Austrians against the latter. They adopted in cold blood, and have ever since maintained, such an attitude of menace and defiance, as would scarcely have been justifiable had Cracow been some rebellious Austrian district, only reduced to legitimate obedience after a desperate resistance, instead of an independent republic, constituted under the sanction and guarantee of all the great European Powers—and invaded and seized by Austria without the slightest pretext in time of peace. The ancient palace of the Polish kings was converted into an Austrian barrack; the painted walls and ceilings were whitewashed; the graceful and characteristic architecture of the windows destroyed, the sculpture everywhere demolished. One of the most ancient and interesting chapels in Cracow was turned into a tobacco warehouse; and—worst insult of all—the funeral mound erected in memory of Kosciuszko, and beneath which his heart lies buried, was made the site of a fort. From the tumulus of Kosciuszko, the Austrians can now, whenever they please, lay Cracow in ashes.

When the great revolutionary bubble of 1848 was being blown, the Poles, though the democratic and socialistic republic has never had the slightest attraction for them, thought, nevertheless, that since every nation was now asserting its right to govern itself, the injustice of leaving them to be ruled by three foreign despots might perhaps be recognized. The enthusiastic, liberty-loving republicans of Germany admitted with one voice that the partition of Poland was a crime for which reparation must be made; but while hesitating how they could contrive to make it at the expense of Russia, they, in the meantime, cut off a good slice of Posen, and declared it German territory; that is to say, the revolutionists of 1848 showed, in Prussian Poland, a greater contempt for national rights than had been manifested by the much-abused plenipotentiaries of the European sovereigns at the Congress of Vienna. Lord Castlereagh, one of the modern Radical's favourite objects of aversion, would have scorned to give his countenance to such an act of injustice as was perpetrated by the German Unitarians in the name of liberty. The English Minister did not, of course, talk at Vienna in high-sounding but really unmeaning phrase about "the right of every nation to dispose of its fate," but he told the Emperor Alexander, in plain language, that England desired the independence of Poland, and that if he, the Emperor, had the interest and welfare of the Poles as much at heart as he pretended to have, he had better consent to the only measure which could secure their happiness and the peace of Central Europe. He did not speak of the rights of man, but when he found that the Russians, who already held the whole of Poland, were determined to keep as much as possible of it, he signed, with Talley-

rand and Metternich, a treaty binding England, France, and Austria to furnish an army of 150,000 men each, so as to be able to bring the benevolent Alexander to terms by force, if all other means failed. It is easy enough to sneer at the policy of the British plenipotentiary at Vienna, but how would the British tax-payer have liked all Europe, after a quarter of a century's bloodshed, to have been again plunged into a general war for the sake of Poland? As it was, the war was avoided, and if the treaties signed first by Prussia, Russia, and Austria, and afterwards by all the great European Powers, had been respected, the "nationality" of Poland (in the proper sense of the word) would have been saved, in spite of the loss of its political independence. An ingenious arrangement was made for dividing the body without destroying the soul of Poland. England and France would consent to see the country mutilated, but not murdered outright. Thus Cracow was to be a thoroughly Polish republic, and it was expressly stipulated that its ancient university, founded in the fourteenth century, should be maintained as a national place of study for Poles from all parts of the dismembered kingdom. The very first article of the general treaty sets forth that all the Polish subjects of Austria, Russia, and Prussia shall be governed as Poles; that they shall enjoy "national and representative institutions." And Lord Castlereagh had already explained, in a circular letter to the plenipotentiaries assembled at the congress, that however the country might be divided politically, it was absolutely essential that no attempt should be made to denationalize the inhabitants. "Vain endeavours have been made," wrote the English Tory for the benefit of the despotic Powers whose friendship he was supposed at one time to have strictly cultivated—"vain endeavours have been made, by introducing institutions foreign to their habits and opinions, to cause them to forget their existence as a people, and even their national language. These attempts, pursued with too much perseverance, have been renewed often enough, and have been found unavailing. They have only served to produce discontent, and a painful feeling that the country was being degraded; and they will never have any other effect than to excite insurrections and to direct the thoughts of the nation to its past misfortunes."

To return now to those German liberals of 1848 who hated the name of Lord Castlereagh with the hatred which dwells in the celestial souls of Continental democrats. These men who "wished to be free, and could not be just," * behaved then as badly to the Poles as the despotic Government of Austria had done two years before in annexing Cracow. When Austria assists the Poles it is to make them fight the Russians; when Russia befriends them, it is to keep them on bad terms with Austria. When Prussia, however, proffers her aid, it is that she may throw them off their guard and rob them herself. This, at least, was the conduct of the Prussian Crown in 1791, when Frederick William made an alliance with Poland, to fall upon her immediately afterwards, and help Russia to destroy her political existence, and of the Prussian people when, in 1848,

* "Vous voulez être libres, et vous ne savez pas être justes."—*The* ABBÉ SIEYES.

the National German Assembly, with the approbation of twelve German deputies from Posen, divided the Grand Duchy into two, declared one part annexed to the territory of the Germanic Confederation, and generously left the other to be incorporated with the independent Poland of the future.

In short, the whole history of the friendship shown to Poland by her foes is—what any one might expect it to be—a history of duplicity and treachery. An important result, however, was produced by the demonstrations of sympathy made on one occasion by the most implacable of all her enemies. The events of 1846 not only gave the Russians an opportunity of befriending the Poles—for to save Cracow from pillage was, after all, a real service—it led to the existence of a Russian party in Austrian Poland; and for some years afterwards—and, indeed, until the Warsaw massacre of 1861 caused a complete revulsion of feeling—nothing would satisfy the Galicians but to throw themselves into the arms of Russia. It was in 1846 that the Marquis Wielopolski, the present *adlatus* of the Grand Duke Constantine, wrote his celebrated *Letter from a Polish Gentleman to Prince Metternich*, in which, after summing up the acts of atrocity committed by the Austrian Government in Galicia, he called upon his countrymen to abandon all thoughts of ever receiving assistance from the West of Europe, and to think only of escaping from the tyranny of the Germans and forming one united nation under the Russian sceptre. "Surrounded as we are by the spies of the police," wrote the marquis, "by peasants urged to revolt who thirst for our blood and property, by the murderers of our fathers and brethren, hesitation is death to us. We are now compelled to enter our only road of salvation; we must sincerely offer the Russians the hand of friendship, and the first advance must come from us, in order that these Slavonian brethren of ours may see that our intentions are sincere, and that we are acting of our own accord."

In these few lines the whole secret of the Marquis Wielopolski's policy is explained. He has never departed from it for one moment, and, indeed, has shown such tenacity in sticking to it that it has led him into the really criminal position which he now occupies. It cannot be said that his policy has failed, for it has never been fairly tried, the Poles having never yet accepted the Russian rule, which was evidently an essential condition of its success. But it has not one follower in Poland out of the marquis's immediate *entourage*, and it exposes him to an amount of hatred which, now that there is some chance of the Western Powers intervening on Poland's behalf, is more bitter than ever. If the representations, however, of France and England lead to no change in the position of the Poles, there will be nothing but the policy of the Marquis Wielopolski to fall back upon. If, on the other hand, they lead to some slight concessions, these concessions will be made with a bad will, and we may be sure that the Russians, from their natural hatred of foreign interference, will withdraw them on the very first opportunity. Then, again, there will be nothing left for the Poles but to follow the hateful counsels of the "Polish gentleman" who lost all his illusions in the midst

of the Galician massacres, and who thinks now, as he thought then, that his countrymen had better live united under the harshest of despotisms than disunited under three Governments, each of which pretends in turn to be the friend of Poland, simply to encourage the Poles to weaken themselves by fresh losses of blood and property.

Indeed, by far the greatest of Poland's misfortunes is not that she is oppressed, but that she is partitioned. Whenever a writer or speaker begins to compare the Prussian with the Austrian, or the Austrian with the Russian mode of persecuting the Poles, and ends, as most persons do, by according the preference to the German forms of tyranny, he proves that he does not understand the Polish question from the Polish point of view, or he would not enter into such comparisons at all. When this last insurrection broke out, several journalists observed that it was a pity Russia could not govern her Polish subjects like Austria and Prussia—evidently struck by the fact that the Poles in Galicia and in Posen have not of late been provoked to such an extent as to make them fly to arms. But for thirty years the Poles remained quiet enough under the Russian Government, and every one knows that they were not quiet because they were not ill-treated. Does any one imagine that the Poles in the Kingdom of Poland suffered nothing in 1846 when the insurrection broke out in Galicia, or in 1848, when Poles and Germans were at war in Posen? Yet at neither of these dates was there any movement in that part of Poland which was governed by the Emperor Nicholas, and which he flattered himself he had beaten and tortured into absolute submission.

The one thing certain about the future of Poland is, that the country will not remain divided. There is a complete unity of feeling between the four parts, of which two—Lithuania and the Kingdom of Poland—are in the hands of Russia; and unless Poland gains her independence, the Poles of Posen and Galicia will end by joining their fate to that of their brethren under the Russian sceptre. This is not merely the personal opinion of the writer, it is an opinion, or rather a determination, which he has often heard expressed by the leading political men of both the German-Polish provinces. They will submit no longer to the triple torture under which they have writhed for so many years, and it is for the West of Europe to choose whether it will help the Poles against Russia, or whether, sooner or later, the Poles shall be forced to obtain Russian assistance against Prussia and Austria.

Events are occurring so rapidly in Poland that from one day to another it is impossible to foresee what may happen. But we already know that officers from all parts of the dismembered kingdom are in General Langiewicz's camp; that the Galicians and Poseners cannot be fighting merely to gain certain liberties for the Kingdom of Poland; that a regular Polish government has been established on the territory held by the insurgents; and, in short, that the ultimate object of the movement is to liberate all Poland, and reconstitute the kingdom in its ancient limits.

Notes on Science.

Why the Stomach digests and is not digested.—The dream of the alchemists was to discover an universal solvent, or *alcahest.* It was an unscientific dream, and a fatal objection was disclosed by Kunckel, when, on being told that an alcahest had been found, he asked, "Pray, in what vessel do you contain it?" If universal, it must dissolve all *vessels* with the same rapacious impartiality as it displays to all *substances.* The alchemists had not thought of this. Nature, the supersubtle alchemist, contrives, however, to effect this paradox, by giving the stomach an alcahest for all animal tissues, which is nevertheless contained in a vessel formed of animal tissues. The gastric juice is a solvent to tissues in the stomach, but is not turned against the stomach itself. Here is Kunckel's query victoriously answered; but the paradox requires explanation, and many have been the hypotheses propounded to explain it. A numerous class of physiologists, who, from their philosophic method, may be called *meta*physiologists, finding that the dead stomach was sometimes attacked by this gastric juice, which was powerless on the living stomach, at once jumped to the conclusion that the mystery was referrible to the Vital Principle, which was said to have the "power of controlling chemical agency." The explanation seems perfect, until we discover that it has the misfortune of being simply a re-statement of the original difficulty in abstract terms; it says, learnedly, that the living stomach cannot be attacked as long as it is living—a statement which originated the inquiry. Nor is this the only objection. The question arises, Has the Vital Principle this asserted power of controlling chemical action? Being itself a profound mystery, amenable to no known test, the Vital Principle has the common advantage of the unknown, that almost anything may be predicated of it; but unfortunately for the metaphysiologist, this controlling power over chemical agency is one of the few things which cannot be predicated in the present case. The Vital Principle does not prevent acids from burning the skin, or from destroying the mucous membrane of the throat and stomach; nor does it even prevent the gastric juice from attacking living tissues, at times even the living stomach.

Physiologists, understanding by "Vital Principle" only a general term which embraces all the phenomena of organized beings, endeavour to explain this particular phenomenon of the stomach's immunity, by classing it as a case of some chemical or physiological law. One of these attempts at classification has found general acceptance, but is now impugned by Dr. Pavy. It is this: the lining membrane of the stomach is *not* protected, but is in truth incessantly destroyed and incessantly renewed; the protection therefore is due to the rapidity with which the lining is renewed,

precisely as in the ordinary case of the renewal of our external skin, which, though constantly falling away, never leaves the internal skin unprotected. There are several objections which may be urged against this explanation, but Dr. Pavy's is irresistible. He informs the Royal Society that he completely removed a patch of the lining membrane, and nevertheless found that the stomach so treated would digest food, and was not attacked in its undefended patch.

Dr. Pavy propounds a new hypothesis. The essential condition of the digestive action is a sufficient acidity; but the lining membranes of the living stomach are so abundantly supplied with currents of blood, which is alkaline, that they are thereby protected against the digestive action of the gastric juice. After death, there is not the same resistance to the acid; there is no alkali to neutralize it. In support of his view, Dr. Pavy brought forward experiments showing that the digestive action might attack the living stomach, and that whenever the circumstances were such that an acid liquid in the stomach could retain its acid properties whilst tending to permeate the lining membranes, gastric solution was observed. The question of result resolved itself into a question of proportion between the acidity within and the alkalinity around.

What may be the fate of this hypothesis we know not. Dr. Pavy's name is sufficient to commend it to the attention of investigators. Has due allowance been made for the fact of the presence of food in the stomach whenever the gastric juice is present, and for the fact that this food is by the motions of the stomach being constantly churned and mixed up with the juice? It would be well to cause, by stimuli, the presence of an abundant secretion in an empty stomach, and to leave it there with no food to act on. If it then left the stomach wholly unattacked, the conditions of the problem would be somewhat simplified.

The Vapour in our Atmosphere and its Effect on Heat.—In a lecture on Radiant Heat, at the Royal Institution, our brilliant physicist, Professor Tyndall, made some curious revelations of the invisible—that is to say, not only of the invisible vapour diffused through the air, which may become and often does become visible, as cloud and mist, but also of that invisible ether, the interstellar air, which, in infinite space, connects star with star, and connects, in finite space, gaseous atom with gaseous atom. This supersubtle medium, this mystic ether, which also becomes visible under given velocities of its vibrations, namely, as Light and Colour, and is recognized by another sense under lower velocities as Heat—this medium, in which the stars of the Milky Way swim like a shoal of mackerel in the sea, is, as you know, an object of intense interest to physicists, who measure its undulations with jealous vigilance. Professor Tyndall tells us something more about its waves under the velocity known as Heat.

After our earth has been basking all day in the sun, it begins, as night closes in, to give back the heat which it received; that is, it sends vibrations backwards through the ether. The waves dash upwards

through the air, hurrying towards the calmer regions of passionless space. But their upward progress is very considerably arrested, partly by the air—that is, the gaseous atoms floating in the ethereal medium—but mainly by the invisible vapour—that is, the watery atoms floating in the air, as the air floats in the ether. The vapour forms an extremely minute quantity of our atmosphere. Take the air whence you will, and you will find that out of 100 parts 99½ are oxygen and nitrogen, the remaining half per cent. being carbonic acid, ammonia, and water. Such being the proportion of the floating substances which must oppose barriers to the waves of ether, as a shoal of herrings will oppose a barrier to the undulations of the water, let us learn from Professor Tyndall the relative share of each. The water is extremely minute in quantity, but happens to be amazingly obstructive in quality; for while every atom of oxygen opposes a certain barrier, a molecule of vapour opposes a force 16,000 times greater than that of oxygen. These are large figures, and they open the eyes of astonishment, but they rest on rigorous evidence. Nay, we also learn that the smoke of west London, even when an east wind pours its gloomy clouds over us, exerts but a fraction of the heat-retarding power which is due to the transparent and impalpable vapour diffused throughout the air of a perfectly clear day.

It is certain, Professor Tyndall says, that more than 10 per cent. of the heat radiated from the soil of England is stopped within ten feet of the surface. The vapour of our moist atmosphere is a blanket, not less necessary for the fruitful earth than clothing is for earth's proudest inhabitant. "Remove for a single summer night the aqueous vapour from the air which overspreads this country, and you would assuredly destroy every plant capable of being destroyed by a freezing temperature. The warmth of your fields and gardens would pour itself unrequited into space, and the summer sun would rise upon an island held fast in the iron grip of frost."

Astronomy of the Invisible.—A few months ago M. Leverrier informed the Académie des Sciences that we should have to augment our estimate of the earth's mass by one tenth, or diminish by one tenth the mass of the sun; his reason being that otherwise no explanation could be offered of certain observed perturbations in our orbit. For himself, he inclined to the augmentation of the earth, and this in the shape of a ring of aërolites, the analogue of Saturn's ring. M. Foucault shortly after arrived at a different conclusion. In two former numbers of this Magazine * we gave an account of his important discovery that the velocity of Light is less than was supposed—a discovery which must alter almost all astronomical calculations, and among them that of the distance of the sun from the earth, and the weight of the sun itself. The distance being thus diminished by a thirtieth, the weight is diminished by a tenth. Is it not piquant to reflect that by the property of an imponderable, the weight of a mighty planet may be determined?

* *Cornhill Magazine*, 1862, Nov. page 712, Dec. page 855.

Whether the weight of the earth or the sun be altered, is not our present object. Why are we to conclude the existence of important facts merely because slight perturbations are observed in the orbit of a planet? It is one of the triumphs of Science to foresee—not simply to see unborn consequences, but to assert the vision of invisible existences. Bessel is the creator of the astronomy of the invisible; and the creation promises to be fruitful. He was occupied with Sirius—that sun which is incomparably larger than our own, which in ancient days burned with a brilliant red, and in our days is admired for its brilliant white. Bessel, comparing the observations recorded during a hundred years with those of the constellations Taurus, Orion, and the Twins, noticed a certain movement of oscillation peculiar to Sirius. From this he boldly concluded that Sirius was subject to the gravitating influence of a large mass of invisible matter, probably a planet. The planet could not be seen with the naked eye, nor with the best telescope. But Science saw it, and would persist in seeing it, should its light never reach our globe. To some more cautious minds this conclusion seemed very hazardous. Even Humboldt jested with Bessel about his planetary ghosts. A disciple, however, Peters, whose faith is creditable, calculated the orbit of this invisible planet, which he found to be a very elongated ellipse, with an annual movement of 7 degrees, and a revolution of 30 years. The distance of this satellite from Sirius was estimated at a few seconds.

In 1862 an American astronomer, Mr. Alvan Clark, was blessed with the first sight of this hitherto unseen planet; and its distance was found to be ten seconds. Such remarkable confirmation of abstract prevision naturally excited great rejoicing. Since then others have seen the planet, and its existence has become a vulgar fact. A second discovery of a similar kind is announced by Auners of Königsberg. Procyon, the principal star in the constellation of the Little Dog, is said by him to have a satellite with an annual movement of nine degrees, and a revolution of thirty years. Its distance is only two seconds. Doubtless we shall hear of many such discoveries. But one suffices to exhibit the precision and extent of sweep which the methods of modern science admit.

Iced Water.—Every one knows the singular superiority in point of taste which melted ice has over the purest water. It is not the coldness of the lump of ice on which we pour our brandy or champagne which gives the peculiar quality; it is the absence of all the soluble and insoluble salts which characterizes ice. In a recent communication to the Academy, M. Robinet affirms that melted ice is as pure as distilled water. During congelation the salts are eliminated—in fact, saline solutions, as long as they continue saline, will not freeze; even sea-water, when frozen, furnishes pure water on being melted; and in the north of Europe salt is economically extracted from sea-water by exposing the water to intense cold; the water which remains unfrozen and unfreezable is then extremely rich in salt, which may easily be obtained by evaporation.

On Alexandrines.

A LETTER TO SOME COUNTRY COUSINS.

EAR COUSINS,—Be pleased to receive herewith a packet of Mayall's photographs, and copies of *Illustrated News*, *Illustrated Times*, *London Review*, *Queen*, and *Observer*, each containing an account of the notable festivities of the past week. If besides these remembrances of home you have a mind to read a letter from an old friend, behold here it is. When I was at school, having left my parents in India, a good-natured captain or colonel would come sometimes and see us Indian boys, and talk to us about papa and mamma, and give us coins of the realm, and write to our parents, and say, "I drove over yesterday and saw Tommy at Dr. Birch's. I took him to the George, and gave him a dinner. His appetite is fine. He states that he is reading Cornelius Nepos, with which he is much interested. His masters report," &c. And though Dr. Birch wrote by the same mail a longer, fuller, and official statement, I have no doubt the distant parents preferred the friend's letter, with its artless, possibly ungrammatical, account of their little darling.

I have seen the young heir of Britain. These eyes have beheld him and his bride—on Saturday in Pall Mall (when they stopped for awhile before the house of Smith, Elder and Co., and all within admired a lovely cloak of purple velvet and sable worn by a lady of whose appearance the photographers will enable you to judge), and on Tuesday in the nave of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, when the young Princess Alexandra of Denmark passed by with her blooming procession of bridesmaids; and half an hour later, when the Princess of Wales came forth from the chapel, her husband by her side robed in the purple mantle of the famous Order

which his forefather established here five hundred years ago. We were to see her yet once again, when her open carriage passed out of the Castle gate to the station of the near railway which was to convey her to Southampton.

Since womankind existed, has any woman ever had such a greeting? At ten hours' distance, there is a city far more magnificent than ours. With every respect for Kensington turnpike, I own that the Arc de l'Étoile at Paris is a much finer entrance to an imperial capital. In our black, orderless, zigzag streets, we can show nothing to compare with the magnificent array of the Rue de Rivoli, that enormous regiment of stone stretching for five miles and presenting arms before the Tuileries. Think of the late Fleet Prison and Waithman's Obelisk, and of the Place de la Concorde and the Luxor Stone! "The finest site in Europe," as Trafalgar Square has been called by some obstinate British optimist, is disfigured by trophies, fountains, columns, and statues so puerile, disorderly, and hideous that a lover of the arts must hang the head of shame as he passes to see our dear old queen city arraying herself so absurdly; but when all is said and done, we can show one or two of the greatest sights in the world. I doubt if any Roman festival was as vast or striking as the Derby day, or if any Imperial triumph could show such a prodigious muster of faithful people as our young Princess saw on Saturday, when the nation turned out to greet her. The calculators are squabbling about the numbers of hundreds of thousands, of millions, who came forth to see her and bid her welcome. Imagine beacons flaming, rockets blazing, yards manned, ships and forts saluting with their thunder, every steamer and vessel, every town and village from Ramsgate to Gravesend, swarming with happy gratulation; young girls with flowers, scattering roses before her; staid citizens and aldermen pushing and squeezing and panting to make the speech, and bow the knee, and bid her welcome! Who is this who is honoured with such a prodigious triumph, and received with a welcome so astonishing? A year ago we had never heard of her. I think about her pedigree and family not a few of us are in the dark still, and I own, for my part, to be much puzzled by the allusions of newspaper genealogists and bards and skalds to "Vikings," Berserkers, and so forth. But it would be interesting to know how many hundreds of thousands of photographs of the fair bright face have by this time made it beloved and familiar in British homes. Think of all the quiet country nooks from Land's End to Caithness, where kind eyes have glanced at it. The farmer brings it home from market; the curate from his visit to the Cathedral town; the rustic folk peer at it in the little village shop window; the squire's children gaze on it round the drawing-room table: every eye that beholds it looks tenderly on its bright beauty and sweet artless grace, and young and old pray God bless her. We have an elderly friend (a certain Goody Twoshoes, who has been mentioned before in the pages of this Magazine), and who inhabits, with many other old ladies, the Union-house of the parish of St. Lazarus in Soho. One of your cousins from this

house went to see her, and found Goody and her companion crones all in a flutter of excitement about the marriage. The whitewashed walls of their bleak dormitory were ornamented with prints out of the illustrated journals, and hung with festoons and true-lover's knots of tape and coloured paper; and the old bodies had had a good dinner, and the old tongues were chirping and clacking away, all eager, interested, sympathizing; and one very elderly and rheumatic Goody, who is obliged to keep her bed (and has, I trust, an exaggerated idea of the cares attending on royalty), said, "Pore thing, pore thing! I pity her." Yes, even in that dim place there was a little brightness and a quavering huzza, a contribution of a mite subscribed by those dozen poor old widows to the treasure of loyalty with which the nation endows the Prince's bride.

Three hundred years ago, when our dread Sovereign Lady Elizabeth came to take possession of her realm and capital city, Holingshed, if you please (whose pleasing history of course you carry about with you), relates in his fourth volume folio, that—"At hir entring the citie, she was of the people received maruellous intierlie, as appeared by the assemblies, praiers, welcommings, cries, and all other signes which argued a woonderfull earnest loue:" and at various halting-places on the royal progress children habited like angels appeared out of allegoric edifices and spoke verses to her—

> Welcome, O Queen, as much as heart can think,
> Welcome again, as much as tongue can tell,
> Welcome to joyous tongues and hearts that will not shrink.
> God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well!

Our new Princess, you may be sure, has also had her Alexandrines, and many minstrels have gone before her singing her praises. Mr. Tupper, who begins in very great force and strength, and who proposes to give her no less than eight hundred thousand welcomes in the first twenty lines of his ode, is not satisfied with this most liberal amount of acclamation, but proposes at the end of his poem a still more magnificent subscription. Thus we begin, "A hundred thousand welcomes, a hundred thousand welcomes." (In my copy the figures are in the well-known Arabic numerals, but let us have the numbers literally accurate:)

> A hundred thousand welcomes!
> A hundred thousand welcomes!
> And a hundred thousand more!
> O happy heart of England,
> Shout aloud and sing, land,
> As no land sang before;
> And let the pæans soar
> And ring from shore to shore,
> A hundred thousand welcomes,
> And a hundred thousand more;
>
> And let the cannons roar,
> The joy-stunned city o'er.
> And let the steeples chime it
> A hundred thousand welcomes
> And a hundred thousand more;
> And let the people rhyme it
> From neighbour's door to door,
> From every man's heart's core,
> A hundred thousand welcomes
> And a hundred thousand more.

This contribution, in twenty not long lines, of 900,000 (say nine hundred thousand) welcomes is handsome indeed: and shows that when

our bard is inclined to be liberal, he does not look to the cost. But what is a sum of 900,000 to his further proposal?—

O let all these declare it,
Let miles of shouting swear it,
  In all the years of yore,
  Unparalleled before!
And thou, most welcome Wand'rer
  Across the Northern Water,
Our England's Alexandra,
  Our dear adopted daughter—
Lay to thine heart, conned o'er and o'er,
  In future years remembered well,
  The magic fervour of this spell
That shakes the land from shore to shore,
And makes all hearts and eyes brim o'er;
  Our hundred thousand welcomes,
  Our fifty million welcomes,
And a hundred million more!

Here we have, besides the most liberal previous subscription, a further call on the public for no less than one hundred and fifty million one hundred thousand welcomes for her Royal Highness. How much is this per head for all of us in the three kingdoms? Not above five welcomes apiece, and I am sure many of us have given more than five hurrahs to the fair young Princess.

Each man sings according to his voice, and gives in proportion to his means. The guns at Sheerness "from their adamantine lips" (which had spoken in quarrelsome old times a very different language,) roared a hundred thundering welcomes to the fair Dane. The maidens of England strewed roses before her feet at Gravesend when she landed. Mr. Tupper, with the million and odd welcomes, may be compared to the thundering fleet; Mr. Chorley's song to the flowerets scattered on her Royal Highness's happy and carpeted path:—

Blessings on that fair face!
  Safe on the shore
Of her home-dwelling place,
  Stranger no more.
Love, from her household shrine
  Keep sorrow far!
May, for her hawthorn twine,
June, bring sweet eglantine,
Autumn, the golden vine,
  Dear Northern Star!

Hawthorn for May, eglantine for June, and in autumn a little tass of the golden vine for our Northern Star. I am sure no one will grudge the Princess these simple enjoyments, and of the produce of the last-named pleasing plant, I wonder how many bumpers were drunk to her health on the happy day of her bridal? As for the Laureate's verses, I would respectfully liken his Highness to a giant showing a beacon torch on "a windy headland." His flaring torch is a pine-tree, to be sure, which nobody can wield but himself. He waves it: and four times in the midnight he shouts mightily, "Alexandra!" and the Pontic pine is whirled into the ocean and Enceladus goes home.

Whose muse, whose cornemuse, sounds with such plaintive sweetness from Arthur's seat, while Edinburgh and Musselburgh lie rapt in delight, and the mermaids come flapping up to Leith shore to hear the

exquisite music? Sweeter piper Edina knows not than Aytoun, the Bard of the Cavaliers, who has given in his frank adhesion to the reigning dynasty. When a most beautiful, celebrated and unfortunate princess whose memory the Professor loves—when Mary, wife of Francis the Second, King of France, and by her own right proclaimed Queen of Scotland and England (poor soul!), entered Paris with her young bridegroom, good Peter Ronsard wrote of her—

> Toi qui as veu l'excellence de celle
> Qui rend le ciel de l'Escosse envieux,
> Dy hardiment, contentez vous mes yeux,
> Vous ne verrez jamais chose plus belle.*

Vous ne verrez jamais chose plus belle. Here is an Alexandrine written three hundred years ago, as simple as *bon jour*. Professor Aytoun is more ornate. After elegantly complimenting the spring, and a description of her Royal Highness's well-known ancestors, "the Berserkers," he bursts forth—

> The Rose of Denmark comes, the Royal Bride!
> O loveliest Rose! our paragon and pride—
> Choice of the Prince whom England holds so dear—
> What homage shall we pay
> To one who has no peer?
> What can the bard or wildered minstrel say
> More than the peasant, who, on bended knee,
> Breathes from his heart an earnest prayer for thee?
> Words are not fair, if that they would express
> Is fairer still; so lovers in dismay
> Stand all abashed before that loveliness
> They worship most, but find no words to pray.
> Too sweet for incense! (bravo) Take our loves instead—
> Most freely, truly, and devoutly given;
> Our prayer for blessings on that gentle head,
> For earthly happiness and rest in Heaven!
> May never sorrow dim those dove-like eyes,
> But peace as pure as reigned in Paradise,
> Calm and untainted on creation's eve,
> Attend thee still! May holy angels, &c.

This is all very well, my dear country cousins. But will you say "Amen" to this prayer? I won't. Assuredly our fair Princess will shed many tears out of the "dovelike eyes," or the heart will be little worth. Is she to know no parting, no care, no anxious longing, no tender watches by the sick, to deplore no friends and kindred, and feel no grief? Heaven forbid! When a bard or wildered minstrel writes so, best accept his own confession, that he is losing his head. On the day of her entrance into London who looked more bright and happy than the Princess? On the day of the marriage, the fair face wore its marks of care already, and looked out quite grave, and frightened almost, under the wreaths and lace and orange-flowers. Would you have had her feel no tremor?

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* Quoted in *Mignet's Life of Mary.*

A maiden on the bridegroom's threshold, a Princess led up to the steps of a throne? I think her pallor and doubt became her as well as her smiles. That, I can tell you, was *our* vote who sate in X compartment, let us say, in the nave of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and saw a part of one of the brightest ceremonies ever performed there.

My dear cousin Mary, you have an account of the dresses; and I promise you there were princesses besides the bride whom it did the eyes good to behold. Around the bride sailed a bevy of young creatures so fair, white, and graceful that I thought of those fairy-tale beauties who are sometimes princesses, and sometimes white swans. The Royal Princesses and the Royal Knights of the Garter swept by in prodigious robes and trains of purple velvet, thirty shillings a yard, my dear, not of course including the lining, which, I have no doubt, was of the richest satin, or that costly "miniver" which we used to read about in poor Jerrold's writings. The young princes were habited in kilts; and by the side of the Princess Royal trotted such a little wee solemn Highlander! He is the young heir and chief of the famous clan of Brandenburg. His eyrie is amongst the Eagles, and I pray no harm may befall the dear little chieftain.

The heralds in their tabards were marvellous to behold, and a nod from Rouge Croix gave me the keenest gratification. I tried to catch Garter's eye, but either I couldn't or he wouldn't. In his robes, he is like one of the Three Kings in old missal illuminations. Gold Stick in waiting is even more splendid. With his gold rod and robes and trappings of many colours, he looks like a royal enchanter, and as if he had raised up all this scene of glamour by a wave of his glittering wand. The silver trumpeters wear such quaint caps, as those I have humbly tried to depict on the playful heads of children. Behind the trumpeters came a drum-bearer, on whose back a gold-laced drummer drubbed his march.

When the silver clarions had blown, and under a clear chorus of white-robed children chanting round the organ, the noble procession passed into the chapel, and was hidden from our sight for a while, there was silence, or from the inner chapel ever so faint a hum. Then hymns arose, and in the lull we knew that prayers were being said, and the sacred rite performed which joined Albert Edward to Alexandra his wife. I am sure hearty prayers were offered outside the gate as well as within for that princely young pair, and for their Mother and Queen. The peace, the freedom, the happiness, the order which her rule guarantees, are part of my birthright as an Englishman, and I bless God for my share. Where else shall I find such liberty of action, thought, speech, or laws which protect me so well? Her part of her compact with her people, what sovereign ever better performed? If ours sits apart from the festivities of the day, it is because she suffers from a grief so recent that the loyal heart cannot master it as yet, and remains *treu und fest* to a beloved memory. A part of the music which celebrates the day's service was

composed by the husband who is gone to the place where the just and pure of life meet the reward promised by the Father of all of us to good and faithful servants who have well done here below. As this one gives in his account, surely we may remember how the Prince was the friend of all peaceful arts and learning; how he was true and fast always to duty, home, honour; how, through a life of complicated trials, he was sagacious, righteous, active and self-denying. And as we trace in the young faces of his many children the father's features and likeness, what Englishman will not pray that they may have inherited also some of the great qualities which won for the Prince Consort the love and respect of our country?

The papers tell us how, on the night of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, all over England and Scotland illuminations were made, the poor and children were feasted, and in village and city thousands of kindly schemes were devised to mark the national happiness and sympathy. "The bonfire on Coptpoint at Folkestone was seen in France," the *Telegraph* says, "more clearly than even the French marine lights could be seen at Folkestone." Long may the fire continue to burn! There are European coasts (and inland places) where the liberty light has been extinguished, or is so low that you can't see to read by it—there are great Atlantic shores where it flickers and smokes very gloomily. Let us be thankful to the honest guardians of ours, and for the kind sky under which it burns bright and steady.

Erratum.

FORTY ROYAL FAMILIES AND THEIR INTERMARRIAGES.

The author of the above-named article, in No. 39 of the *Cornhill Magazine*, extremely regrets that an accidental error in that paper escaped correction. At page 379, line 40, the name Lady Olivia Sparrow was printed for Olive Serres.

"But you will help me?"

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1863.

Romola.

CHAPTER LII.

A PROPHETESS.

THE incidents of that Carnival day seemed to Romola to carry no other personal consequences to her than the new care of supporting poor cousin Brigida in her fluctuating resignation to age and grey hairs; but they introduced a Lenten time in which she was kept at a high pitch of mental excitement and active effort.

Bernardo del Nero had been elected Gonfaloniere. By great exertions the Medicean party had so far triumphed, and that triumph had deepened Romola's presentiment of some secretly prepared scheme likely to ripen either into success or betrayal during these two months of her godfather's authority. Every morning the dim daybreak as it peered into her room seemed to be that haunting fear coming back to her. Every morning the fear went with her as she passed through the streets on her way to the early sermon in the Duomo: but there she gradually lost the sense of its chill presence, as men lose the dread of death in the clash of battle.

In the Duomo she felt herself sharing in a passionate conflict which had wider relations than any enclosed within the walls of Florence. For Savonarola was preaching—preaching the last course of Lenten sermons he was ever allowed to finish in the Duomo: he knew that excommunication was imminent, and he had reached the point of defying it. He held up the condition of the Church in the terrible mirror of his unflinching speech, which called things by their right names and dealt in no polite periphrases; he proclaimed with heightening confidence the advent of renovation—of a moment when there would be a general revolt against corruption. As to his own destiny, he seemed to have a double and alternating prevision: sometimes he saw himself taking a glorious part in that revolt, sending forth a voice that would be heard through all Christendom, and making the dead body of the Church tremble into new life, as the body of Lazarus trembled when the divine voice pierced the sepulchre; sometimes he saw no prospect for himself but persecution and martyrdom:—this life for him was only a vigil, and only after death would come the dawn.

The position was one which must have had its impressiveness for all minds that were not of the dullest order, even if they were inclined, as Macchiavelli was, to interpret the Frate's character by a key that presupposed no loftiness. To Romola, whose kindred ardour gave her a firm belief in Savonarola's genuine greatness of purpose, the crisis was as stirring as if it had been part of her personal lot. It blent itself as an exalting memory with all her daily labours; and those labours were calling not only for difficult perseverance, but for new courage. Famine had never yet taken its flight from Florence, and all distress, by its long continuance, was getting harder to bear; disease was spreading in the crowded city, and the Plague was expected. As Romola walked, often in weariness, among the sick, the hungry, and the murmuring, she felt it good to be inspired by something more than her pity—by the belief in a heroism struggling for sublime ends, towards which the daily action of her pity could only tend feebly, as the dews that freshen the weedy ground today tend to prepare an unseen harvest in the years to come.

But that mighty music which stirred her in the Duomo was not without its jarring notes. Since those first days of glowing hope when the Frate, seeing the near triumph of good in the reform of the Republic and the coming of the French deliverer, had preached peace, charity, and oblivion of political differences, there had been a marked change of conditions: political intrigue had been too obstinate to allow of the desired oblivion; the belief in the deliverer, who had turned his back on his high mission, seemed to have wrought harm; and hostility, both on a petty and on a grand scale, was attacking the Prophet with new weapons and new determination. It followed that the spirit of contention and self-vindication pierced more and more conspicuously in his sermons; that he was urged to meet the popular demands not only by increased insistance and detail concerning visions and private revelations, but by a tone

of defiant confidence against objectors; and from having denounced the desire for the miraculous, and declared that miracles had no relation to true faith, he had come to assert that at the right moment the Divine power would attest the truth of his prophetic preaching by a miracle. And continually, in the rapid transitions of excited feeling, as the vision of triumphant good receded behind the actual predominance of evil, the threats of coming vengeance against vicious tyrants and corrupt priests gathered some impetus from personal exasperation, as well as from indignant zeal. In the career of a great public orator who yields himself to the inspiration of the moment, that conflict of selfish and unselfish emotion which in most men is hidden in the chamber of the soul, is brought into terrible evidence: the language of the inner voices is written out in letters of fire.

But if the tones of exasperation jarred on Romola, there was often another member of Fra Girolamo's audience to whom they were the only thrilling tones, like the vibration of deep bass notes to the deaf. Baldassarre had found out that the wonderful Frate was preaching again, and as often as he could, he went to hear the Lenten sermon, that he might drink in the threats of a voice which seemed like a power on the side of justice. He went the more because he had seen that Romola went too; for he was waiting and watching for a time when not only outward circumstance, but his own varying mental state, would mark the right moment for seeking an interview with her. Twice Romola had caught sight of his face in the Duomo—once when its dark glance was fixed on hers. She wished not to see it again, and yet she looked for it, as men look for the reappearance of a portent. But any revelation that might be yet to come about this old man was a subordinate fear now: it referred, she thought, only to the past, and her anxiety was almost absorbed by the present.

Yet the stirring Lent passed by; April, the second and final month of her godfather's supreme authority, was near its close; and nothing had occurred to fulfil her presentiment. In the public mind, too, there had been fears, and rumours had spread from Rome of a menacing activity on the part of Piero de' Medici; but in a few days the suspected Bernardo would go out of power. Romola was trying to gather some courage from the review of her futile fears, when on the twenty-seventh, as she was walking out on her usual errands of mercy in the afternoon, she was met by a messenger from Camilla Rucellai, chief among the feminine seers of Florence, desiring her presence forthwith on matters of the highest moment. Romola, who shrank with unconquerable disgust from the shrill excitability of those illuminated women, and had just now a special repugnance towards Camilla because of a report that she had announced revelations hostile to Bernardo del Nero, was at first inclined to send back a flat refusal. Camilla's message might refer to public affairs, and Romola's immediate prompting was to close her ears against knowledge that might only make her mental burden heavier. But it had become so thoroughly her habit to reject her impulsive choice, and to obey passively the guidance of outward claims, that, reproving herself for allowing

her presentiments to make her cowardly and selfish, she ended by compliance, and went straight to Camilla. She found the nervous grey-haired woman in a chamber arranged as much as possible like a convent cell. The thin fingers clutching Romola as she sat, and the eager voice addressing her at first in a loud whisper, caused her a physical shrinking that made it difficult for her to keep her seat.

Camilla had a vision to communicate—a vision in which it had been revealed to her by Romola's Angel, that Romola knew certain secrets concerning her godfather, Bernardo del Nero, which, if disclosed, might save the Republic from peril. Camilla's voice rose louder and higher as she narrated her vision, and ended by exhorting Romola to obey the command of her Angel, and separate herself from the enemy of God.

Romola's impetuosity was that of a massive nature, and, except in moments when she was deeply stirred, her manner was calm and self-controlled. She had a constitutional disgust for the shallow excitability of women like Camilla, whose faculties seemed all wrought up into fantasies, leaving nothing for emotion and thought. The exhortation was not yet ended when she started up and attempted to wrench her arm from Camilla's tightening grasp. It was of no use. The prophetess kept her hold like a crab, and, only incited to more eager exhortation by Romola's resistance, was carried beyond her own intention into a shrill statement of other visions which were to corroborate this. Christ himself had appeared to her and ordered her to send his commands to certain citizens in office that they should throw Bernardo del Nero from the window of the Palazzo Vecchio. Fra Girolamo himself knew of it, and had not dared this time to say that the vision was not of Divine authority.

"And since then," said Camilla, in her excited treble, straining upward with wild eyes towards Romola's face, "the Blessed Infant has come to me and laid a wafer of sweetness on my tongue in token of his pleasure that I had done his will."

"Let me go!" said Romola, in a deep voice of anger. "God grant you are mad! else you are detestably wicked!"

The violence of her effort to be free was too strong for Camilla this time. She wrenched away her arm and rushed out of the room, not pausing till she had gone hurriedly far along the street, and found herself close to the church of the Badia. She had but to pass behind the curtain under the old stone arch, and she would find a sanctuary shut in from the noise and hurry of the street, where all objects and all uses suggested the thought of an eternal peace subsisting in the midst of turmoil. She turned in, and sinking down on the step of the altar in front of Filippino Lippi's serene Virgin appearing to St. Bernard, she waited in hope that the inward tumult which agitated her would by-and-by subside.

The thought which pressed on her the most acutely was, that Camilla could allege Savonarola's countenance of her wicked folly. Romola did not for a moment believe that he had sanctioned the throwing of Bernardo del Nero from the window as a Divine suggestion; she felt certain that

there was falsehood or mistake in that allegation. Savonarola had become more and more severe in his views of resistance to malcontents; but the ideas of strict law and order were fundamental to all his political teaching. Still, since he knew the possibly fatal effects of visions like Camilla's, since he had a marked distrust of such spirit-seeing women, and kept aloof from them as much as possible, why, with his readiness to denounce wrong from the pulpit, did he not publicly denounce these pretended revelations which brought new darkness instead of light across the conception of a Supreme Will? Why? The answer came with painful clearness: he was fettered inwardly by the consciousness that such revelations were not, in their basis, distinctly separable from his own visions; he was fettered outwardly by the foreseen consequence of raising a cry against himself even among members of his own party, as one who would suppress all Divine inspiration of which he himself was not the vehicle—he or his confidential and supplementary seer of visions, Fra Salvestro.

Romola, kneeling with buried face on the altar step, was enduring one of those sickening moments, when the enthusiasm which had come to her as the only energy strong enough to make life worthy, seemed to be inevitably bound up with vain dreams and wilful eye-shutting. Her mind rushed back with a new attraction towards the strong worldly sense, the dignified prudence, the untheoretic virtues of her godfather, who was to be treated as a sort of Agag because he held that a more restricted form of government was better than the Great Council, and because he would not pretend to forget old ties to the banished family. But with this last thought rose the presentiment of some plot to restore the Medici; and then again she felt that the popular party was half justified in its fierce suspicion. Again she felt that to keep the Government of Florence pure, and to keep out a vicious rule, was a sacred cause; the Frate was right there, and had carried her understanding irrevocably with him. But at this moment the assent of her understanding went alone; it was given unwillingly. Her heart was recoiling from a right allied to so much narrowness; a right apparently entailing that hard systematic judgment of men which measures them by assents and denials quite superficial to the manhood within them. Her affection and respect were clinging with new tenacity to her godfather, and with him to those memories of her father which were in the same opposition to the division of men into sheep and goats by the easy mark of some political or religious symbol.

After all has been said that can be said about the widening influence of ideas, it remains true that they would hardly be such strong agents unless they were taken in a solvent of feeling. The great world-struggle of developing thought is continually foreshadowed in the struggle of the affections, seeking a justification for love and hope. If Romola's intellect had been less capable of discerning the complexities in human things, all the early loving associations of her life would have forbidden her to accept implicitly the denunciatory exclusiveness of Savonarola. She had simply felt that his mind had suggested deeper and more efficacious truth

to her than any other, and the large breathing-room she found in his grand view of human duties had made her patient towards that part of his teaching which she could not absorb, so long as its practical effect came into collision with no strong force in her. But now a sudden insurrection of feeling had brought about that collision. Her indignation, once roused by Camilla's visions, could not pause there, but ran like an illuminating fire over all the kindred facts in Savonarola's teaching, and for the moment she felt what was true in the scornful sarcasms she heard continually flung against him, more keenly than what was false.

But it was an illumination that made all life look ghastly to her. Where were the beings to whom she could cling, with whom she could work and endure, with the belief that she was working for the right? On the side from which moral energy came lay a fanaticism from which she was shrinking with newly startled repulsion; on the side to which she was drawn by affection and memory, there was the presentiment of some secret plotting, which her judgment told her would not be unfairly called crime. And still surmounting every other thought was the dread inspired by Tito's hints, lest that presentiment should be converted into knowledge, in such a way that she would be torn by irreconcilable claims.

Calmness would not come even on the altar step; it would not come from looking at the serene picture where the saint, writing in the rocky solitude, was being visited by faces with celestial peace in them. Romola was in the hard press of human difficulties, and that rocky solitude was too far off. She rose from her knees that she might hasten to her sick people in the courtyard, and, by some immediate beneficent action, revive that sense of worth in life which at this moment was unfed by any wider faith. But when she turned round, she found herself face to face with a man who was standing only two yards off her. The man was Baldassarre.

CHAPTER LIII.

On San Miniato.

"I would speak with you," said Baldassarre, as Romola looked at him in silent expectation. It was plain that he had followed her, and had been waiting for her. She was going at last to know the secret about him.

"Yes," she said, with the same sort of submission that she might have shown under an imposed penance. "But you wish to go where no one can hear us?"

"Where *he* will not come upon us," said Baldassarre, turning and glancing behind him timidly. "Out—in the air—away from the streets."

"I sometimes go to San Miniato at this hour," said Romola. "If you like, I will go now, and you can follow me. It is far, but we can be solitary there."

He nodded assent, and Romola set out. To some women it might have seemed an alarming risk to go to a comparatively solitary spot with

a man who had some of the outward signs of that madness which Tito attributed to him. But Romola was not given to personal fears, and she was glad of the distance that interposed some delay before another blow fell on her. The afternoon was far advanced, and the sun was already low in the west, when she paused on some rough ground in the shadow of the cypress trunks, and looked round for Baldassarre. He was not far off, but when he reached her, he was glad to sink down on an edge of stony earth. His thick-set frame had no longer the sturdy vigour which belonged to it when he first appeared with the rope round him in the Duomo; and under the transient tremor caused by the exertion of walking up the hill, his eyes seemed to have a more helpless vagueness.

"The hill is steep," said Romola, with compassionate gentleness, seating herself by him. "And I fear you have been weakened by want."

He turned his head and fixed his eyes on her in silence, unable, now the moment for speech was come, to seize the words that would convey the thought he wanted to utter: and she remained as motionless as she could, lest he should suppose her impatient. He looked like nothing higher than a common-bred, neglected old man; but she was used now to be very near to such people, and to think a great deal about their troubles. Gradually his glance gathered a more definite expression, and at last he said with abrupt emphasis—

"Ah! you would have been my daughter!"

The swift flush came in Romola's face and went back again as swiftly, leaving her with white lips a little apart, like a marble image of horror. For her mind, this revelation was made. She divined the facts that lay behind that single word, and in the first moment there could be no check to the impulsive belief which sprang from her keen experience of Tito's nature. The sensitive response of her face was a stimulus to Baldassarre; for the first time his words had wrought their right effect. He went on with gathering eagerness and firmness, laying his hand on her arm.

"You are a woman of proud blood—is it not true? You go to hear the preacher; you hate baseness—baseness that smiles and triumphs. You hate your husband?"

"Oh, God! were you really his father!" said Romola, in a low voice, too entirely possessed by the images of the past to take any note of Baldassarre's question. "Or was it as he said? Did you take him when he was little?"

"Ah, you believe me—you know what he is!" said Baldassarre, exultingly, tightening the pressure on her arm, as if the contact gave him power. "You will help me?"

"Yes," said Romola, not interpreting the words as he meant them. She laid her palm gently on the rough hand that grasped her arm, and the tears came to her eyes as she looked at him. "Oh! it is piteous! Tell me—why, you were a great scholar; you taught him. *How* is it?"

She broke off. Tito's allegation of this man's madness had come across her; and where were the signs even of past refinement? But she

had the self-command not to move her hand. She sat perfectly still, waiting to listen with new caution.

"It is gone!—it is all gone!" said Baldassarre; "and they would not believe me, because he lied, and said I was mad; and they had me dragged to prison. And I am old—my mind will not come back. And the world is against me."

He paused a moment, and his eyes sank as if he were under a wave of despondency. Then he looked up at her again, and said with renewed eagerness—

"But *you* are not against me. He made you love him, and he has been false to you; and you hate him. Yes, he made *me* love him: he was beautiful and gentle, and I was a lonely man. I took him when they were beating him. He slept in my bosom when he was little, and I watched him as he grew, and gave him all my knowledge, and everything that was mine I meant to be his. I had many things: money, and books, and gems. He had my gems—he sold them; and he left me in slavery. He never came to seek me, and when I came back poor and in misery, he denied me. He said I was a madman."

"He told us his father was dead—was drowned," said Romola, faintly. "Surely he must have believed it then. Oh! he could not have been so base *then!*"

A vision had risen of what Tito was to her in those first days when she thought no more of wrong in him than a child thinks of poison in flowers. The yearning regret that lay in that memory brought some relief from the tension of horror. With one great sob the tears rushed forth.

"Ah, you are young, and the tears come easily," said Baldassarre, with some impatience. "But tears are no good; they only put out the fire within, and it is the fire that works. Tears will hinder us. Listen to me."

Romola turned towards him with a slight start. Again the possibility of his madness had darted through her mind, and checked the rush of belief. If, after all, this man were only a mad assassin? But her deep belief in his story still lay behind, and it was more in sympathy than in fear that she avoided the risk of paining him by any show of doubt.

"Tell me," she said, as gently as she could, "how did you lose your memory—your scholarship?"

"I was ill. I can't tell how long—it was a blank. I remember nothing, only at last I was sitting in the sun among the stones, and everything else was darkness. And slowly, and by degrees, I felt something besides that: a longing for something—I did not know what—that never came. And when I was in the ship on the waters I began to know what I longed for; it was for the Boy to come back—it was to find all my thoughts again, for I was locked away outside them all. And I am outside now. I feel nothing but a wall and darkness."

Baldassarre had become dreamy again, and sank into silence, resting

his head between his hands; and again Romola's belief in him had submerged all cautioning doubts. The pity with which she dwelt on his words seemed like the revival of an old pang. Had she not daily seen how her father missed Dino and the future he had dreamed of in that son?

"It all came back once," Baldassarre went on presently. "I was master of everything. I saw all the world again, and my gems, and my books; and I thought I had him in my power, and I went to expose him where—where the lights were and the trees; and he lied again, and said I was mad, and they dragged me away to prison. . . . Wickedness is strong, and he wears armour."

The fierceness had flamed up again. He spoke with his former intensity, and grasped Romola's arm again.

"But you will help me? He has been false to you too. He has another wife, and she has children. He makes her believe he is her husband, and she is a foolish, helpless thing. I will show you where she lives."

The first shock that passed through Romola was visibly one of anger. The woman's sense of indignity was inevitably foremost. Baldassarre instinctively felt her in sympathy with him.

"You hate him," he went on. "Is it not true? There is no love between you; I know that. I know women can hate; and you have proud blood. You hate falseness, and you can love revenge."

Romola sat paralysed by the shock of conflicting feelings. She was not conscious of the grasp that was bruising her tender arm.

"You shall contrive it," said Baldassarre, presently, in an eager whisper. "I have learned by heart that you are his rightful wife. You are a noble woman. You go to hear the preacher of vengeance; you will help justice. But you will think for me. My mind goes—everything goes sometimes—all but the fire. The fire is God: it is justice: it will not die. You believe that—is it not true? If they will not hang him for robbing me, you will take away his armour—you will make him go without it, and I will stab him. I have a knife, and my arm is still strong enough."

He put his hand under his tunic, and reached out the hidden knife, feeling the edge abstractedly, as if he needed the sensation to keep alive his ideas.

It seemed to Romola as if every fresh hour of her life were to become more difficult than the last. Her judgment was too vigorous and rapid for her to fall into the mistake of using futile deprecatory words to a man in Baldassarre's state of mind. She chose not to answer his last speech. She would win time for his excitement to allay itself by asking something else that she cared to know. She spoke rather tremulously—

"You say she is foolish and helpless—that other wife—and believes him to be her real husband. Perhaps he is: perhaps he married her before he married me."

"I cannot tell," said Baldassarre, pausing in that action of feeling the

knife, and looking bewildered. "I can remember no more. I only know where she lives. You shall see her. I will take you; but not now," he added, hurriedly, "*he* may be there. The night is coming on."

"It is true," said Romola, starting up with a sudden consciousness that the sun had set, and the hills were darkening; "but you will come and take me—when?"

"In the morning," said Baldassarre, dreaming that she, too, wanted to hurry to her vengeance.

"Come to me, then, where you came to me to-day, in the church. I will be there at ten; and if you are not there, I will go again towards midday. Can you remember?"

"Midday," said Baldassarre—"only midday. The same place, and midday. And, after that," he added, rising, and grasping her arm again with his left hand, while he held the knife in his right; "we will have our revenge. He shall feel the sharp edge of justice. The world is against me, but you will help me."

"I would help you in other ways," said Romola, making a first, timid effort to dispel his illusion about her. "I fear you are in want; you have to labour, and get little. I should like to bring you comforts, and make you feel again that there is some one who cares for you."

"Talk no more about that," said Baldassarre, fiercely. "I will have nothing else. Help me to wring one drop of vengeance on this side of the grave. I have nothing but my knife. It is sharp; but there is a moment after the thrust when men see the face of death,—and it shall be *my* face that he will see."

He loosed his hold, and sank down again in a sitting posture. Romola felt helpless: she must defer all intentions till the morrow.

"Midday, then," she said, in a distinct voice.

"Yes," he answered, with an air of exhaustion. "Go; I will rest here."

She hastened away. Turning at the last spot whence he was likely to be in sight, she saw him seated still.

CHAPTER LIV.

The Evening and the Morning.

Romola had a purpose in her mind as she was hastening away; a purpose which had been growing through the afternoon hours like a side-stream, rising higher and higher along with the main current. It was less a resolve than a necessity of her feeling. Heedless of the darkening streets, and not caring to call for Maso's slow escort, she hurried across the bridge where the river showed itself black before the distant dying red, and took the most direct way to the Old Palace. She might encounter her husband there. No matter. She could not weigh probabilities; she must discharge her heart. She did not know what she passed in the pillared court or up

the wide stairs; she only knew that she asked an usher for the Gonfaloniere, giving her name, and begging to be shown into a private room.

She was not left long alone with the frescoed figures and the newly-lit tapers. Soon the door opened, and Bernardo del Nero entered, still carrying his white head erect above his silk lucco.

"Romola, my child, what is this?" he said, in a tone of anxious surprise as he closed the door.

She had uncovered her head and went towards him without speaking. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and held her a little away from him that he might see her better. Her face was haggard from fatigue and long agitation, her hair had rolled down in disorder; but there was an excitement in her eyes that seemed to have triumphed over the bodily consciousness.

"What has he done?" said Bernardo, abruptly. "Tell me everything, child; throw away pride. I am your father."

"It is not about myself—nothing about myself," said Romola, hastily. "Dearest godfather, it is about you. I have heard things—some I cannot tell you. But you are in danger in the palace; you are in danger everywhere. There are fanatical men who would harm you, and—and there are traitors. Trust nobody. If you trust, you will be betrayed."

Bernardo smiled.

"Have you worked yourself up into this agitation, my poor child," he said, raising his hand to her head, and patting it gently, "to tell such old truths as that to an old man like me?"

"Oh, no, no! they are not old truths I mean," said Romola, pressing her clasped hands painfully together, as if that action would help her to suppress what must not be told. "They are fresh things that I know, but cannot tell. Dearest godfather, you know I am not foolish. I would not come to you without reason. Is it too late to warn you against any one, *every* one who seems to be working on your side? Is it too late to say, Go to your villa and keep away in the country when these three more days of office are over? Oh, God! perhaps it is too late! and if any harm comes to you, it will be as if I had done it!"

The last words had burst from Romola involuntarily; a long-stifled feeling had found spasmodic utterance. But she herself was startled and arrested.

"I mean," she added, hesitatingly, "I know nothing positive. I only know what fills me with fears."

"Poor child!" said Bernardo, looking at her silently, with quiet penetration for a moment or two. Then he said—"Go, Romola, go home and rest. These fears may be only big ugly shadows of something very little and harmless. Even traitors must see their interest in betraying; the rats will run where they smell the cheese, and there is no knowing yet which way the scent will come."

He paused, and turned away his eyes from her with an air of abstraction, till, with a slow shrug, he added—

"As for warnings, they are of no use to me, child. I enter into no plots, but I never forsake my colours. If I march abreast with obstinate men, who will rush on guns and pikes, I must share the consequences. Let us say no more about that. I have not many years left at the bottom of my sack for them to rob me of. Go, child; go home and rest."

He put his hand on her head again caressingly, and she could not help clinging to his arm, and pressing her brow against his shoulder. Her godfather's caress seemed the last thing that was left to her out of that young filial life, which now looked so happy to her even in its troubles, for they were troubles untainted by anything hateful.

"Is silence best, my Romola?" said the old man.

"Yes, now; but I cannot tell whether it always will be," she answered, hesitatingly, raising her head with an appealing look.

"Well, you have a father's ear while I am above ground"—he lifted the black drapery and folded it round her head, adding—"and a father's home; remember that." Then opening the door, he said: "There, hasten away. You are like a black ghost; you will be safe enough."

When Romola fell asleep that night, she slept deep. Agitation had reached its limits; she must gather strength before she could suffer more; and, in spite of rigid habit, she slept on far beyond sunrise.

When she awoke, it was to the sound of guns. Piero de' Medici, with thirteen hundred men at his back, was before the gate that looks towards Rome.

So much Romola learned from Maso, with many circumstantial additions of dubious quality. A countryman had come in and alarmed the Signoria before it was light, else the city would have been taken by surprise. His master was not in the house, having been summoned to the Palazzo long ago. She sent out the old man again, that he might gather news, while she went up to the loggia from time to time to try and discern any signs of the dreaded entrance having been made, or of its having been effectively repelled. Maso brought her word that the great Piazza was full of armed men, and that many of the chief citizens suspected as friends of the Medici had been summoned to the palace and detained there. Some of the people seemed not to mind whether Piero got in or not, and some said the Signoria itself had invited him; but however that might be, they were giving him an ugly welcome; and the soldiers from Pisa were coming against him.

In her memory of those morning hours, there were not many things that Romola could distinguish as actual external experiences standing markedly out above the tumultuous waves of retrospect and anticipation. She knew that she had really walked to the Badia by the appointed time in spite of street alarms; she knew that she had waited there in vain. And the scene she had witnessed when she came out of the church, and stood watching on the steps while the doors were being closed behind her for the afternoon interval, always came back to her like a remembered waking,

There was a change in the faces and tones of the people, armed and unarmed, who were pausing or hurrying along the streets. The guns were firing again, but the sound only provoked laughter. She soon knew the cause of the change. Piero de' Medici and his horsemen had turned their backs on Florence, and were galloping as fast as they could along the Siena road. She learned this from a substantial shopkeeping Piagnone, who had not yet laid down his pike.

"It is true," he ended, with a certain bitterness in his emphasis. "Piero is gone, but there are those left behind who were in the secret of his coming—we all know that; and if the new Signoria does its duty we shall soon know *who* they are."

The words darted through Romola like a sharp spasm; but the evil they foreshadowed was not yet close upon her, and as she entered her home again, her most pressing anxiety was the possibility that she had lost sight for a long while of Baldassarre.

CHAPTER LV.

Waiting.

The lengthening sunny days went on without bringing either what Romola most desired or what she most dreaded. They brought no sign from Baldassarre, and, in spite of special watch on the part of the Government, no revelation of the suspected conspiracy. But they brought other things which touched her closely, and bridged the phantom-crowded space of anxiety with active sympathy in immediate trial. They brought the spreading Plague and the Excommunication of Savonarola.

Both those events tended to arrest her incipient alienation from the Frate, and to rivet again her attachment to the man who had opened to her the new life of duty, and who seemed now to be worsted in the fight for principle against profligacy. For Romola could not carry from day to day into the abodes of pestilence and misery the sublime excitement of a gladness that, since such anguish existed, she too existed to make some of the anguish less bitter, without remembering that she owed this transcendent moral life to Fra Girolamo. She could not witness the silencing and excommunication of a man whose distinction from the great mass of the clergy lay, not in any heretical belief, not in his superstitions, but in the energy with which he sought to make the Christian life a reality, without feeling herself drawn strongly to his side.

It was far on in the hot days of June before the Excommunication, for some weeks arrived from Rome, was solemnly published in the Duomo. Romola went to witness the scene, that the resistance it inspired might invigorate that sympathy with Savonarola, which was one source of her strength. It was in memorable contrast with the scene she had been accustomed to witness there. Instead of upturned citizen-faces filling the

vast area under the morning light, the youngest rising amphitheatre-wise towards the walls and making a garland of hope around the memories of age—instead of the mighty voice thrilling all hearts with the sense of great things, visible and invisible, to be struggled for—there were the bare walls at evening made more sombre by the glimmer of tapers, there was the black and grey flock of monks and secular clergy with bent unexpectant faces, there was the occasional tinkling of little bells in the pauses of a monotonous voice reading a sentence which had already been long hanging up in the churches, and at last there was the extinction of the tapers, and the slow shuffling tread of monkish feet departing in the dim silence.

Romola's ardour on the side of the Frate was doubly strengthened by the gleeful triumph she saw in hard and coarse faces, and by the fear-stricken confusion in the faces and speech of many among his strongly attached friends. The question where the duty of obedience ends, and the duty of resistance begins, could in no case be an easy one; but it was made overwhelmingly difficult by the belief that the Church was—not a compromise of parties to secure a more or less approximate justice in the appropriation of funds, but—a living organism instinct with Divine power to bless and to curse. To most of the pious Florentines, who had hitherto felt no doubt in their adherence to the Frate, that belief was not an embraced opinion, it was an inalienable impression, like the concavity of the blue firmament; and the boldness of Savonarola's written arguments that the Excommunication was unjust, and that, being unjust, it was not valid, only made them tremble the more, as a defiance cast at a mystic image, against whose subtle immeasurable power there was neither weapon nor defence.

But Romola, whose mind had not been allowed to draw its early nourishment from the traditional associations of the Christian community, in which her father had lived a life apart, felt her relation to the Church only through Savonarola; his moral force had been the only authority to which she had bowed; and in his excommunication she only saw the menace of hostile vice: on one side she saw a man whose life was devoted to the ends of public virtue and spiritual purity, and on the other the assault of alarmed selfishness, headed by a lustful, greedy, lying, and murderous old man, once called Rodrigo Borgia, and now lifted to the pinnacle of infamy as Pope Alexander the Sixth. The finer shades of fact which soften the edge of such antitheses are not apt to be seen except by neutrals, who are not distressed to discern some folly in martyrs and some judiciousness in the men who burn them. But Romola required a strength that neutrality could not give; and this Excommunication, which simplified and ennobled the resistant position of Savonarola by bringing into prominence its wider relations, seemed to come to her like a rescue from the threatening isolation of criticism and doubt. The Frate was now withdrawn from that smaller antagonism against Florentine enemies into which he continually fell in the unchecked excitement of the pulpit, and presented himself simply as appealing to the Christian world against a

vicious exercise of ecclesiastical power. He was a standard-bearer leaping into the breach. Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous self-risking deed. We feel no doubt then what is the highest prize the soul can win; we almost believe in our own power to attain it. And by a new current of such enthusiasm Romola was helped through these difficult summer days.

She had ventured on no words to Tito that would apprise him of her late interview with Baldassarre, and the revelation he had made to her. What would such agitating, difficult words win from him? No admission of the truth; nothing, probably, but a cool sarcasm about her sympathy with his assassin. Baldassarre was evidently helpless: the thing to be feared was, not that he should injure Tito, but that Tito, coming upon his traces, should carry out some new scheme for ridding himself of the injured man who was a haunting dread to him. Romola felt that she could do nothing decisive until she had seen Baldassarre again, and learned the full truth about that "other wife"—learned whether she were the wife to whom Tito was first bound.

The possibilities about that other wife, which involved the worst wound to her hereditary pride, mingled themselves as a newly embittering suspicion with the earliest memories of her illusory love, eating away the lingering associations of tenderness with the past image of her husband; and her irresistible belief in the rest of Baldassarre's revelation made her shrink from Tito with a horror which would perhaps have urged some passionate speech in spite of herself if he had not been more than usually absent from home. Like many of the wealthier citizens in that time of pestilence, he spent the intervals of business chiefly in the country: the agreeable Melema was welcome at many villas, and since Romola had refused to leave the city, he had no need to provide a country residence of his own.

But at last, in the later days of July, the alleviation of those public troubles which had absorbed her activity and much of her thought, left Romola to a less counteracted sense of her personal lot. The plague had almost disappeared, and the position of Savonarola was made more hopeful by a favourable magistracy, who were writing urgent vindicatory letters to Rome on his behalf, entreating the withdrawal of the Excommunication.

Romola's healthy and vigorous frame was undergoing the reaction of languor inevitable after continuous excitement and over-exertion; but her mental restlessness would not allow her to remain at home without peremptory occupation, except during the sultry hours. In the cool of the morning and evening she walked out constantly, varying her direction as much as possible, with the vague hope that if Baldassarre were still alive she might encounter him. Perhaps some illness had brought a new paralysis of memory, and he had forgotten where she lived—forgotten even her existence. That was her most sanguine explanation of his non-appearance. The explanation she felt to be most probable was, that he had died of the Plague.

CHAPTER LVI.

The other Wife.

The morning warmth was already beginning to be rather oppressive to Romola, when, after a walk along by the walls on her way from San Marco, she turned towards the intersecting streets again at the gate of Santa Croce.

The Borgo La Croce was so still, that she listened to her own footsteps on the pavement in the sunny silence, until, on approaching a bend in the street, she saw, a few yards before her, a little child not more than three years old, with no other clothing than his white shirt, pause from a waddling run and look around him. In the first moment of coming nearer she could only see his back—a boy's back, square and sturdy, with a cloud of reddish brown curls above it; but in the next he turned towards her, and she could see his dark eyes wide with tears, and his lower lip pushed up and trembling, while his fat brown fists clutched his shirt helplessly. The glimpse of a tall black figure sending a shadow over him brought his bewildered fear to a climax, and a loud crying sob sent the big tears rolling.

Romola, with the ready maternal instinct which was one hidden source of her passionate tenderness, instantly uncovered her head, and, stooping down on the pavement, put her arms round him, and her cheek against his, while she spoke to him in caressing tones. At first his sobs were only the louder, but he made no effort to get away, and presently the outburst ceased with that strange abruptness which belongs to childish joys and griefs: his face lost its distortion, and was fixed in an open-mouthed gaze at Romola.

"You have lost yourself, little one," she said, kissing him. "Never mind! we will find the house again. Perhaps mamma will meet us."

She divined that he had made his escape at a moment when the mother's eyes were turned away from him, and thought it likely that he would soon be followed.

"Oh, what a heavy, heavy boy!" she said, trying to lift him. "I cannot carry you. Come, then, you must toddle back by my side."

The parted lips remained motionless in awed silence, and one brown fist still clutched the shirt with as much tenacity as ever; but the other yielded itself quite willingly to the wonderful white hand, strong but soft.

"You *have* a mamma?" said Romola, as they set out, looking down at the boy with a certain yearning. But he was mute. A girl under those circumstances might perhaps have chirped abundantly; not so this square-shouldered little man with the big cloud of curls.

He was awake to the first sign of his whereabout, however. At the

Tessa at Home

turning by the front of San Ambrogio he dragged Romola towards it, looking up at her.

"Ah, that is the way home, is it?" she said, smiling at him. He only thrust his head forward and pulled, as an admonition that they should go faster.

There was still another turning that he had a decided opinion about, and then Romola found herself in a short street leading to open garden ground. It was in front of a house at the end of this street that the little fellow paused, pulling her towards some stone stairs. He had evidently no wish for her to loose his hand, and she would not have been willing to leave him without being sure that she was delivering him to his friends. They mounted the stairs, seeing but dimly in that sudden withdrawal from the sunlight, till, at the final landing place, an extra stream of light came from an open doorway. Passing through a small lobby they came to another open door, and there Romola paused. Her approach had not been heard.

On a low chair at the farther end of the room, opposite the light, sat Tessa, with one hand on the edge of the cradle, and her head hanging a little on one side, fast asleep. Near one of the windows, with her back turned towards the door, sat Monna Lisa at her work of preparing salad, in deaf unconsciousness. There was only an instant for Romola's eyes to take in that still scene; for Lillo snatched his hand away from her and ran up to his mother's side, not making any direct effort to wake her, but only leaning his head back against her arm, and surveying Romola seriously from that distance.

As Lillo pushed against her Tessa opened her eyes, and looked up in bewilderment; but her glance had no sooner rested on the figure at the opposite doorway than she started up, blushed deeply, and began to tremble a little, neither speaking nor moving forward.

"Ah! we have seen each other before," said Romola, smiling, and coming forward. "I am glad it was *your* little boy. He was crying in the street; I suppose he had run away. So we walked together a little way, and then he knew where he was, and brought me here. But you had not missed him? That is well, else you would have been frightened."

The shock of finding that Lillo had run away overcame every other feeling in Tessa for the moment. Her colour went again, and, seizing Lillo's arm, she ran with him to Monna Lisa, saying, with a half sob, loud in the old woman's ear—

"Oh, Lisa, you are wicked! Why will you stand with your back to the door? Lillo ran away ever so far into the street."

"Holy Mother!" said Monna Lisa, in her meek, thick tone, letting the spoon fall from her hands. "Where were *you*, then? I thought you were there, and had your eye on him."

"But you *know* I go to sleep when I am rocking," said Tessa, in pettish remonstrance.

"Well, well, we must keep the outer door shut, or else tie him up," said Monna Lisa, "for he'll be as cunning as Satan before long, and that's the holy truth. But how came he back, then?"

This question recalled Tessa to the consciousness of Romola's presence. Without answering, she turned towards her, blushing and timid again, and Monna Lisa's eyes followed her movement. The old woman made a low reverence, and said—

"Doubtless the most noble lady brought him back." Then, advancing a little nearer to Romola, she added, "It's my shame for him to have been found with only his shirt on; but he kicked, and wouldn't have his other clothes on this morning, and the mother, poor thing, will never hear of his being beaten. But what's an old woman to do without a stick when the lad's legs get so strong? Let your nobleness look at his legs."

Lillo, conscious that his legs were in question, pulled his shirt up a little higher, and looked down at their olive roundness with a dispassionate and curious air. Romola laughed, and stooped to give him a caressing shake and a kiss, and this action helped the reassurance that Tessa had already gathered from Monna Lisa's address to Romola. For when Naldo had been told about the adventure at the Carnival, and Tessa had asked him who the heavenly lady that had come just when she was wanted, and had vanished so soon, was likely to be—whether she could be the Holy Madonna herself?—he had answered, "Not exactly, my Tessa; only one of the saints," and had not chosen to say more. So that in the dream-like combination of small experience which made up Tessa's thought, Romola had remained confusedly associated with the pictures in the churches, and when she reappeared, the grateful remembrance of her protection was slightly tinctured with religious awe—not deeply, for Tessa's dread was chiefly of ugly and evil beings. It seemed unlikely that good beings would be angry and punish her, as it was the nature of Nofri and the devil to do. And now that Monna Lisa had spoken freely about Lillo's legs and Romola had laughed, Tessa was more at her ease.

"Ninna's in the cradle," she said. "*She's* pretty too."

Romola went to look at the sleeping Ninna, and Monna Lisa, one of the exceptionally meek deaf, who never expect to be spoken to, returned to her salad.

"Ah! she is waking: she has opened her blue eyes," said Romola. "You must take her up, and I will sit down in this chair—may I?—and nurse Lillo. Come, Lillo!"

She had sat down in Tito's chair, and put out her arms towards the lad, whose eyes had followed her. He hesitated, and, pointing his small finger at her with a half-puzzled, half-angry feeling, said, "That's Babbo's chair," not seeing his way out of the difficulty if Babbo came and found Romola in his place.

"But Babbo is not here, and I shall go soon. Come, let me nurse you as he does," said Romola, wondering to herself for the first time what sort of

Babbo he was whose wife was dressed in contadina fashion, but had a certain daintiness about her person that indicated idleness and plenty. Lillo consented to be lifted up, and, finding the lap exceedingly comfortable, began to explore her dress and hands, to see if there were any ornaments besides her rosary.

Tessa, who had hitherto been occupied in coaxing Ninna out of her waking peevishness, now sat down in her low chair, near Romola's knee, arranging Ninna's tiny person to advantage, jealous that the strange lady too seemed to notice the boy most, as Naldo did.

"Lillo was going to be angry with me because I sat in Babbo's chair," said Romola, as she bent forward to kiss Ninna's little foot. "Will he come soon and want it?"

"Ah, no!" said Tessa; "you can sit in it a long while. I shall be sorry when you go. When you first came to take care of me at the Carnival, I thought it was wonderful; you came and went away again so fast. And Naldo said, perhaps you were a saint, and that made me tremble a little, though the saints are very good, I know; and you were good to me, and now you have taken care of Lillo. Perhaps you will always come and take care of me. That was how Naldo did a long while ago; he came and took care of me when I was frightened, one San Giovanni. I couldn't think where he came from—he was so beautiful and good. And so are you," ended Tessa, looking up at Romola with devout admiration.

"Naldo is your husband. His eyes are like Lillo's," said Romola, looking at the boy's darkly-pencilled eyebrows, unusual at his age. She did not speak interrogatively, but with a quiet certainty of inference which was necessarily mysterious to Tessa.

"Ah! you know him!" she said, pausing a little in wonder. "Perhaps you know Nofri and Peretola, and our house on the hill, and everything. Yes, like Lillo's; but not his hair. His hair is dark and long—" she went on, getting rather excited. "Ah! if you know it, *ecco!*"

She had put her hand to a thin red silk cord that hung round her neck, and drew from her bosom the tiny old parchment *Breve*, the horn of red coral, and a long dark curl carefully tied at one end and suspended with those mystic treasures. She held them towards Romola, away from Ninna's snatching hand.

"It is a fresh one. I cut it lately. See how bright it is!" she said, laying it against the white background of Romola's fingers. "They get dim, and then he lets me cut another when his hair is grown; and I put it with the Breve, because sometimes he is away a long while, and then it helps to take care of me."

A slight shiver passed through Romola as the curl was laid across her fingers. At Tessa's first mention of her husband as having come mysteriously she knew not whence, a possibility had risen before Romola that made her heart beat faster; for to one who is anxiously in search of a certain object, the faintest suggestions have a peculiar significance.

And when the curl was held towards her, it seemed for an instant like a mocking phantasm of the lock she herself had cut to wind with one of her own five years ago. But she preserved her outward calmness, bent not only on knowing the truth, but also on coming to that knowledge in a way that would not pain this poor, trusting, ignorant thing, with the child's mind in the woman's body. "Foolish and helpless:" yes; so far she corresponded to Baldassarre's account.

"It is a beautiful curl," she said, resisting the impulse to withdraw her hand. "Lillo's curls will be like it, perhaps, for *his* cheek, too, is dark. And you never know where your husband goes to when he leaves you?"

"No," said Tessa, putting back her treasures out of the children's way. "But I know Messer Saint Michael takes care of him, for he gave him a beautiful coat, all made of little chains; and if he puts that on, nobody can kill him. And, perhaps, if——" Tessa hesitated a little, under a recurrence of that original dreamy wonder about Romola which had been expelled by chatting contact—"if you *were* a saint, you would take care of him, too, because you have taken care of me and Lillo."

An agitated flush came over Romola's face in the first moment of certainty, but she had bent her cheek against Lillo's head. The feeling that leaped out in that flush was something like exultation at the thought that the wife's burden might be about to slip from her overladen shoulders; that this little ignorant creature might prove to be Tito's lawful wife. A strange exultation for a proud and high-born woman to have been brought to! But it seemed to Romola as if that were the only issue that would make duty anything else for her than an insoluble problem. Yet she was not deaf to Tessa's last appealing words; she raised her head, and said, in her clearest tones,—

"I will always take care of you, if I see you need me. But that beautiful coat? your husband did not wear it when you were first married? Perhaps he used not to be so long away from you then?"

"Ah, yes! he was. Much—much longer. So long, I thought he would never come back. I used to cry. Oh, me! I was beaten then; a long, long while ago at Peretola, where we had the goats and mules."

"And how long had you been married before your husband had that chain-coat?" said Romola, her heart beating faster and faster.

Tessa looked meditative, and began to count on her fingers, and Romola watched the fingers as if they would tell the secret of her destiny.

"The chestnuts were ripe when we were married," said Tessa, marking off her thumb and fingers again as she spoke; "and then again they were ripe at Peretola before he came back, and then again, after that, on the hill. And soon the soldiers came and we heard the trumpets, and then Naldo had the coat."

"You had been married more than two years. In which church were you married?" said Romola, too entirely absorbed by one thought to put any question that was less direct. Perhaps before the next morning she

might go to her godfather and say that she was not Tito Melema's lawful wife—that the vows which had bound her to strive after an impossible union had been made void beforehand.

Tessa gave a slight start at Romola's new tone of inquiry, and looked up at her with a hesitating expression. Hitherto she had prattled on without consciousness that she was making revelations, any more than when she said old things over and over again to Monna Lisa.

"Naldo said I was never to tell about that," she said, doubtfully. "Do you think he would not be angry if I told you?"

"It is right that you should tell me. Tell me everything," said Romola, looking at her with mild authority.

If the impression from Naldo's command had been much more recent than it was, the constraining effect of Romola's mysterious authority would have overcome it. But the sense that she was telling what she had never told before made her begin with a lowered voice.

"It was not in a church—it was at the Natività, when there was the fair, and all the people went overnight to see the Madonna in the Nunziata, and my mother was ill and couldn't go, and I took the bunch of cocoons for her; and then he came to me in the church and I heard him say, 'Tessa!' I knew him because he had taken care of me at the San Giovanni, and then we went into the Piazza where the fair was, and I had some *berlingozzi*, for I was hungry and he was very good to me; and at the end of the Piazza there was a holy father and an altar like what they have at the processions outside the churches. So he married us, and then Naldo took me back into the church and left me; and I went home, and my mother died, and Nofri began to beat me more, and Naldo never came back. And I used to cry, and once at the Carnival I saw him and followed him, and he was angry, and said he would come some time, I must wait. So I went and waited; but, oh! it was a long while before he came; but he would have come if he could, for he was good; and then he took me away, because I cried and said I could not bear to stay with Nofri. And, oh! I was so glad, and since then I have been always happy, for I don't mind about the goats and mules, because I have Lillo and Ninna now; and Naldo is never angry, only I think he doesn't love Ninna so well as Lillo, and she *is* pretty."

Quite forgetting that she had thought her speech rather momentous at the beginning, Tessa fell to devouring Ninna with kisses, while Romola sat in silence with absent eyes. It was inevitable that in this moment she should think of the three beings before her chiefly in their relation to her own lot, and she was feeling the chill of disappointment that her difficulties were not to be solved by external law. She had relaxed her hold of Lillo, and was leaning her cheek against her hand, seeing nothing of the scene around her. Lillo was quick in perceiving a change that was not agreeable to him; he had not yet made any return to her caresses, but he objected to their withdrawal, and putting up both his brown arms to pull her head towards him, he said, "Play with me again!"

Romola, roused from her self-absorption, clasped the lad anew, and looked from him to Tessa, who had now paused from her shower of kisses, and seemed to have returned to the more placid delight of contemplating the heavenly lady's face. That face was undergoing a subtle change, like the gradual oncoming of a warmer, softer light. Presently Romola took her scissors from her scarsella, and cut off one of her long wavy locks, while the three pair of wide eyes followed her movements with kitten-like observation.

"I must go away from you now," she said, "but I will leave this lock of hair that it may remind you of me, because if you are ever in trouble you can think that perhaps God will send me to take care of you again. I cannot tell you where to find me, but if I ever know that you want me, I will come to you. Addio!"

She had set down Lillo hurriedly, and held out her hand to Tessa, who kissed it with a mixture of awe and sorrow at this parting. Romola's mind was oppressed with thoughts; she needed to be alone as soon as possible, but with her habitual care for the least fortunate, she turned aside to put her hand in a friendly way on Monna Lisa's shoulder and make her a farewell sign. Before the old woman had finished her deep reverence, Romola had disappeared.

Monna Lisa and Tessa moved towards each other by simultaneous impulses, while the two children stood clinging to their mother's skirts as if they, too, felt the atmosphere of awe.

"Do you think she *was* a saint?" said Tessa, in Lisa's ear, showing her the lock.

Lisa rejected that notion very decidedly by a backward movement of her fingers, and then stroking the rippled gold, said,—

"She's a great and noble lady. I saw such in my youth."

Romola went home and sat alone through the sultry hours of that day with the heavy certainty that her lot was unchanged. She was thrown back again on the conflict between the demands of an outward law which she recognized as a widely ramifying obligation and the demands of inner moral facts which were becoming more and more peremptory. She had drunk in deeply the spirit of that teaching by which Savonarola had urged her to return to her place. She felt that the sanctity attached to all close relations, and, therefore, pre-eminently to the closest, was but the expression in outward law of that result towards which all human goodness and nobleness must spontaneously tend; that the light abandonment of ties, whether inherited or voluntary, because they had ceased to be pleasant, was the uprooting of social and personal virtue. What else had Tito's crime towards Baldassarre been but that abandonment working itself out to the most hideous extreme of falsity and ingratitude?

And the inspiring consciousness breathed into her by Savonarola's influence that her lot was vitally united with the general lot had exalted even the minor details of obligation into religion. She was marching with a great army; she was feeling the stress of a common life. If victims

were needed, and it was uncertain on whom the lot might fall, she would stand ready to answer to her name. She had stood long; she had striven hard to fulfil the bond; but she had seen all the conditions which made the fulfilment possible gradually forsaking her. The one effect of her marriage-tie seemed to be the stifling predominance over her of a nature that she despised. All her efforts at union had only made its impossibility more palpable, and the relation had become for her simply a degrading servitude. The law was sacred. Yes, but rebellion might be sacred too. It flashed upon her mind that the problem before her was essentially the same as that which had lain before Savonarola—the problem where the sacredness of obedience ended and where the sacredness of rebellion began. To her, as to him, there had come one of those moments in life when the soul must dare to act on its own warrant, not only without external law to appeal to, but in the face of a law which is not unarmed with Divine lightnings—lightnings that may yet fall if the warrant has been false.

Before the sun had gone down she had adopted a resolve. She would ask no counsel of her godfather or of Savonarola until she had made one determined effort to speak freely with Tito and obtain his consent that she should live apart from him. She desired not to leave him clandestinely again, or to forsake Florence. She would tell him that, if he ever felt a real need of her, she would come back to him. Was not that the utmost faithfulness to her bond that could be required of her? A shuddering anticipation came over her that he would clothe a refusal in a sneering suggestion that she should enter a convent as the only mode of quitting him that would not be scandalous. He knew well that her mind revolted from that means of escape, not only because of her own repugnance to a narrow rule, but because all the cherished memories of her father forbade that she should adopt a mode of life which was associated with his deepest griefs and his bitterest dislike.

Tito had announced his intention of coming home this evening. She would wait for him, and say what she had to say at once, for it was difficult to get his ear during the day. If he had the slightest suspicion that personal words were coming, he slipped away with an appearance of unpremeditated ease. When she sent for Maso to tell him that she would wait for his master, she observed that the old man looked at her and lingered with a mixture of hesitation and wondering anxiety; but finding that she asked him no question, he slowly turned away. Why should she ask questions? Perhaps Maso only knew or guessed something of what she knew already.

It was late before Tito came. Romola had been pacing up and down the long room which had once been the library, with the windows open and a loose white linen robe on instead of her usual black garment. She was glad of that change after the long hours of heat and motionless meditation; but the coolness and exercise made her more intensely wakeful, and as she went with the lamp in her hand to open the door for Tito he might well have been startled by the vividness of her eyes and the

expression of painful resolution which was in contrast with her usual self-restrained quiescence before him. But it seemed that this excitement was just what he expected.

"Ah! it is you, Romola. Maso is gone to bed," he said, in a grave, quiet tone, interposing to close the door for her. Then, turning round, he said, looking at her more fully than he was wont, "You have heard it all, I see."

Romola quivered. *He*, then, was inclined to take the initiative. He had been to Tessa. She led the way through the nearest door, set down her lamp, and turned towards him again.

"You must not think despairingly of the consequences," said Tito, in a tone of soothing encouragement, at which Romola stood wondering, until he added, "The accused have too many family ties with all parties not to escape; and Messer Bernardo del Nero has other things in his favour besides his age."

Romola started, and gave a cry as if she had been suddenly stricken by a sharp weapon.

"What! you did not know it?" said Tito, putting his hand under her arm that he might lead her to a seat; but she seemed to be unaware of his touch.

"Tell me," she said, hastily—"tell me what it is."

"A man, whose name you may forget—Lamberto dell' Antella—who was banished, has been seized within the territory: a letter has been found on him of very dangerous import to the chief Mediceans, and the scoundrel, who was once a favourite hound of Piero de' Medici, is ready now to swear what any one pleases against him or his friends. Some have made their escape, but five are now in prison."

"My godfather?" said Romola, scarcely above a whisper, as Tito made a slight pause.

"Yes; I grieve to say it. But along with him there are three, at least, whose names have a commanding interest even among the popular party—Niccolò Ridolfi, Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and Giannozzo Pucci."

The tide of Romola's feelings had been violently turned into a new channel. In the tumult of that moment there could be no check to the words which came as the impulsive utterance of her long-accumulating horror. When Tito had named the men of whom she felt certain he was the confederate, she said, with a recoiling gesture and low-toned bitterness—

"And *you*—you are safe?"

"You are certainly an amiable wife, my Romola," said Tito, with the coldest irony. "Yes; I am safe."

They turned away from each other in silence.

Westminster Abbey,

MARCH 25, 1863.

Two years and a half—or may-be three years ago—there came to England, bringing with him from the Indian mutiny a great name and a wasted body, a soldier who had done his work so well that all men rejoiced to welcome him. He was an officer of the old Company's army then moribund, and he had made his way to the front, without patronage and without privilege, under that great Monarchy of the Middle Classes, doing on the road so many great and so many good deeds that, although not belonging to, or cherished by, "the families," men of all kinds, even in England, admitted that there was some greatness in him, and that he was of the true Nobility of the earth.

There were men of higher rank than JAMES OUTRAM; men who had commanded greater armies, and who had governed more extensive territories. There was no one great event, changing the destinies of empires, to which he could point as peculiarly his own. His career was without a Waterloo. But a life of sustained devotion to the public service, a life made beautiful by repeated acts of heroism and chivalry, a life of stainless truth and unsullied honour, made England echo back the praises which pealed across the Eastern seas. So London did what Calcutta had done only a short time before: held a great meeting in his honour, voted him a statue, and otherwise expressed the admiration due to a life which was a noble lesson. What his career had been, we then tried briefly to set forth in these pages; * but the much that there was to say made it difficult to say it in narrow space, and it was but a scant record after all, of years crowded with adventure. It was the history, too, of a living man; written, therefore, not without some reservation of the feelings of love and veneration which inspired the writer. He little thought how near was the time when all the truth might be spoken without offence to the modest nature of the man. But Outram has passed into the great muster-roll of buried heroes, and the tongue of praise need no longer be still.

In what we wrote two years ago, the story of Outram's life was briefly told to the end. The rest is but a record of its fading away. It was truly said of him that he "sank beneath the burden of peace." He said this, indeed, of himself; and when friends said, consolingly, that rest and change of scene, and a mild, dry climate would restore him to health, he

* *Cornhill Magazine*, No. 13, for January, 1861: Article, "The Career of an Indian Officer."

used to answer, with a languid smile on his worn face, that the only thing that could set him up again was "another war." Not that he was without a right sense of the horrors of war; for he was essentially a humane man. He was one, indeed—

> Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
> And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train,
> Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
> In face of these doth exercise a power,
> Which is our human nature's highest dower;
> Controls them, and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
> Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
> By objects which might force the soul to abate
> Her feelings, rendered more compassionate.

But the performance of duties, which kept him in a state of intense action, braced and invigorated him, beyond all example. At the sound of the trumpet, his feebleness thrilled into strength; the fire was rekindled in his eye; the pain and languor written on his face gave way to the glow of energy and vigour. He could not sicken with the sword in his hand; but when he returned it to the scabbard, human weakness reasserted itself and the frail body succumbed beneath the incubus of peace. Twice had the *vis medicatrix belli* arrested the hand of death. And even a third time, though spent and shattered more and more by each new conflict with nature, he might have risen again from his prostration and gone out to do his country's bidding. But the work of the soldier was done. There was nothing to rouse him. He had everything that could throw sunshine on his declining years. Honours and rewards were poured upon him with a liberal hand. The cravings of a noble ambition were fully satisfied. He had, perhaps, more friends than ever fell to the lot of man. But the great stimulus of a call to duty was wanting. He went abroad; wandered over Egypt; his ever active mind full of the thought that some day the land of the Pharaohs might be the field of a great battle fought for the supremacy of the Indies; but he returned to England, little better for the change, and his friends saw with sorrow and alarm that he was still only a wreck of the James Outram who had tamed the Bheels of Candeish, who had hunted the Ameer of Caubul, defended the Residency of Hyderabad, and battled with gigantic corruption at the Court of the Guicowar.

On a fine July morning in the year which has just gone, there was a gathering of many of those friends in his house on the western frontier of London. They had gone thither to present the address voted at the meeting held in St. James's more than a year before; and it bore the names of all in England and in India who had subscribed to the testimonials which were to mark the public sense of his services and his character. To what length the parchment bearing those names might have been rolled out could only be dimly conjectured, for it had stretched itself over the floor of a room of no small dimensions without sensibly

diminishing the bulk of the scroll, and there were those who proposed laughingly to adjourn, for more fitting space, to the neighbouring Exhibition building.

There were many men of note among those then assembled; indeed, it may be said that almost every man had some celebrity of his own, or, at least, had done some good service to the State; and the address then read by their ducal spokesman must have pleased Outram as much as the assemblage. His answer, in its plain, unpretending modesty, was characteristic of the man. He said that he had tried to do his duty, but that he feared he had not done it all so well as had been declared in the address. And he added, with a graceful reference to the old Company's army—a reference in which there was a touch of sadness, for its name had become Ichabod—"I was reared under a system which gave to every man an equal chance of going to the front, and I owe it to that system that I am now standing before you." He owed it to the system, not to patronage or to privilege; but he owed it no less to himself. It was because the right man strove mightily under the right system that he stood there to receive the praises of his countrymen. Whether any system could have kept him in the background with energies and impulses such as his, gathering strength from resistance, Heaven only knows; but certain is it that only on that theatre of action was such a career as Outram's possible. He might have risen to higher command; he might have been a greater soldier. But only under the Indian system are soldier-statesmen reared—men of the same class and the same calibre as John Malcolm, Henry Lawrence, and James Outram. It was for no one great thing that the many who had signed the address honoured him who now stood there to receive it. It was for the varied work that he had done; for the good true stuff of which he had shown himself to be made, in so many different conjunctures, all testing the highest qualities of humanity, and always bringing him triumphantly through the ordeal. An Indian "political" is a public functionary *sui generis;* a soldier yesterday, a diplomatist to-day, an administrator to-morrow. He fights battles, negotiates treaties, governs provinces; is always ready for work, the sword in one hand, the portfolio in the other; always self-reliant and courageous because habituated to power and to responsibility, and always fertile in resources because accustomed to independent action in remote positions far away from authority and control. This is the system of which Outram spoke on that July morning—a system which trains men to trust to themselves, and releases them perforce from the thraldom and the martyrdom of Red Tape.

"The memory of your great kindness," he said in conclusion, "will go with me to the grave." And there were some who, hearing the words, thought sorrowfully that the passage would not be a long one. And they were right. A few months later, many of the same friends were assembled in the same rooms; and in another room beneath the same roof lay in a coffin all that was mortal of James Outram. He

had spent the winter in the south of France, and on that memorable night of the 10th of March, when all England was in a great blaze of enthusiasm, rejoicing in the bridals of a young Prince, the veteran hero lay dying in a foreign town, and news soon came that he was dead. On the 11th of March, 1863, at the age of threescore, James Outram died at Pau ; and a fortnight later crowds were flocking to Westminster Abbey to see his remains laid in the grave of the great burial-place of the mighty dead.

The Government, which he had served so long and so devotedly, gave him a public funeral, and so great was the veneration in which he had been held, that people came from a distance to pay him the last honours, and hundreds sought admittance to the Abbey, to whom it was of necessity reluctantly refused. It was a solemn and a touching scene. Not many months before many of the same mourners had stood around the grave of another great man, who had also returned from the scene of the Indian mutiny to find not a home, but a burial-place in England—a great man, who had serenely confronted danger and disaster in a distant land, in a destroying climate, with everything around him to disturb and to depress, and only his own good conscience, his own brave heart, to sustain him; who had gone through fiery trials, unhurt and unmoved, so that men who could not fathom his greatness came to speak of him as of a stock or a stone; who had stood firm at his post until the battle had been fought out to the last, yielding neither to sickness nor to sorrow; but who, when his country no longer needed his services, and his work was done, came home, and amidst all peaceful and harmonious surroundings, with the praises of his Sovereign, the applause of his countrymen, and the kind words of kindred in his ears, laid himself down to die—

> Like some brave ship that weathers out the storm,
> But goes to pieces safely moored in port.

There were some, doubtless, who, in Westminster Abbey, on the 25th of March, thought of this, and how the two had sate together in council, and how they had admired and honoured each other, not the less for some conflicts of opinion. They thought how Outram, strong in his sense of right (it matters not on which side the right really lay), did battle bravely with higher authority, and never yielded an inch of what he held to be the truth. There were some, perhaps, who reverenced him most of all for the contentions which, from time to time, had thrown shadows over, but left no dark spots upon, his life; for the manliness with which, ever sustained by a strong faith in the goodness of his cause, he had provoked the frowns and dared the censures of men above him on the official ladder, not because he was by nature contentious or intolerant of control, for no man had a more genial temper or a more soldierly respect for higher authority, but because he believed it to be his duty, against any odds, to do battle with tyranny, injustice, and corruption. They thought, perhaps, looking back at his past career, what sharp rocks lie along the path of duty, what pitfalls there

are to be escaped, what dark and bewildering forests to be groped through before the clear light of the open plain is to be found; and, thinking this, they may have felt in their inmost hearts that Outram's greatest victories were not those which he achieved over savage tribes, or perfidious nations, or armies disciplined and equipped by ourselves; and, thinking of these greater victories, they threw a wreath upon his bier.

Others there were who, knowing little of these conflicts, and how more than all else they had revealed the inner worth of the man, suffered their thoughts to flow into different channels. There were men who had known him almost from his boyhood, and men who had known him only as General Sir James Outram, commanding a division of the army which had crushed out the life of the Indian rebellion. For it was a peculiarity of Outram's fame that there was a many-sidedness about it, seldom, if ever, equalled in the lives of our greatest men. There were those beside his grave who had known him as a mighty hunter, in days when John Malcolm, himself a tiger-slayer, was Governor of Bombay—men, who had ridden many desperate raids with him against the savage denizens of the jungle, and could speak of the cool courage with which he ever confronted danger and the impulsive daring which often sent him in search of it. They thought of the indomitable pluck he had shown in single-handed encounter with royal tigers, and how, with his head in the mouth of a panther, he had narrowly escaped death, but had gone again to the field with renewed appetite for similar adventures. They may not, perhaps, have thought how it was not always for mere pastime that Outram had thus risked a life which his country could ill spare; for with a rude people this mastery over the beasts of the forest is no small element of diplomatic success. But anyhow, they honoured him for his daring; and they also threw a wreath upon his bier.*

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* The ascendancy which Outram gained over the Bheels was in no small measure attributable to the reputation which he gained among them as a mighty hunter. He has himself noted down some curious circumstances relating to their superstitions. "They have a belief," he wrote, "that those who slay a tiger maintain power over that animal in the next world; but that those slain by a tiger are rendered hereafter subservient to the animal. On one occasion, when Cundoo Havildar was mortally wounded, he implored me to hasten and kill the tiger whilst he was yet alive, saying that as he had marked the animal down, and left scouts to watch him, its death would be attributable to him, and he might then die in peace. I succeeded in slaying the monster, and hastened to assure Cundoo of the fact. He was just dying when I went to him, but had sense left to understand and express his satisfaction, immediately after which he expired. . . . On all occasions of danger the Bheels displayed astonishing presence of mind and *pluck;* and almost invariably when, in tracking a tiger, they suddenly came upon the animal, they caused him to slink off, from the bold front they maintained. Whether the Bheel became singly opposed to a tiger, or several were together, he never thought of turning or running, but caused the brute to walk off instead by literally staring him out of countenance. Often in critical moments, when hunting on foot, has a tiger been turned from me by my faithful Bheels; and on one occasion, when a panther had got me down, they killed him with their swords, when rolling with me on the ground, with my head in his mouth."

In moments of calm reflection, sitting quietly in our homes, we lay it down as a precept not to be gainsaid, that men whose lives belong to the State have no right unnecessarily to risk them. Nothing in the abstract can be more true. But we must look at these things in the aggregate, and not forget how the very hardihood and daring of the national character, which takes no account of such risks, has contributed to the success of our great Indian career. There may be plentiful compensation, although we see it not at the time, for the loss even of the most serviceable lives. But men, when the blood is warm within them, do not take this debtor and creditor view of things; they are in no mood to strike a balance; but go forward as the impulse moves them. That Outram did so must be admitted; it was not in his nature to do otherwise. Witness the manner in which he exposed his life on the first advance upon Lucknow. Higher authority decreed that he was wrong. It was not for men whose lives were so much wanted in that crisis to expose themselves to unnecessary danger. There was nothing that Outram so much coveted as the Victoria Cross. If this was an infirmity it was an infirmity of a noble mind. There was one beside his grave, on that 25th of March, to whom Outram had said a few months before his death, with the modesty which was a part of him,—"I do not wish you to think too highly of my surrender of the command to Havelock. They have made more of it than it deserves. It was not all unselfishness upon my part; for I eagerly longed for a chance of going in for the Victoria Cross." The friend to whom he said this honoured him for the avowal; but told him that his life was too precious at that time to warrant his running after a cross like a hot-headed boy, and knocking down rebels armed to the teeth with no more formidable weapon than a stick. He smiled, as if it were an old platitude. He had heard it before from the lips, and read it from the pens of greater men. There was one great man beside his grave who perhaps felt that though, as commander-in-chief of the army, he had been bound to discourage such impulsiveness as this on the part of one in Outram's place, yet that as a soldier, and a soldier "war-bred" as Napier called him, he could not help honouring the youthful ardour and impulsiveness of the veteran of threescore. And doubtless, thinking of this, and of all Outram's fine soldierly qualities, the noble old chief, whose grey head was bowed sorrowfully beside the hero's grave, threw also his wreath upon the bier.

But it was not merely personal ambition that moved Outram to expose his life in that particular conjuncture by deeds of personal gallantry. "I conceive," he wrote in 1859, "that as a soldier I was simply in the position of a mere volunteer, during the period I abdicated the command to General Havelock. I am not so satisfied, however, that I can justly contend against the impression, which I regret to find is entertained by the Governor-General, that I too readily ignored the responsibilities of the high civil position in which he had placed me, even whilst its duties were in abeyance from the impossibility of conducting them, while yet we

possessed no footing in Oude. In that view, his excellency's arguments against the course I pursued on this occasion are too cogent, though so kindly and courteously expressed, to allow me to blind myself to the fact that I was not justified in so entirely losing sight, as I cannot but feel conscious that I did, of my position of chief commissioner of Oude. But I beg to be allowed to urge as somewhat extenuating my apparent selfishness in seeking personal distinction in the field, while yet my civil functions were literally *nil*, that until Lucknow fell to our arms or returned to allegiance on relief of the garrison, there could be no possibility of a chief commissioner being required; and to effect the great object which we then had in view, every man of the force, military or civil, was required to do the duty of a soldier. But I hope I was actuated by better motives than the mere seeking of personal distinction. I felt that it was more incumbent on myself than on any man in the force to show the soldiers that I did not shrink from any dangers to which they themselves were exposed, in a struggle which they all knew *I* had drawn them into. Our success depended on all being nerved by the same spirit; and the holding back of so prominent an individual as their late general, on the plea of his position as chief commissioner, would not have promoted such a spirit. It was an object certainly to inspire our small body of cavalry, in their first contest, with the enthusiasm required to carry them through what we knew they would have to encounter ere we reached Lucknow." "But," he added, with that irresistible desire to do full justice to others which was so noble a feature of his character, "my interference was little needed to that end with men under Captain Barrow's command, and would not have been exerted, perhaps, had I had previous opportunities of testing that officer's qualifications for command. The cavalry affair, however, was mere pastime to what was before us when imperative duty demanded my exposure; for I state but the truth, to which the whole army will testify, declaring it in self-defence against the imputation of needlessly exposing myself, that had I gone to the rear when wounded on the morning of the 25th of September, the column would not have penetrated into the city, nor without my guidance could it have reached the Residency." Such is Outram's own account of the Victoria Cross episode; and all that we need say about it is, that to have done otherwise than he did would have been very much unlike all that we know of the character of James Outram. It was not in him when danger threatened to refrain from going to the front.

That he was ambitious is not to be denied; but his ambition had but little of the common element of selfishness. He would never consent to rise at the expense of others, nor would he benefit himself to the injury of the State. No man was ever more liberal in the bestowal of praise on others, more willing to acknowledge the assistance he had derived from his comrades, or more eager to obtain for them the recognition of the Crown. Indeed, it may be said that he almost wearied the Government by importuning them to obtain honours and rewards for the officers

and men who had served under him. "Of him it may be said," wrote one who had served under him at the Alumbagh, "if it can be said of any one in a public capacity, that he was beloved by every one; and no trait in his character stands forth more pre-eminently than the manner in which he tries to advance the interests of, and prove a friend to, those whose merits have entitled them to his favourable opinion." "His generosity to his soldiers, and care of them, is only equalled by his rare abnegation of self, and the way in which he avoids pushing himself before the public." Truly might we say with Mark Antony, that "ambition should be made of sterner stuff." It was, indeed, always with some reference to the good of others, or to the honour of the great service to which he was so proud of belonging, that he coveted personal distinction; but, even for this, he would have taken no high office, the duties of which he did not know that he was capable of adequately discharging. If he thought that any man was capable of doing the work better than himself, he was always willing to give place to him. Thus when, during his employment at the head of the British army in Persia, Lord Canning found it necessary to make some new disposition of the great political appointments under his government, and called Sir Henry Lawrence to Oude, the chief commissionership of which was nominally held by Outram, the latter cheerfully admitted the fitness of the arrangement and consented to accept an office (the political agency of Rajpootana) of inferior honour and responsibility, without a word of complaint. He was anxious, too, after the re-establishment of our power in Oude, warned by failing health, to resign his civil duties, as soon as a successor could be appointed; and when he became a member of the Supreme Government, seeing in the English papers some speculations with respect to his appointment either as Governor or Commander-in-chief of one of the presidencies of India, he wrote home to a friend in the India Office, beseeching him to discourage any such idea, if entertained, as, although the attainment of either of those offices had been the cherished ambition of a life, he could not say that in his broken state of health he could be thus employed with advantage to the State. Again, therefore, we say with Mark Antony that "ambition should be made of sterner stuff."

It is true that he greatly appreciated the honours which had been bestowed upon him by the Crown, but in this there was only becoming loyalty and devotion. There is a story told of him to the effect that when he went to Oxford to take his honorary doctor's degree, and appeared with all his decorations upon him, he met the First Minister of the Crown, who had gone to the University on a like errand and presented himself, pure and simple, without an order of any kind on his breast. In something of an apologetical strain, Outram—so runs the story—pointing to his own decorations, said he was afraid he had done wrong, as the Premier had not indued any of his orders for the occasion. But the answer came forth, prompt and happy, "Not at all, general. You have *won* your honours;

mine were only *given* to me." There was, indeed, rightly understood, in this assumption of all the external emblems of the honours he had won, not only proper respect for the University, but genuine modesty of the best kind. His decorations, indeed, were regarded by him as a sort of apology for his appearance there. They were, truly, the credentials which the Sovereign had given him; his passport to the new kingdom of learning which he was about to enter. He thought that it would have been presumption in him not to carry those tokens about him. He had not, like the veteran statesman, done his work under the very eyes of the University. Each took a right view of his position. In many respects very dissimilar, there were some points of resemblance between them; and the Minister, whose good English pluck, whose gallant resolution, no one ever doubted, must have honoured at least those fine qualities in his brother doctor. For if those lessons of self-reliance, of self-help, of self-devotion, which the great Minister has since, in fitting language, been teaching to the youthful manhood of the North, needed practical and personal illustrations drawn from the lives of men, the life of James Outram would have been one just to the purpose. Not so much because of his high post, as for the better reason of his genuine manliness, we should have rejoiced to see that veteran statesman standing beside the hero's grave. There were other Ministers of the Crown to witness Outram's obsequies; and that particular department of the State under which he had served went forth in a body to the Abbey from its neighbouring domicile—Secretary of State, Under-Secretaries of State, Members of Council, Secretaries of Departments, and others of less rank, but with like instincts of admiration for the great man, the history of whose deeds was scattered over the bulky records in their charge. But still it would have pleased us if he, who so fitly represents the manliness of the nation, had done honour at the last to such a genuine man as Outram, and thrown a wreath upon his bier.

But more noticeable even than great statesmen and high officers of Government, more noticeable by the living and more honouring to the dead, was a little group of soldiers, in the Highland uniform, who stood by the hero's grave, stirred to the very depths of their hearts by reverence and affection. They were a party of sergeants of the Seventy-eighth Regiment, who had solicited and obtained leave to come down from a distance, that they might pay, on behalf of their regiment, the last honours to one by whom it was their privilege to have been led to battle and to conquest. The Seventy-eighth Highlanders knew Outram well. There were some men still in the regiment who twenty years before had served in the dreary furnace of Scinde; but it was on the great battle-field of Oude that they had learnt to love and to honour a leader, who was ever as mindful of their interests as he was regardless of his own; who was as tender towards and as careful of his men as though they were his children; who never sacrificed a life except to the stern necessity of the fight. On the morning of the 25th of March, these gallant

fellows stood at the door of the mansion which held the remains of their beloved general, and earnestly sought to be allowed to carry the body to its last resting-place. Most reluctantly was the request refused;* but they marched beside the hearse, and filed through the Abbey beside the coffin, and were beside it when it was lowered into the grave. And as they stood there, their thoughts went back to the Alumbagh, with tender memories and sorrowful regrets that such a chief was lost to them for ever. Not merely of the more stirring events of the memorable campaign thought they in that solemn hour; not merely of his forwardness in action, of the enthusiasm which sent him ever where danger was the thickest, and of the glories to which he had led them. They thought also of his kindness, of the love which he had shown them, of his unceasing efforts to administer to their comforts and to mitigate the rigours of war. They remembered the Much he had done, the More he had striven to do for them; how he had gone about from the camp at the Alumbagh into the surrounding villages, endeavouring to obtain milk and other little luxuries for his men; how anxiously he had watched the progress of the sick and the wounded, doing all that he could to lighten their sufferings, and grieving that he could do no more; and how, when the grim business of actual battle was slack, he had found healthy amusement for his followers, and instituted races and games and all kinds of "rural sports" in the camp, just as though it were a season of high holiday in the palmiest days of peace. Doubtless, there rose up before those noble fellows, their hearts swelling beneath their tartans, the image of their dear general, as he stood watching their amusements, the never-failing cheroot between his lips, a bland smile on his face, and a twinkle of delight in his eyes; and, as they sorrowed most of all that they should see that face no more, they threw their wreath upon his bier.

It was in "the largeness and the overflow" of his sympathies, in the "rich lovingkindness redundantly kind," which he felt for men of all races and all classes, that Outram differed from and excelled all his contemporaries, with the sole exception, perhaps, of Henry Lawrence. His compassion, indeed, was boundless:

> He could afford to suffer
> With those whom he saw suffer.

It was this compassion, this faculty of seeing with other men's eyes, of thinking with other men's brains, and of feeling with other men's hearts—a faculty, the absence of which from our chief rulers brought us to our sorest straits in India—which made Outram so strenuous an opponent of injustice in all its forms. Thus it happened that he vehemently protested against the treatment to which the Ameers of Scinde had been subjected, and proved the strength and sincerity of his sympathies by

* The extreme weight of the leaden coffin, and the distance to be traversed, rendered the arrangement impossible without risk of retarding the arrival of the funeral procession at the Abbey.

refusing to touch the share of the spoil which fell to him by "right of conquest." He said it had fallen to him by wrong of conquest, and he would have none of it. He was a poor man at the time, struggling with debt, and the money would have placed him financially in what are called "easy circumstances." But there is a burden more heavy to bear even than the burden of debt, the burden of an uneasy conscience. So he could not be persuaded to touch the "prize" that was offered to him. To its rightful possessors he could not restore it, so he gave it to be distributed to the poor and suffering of Bombay. We have told the story before, but we repeat it now; for the almoner of Outram's bounty stood on that 25th of March beside the just man's grave, and as he thought of what had passed some twenty years ago, and of the records which he still held of a stewardship so honourable to the dead, he also threw a wreath upon his bier.

There were people of all classes assembled in the Abbey—men and women—old and young—soldiers and civilians; and many were the feelings which had brought them thither, and many the thoughts with which their brains were stirred. But the space at our disposal is well-nigh exhausted; time presses; we are compelled to be brief. To one class, however, of spectators not yet named a few sentences must be given. Many fine young Westminster boys looked down upon that solemn ceremony, and were moved by teeming thoughts alike of the Past and the Future. Westminster sends forth many heroes to fight the battles of the nation; and a tall column in front of the school records how they can die for their country. One scarcely to be called a great statesman, though incomparably great as a debater, who not very long ago passed away from amongst us, used to argue against the removal of Westminster school to some healthier rural or suburban district, on the ground that its vicinity to the English Senate, and the privilege of admission to the debates which the boys enjoyed, acted as an advantageous stimulus to exertion; and he said that he had himself, in the first years of the century, ere Pitt and Fox had been borne to their graves, felt the first promptings of ambition as a Westminster boy under the roof of the House of Commons. May we not also plead that such a scene as that which the Abbey witnessed on the 25th of March, as it had before witnessed from time to time, and as from time to time it will witness again, in the burial of the mighty dead, the last great national honour paid to men who have made their lives lustrous for their country's good, may sow within many a young breast the seeds of a great and glorious desire to go and do likewise? May we not believe that such an example as that of James Outram may have already been taken to the heart of some of those fine free-spirited boys, who saw his coffin laid in the grave, and will reproduce itself in a developed heroism dating its conception from that day? A quaint, kindly-hearted humourist, who had himself, on a very unostentatious scene of action, given his life to the service of the Company, once said, as he looked upon a crowd of joyous schoolboys disporting themselves in

the playing-fields of Eton, "What a pity that these fine ingenuous youths should some day shrivel into frivolous Members of Parliament?" But no man would better have appreciated such a career as James Outram's. He would have rejoiced in the thought of their expanding into the dimensions of self-made heroes. In such a career as that upon which the curtain fell so solemnly and so sadly on the 25th of March, there was nothing to shrivel the intellect or to blight the noblest instincts of the soul. It is the glory of such men as Outram that they owe nothing to birth, nothing to connection, nothing to patronage, nothing to privilege, nothing to party; that they make their way to the front without finesse, without trickery, without deceit. There was not a Westminster lad in the Abbey on that day, who might not, if the same stuff were in him, do what Outram had done—rise as Outram had risen. He might be the son only of some humble member of the middle classes—for Outram was no more—and yet he might be buried in Westminster Abbey, with statesmen and warriors clustered round his grave. The lesson taught on that day was a lesson of self-reliance; of fortitude and perseverance to the end; of faith in the sufficiency of honesty and truth, and manly self-devotion, to accomplish the highest objects within the reach of humanity, and to earn an abiding place in the grateful heart of a mighty nation. There is no lesson which the youth of the country could cherish more advantageously than this; no such lesson to be learnt in the gallery of the House of Commons. And we may be sure that there was not a boy on that day in the old Abbey who will not be the better for the thought of what the brave true-hearted man then laid in the grave had done, and what he had earned without any other help than that of his own manhood; not a boy then present who will not fight the battle of life with more strenuous purpose, and with more abiding resolution, for having been permitted to throw a green wreath—a wreath of early hope and young fresh love and admiration—upon the bier of JAMES OUTRAM.

Chess.

We have all heard how Talleyrand predicted a miserable old age for the youth who neglected learning whist before the evil days had come. The *mot* is rather a good one—for France. It has that peculiar flavouring of wicked levity which enables a *mot* to go smoothly down a French throat. But it has nothing more. If he had said chess, there would have been something in it; and then he might have thrown in the rest of life as well. In epigrammatic tartness no doubt it would have lost considerably. But it would have come reasonably near the truth, and that ought to count for something.

In fact there is nothing in the way of amusement about which people throw into the sea such mines of pleasure as this same game of chess. It possesses all qualities that are good, and none at all that are bad. It even combines fascinations of opposite kinds, a quality entirely special to itself; for it is peaceful, and at the same time warlike; it is light, and yet profound; it is manly, and yet womanly; you can play it by daylight, and you can play it by lamplight; you can play it in the house, you can play it on the lawn, you can play it in a railway carriage, you can play it with board and men, and you can play it without either. It costs nothing, it is reputable, it is dignified, and it becomes all classes and all ages of life. And it has a wealth that no other game can even approach. Its changes, if not literally endless, are at any rate past counting. Their beauty is like Cleopatra's,—

> Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale
> Its infinite variety.

Yet in these lands, strange to say, chess is not popular. There are tournaments which make plenty of noise, and matches between clubs, and single matches, and chess columns in weekly papers with square pictures and printed games. But the circle they concern is very narrow. To the "general reader" they are as dark as the mysteries of Eleusis. Speaking nationally, the state of chess is simply disgraceful. Britannia knows nothing about it, and cares less. The two things, indeed, are connected together as cause and effect; for if she knew more about it she would care more. In a certain sense, of course, it might be said that every one plays chess. In every gentleman's house you expect to find a board and men, just as you expect to find Macaulay's *History* in his library, or a sideboard in his dining-room. And every one in the house plays too. Paterfamilias plays, so do the young gentlemen, so do the young ladies—they all play something which they call chess. And chess no doubt it is, so far as this—that the board is a chess-board and the men are chess-men, and they move

them about on the squares. But as for the real game—what they play has about the same relation to it that the fighting at Donnybrook has to the fighting at Waterloo. You sit down to play with a young gentleman supposed to know Greek, or a young lady supposed to speak French and German, and having got in a pawn you ask for a second queen. "Two queens at once!" screams out a family chorus in horror and wonder, and with great difficulty you convince them that the demand is an equitable one, and no invention of your own at all. Some of these primary delusions, especially about queening and castling and stalemating, seem to be, like Cassio's hurt, "past all surgery." Mr. Staunton—to judge from his "answers to correspondents"—must have long since come to the conclusion that they are in some mysterious way connected with the laws of nature and likely to hold out till the renovation of all things.

We shall divide chess-players into two classes: firstly, those who have an idea what the game means; secondly, those who have no idea what it means. An objection may be put in at the beginning against this division as being rather arbitrary. It may be said that players can be found of every shade of force from Philidor down to nothing, varying by insensible degrees like day sinking into night. And statistically and legally the objector is right. But morally and educationally our division is right. For do we not do the same in other things? We divide men for example, socially, into men who are not gentlemen and men who are. And though a mind arithmetically disposed, (like the Zulu mind,) might put in disagreeably that every shade is to be seen from Lord Chesterfield down to Mr. Squeers, every one knows that practically the division is useful and good. We are justified, therefore, at common law in dividing chess-players into two classes only.

The player of the first class gives the feeling of resistance to an adversary, to any adversary. You may overpower him with superior force, you may run into him and tear him to pieces; but still he has given you play. He knows the lie of the ground, with its different pitfalls, quagmires, and fortresses. His troops are drawn out so that they *can* fight without standing in one another's way. He has an intelligible plan for the campaign, and holds the thread of it in his hand to the end. If it fails he knows where it fails. He knows where your sounding-line was thrown deeper than his, and where he was out-generalled by a combination more skilful than his own. He falls, if he falls, with his eyes open and his face to the foe; as Athenian falls before Spartan, or Spartan before Theban.

Now the player of the second class falls not as Greek before Greek, but as Persian before Greek. Brave he may be, naturally, but he does not know the ground, and his forces are unwieldy. They are always getting into one another's way, and tumbling over one another, and shooting in one another's mouth. A detachment trying to advance is stopped by a detachment trying to retire; while others lose their way, or get surrounded, or cut off at passes, or wedged into impassable defiles. Then the fight turns

to a massacre, and the killing becomes murder, till your hand becomes as weary as the hand of David's mighty man, and cleaves to the sword.

In any other game this would cure itself. The player who was made mince-meat of so, would know he had been made mince-meat of, and would improve. If Jones always gets out the first or second ball at cricket, and misses all the catches, he can scarcely help seeing the fact, and generally has his own measure correctly enough. But in chess events are seen as Hamlet saw his father's ghost, with the mind's eye. Here, therefore, Jones does not necessarily see them. He may think he is getting on prosperously almost to the very end, till the scissors are just opening to "shear his thread in twain." He keeps killing men, and discerns not that he is driving nails into his own coffin. That he finally loses he knows. What he does not know is, that he never had a chance. Therefore his knowledge can never grow; for does not Socrates tell us, that the first bud from the tree of knowledge must be the knowledge of ignorance?

People who play chess in this Brummagem style get no pleasure out of it at all, not even the bliss that proverbially goes with ignorance. *They* know nothing of the "stern joy" which the true chess-player feels as the tide of victory sways to and fro over a well-fought field. The haphazard scrimmage they play at soon grows monotonous and tiresome. No wonder chess should be unpopular.

Yet among these homespun warriors there is no lack of power. The raw material exists among them in abundance; material, too, as good as ever was polished bright in the *Régence* or *St. George's*. They are inglorious and mute only because knowledge has never unfolded to their eyes her chess-pages, rich with the spoils of time. Only that waste of power is a sad thing always, it would be amusing to watch the collision where genius is pitted against science over a chess-board. On this field genius is sure to get the worst of it. He struggles fiercely to escape the toils with all the arts of mother-wit. The adversary looks on calmly, grimly smiling in his sleeve the while; for well he knows that if the *fera* should break loose other snares and pitfalls are awaiting him. Science rather enjoys a wild-beast struggle like this, and sometimes lets the animal loose on purpose to torture him again, and see him plunge and tear. All this time science may be, originally, the less noble beast of the two. But the arms, the "appliances and means" she has provided, more than make up the difference.

Recreation though it be, chess must have a course of study, or something very like it. Rough chess diamonds are not to be cut into brilliants without some trouble, any more than other diamonds. But never was diamond seen that was better worth the cutting.

As a general rule the "curriculum" must be taken out in books. If you have a friend who knows all about it, and has the patience to teach *you* all about it, why then you are fortunate—that's all. And in London such friendship can always be had, and to any extent, provided you choose to pay for it. But London, like Corinth, is not allotted to every one;

and out of London the chances are you have *not* a friend who is anxious to consecrate his time to the suckling of your infant powers.

But books can always be had. Chess-books, it is true, do not look to be the liveliest of companions. But this is only at first. Besides, they have other good qualities to make it up. Their patience is inexhaustible. They never lose their temper. They never snub you for stupidity, and they leave you to go on at your own pace. These are good things always. In chess they are superlatively good.

Still book-chess is anything but a favourite. Candour compels us to confess that few people like it; and out of ten that try it nine throw it up—we grieve to say it—in disgust. The reason is, that out of ten people nine do not know how to use a book. Few people know the use of any book; still fewer of a book that teaches; and fewer still of a book that teaches chess. Deluded people begin at the beginning and read right on, making a sort of conscience of it. Whereas you must use the faculty of taking out just the thing you want and nothing more. Always turn over the leaves without apology or ceremony, till you find what you do want. Every book is full of chaff; but most of all a chess-book. For chaff, be it remembered and treasured, is not absolute, but relative. A thing good in itself is chaff to you if you happen not to want it. To some one else it may be wheat of the finest quality. But it will choke *you* all the same, unless you have created and fostered the kingly faculty of discerning it and blowing it out of your way. It is a grievous loss to literature that no record has come down of the author of that maxim—so dear to British mothers—"Begin at the beginning and read your book through." It is a deadly sorrow not to have his portrait to serve as a frontispiece for all future editions of the *Dunciad* till the end of the world. Of the two it would be about as safe a rule to begin at the end and go backwards, supposing we were forced to have any rule about it at all.*

Now the British youth, with his chess-book, proceeds as follows:—Having first caught it, and found it probably the far-famed Handbook, he summons his energies for the first opening, taking it all as it comes. Faithfully he goes through it, and tries to keep the variations all in memory. As he gets on he feels perhaps Number v. getting mixed up a little with Number III., and has to turn back to separate them. But at length he thinks he has it all; and now, completely armed, he burns to revenge his past defeats on Smith, who is unsuspicious, and ignorant of books. But, woe the while, that unlucky ignorance spoils everything. Smith plays a defence out of his own head; a defence not in the book at all, even among the bad ones. Poor Juvenis is disgusted. He knows

* In novel-reading the interest is greatly intensified by reading crab-wise. Begin in the third volume, or somewhere in the second, at a venture. If you like the people, you feel attracted to go back and catch up the missing links. And so you may; for in that case the book must be good, and you get additional mystery out of it for nothing. Otherwise you are saved the trouble; for in that case the book must be bad, and you have read just enough of it.

it must be rotten, but he doesn't know where. Deserted by his lore in the hour of need, he plays a mixed game, partly reminiscences of what he conned from the book, partly original moves forced on him by the pressure of necessity. As usual, the two plans upset one another, and the whole edifice comes down. After a few trials more he concludes the book must be useless, and consigns it to the shelf.

But the fault was in Juvenis himself. Instead of stepping in warily he plunged in head foremost. Therefore he was drowned.

In chess the memory must not be called in. It has nothing to do with the business, absolutely nothing. The working faculty is the understanding. You must study an opening to see what it means, to catch the genius of it. For in every opening there is a genius, or, to speak Platonically, an "idea" which animates it like a soul. Transformed through different variations it is still there; and the value of all the moves depends on their relation to it. Unless you have seized this idea you have done nothing. Once you have grasped it the working of it out becomes pleasant, even fascinating. The game begins to have a meaning, and the men feel as if they were alive. You try it out by yourself, experimenting on it in every possible way, and against every defence you can think of. The running down of your game, through all its doublings and twistings, soon becomes as exciting almost as a fox-hunt.

By this you learn, at the beginning, that important lesson, the value of a move—of one move. You have a mark in your eye—some defile to be passed or fortress seized—and the enemy is rushing to prevent you. Experimenting on it, you find at once how everything turns upon a question of "time." And, therefore, in a well-played game there is, strictly speaking, no "critical" move. Every move is the critical move. And this, we may observe by the way, gives one good test of the class a player belongs to. If you see him at some stage of his game having "nothing particular to do," and not much caring, just there, whose move it is, write him down at once an outsider. He knows nothing. He has never been in at the mysteries. He has never even crossed the threshold of Caïssa's temple.

In course of experimenting, you will stumble betimes on difficulties. A defence suggests itself that you can make nothing of, and you come to a dead lock. This is the place to call in the book, with its "long results of time." Look down the variations till you find how the nut was cracked by men with harder teeth, Philidor perhaps, or Deschapelles, or some king of modern days.

Reading in this style you soon grow familiar with the country, not by copying the map, but, with the map in hand, walking over the ground with your own feet, beating up all the bushes, and looking into all the holes. As for remembering, you have no need to trouble yourself; that takes care of itself. Once you have understood a position, fully thought it out and mastered it, it stays with you of its own accord, grappled to the memory with hooks of steel, and knit to it with cables of perdurable toughness.

Having any philosophy, you must have observed that memory never does, in anything, put out her strength, unless you leave her to herself. She works in the dark, as bees work, and has the greatest aversion to working for show, or working by task-work. The glue she cements with always distils spontaneously from the intellect, when the intellect is in action. And with that work the cement holds. But with anything else it turns to water. And very right it should. For why should one man be allowed to transfer to himself the work of another man's brains by wholesale, without even the ceremony of digesting it? But let it be minced up, and stewed down, and eaten, and digested, and then nature, as we may say, signs the deed of transfer, and allows you to keep it.

So far the play is only "analysis," experiments over the board, played by yourself *versus* your imagination. When from this you come to actual play, from confronting a phantom Smith to confronting Smith in the flesh, you must expect a difference. The corporeal enemy appears for awhile to avoid the steps of his representative, as perversely almost as if he was doing it on purpose, and turns up new things where you fondly believed you had seen all that was to be seen. But this does not throw you out. It only corrects your analysis and extends it. Theory of the right kind turns itself into practice with the greatest ease. Smith will soon feel the difference, and open his eyes in astonishment to find himself nowhere.

The chess faculty is not, as commonly thought, a single faculty. It is compounded of two ingredients, which, for want of better names, we may call Depth and Breadth. The union of these two, supposing them both in perfection, would constitute a perfect chess-player. But very seldom indeed are they combined in anything approaching perfection, although separately either may be had easily enough. They are seldom found even in equal proportions; and where they are, it is accidental. For not only have they no necessary connection, but, in the bent of mind from which they spring, they are almost antagonistic. The different proportioning of these ingredients in different players is the key to the difference in their "style." It is well for all learners to take note of these, and carefully too. For one or other of them may be signally weak by nature; and there let the owner keep guard, for there his weakness lies.

The two faculties differ as the mathematician differs from the man of the world. The mathematician reasons more patiently and more profoundly. But he reasons along a straight line, and sometimes forgets to take in *all* the facts when setting up his premisses. A mathematician, therefore, is not always a safe man of business. Nor is the player whose special faculty is depth a safe player, to venture money on. He throws his line fathoms deep below his adversary, and calculates out to the end a position of some ten or twenty moves. But meantime he overlooks something lying at the surface, at his very feet; overlooks it all the more from the earnestness with which he is searching in the depths. His adversary may be shallow, never sees, perhaps, to a depth of more than four or five moves. But then he sees all round him, looking before and

behind and on both sides. And so, in the chapter of accidents, the "breadth" of his observation may compensate him for his want of depth. Games are sometimes lost in this way to inferior players in the most unexpected and ludicrous manner. And for this reason, among good players, a single game, no matter how severe, is never considered a fair test, or indeed any test at all. The number of games played must be sufficient to "eliminate chance." Accidents of the kind we have mentioned are very trying to the temper. But there is not the slightest use in getting angry or talking about them. The way is to laugh, and look out better the next time. It is, however, some consolation to know that such accidents do happen—very seldom indeed, but still they do happen—with the finest players in the world. Even the Morphy has been known more than once, while mining furlongs down into the depths, to collapse suddenly from missing something that was just touching his nose.

These faculties are taxed differently at different parts of the game. For the game itself changes its nature as it progresses, and each of its stages has a character of its own. The "openings" have a character very different from the "endings," so different indeed that a player may excel in one and fail in the other. And, again, both openings and endings are unlike the "middles."

The openings make a special demand on faith, to begin with. The initial moves have consequences so remote, and involve variations so complicated and countless, that we *must* use the work of other people—more or less. Certain avenues have been cleared, certain great lines of route which long experience has proved to be safe; and on these we must set out. Otherwise we might spend all our time experimenting to find them, and probably not find them in the end.

The endings do not make calls on faith in the same way. All about them you may see in the pure light of reason. In a certain sense the endings are the most important part of the game. For the checkmate ends the game, and the player who wins all the rest to lose that particular move will have very little to congratulate himself upon. Many games, however, have no endings, in the technical sense of the word. A defeat equivalent to a checkmate, or even the checkmate itself, may arrive in the middle of the game; that is to say, with the board full of men. An "ending" assumes that the main shock of battle has been indecisive. The dead men have been carried off, and the reserves—a few pawns, with perhaps a piece or two aside—are brought up for a second and final conflict. The problems that present themselves here are highly scientific. They are problems of depth, with little of the element of chance, and most of them are "beautiful exceedingly." They differ, as we have said, from the openings, inasmuch as you may reason them all out for yourself. That is to say, it is possible in the nature of things to reason them out for yourself, though it is by no means likely that you will succeed in doing it. And for this reason, we presume, they are never held to resemble private property in any way, and never, like the openings, receive the names of particular men or places.

The "middles" of games are very different from both. Here every man must fight for himself. Books and teachers can do nothing for you. The positions are too various to be predicted in detail, or even classified. You get a fair field and no favour, and the rest you must do for yourself. And, to our thinking, this is one of the greatest beauties of the game. Learning and discipline cannot carry *everything*. Unless you have some native pluck and muscle all foreign aid will go for nothing. Science gives you an immense advantage, and so it ought. But it does not reduce the thing to certainty. The savage with his club still gets a chance, and so he ought. And without the smallest doubt he will knock out your brains with it if you have nothing in them except what other people have put in.

Chess-players, like coals, burn best together. If you separate them, the fire dies out. It is a great thing to get some one to begin with you and "plough up the wars" together; better still if you can get up a chess "circle" wherever you may happen to rusticate; but wherever and whenever you meet a player stronger than yourself, be sure to play him at odds; and wherever and whenever you meet a player weaker than yourself, be sure to make him take odds—if you can. A marvellous and sad phase it is of human nature that people will persist in not accepting odds, and call it a disgrace. Disgrace indeed! as if the real disgrace was not in insisting you can do a thing you cannot do. Show me a man that refuses odds and I'll tell you what he is. In fact I can tell you without having him shown. Firstly he is a foolish man. Secondly he is a vain man. I can tell you also what he is *not*. He is not a chess-player, and, what is more, he is never likely to make one.

Taking odds is necessary to the very idea of chess. For is not the essence and the soul and the spirit of it that there should be a fight—*rixa?* Now this we know, on the authority of Juvenal, there cannot be, if you do all the beating—*pulsas*, while I get it all—*vapulo tantum*. Smith fancies he can give you the knight; no insult surely in that. The question is, is it true? And the answer is, to try it. If he can, then you have a fight, a real fight, with its glorious uncertainty and delicious excitement. If he cannot, beat it out of him till he finds he has had enough of it.

The genius of chess, we have just laid down, is, to fight. And let not any member of the Peace Society imagine this to be a disadvantage. In fact herein is found the crowning excellence of chess, her principle, her moral, her mission. Let us explain.

Man is a fighting animal. The element of war is in his blood; and being there it must come forth and show itself—somewhere. There are exceptions; but they are miserable ones. When a man turns up in whom no fight can be detected, you may pronounce that he has nothing in him. Nature in framing his soul forgot the bones and muscle, and he can never come to anything worth mentioning. Try it upon nations. In ancient times there were the "blameless Æthiopians," who didn't fight with any one that we can remember. But give me a Roman or a Greek before two blameless Æthiopians; and give me an Englishman or a Frenchman

before two Hindoos or two Chinese. True, the faculty may be misapplied. As a fact we admit it generally *is* misapplied, more especially in Donnybrook. But this only proves the great necessity that exists for applying it right. We must keep it in work, or, as we know from Dr. Watts, it will be at mischief. To find the right work is the problem. We are in the same difficulty here as Michael Scott with his demon slave that couldn't stay idle. The wizard luckily, when just at the end of his wits, thought of setting the imp to twist ropes out of sea-sand, and no more complaints were heard about want of work. If we could only get out of it like that!

There is firstly war itself, real war with swords and cannon-balls. And this has the additional recommendation of an unlimited field for developing the heroic and romantic in fiery youth. But against it there are great drawbacks. To be knocked over with a cannon-ball is glorious and spirit-stirring to those who read about it in the newspapers; but the persons knocked over dislike it and so do their friends. To the Spartan mother it was the same thing whether her son carried back his shield, or *vice versâ*. But the British mother feels differently, and prefers her son alive. On the whole, therefore, for every-day use, war is not eligible as a safety-valve.

There is also another and less fatal field, the Olympia of the British nation, well known to the learned under the mystic symbols "P. R.," where "diamonds" of various colours, "chickens," "spiders," "phenomena," and other equally remarkable beings, engage in a contest, of which the most important part appears to consist in the drawing and tapping of "ruby," "home-brewed," "claret," "Falernian," and other delicious liquors. The initiated, however, are aware that this pan-Britannic arena, much as it has contributed to improve and adorn the English language, has contributed quite as much to disfigure the English countenance. It must, therefore, also be pronounced ineligible.

We have now proved by an exhaustive argument of the most rigorous kind that there is no safety-valve for the spirit of war except in chess. This is the remedy provided by nature for that particular fever. It answers all the requirements. There is fighting enough to satisfy the most voracious appetite, and that too without any loss of "claret" or "Falernian." And there is here a field for fame not only national, but even cosmopolite, the only field ever discovered in which the arts of peace and war coincide, and arms and the toga may be worn harmoniously together; the only field on which you may aspire to read your history in a nation's eyes, or sway the rod of empire, without the unpleasant necessity of wading through slaughter or shutting the gates of mercy on mankind.

Here also we have, combined in one, the charm of unity and the charm of diversity. For is there not the unity of a single combat, one man against one man, and all depending on themselves? And yet it also presents the variety of a battle with armies, with the interest of combinations and generalship, the steady march of infantry, the fiery sweep of cavalry, the advance and retreat, and flank movement, and ambuscade, and surprise,

and rescue. In diverse species of battle even war itself is not so rich. There you are forced to go to different ages and countries to collect those imposing changes that are rung on the attitude of fight—the phalanx of Macedonia, the wedge of Leuctra, the crescent of Hannibal, and so on down to the pounding of artillery from a distance, or the picking off of men one by one in an American jungle. But with the mimic warriors of the chess-board you may see all these in effigy, and more besides, in course of a single evening. You can choose for yourself the style of fight you prefer, close game or open game; Sicilian, or Scotch, French, Muzio, Allgaier, Evans, Fianchetto, or any other of a dozen more; while each of these again, being representative of a class, breaks up into classes of its own, and each of these again into other classes of classes and variations of variations, multitudinous as the seas and changeful as the clouds of evening. The aspect of the game is always changing, changing even with a single move, shifting its hues like the neck of a bird if you shift it an inch. With so much wealth chess can never "repeat," unless by a sort of miracle. The chances certainly are myriads of millions against it: and, passing over such things as fool's mate or scholar's mate, there has probably never once been a recurrence since the game was known.

It is a curious fact that ladies can never learn chess. But the reason is plain enough. It is an art of war, and nature intended them to shine in arts of peace. For this particular recreation, therefore, they are incapacitated by natural constitution. In common life instinct serves them instead of logic, and serves them exceedingly well, making, as Goldsmith expresses it,

Their conduct still right with their argument wrong.

But in chess the conduct depends altogether upon the argument, so that when the argument comes to grief the campaign must come to grief along with it.

On this point a remarkable conventional fiction is kept up between the sexes. It is allowed to be supposed that ladies *can* learn chess, and if they don't the reason is conventionally assumed to be because they happen not to choose. They accept the fiction themselves for sober truth; and no wonder they should, having heard it so often. And no wonder either they should plume themselves a little upon it where they do happen to play, for undoubtedly as a general rule they happen also to win. Men in their secret conscience know the reason; but they don't like to tell it. It would amount almost to social suicide to breathe it. Except under the seal of anonymous authorship indeed, it could not possibly be revealed. And now we have revealed it no earthly consideration should induce us to affix our name, or even initials, to this contribution. But the good of society requires the confession. For the fiction, as we are about to show, is continually breeding mischief, and the duties of authorship are inflexible.

Let it be admitted that to "green minds" the temptation to play chess with ladies is great, more especially with young ladies, most especially with one young lady in particular. And very pleasant it would be, no doubt, but for one circumstance, namely that young ladies happen to be ambitious

as well as young gentlemen. When they play they like to win. And if they win you must lose. And if you lose you lose more than the game. By every one in the assembly you are written down a muff, and, most of all, by the adversary who has achieved glory at your expense. *She* is sure to despise you. Perhaps she pities you also; but we know what feeling that kind of pity is not akin to. Suppose, however, you had roused up your valour and won instead? In that case you lose still more. The defeated lady is dissatisfied with the whole affair. She is dissatisfied specially with herself, and feels mortified and mean. And *perhaps* she likes you better for having given her the mortification. It may be true that

> Maids are best by battle won,
> And woo'd with shouts of victory.

But the victory in this case is supposed to be over some one else. A victory over themselves is quite another thing.

Youthful minds must, therefore, learn to look on chess of this kind as a luxury too costly and not to be thought of. When minded to prove their prowess, let them prove it on men; but let them leave the board at home when minded to sport with Amaryllis in the shade. Penelope's suitors knew their business too well to make a mistake about this. We find them all playing chess before the palace door in "sunny Ithaca," reclining on the hides of the oxen they had eaten, and mixing their wine in silver goblets. But we never hear of them inviting *her* to play.

Talking of Penelope reminds us of another glory of Chess, a dignity which no other game has or can now attain to. She has a history and a literature, and a pedigree, a right royal pedigree that traces back to the very twilight of antiquity. She alone is glorified with the memory of great names, and "fights fought long ago." And this is no slight thing. War itself owes half its dignity to this. Take away its associations and history, its Thermopylæ and Marathon, its Cannæ and its Agincourt, and you spoil it of all the fire of its romance. Chess also has her victories, only less renowned than war. She has her line of kings, and her long muster-roll of warriors whose "names were great in battle," her Sarratt and La Bourdonnais, Legalle and Deschapelles, Philidor the invincible, and Macdonnell of the hundred fights. Who has not heard of that princely pair the *Light and Lustre of Chess*, whose fame, like Bayard's and Sidney's, looms on us with dusky grandeur through mediæval mist? or that leviathan board on which men of flesh and blood walked about and were taken? or that wondrous wooden Turk, the left-handed warrior who wore his chess-board on his knee and his brains in his bowels, and conquered so many nations? But she has older memories still. We may pass over the stories about India and China as comparatively modern instances, and go farther back. She was known to Cæsar and Pompey, and Ovid married her to immortal hexameters. But her story is older still. It is woven up with the tale of Troy. She was known to Helen and Hecuba and Agamemnon king of men. It is highly probable she helped the swift-footed Achilles to pass

his time when he lay idle at the ships, although Homer does not expressly mention it. In those days it is true she was far from full-grown, and her youth gave as yet small promise of her glorious noon. Played with five pieces—or *pessi*—a side, the Evans and Muzio must have been very much confined. But her lineage is more ancient still. She is higher far descended than anything that counts from Rome or Greece. Before Athens had a name or Sparta a local habitation she was known in the land of pyramids and mummies, loved in primæval Memphis, and honoured in the hundred-gated Thebes, first-born of earthly cities. Find me a king with such another pedigree as *that*.

Yet misguided people are found, even in these days, to set up Whist against her as a rival. But there is no use attempting it. Whist cannot bear the comparison. On one or two points she may, perhaps, claim equality; on the rest she is nowhere. She has nothing like the inexhaustible resources of chess, or the chances she gives of escape by subtlety and desperate venture. She has nothing like her unmeasured depth, or the infinite variety of her combinations. She has nothing like her delicate shading off of scientific certainty into chance—for chance does enter as an element into chess, though it is not generally thought so. Then what are the "antecedents" of whist? Where is the history of her famous battles, her tournaments, her line of sovereigns or roll of warriors? Was she ever named in China, or sung by Homer, or honoured in sunny Ithaca, or painted in Egyptian tombs, or graved on eternal pyramids? We should be loth to make insinuations about character, especially having figured her, grammatically, as a lady. But her kith and kin, what can be said for *them*, and for her belongings generally? Does not her very name spontaneously call up visions of taverns, gas-light, swindling, suicide, vinegar-faced dowagers, and backbiting? Is there any grave or reverend senior who would choose to be seen in her company in daylight?

But Caïssa, as all men know, is a spirit of another sort. Like Octavia, she is of a "holy cold and still conversation." Retirement and the mute silence are the things she loves; but she *can* come out in public, and not ashamed to be seen there neither; and kings are not ashamed to be seen by her side. If she does consume the midnight oil—as verily she does—yet her lamp is a sober lamp, a classic lamp, familiar with books, and busts, and library fires, and coffee; the sort of lamp men burn when waking to outwatch the Bear, or unsphere the spirit of Plato.

With chess, like other amusements, there is of course the danger of becoming engrossed and making it serious business, which is turning life upside down. Still, if we must have a weakness let it be an honourable one. Now for other games a weakness is childish, contemptible. But a weakness for chess is an amiable weakness—almost a virtue. For she is of games the Queen and Empress, and the rest are scarcely fit to tie her shoe.

Homesick.

Is it not yet morning? When will the long night wane?
Why do I wish for dawning? All my wishing is vain.
Well I know at daybreak my eyes will only meet
The hills so black and barren, the plain with its blinding heat.

I think my heart is burning, burning away in my breast;
My head throbs, sleeping and waking, and knows no calm nor rest.
The heat licks up my life-blood, it rages through every vein,
And swifter courses the fever through nerve and heart and brain.

Give me a drink, dear comrade—faugh! the water is thick!
Patience awhile with these fancies; soul and body are sick.
Ah! could I dip my forehead, and slake my thirst once more,
In the well so cool and mossy, beside my mother's door!

Oh, for one draught delicious of the breezes fresh and wild
That blow over English meadows when the swathes of hay are piled;
When the uplands lie in shadow and the noon-day heat is spent,
And the air is flushed at dewfall with luscious clover scent!

I dreamed of them all last night, Ned, I stood within the fold,
I saw the latticed windows, the palings mossed and old,
The windy elms that rustled above my bed at night,
The elms that brooded of winter all through the summer bright.

There's health in those breezy pastures, and joy by those gurgling rills,
That smile through the leafy summer in the arms of the folding hills;
While Chevin towers above them and looks o'er the distant plain,
Or flings off his dusky cloud-cap, to feed them with silver rain.

Yet I scorned my fathers' meadows, the life my fathers led,
Their humble cares and pleasures, the toil for daily bread.
And our honest, kindly neighbours, that had known me from a child,
I held them dull and stupid, by my erring mood beguiled.

For they sang of shipwrecked sailors and the lasting joys of home,
But I spurned their simple warnings, and longed anew to roam:
So I set my face to the westward, to the roaring of the main,
And left our pleasant pastures—would I were back again!

No letter, still no letter! and waiting is long and dree;
They are grown cold and heedless: but why should they think of me?
I brought them care and sorrow, the stray sheep of the fold,
I sowed pale streaks of silver in my mother's hair of gold.

And yet they might have written, for my father loved me best,
But the little days go swiftly, with work, and food, and rest;
Soon is the brief day ended, soon is the morrow won,
And we leave the good word unspoken, the kindly deed undone.

But is it I that should blame them? It is harvest time again,
And my mother has work in plenty, for reapers are hungry men;
And from morning until gloaming her footsteps, quick and light,
Go in and out at the threshold, and never rest till night.

But when the day is ended, and the reapers homeward go,
And she sits alone in the ingle while the fire-light flickers low,
Then she blesses me with tears, Ned, who gave her bitter pain,
And little sister Nelly prays, God send him home again.

They will write when harvest is ended, when nights are long and cool,
And beside the blazing faggots they reckon the weeks to Yule,
When the golden sheaves are garnered, and the busy time is sped;
But when the harvest is ended I shall be lying dead.

I know where you will lay me, up on the sun-bleached height,
Beside the rusty beacon, where jackals prowl at night.
Oh, if I might rest me in the churchyard green and lone,
Where the neighbours' little children would come and play on the stone!

You will go back to England before your youth is past,
You will see the sheltered valley where their happy lot is cast:
Then bless them all from me, Ned, and kiss my mother and Nell,
And bid them think of me kindly, for, in truth, I loved them well.

And the pleasant English valleys, the lanes so green and cool,
The mossy well and the gateway, the trees beside the pool—
All the dear old places that I shall never see,
Oh, greet them all and bless them a thousand times from me!

E. LETHERBROW.

From Yeddo to London with the Japanese Ambassadors.

On the 21st of January, 1862, at ten minutes past five o'clock P.M., the Japanese Envoys, *Take no Ouchi Shimodzuké no Kami*, *Matsudaira Iwami no Kami*, *Kiogoku Noto no Kami*, and a suite of nineteen officers and fourteen servants, were received on board H.M.S. *Odin* (flying the broad pennant of Commodore the Lord John Hay, C.B.), quite ready, they said, to start for Europe.

Their Excellencies looked rather anxious and tired, and by no means at ease—for had they not just said good-by to all that was near and dear to them, and were they not in fear of the sea, sea-sickness, and other ills unknown? They had not been five minutes on board when the first lieutenant reported various supplies as still wanting, which they had been requested to bring along with them—a third of the *saké* (wine, or rather spirits), the whole of the rice, as well as ducks and chickens, were reported missing! Here was a pretty fix! The embassy was on board, but where were the provisions? Their Excellencies expressed themselves greatly astonished at their non-arrival, could assign no reason for the same, and as a last resource sent for the vice-governor or chief yaconin, and questioned him concerning the matter. The vice-governor was as much puzzled as his masters; there was no other alternative but to wait and pray that the ducks and chickens, rice and saké, would have a speedy voyage, and not detain us any longer, as the hour was getting late, and the distance from shore at least some four miles. We waited till it was six o'clock, and we waited till it was seven o'clock, and we might have waited till doomsday, but no stores had arrived, nor could we perceive any signs of their coming. Boats were consequently lowered, and sent to the jetty with instructions to take the things off if they were found there, but if not the yaconin who was directed to accompany the boats was to buy, borrow, or steal; and the officer in charge of the boats was ordered to be very careful he didn't lose sight of his Japanese friend. Of course, no provisions were found on the jetty, but owing to very vigorous exertions on the part of the yaconin, most of them were procured, and reached the *Odin* at some hour after midnight.

The following morning we left the Yeddo anchorage at half-past five o'clock, and proceeded to Yokohama, some fifteen miles below, for the purpose of taking in the homeward mail and receiving on board another Japanese interpreter, who had been instructed to be in readiness to come on board the moment the *Odin* arrived. A gun was fired to give notice of our approach when some six miles off, and another on our arrival in the

harbour, for the especial benefit of the consular constable whose duty it was to come off with the letter-bags and the said Japanese interpreter. The mail was taken on board in due time, and everybody was impatiently waiting for the interpreter, but no such distinguished personage was seen in any of the boats that were coming *Odin*-wards. A boat was then lowered, and a lieutenant sent to the *unjo-sho*, or custom-house, for the purpose of expediting his appearance on board; but by-and-by the interpreter was not to be found! A second attempt was more successful. We walked straight into the custom-house, followed by the officer and some of the boat's crew, and presently came upon our friend in close confabulation with another friend. He was at once pointed out to the naval officer as the gentleman we were in search of, and politely told that if he came along willingly and at once no violence would be used; but if otherwise, the boat's crew would be proud to carry him on their shoulders down to the beach! Not another word was necessary—a hasty farewell was said to his friend and away we started.

This sort of proceeding would be quite inexplicable in Europe, but the fact is, that no Japanese, whether high or low, has the remotest idea of the value of time. If an appointment is made with one of them, he thinks nothing of coming half an hour or an hour late, little dreaming that time can be of greater importance to you than to himself. There is nothing more trying to an Englishman than their want of punctuality. It is the case with all ranks. It had been arranged between Sir Rutherford Alcock (the British Envoy) and the Japanese Ministers that this mission was to start for Europe on the 1st of January. They didn't leave Japan till the 21st, or rather the morning of the 22nd, and even then bemoaned their hard fate in being hurried off so soon!

In Japan people travel in *norimons*, a species of palanquin, three miles an hour being considered very fair work; and when a Japanese gentleman travels on horseback, two grooms on each side hold the reins, and proceed at a stately pace, never indeed exceeding a walk. Railways, electric telegraphs, carriages, &c. they have certainly heard of, but can scarcely realize. As one of the envoys subsequently remarked in England, "when we were in Japan our eyes were very small; but since we have come to Europe they have been getting larger and larger, and now we are ready to see the *most* marvellous things with little surprise, and no incredulity."

Well, on getting the interpreter on board, we put out to sea, passing outside a Dutch man-of-war steamer from Nagasaki, bound for Yokohama, with the Dutch Consul-General on board. She looked as if she had encountered dirty weather; and we were not mistaken, for our troubles soon commenced. The sea, which had been delightfully smooth on our short passage from Yeddo to Yokohama, had by this time been gradually changing, first to a ripple, and then to a swell. We, however, sat down to dinner, pretending we felt quite well, and talked away as if we thought nothing of the change in the weather. Our host had been eyeing his

guests for some little time, and with a bland smile said he hoped we would make a good dinner, in order that we might feel comfortable during the gale of wind that was just about to commence. Five minutes afterwards the second and third envoys begged the privilege of retiring!

For the following six days we experienced very bad weather. The wind the whole time was in our teeth, and did endless damage in splitting our sails, and so forth. The sufferings of the Japanese during this time can be better imagined than described. The majority of them never for a moment quitted their cabins, groaning within there at their hard fate. A short respite was, however, at hand, for we found it necessary to put into Nagasaki for the purpose of re-coaling.

We anchored in the lovely harbour of Nagasaki at half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the 28th, and not by any means sorry to find ourselves in such placid waters. The charms of this beautiful harbour are indescribable, and for safety as a place of anchorage it is perhaps unrivalled anywhere. Immediately breakfast was over, the second and third envoys, Matsudaira Iwami no Kami and Kiogoku Noto no Kami, went on shore to stay with the governor. The first envoy, Také no Ouchi Shimodzuké no Kami, preferred remaining on board, thinking, probably, he might miss at the governor's table the substantial fare and generous wines he had by this time learned to like so well. He showed no awkwardness in handling his knife and fork, unlike his colleague Kiogoku Noto no Kami. The latter gentleman, however, had not had the advantage of the former's experience, who had been governor of Hakodadi for several years, and had been in the frequent habit of giving and receiving entertainments *à la fourchette*. He therefore found himself quite at home at the commodore's table; the only remark he was ever known to make respecting the fare being, that everything was "very good," and he enjoyed his claret and beer with as much zest as champagne. The other two certainly ate sparingly at first; but in course of time they got over their dislike to our dishes, although they never learned to like our wines, the third envoy especially, who could not be prevailed upon to do more than slightly sip his glass once or twice, by way of compliment. The second had previously acquired a taste for champagne, and now learned to drink port. As for the inferior members of the mission, is it not written in the book of Claridge how *they* ate and drank and made merry?

The chief envoy weathered the passage down very fairly: but he was an old sailor, and had often traversed the sea between Yeddo and Hakodadi, while governor of the latter port. The other two suffered severely; and on landing at Nagasaki certainly did not look to the same advantage as on the occasion of their coming on board at Yeddo.

The following day the chief envoy paid the governor—who was an old friend of his—a visit; and on returning, brought his Excellency off with him for the purpose of inspecting the *Odin*, and in order also, as some of us imagined, that he might partake of the good cheer on board.

On retiring to rest that evening, his Excellency Shimodzuké no Kami

fell out of his cot, and had the misfortune to considerably bruise his side; which, in addition to an attack of pleurisy, confined him to his cabin for some time afterwards.

At half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 30th we weighed anchor and proceeded out of Nagasaki harbour, steering for Hong Kong, and were fortunate enough to have a fair wind the whole way down. During the passage, the second and third envoys would appear occasionally for a short time on the upper deck, but their visits were few and far between.

We arrived at Hong Kong on the morning of the 4th of February. As we steamed in, the Japanese were busily engaged scanning and taking notes of this their first sight of a foreign shore—the fishing boats, the strangeness of their build, the sails, the costume of the boatmen, were all objects of wonder, and discussed and criticized with eager delight. The appearance of Hong Kong from the sea surprised them not a little—the total absence of anything like foliage appearing very singular to them, their own islands glorying in luxuriant verdure, and being generally covered with trees.

On arrival, we at once communicated with the governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, and arranged that they should land in the afternoon—and rooms were engaged for them at the Commercial Hotel. On landing, their Excellencies were received by a guard of honour, and saluted. They then got into the carriages provided for them and proceeded to their quarters. This was the first time they had ever been in such a conveyance, and their surprise at its comfort, and the speed with which they were driven along, was unbounded. The docility of the horses, too, and the apparent ease with which they were managed, particularly astonished them. The Japanese horses are all entire, and many of them are extremely vicious. And then wonder after wonder met their eyes as they were swiftly taken along. What a beautiful town; how magnificent the residences are, and built of stone* too, and what a number of large windows they have, were frequently remarked, as with wonder and astonishment they saw so many strange things in such rapid succession. The width and evenness of the street, the lamp-posts, the number of strange people of many races walking about, the ladies riding those tall and fierce-looking horses, the chairs and coolies—altogether making up a scene so strange and novel that one was not unprepared to hear them exclaim on sitting down to dinner that evening, after gazing on the lively scene from the verandah, "Hong Kong certainly must be one of the finest places in the world!"

And then, after dinner, the second and third ambassadors must go out among that throng of Chinamen, and see with their own eyes what articles were exhibited for sale in the shops amidst such a blaze of light. "May we not go out?" they asked—"of course it will be *naïboon* (incog.)" There being no objection, away we went, the two great men

* Japanese houses are nearly all built of wood, from the frequent shocks of earthquakes experienced.

walking in front, and closely followed by some dozen of the suite. We had not gone far when a gorgeous sight challenged their attention. How splendid! was the exclamation. What is this place? A *saké* house it would be called in your country—in Hong Kong it is known as a 'spirit-shop.' Might they enter? They were so curious to see the interior, and they would so like to see all those beautiful bottles ranged on the shelves, all so many kinds of wines, they supposed.

Yes, they might go in this time, but they must bear in mind that such establishments were not frequented by gentlemen, and that possibly they might be subjected to rudeness. The bar, however, was fortunately tolerably empty, only some half-a-dozen persons being present when we entered. The landlord, an American, came forward and welcomed them to his establishment; said he took this visit as a great honour, at the same time introducing them to his audience as the Japanese ambassadors, whose acquaintance he had had the pleasure of making some time before in America! He then shook hands with the envoys in the heartiest manner, to their no little astonishment, which was, moreover, further increased on being informed that this cordial reception was due to their previous acquaintance with the worthy landlord, who said he felt happy and proud in renewing the same! "But there surely must be some mistake," said their Excellencies; "we never saw him before." "Well, he declares he met you in New York, and drank your health in champagne at your hotel." "Ah! now we understand; it was not us he saw in America, for this is the first time we have ever been abroad—but the members of the Japanese mission that went there, who were quite different persons from us." The landlord, however, said he could swear to their faces, and that it was all stuff denying it.

At this stage of the proceedings we took our leave, and were fortunate in escaping without a drink being offered, the extent of the retinue having evidently operated unfavourably on any first intention mine host might have entertained to that effect; although it is by no means clear any such ever existed. Anyhow, he plainly saw we had no intention of "liquoring" on our own account. We passed another establishment of a similar kind, but this time our friends were satisfied with a look from the outside. And so we passed along the street, examining the different Chinese shops, returning to our hotel after an hour's absence, and all parties expressing themselves as highly delighted with the excursion, which they begged leave to renew on the morrow. The following day their Excellencies paid Sir Hercules Robinson an official visit, and expressed their acknowledgments for the attentions showed to them on the preceding day. Government House impressed them considerably; the large and lofty suite of rooms, the decorations and furniture, were much remarked and observed. The Japanese as a race have a keen eye for the picturesque, and the magnificent view, from the balconies, of the harbour and surrounding coast, afforded them an unmistakable treat. On taking leave, the envoys received an invitation to dinner for the following evening,

which was accepted. The chief envoy, however, found himself unable to keep his promise, in consequence of the fit of pleurisy having become worse. He, therefore, returned on board again, but his two colleagues went, and, after it was all over, said they had enjoyed themselves very much, although, confidentially, we understood their Excellencies to say they felt terribly bored by it all! This was the first time they had dined out, and were consequently quite unprepared for the brilliant way in which the house was lighted up. The Japanese mode strikes a foreigner used to gas, oil, and wax candles, as being extremely ill and primitive, as in fact it is. They use for lighting their houses paper lanterns enclosing oil tapers, and a very inferior kind of candle stuck on a high stand, which at best gives but a dim light, and requires constant snuffing. The brilliant appearance, then, of Government House, was to them exceedingly striking; the one remarking to the other—"How very different this is to a Japanese house; although it is night, there is here the light of day." Soon afterwards the envoys were invited by Lady Robinson to a grand ball at Government House. This was their first appearance in a ball-room, and as a matter of course, all the beauty of Hong Kong was there; and if the fair ladies present wondered at the strange visitors, the said visitors were not less astonished at the appearance of their fair friends. "How very singular! actually not two ladies present who appear to be dressed alike. How strange!—some are in black, some in white, and indeed they are in all colours, and some have their hair dressed one way, and some another"—a diversity of style, it may be remarked, quite unknown in Japan. "What is the rule in your country in regard to dress?" "In England, as in the rest of the civilized world, ladies and gentlemen dress as they like; the ladies choosing those colours that suit their complexions best." "*Narahoddo!* (Wonderful)" was the only response. And the dancing—how their surprise increased at that! On being asked what they thought of it, they said they had "no words at command sufficiently to express their wonder"—the "roundabout" dance in particular (the waltz). They would then look at each other, and laugh heartily, being probably tickled at the strangeness of the custom that permitted men to dance with other people's wives! "How difficult English dancing must be to learn." As for the "roundabout" dance, they supposed it was almost impossible to acquire any proficiency in it, unless one began at a very early age; and as they looked on with a puzzled air, and the head bent to one side, they doubtless found the comparison in favour of their own country, where, if they wish to be amused, they send for dancing girls, who exhibit before the company; the members of which are seated on their heels, or reclining on mats, drinking tea out of the smallest of cups, and smoking the mildest of tobacco in the tiniest of pipes. Anyhow, they save themselves the violent exercise, which they think must be very fatiguing. The idea of a high official like a governor, too, twirling, sliding, and jumping about in that manner, was to them simply ludicrous, and they evidently

wondered how he managed to preserve his dignity, after making such an exhibition of himself. *Narahoddo! Narahoddo!* Nevertheless, they admired the ladies extremely, and criticized their good points in the most unrestrained manner, until it had been hinted to them that it was not considered good manners in England to handle a lady's dress, point at her jewellery, or say that she was very large and very fat.

Before leaving, their Excellencies were taken into the refreshment-room and an ice-cream offered to each of them. The effects of a moderate-sized spoonful appeared at first sight rather alarming; although it was impossible being highly amused. There was a sudden collapse, in conjunction with an agonized expression of countenance, the hand being placed to the mouth, and the eyes all the time blinking rapidly. On recovering from their new surprise, they laughed outright, exclaiming one to the other—"*Narahoddo!* We are eating snow!"

While at Hong Kong they never tired of asking questions about everything—the mode of government—the municipal regulations—if the resident Chinese were under our laws—at what date we became possessed of the island? &c. &c.

They may be said to have thoroughly "done" Hong Kong, for they saw most things worthy of inspection there. They drove in all directions; walked through the European quarter as well as the Chinese quarter; saw the barracks, military hospital, batteries (such as they are), ordnance department, cathedral, bank, &c. They also visited the principal stores and shops, and witnessed the doings at an auction sale. As a fitting finale to their sight-seeing, the governor arranged that there should be a review, which came off the day before they left, on the parade-ground. This was the first time their Excellencies had seen European soldiers in any number, massed together; and, as the several regiments marched past, preceded by their bands, they involuntarily exclaimed one to the other, "How perfect!—the regiment moves like one man; and what tall strong men they seem to be!"

An Indian native regiment marched past, and great was the astonishment of their Excellencies at seeing how proficient they were in their movements. "Why, these black soldiers," they observed, "are just like British troops; they appear to do everything with the same precision." "Oh, yes, those men make excellent soldiers, but you must know that they are drilled by Englishmen, and, as you perceive, are commanded by English officers." "Ah! that explains everything," they said.

We left Victoria on the morning of February 10th, somewhat to the regret, it was surmised, of our Japanese friends. And it was not to be surprised at, for they were leaving a place where they had been treated remarkably well, to be launched once more on the "treacherous element," and an element, too, which punished them without mercy!

By the way, before leaving Hong Kong, the envoys begged to suggest that a good supply of "ice-creams" might be brought on board, for "the ices would prove so refreshing now the weather was so hot."

We reached Singapore on the 17th February, and in the absence of the governor at Malacca, Colonel Macpherson, chief councillor, suitably received the illustrious Kamis and suite. The usual guard of honour was present to receive them on landing, and a salute was fired. A suite of rooms for their accommodation had been engaged at the "Hôtel de l'Espérance." Soon after landing the notabilities of the district were presented to their Excellencies. In the evening the party went out to listen to the band on the Esplanade, and to see the beauty and fashion of Singapore, as they appeared driving, riding, and promenading. We returned at an early hour, however, as the band had evidently failed to captivate or to interest them; even the ladies excited but a momentary interest, for homeward was the word; and it was with real enjoyment and inexpressible relief that once more the Kamis three divested themselves of their long swords, handing the same to their several domestics, who with bended knee and reverent mien received the precious weapons, not with the naked hand, but in folds of crape or downy silk. And then having comfortably arranged themselves, with legs tucked underneath, they would repose on the sofas, and while blowing their little clouds of tobacco would expatiate on the wonders of the day. A servant would now approach with a tiny teapot and three cups in keeping, place the same on the table, and, with a low obeisance, retire; and thus they would pass the time till dinner was announced.

Their room commanded a fine view of the harbour with its numerous shipping, and many were their inquiries relative to the trade of the port, whether there was a custom-house, what were the pilotage charges, whence did the principal shipping come, their general cargoes? &c. &c. The second envoy, Matsudaira Iwami no Kami, generally took the lead in these inquiries. He had been governor of Yokohama till his appointment to this mission; and, said he, "after learning what is done in foreign countries, and seeing how these things are managed, I shall be able on my return to Japan to correct that which needs improvement, and to frame different custom-house regulations, if such shall be found necessary." And then the obstructions foreign trade had to contend against in Japan were discussed. An endeavour was made to show that their true interest was to foster and not to resist foreign trade; that they would find a policy of isolation very difficult to carry out now that they had entered into the family of nations by making treaties with the Powers of the West. "Ah!" they exclaimed, "that is the unfortunate part of it. Japan was not at the time prepared for such extended foreign intercourse." "Why, then, did you make any treaties at all?" was asked. "Oh!" they replied, "we wish bygones to be bygones,"—as if the subject was a very painful one. "Those Japanese who at first framed the treaties with foreigners were very bad men indeed. It was a lamentable mistake, and is looked upon as a great calamity throughout the country; for," continued Matsudaira, "there are many powerful daimios in Japan who are much opposed to the introduction of foreigners and foreign trade into the country. That

naturally is a source of great concern and uneasiness to the government, and they fear that possibly disturbances may take place between those daimios' people and foreigners. If such unfortunately were to happen, misunderstandings would probably arise between Japan and foreign Powers; all which," continued he, "would be much to be deplored. We are therefore charged to urge upon the British Government and the other treaty Powers, the advisability of postponing the opening of Yeddo, Osaca, and Hiogo for a few more years, as public opinion has unmistakably expressed itself against those ports being yet opened for trade." Nagasaki, in fact, was the only safe place till foreigners became better known—and if foreign representatives at the capital would but see the gravity of the question as they (the Japanese envoys) saw it, they would retire from Yeddo to Nagasaki, as also the merchants from Yokohama; for the feeling throughout the country against the foreigners was very strong. "The dollar would then pass current for three itzeboos, every accommodation would be given for building houses and godowns—a magnificent custom-house would be erected—and business conducted in accordance with European method. Grand hotels would spring up, and there would be nothing but prosperity, for trade would flourish in peaceful security, the neighbouring daimios being friendly to foreigners, so unlike those in the vicinity of Yokohama. And then," concluded he with enthusiasm, "Matsudaira Iwami no Kami would greatly rejoice, for he would go to Nagasaki as governor, and profit by his European experience to increase trade and advance the interests of the port." Here was an astonishing speech. And so our three years' intercourse with them had not succeeded in opening their eyes to the value of our trade, although one would have thought their custom-house receipts had now become of consequence to their government!

We left Singapore at noon on the 18th February, and had a very pleasant passage down, sighting Ceylon on the morning of the 25th, when we entered the harbour of Trincomalee a short time afterwards. We only waited here an hour or two, and then proceeded on to Galle. Mr. Forbes, the Government agent for the Southern Provinces, received us, and there was a guard of honour and the usual salute. While at Galle, a deputation of Native chiefs, amongst other notabilities, called upon the envoys. Their stay here was very short—only two days—but yet long enough to see all that was worthy of inspection.

From Galle we pushed on for Suez with all possible despatch; touching at Aden for coaling purposes. The few hours we were at Aden were made the most of, for the envoys were driven into the town in company with Mr. Playfair, the Government agent, who showed them the magnificent water-tanks. They then drove round a good portion of the Turkish wall, and returned on board as the *Odin* had finished coaling. We left immediately for Suez, and arrived there after an uninteresting passage on the 20th of March. The passage up the Red Sea was not too dreadful, for although it was warm throughout the day, the evenings were deliciously cool. We took one hundred tons of coal on our upper deck

from Aden, and experienced the misery of being on board a vessel whose upper deck was almost entirely set apart for the stowage of coal. We felt quite refreshed when the stowage was accomplished, and were only beginning to appreciate the change when we found ourselves approaching our journey's end, as far as travelling in the *Odin* was concerned. After taking an affectionate farewell of the commodore and officers, their Excellencies and suite went ashore, luncheoned at the Peninsular and Oriental Hotel, which, by the way, is one of the finest in the East, and then proceeded to Cairo by special train, and in the Pasha's own carriages. This was a novelty indeed for our Japanese friends—journeying by rail! How strange and almost out of place their swarthy Excellencies and suite looked in those luxurious and gorgeous carriages! Their attire was certainly never devised for such a mode of travelling, as they remarked one to the other. In the first place the long swords were sadly in the way and had to be laid aside—then they could not comfortably lean back and be at their ease, with those large round hats on; so the hats had to come off and take place with the swords. By-and-by their jackets were laid aside, for how could they put their arms through those loops, their sleeves (pockets) being stuffed with paper pocket-handkerchiefs, notes of travel, and Japanese lollipops, &c.?

But in spite of all they were not comfortable, though they assured us they indeed felt so. They would get up, sit down again, wriggle about for awhile, till (happy thought!) Envoy No. 2 suddenly took his shoes or sandals off, mounted the seat, surveyed the rest of the party and the landscape complacently for a moment, then with a merry twinkle in his eye, knelt down on the cushions, crossed his legs, and adroitly tucked them away. His colleagues were not slow in following his example. Their tiny pipes were produced—a sure indication that the *otium cum dignitate* had at last been realized, and they smoked away, with slight intervals, till our arrival at Cairo. The Egyptian railway inspector, who accompanied us, also produced cigars, and the enjoyment became universal. To be sure, they were his Highness's own carriages we were in; but does not his Highness himself smoke when travelling? On approaching Cairo, their Japanese Excellencies carefully collected the ash together from off the little round table in the centre of the carriage, made a snug little packet thereof in Japanese paper, and threw it from the window, to the astonishment of our Egyptian companion, whose pre-conceived notions of the exalted position of the illustrious strangers apparently underwent some little change from this moment.

On arrival at Cairo carriages were awaiting at the railway station to take our party to the Missaferhana, or guest-house, which had been set apart for our reception; the other chief residences, as our Egyptian inspector apologetically remarked, being occupied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Coburg, who were in Cairo at the same time. During our stay we visited the chief objects of interest in the city, and made a trip to the Pyramids on donkeys.

Their Excellencies would have very complacently foregone the pleasure of the excursion, all the more as it was to be on donkey-back—an animal they had as yet never bestridden, and caught a glimpse of but on one solitary occasion before, viz. at Aden, when their attention was attracted not only by its singular appearance, but by the assiduous manner in which the stick was applied to the poor animal by the driver, and the wonderful patience or nonchalance the said donkey exhibited on receipt thereof. However, it was insisted upon that the Pyramids should be visited, and camels were suggested, if their Excellencies objected to donkeys; but the latter, although anything but a desirable beast of burden, was by far preferable to the camel—an animal that looked capable of any eccentricity.

We accordingly started at an early hour one morning, so as to be back in time, if possible, to escape the noonday sun. We drove as far as the place from whence the Nile had to be crossed; and here a scene took place such as can only be witnessed in Egypt. Our appearance was hailed with a loud shout, every boatman within reach making for the same point. And now commenced the tug of war. Of course there was a violent concussion, and such a storm of abuse arose as never before greeted Japanese ears polite. The owners of the boats sprang on shore, and vociferously urged the merits of their respective crafts, heightening the interest of the comedy by lively encounters among themselves. Our protector, the Egyptian railway inspector, was all the time abusing and cudgelling the mob, but with small result, till we took advantage of an opening in the crowd, and sprang into the nearest boat. One would have thought this would have ended the wrangling; on the contrary, we were escorted by two boats three parts of the way across, their occupants keeping up a slanging match with our boatmen, and vowing vengeance on their return! "*Warni sendo, makotoni warni noshto* (Bad boatmen, really bad men)," said their Excellencies, gravely, on taking their seats.

On gaining the opposite side, we found donkeys awaiting us. It was with fear and trembling, we could perceive, that the process of mounting was attempted and at last successfully accomplished. The customary beating was then administered to the several donkeys, to get them into a trot; and ludicrous in the extreme our cavalcade looked; envoys and high officers holding on like grim death, and earnestly entreating their donkey-boys to moderate the pace. The drivers, however, interpreting those eloquent appeals into expressions of high approval, grinned, cried *yah, yah!* and administered increased doses of the stick accordingly. Fortunately, however, there is a limit even to an Egyptian donkey's patience; and he has a way of unmistakably showing the same when he considers himself driven too fast, or objects to the length of the journey. Should the luckless rider despise his beast, and ride with a loose rein, a terrible shock awaits him: the donkey has been eyeing him askance the whole time, and at the moment when his spirits are at the highest and his grip the loosest, down goes the donkey on his knees, and over goes

the rider. This feat accomplished, the donkey gets on his legs again, and calmly awaits your return, hoping probably that you may re-seat yourself with the determination to be more considerate for the future. This sad experience awaited the Japanese party. The donkeys failed to distinguish their illustrious riders from ordinary mortals, and treated them as is their wont, viz. by spilling them. Their Excellencies, on rising from the plain, stipulated that the remainder of the journey should be done at a more dignified pace, namely, that of a walk.

We reached the Pyramids in course of time. It was blowing freshly, and clouds of dust and fine sand went scouring past. The poor Japanese were at once nearly blinded and parched with thirst. "What are these structures?" they inquired. "Burial-places of the ancient kings of Egypt," was the reply, "built nearly 4,000 years ago." "Burial-places! *Narahoddo! narahoddo!*" with much wonder; for being a people so fond of the beautiful, they could not conceive why their Egyptian majesties had selected so dreary a site. And then, as the vastness of the stones gained upon their senses, they naturally inquired how the Egyptian workmen succeeded in hoisting such enormous weights to such an altitude. That was as much a mystery to us as to themselves.

A cruise into the interior was now suggested, as a compensation for not going to the top, our dragoman declaring it dangerous to make the attempt, as it was blowing so hard. He thereupon led the way, and on reaching the entrance to the pyramid we looked round for our companions. They were nowhere to be seen! We waited patiently for some time, but no signs of the party were visible. At last, an interpreter succeeded in scrambling up, and said the ambassadors were anxiously waiting below, almost dead with thirst, for our return. Seeing our friends did not appreciate the Pyramids, we were reluctantly compelled to return, when they were found in niches of the walls, cursing their folly, as was supposed, for ever having undertaken so killing a journey. Fortunately, an orange-vendor was discovered in the vicinity, and, to the immense relief of Japanese throats, speedily looted. Retreat was immediately decided on, and in due course Cairo was reached, where the envoys found comfort in the reflection that they had done the Pyramids once and for all!

Our party did not like Egypt, and could not reconcile themselves to a residence in it. The nuisance of flies and dust overpowered the little pleasure experienced in visiting pyramids and inspecting mosques and palaces; and it was with little regret they left Cairo for Europe. There was a special train to take the party to Alexandria, where we embarked on board H.M.S. *Himalaya*, and left next morning for Malta. Before leaving, however, a letter of thanks was addressed to the Pasha (who was up the Nile in his yacht) for the hospitality the envoys had received.

We arrived at Malta after a rough passage of three days, the majority of the Japanese succumbing once more to that cruelest of sufferings, *mal de mer!* The *Himalaya* pitched and rolled fearfully in comparison to the old *Odin;* but the envoys were astounded at the size and speed of

the vessel, and evidently appreciated the honour of having such a ship sent for their conveyance. Malta, with its immense fortifications, excited their interest beyond measure. They inquired if we had built all the forts; the Power from whom the place was taken; the number of guns in position; the strength of the garrison. All this time the artists of the mission were busily engaged sketching the approach to the harbour, with its guardian forts—the envoys themselves seeing that the most striking points were marked down.

The governor, Sir Gaspard le Marchant, had a levée at the palace in honour of the occasion. After the reception was over, their Excellencies were shown through the principal rooms, including the celebrated gallery of knights in ancient armour. The following day Admiral Sir William Martin invited them on board H.M.S. *Amphion*, to see the men at quarters; and very much they were struck at the smartness with which the various evolutions were performed. That evening they attended the opera, having accepted seats in Lady le Marchant's box. They were considerably amused with the notion of a "*singing theatre*."

When Lady le Marchant's invitation was first presented to them, they hardly knew what to think of it.

"An invitation to go to the theatre!—very strange!—are you quite sure she means the *theatre?*"

"Yes, certainly; there is not the least doubt about it; only she didn't say 'theatre,' but 'opera,' another kind of theatre, the difference being that at the opera there is music and singing as well as acting."

But their Excellencies were still perplexed; people of their rank in Japan never go to theatres; if they wish to be played to, they have private performances at home.

"But who will be there?" they inquired.

"The governor, Lady le Marchant, officers of the garrison, and principal inhabitants of Malta," was the reply.

An incredulous look was exchanged at this announcement. The presence of a governor and high officers at an opera or theatre in company with the common people was, in their eyes, a monstrous thing. Still how was it possible to refuse if the Queen's representative, and the chief personages in Malta, would be there? This was a dilemma; but they were reminded that theatres in Japan were very different places to theatres in Europe; and that if they wished to study the "manners and customs" of Europe, their Excellencies would do well to fall in with them.

The argument proved conclusive; and accordingly the governor's box was graced that evening by the presence of the illustrious Kamis three. There was a full house that evening, of course. "And how the people quiz us!" exclaimed the Japanese; "every one is looking at us." Their Excellencies were advised to requite "every one's" observation; a hint they took advantage of. Lady le Marchant had lent them opera-glasses, and they used them liberally. They enjoyed the scene very much, and professed to like the music; but after returning home

they admitted that they thought the singing very peculiar, and that the prima-donna "made faces." "What a large mouth she had, too!"

The following day we had a field-day, as also a review of all the available troops in garrison. There were about 6,000 men on the ground altogether. The Japanese were delighted with this part of the day's programme, and afterwards drove off for the purpose of inspecting as many of the batteries as time would allow of.

The mission left Malta on the 31st of March, after a most agreeable stay of four days. The envoys had expressed a wish to see the admiral's flag-ship, the *Marlborough*, if possible, and Sir W. Martin kindly sent instructions to her to be ready to receive their Excellencies as the *Himalaya* was passing out. The *Marlborough*, during our stay in Malta, had been outside, exercising her men with the big guns, &c. On the morning of our departure she had come close in. The *Himalaya* then hove-to, when their Excellencies went on board. They made a stay of some three-quarters of an hour, and made a close inspection of the vessel. Her great height, number of guns, and large crew, made an evident impression on her visitors. The yards were manned, and a salute fired, the chief envoy acknowledging the same by standing up and repeatedly bowing his thanks. We then pursued our way to Marseilles, and arrived there on April 3rd, after a passage of two and a half days.

The mission arrived in Paris on the 7th, and remained in France till the 29th, when they embarked at Calais for Dover, *en route* for London; it having previously been arranged with their Excellencies that the mission should arrive in London in time to be represented at the opening of the International Exhibition on the 1st of May. On the morning of the 29th of April the embassy arrived at Dover, and were received by Mr. John Macdonald, of her Majesty's Legation in Japan, who had taken charge of the mission from Yeddo to Marseilles, and now resumed his charge again till their departure from England. At Dover there was an address from the mayor and corporation, of course. The envoys and suite then retired, and luncheon was served. A special train conveyed the party to London, where it was soon comfortably located at Claridge's Hotel, in Brook Street, very thankful they had reached their destination at last, for their poor heads were still giddy from the effects of the passage, the address, the speeches, and the presentations.

On the following day a despatch was written to Earl Russell announcing their arrival, and asking for an official interview. The rest of the day was devoted to settling down and unpacking the several boxes as soon as found—a task, by the way, that was by no means easy of accomplishment, considering that the *personnel* of the embassy numbered thirty-eight persons, with at least three hundred boxes and cases! What they all contained remains to this day a mystery; but that the said boxes were full and heavy are undoubted facts, as many living witnesses can feelingly testify. Princes or great officers in Japan are followed, when travelling or paying visits, by troops of retainers, carrying lacquered

boxes attached to long poles on their shoulders. These boxes are supposed to contain changes of raiment in case the great man should be caught in a shower of rain; or perhaps he may be on his way to pay an official visit, when, of course, a change of shoes is requisite. But whether change of shoes or vestments be necessary or not, the boxes must form part of his procession, or otherwise, in the eyes of a Japanese, the *cortège* would probably be rated as that of a small "yaconin" without lineage or position. If the envoys to Europe, then, wished to impress foreigners with a due notion of their high rank by parade of retinue and baggage, the few facilities for such displays must have grievously perplexed and disappointed their Excellencies. On arrival in London, instead of mounting finely appointed chargers, and being led along the centre of the street by two grooms at a stately pace, or entering their lacquered "norimons" with armed retainers in front, carrying long lances or spears with covered tops, indicative of high rank, and followed by similar retainers as a rear-guard, led horses fully caparisoned, and the usual followers carrying lacquered baskets and boxes, their Excellencies found themselves obliged to enter a simple carriage and pair, without ceremony and without escort. The four chief officers next in point of rank followed as closely as cabs, omnibuses, and waggons would permit, while the inferior members of the embassy had to submit to ordinary street "four-wheelers" as a means of reaching their destination. The absence of all ceremony on this their first arrival in England was remarked; and of course they were told that it is not customary with us to give cavalry escorts or court carriages to any but royal personages.

It was supposed that most of the cases and boxes which were brought with us contained articles of clothing, numerous and varied enough for purposes of wear while travelling in the different countries the envoys were about to visit, especially as it was said that large investments in wearing apparel had been made before leaving Japan; the Yeddo tailors having been kept at work for many months getting the wardrobes ready. It was doubtless argued that the members of the mission, in their transit to Europe and back, would experience so many changes of temperature, that fabrics of every texture would certainly be required for use. The foreign stores in Yokohama had been ransacked in search of thick flannels, thick stockings, and thick boots and shoes, as some protection against the eternal snows supposed to envelop St. Petersburg.

The heads of the mission had been informed that such purchases could be better and cheaper made in Europe, but probably they thought it wiser to invest in Japan than trust to unknown European shopkeepers. But, singular to say, on no part of the voyage, or during the stay in England, were more than a dozen or so of these boxes ever seen to be opened, and yet their cabins on the passage to Europe, and the rooms they occupied here, were crowded with them! The already large supply of boxes was augmented in consequence of a fear which troubled the envoys that they would assuredly come to grief if a quantity of rice large

enough to make them independent of foreign markets, and last till their return to their beloved Japan, were not shipped. Their Excellencies had been told over and over again that they would need only a supply sufficient to last till their arrival at Hong Kong—a week's sail merely—but, nevertheless, on going on board the *Odin* at Yeddo we found two hundred large cases; and more had been snugly stowed away as part of their personal baggage. Moreover, sundry tubs of oil of no mean dimensions, boxes full of Japanese candles, kegs of soy, and such like articles, encumbered the deck; and the party not professing total abstinence principles, had of course included among the stores a goodly stock of saké, while as for pots of one kind of delicacy and hampers of others, there was literally no end of them. On reaching Hong Kong the change in temperature caused the oil-tubs to crack, and, consequently, to leak; and as the said tubs stood on the quarter-deck, sundry unsightly stains were the result, much to the indignation of the first lieutenant, who declared that he would have the tubs pitched overboard if they were not otherwise got rid of. The vice-governor, as chief of their staff, was then sent for, and duly impressed with the fact that it was absurd and troublesome to carry these oil-tubs about. The vice-governor was amenable to reason, and the paymaster of the *Odin* was kindly requested to get the oil sold.

The majority of the rice-boxes being away out of sight in the hold, the expediency of carrying out a similar course in regard to them was not at the time pressed. Besides, their Excellencies had not yet been convinced that as much rice as they needed could be procured wherever they touched. The rice-boxes, then, remained undisturbed till the arrival of the mission in France. In the meantime, however, it had been proved beyond dispute that rice grew in abundance in other countries besides Japan, and that as much of it as they would possibly require could be bought in lands which did not produce it at all; and so their own precious rice-boxes travelled no farther than Paris.

On the morning of the 1st of May, the three envoys and four of their principal officers left Claridge's Hotel in carriages to witness the ceremony of the opening of the Great Exhibition. The party was very warmly received, and conducted to seats reserved for them among the *corps diplomatique*. Not till they were seated did their Excellencies attempt to raise their eyes and look round, or venture a remark relative to the imposing structure they were in. While walking up the nave they gave one the idea of being afraid of compromising their dignity by any display of curiosity: but having taken their seats, and produced their indispensable fans, their Excellencies ventured to steal furtive glances at the movements of the various officials, inquired who occupied the different seats in their immediate neighbourhood, and went so far as to remark on the vastness and beauty of the building. The ceremony was over at last, and now we might stroll down the nave and look at the objects of interest that lined our path. First of all we must ascertain their

impressions of the scene, how they liked the music, and which they thought best, our music or their own? Their Excellencies thought the sight was a very splendid one indeed, and said the music was very fine and grand, although they thought it sometimes very loud. The men who were playing this way (imitating the movements of the violin-players) especially attracted their attention, they all kept such marvellous time, sometimes playing so fast, and at other times slowly. "Who was the person who stood in front of the musicians with a stick in his hand?" inquired the envoys. That was the leader. "How he threw his arms and hands about," said one to the other; and as if tickled by what appeared to them the ludicrous figure he cut, their Excellencies began imitating M. Costa's movements, their fans doing duty as bâtons; and a German band just then having begun playing outside, the envoys enjoyed the joke immensely. But they would entertain no comparison of Japanese and English music. "English music would not be understood in Japan, nor would Japanese music be understood in England; but they are both very good."

The first visit the envoys made was, of course, to Earl Russell, and until they had paid their respects to his lordship (in accordance with strict Japanese etiquette) they resolutely refused to stir out anywhere. There was some difficulty at first in prevailing upon them to waive this point, in order that they might be present at the opening of the Exhibition; and, indeed, it was not till they were assured Lord Russell would be there, and that they would be introduced at once, that they consented to go. The following day was fixed for their reception at the Foreign Office. The visit, however, was purely complimentary, the envoys taking occasion to express thanks for the facilities granted them on the journey. On returning from the Foreign Office, they were taken for a drive round Hyde Park. The freshness of the grass, the size of the trees, and the animated appearance of the Row, excited their unqualified admiration. "Look! look at those young girls and boys riding so swiftly!" they would enthusiastically exclaim; "how well they ride! how very beautiful English children are!" "What beautiful hair the girls have!" was also a frequent remark, as some fair child of eleven or twelve years would dash past by the side of her groom, her golden locks waving in the breeze. The Japanese are all fond of children, and a sight like that would so delight the envoys, that they would watch the bold little riders till they were out of sight. The throng of ladies and gentlemen lounging about, however, rather puzzled their Excellencies. "What can be the meaning of *their* coming to the park, where they neither ride nor walk? they are nearly all sitting down or leaning against the rails!"

"Well, it is in order that they may meet one another, and talk, and look at the people on horseback."

"But what do they talk about?"

"Oh, everything; about themselves, other people, the weather, the news of the day, and such like subjects of interest."

"But you say they come here every day, and for the same purpose? *Narahoddo!*"

It were needless to narrate the attentions the embassy received, or the places of interest they visited while in this country. They were taken to most of the sights of London and its vicinity, visited Woolwich Arsenal more than once, went over Portsmouth Dockyard, and while there witnessed target practice with the Armstrong 100-pounder and other guns of a smaller bore. The *Black Prince* was also minutely inspected, and numberless notes taken of what principally impressed their Excellencies in her construction. Of course they visited Aldershott, and were present at a grand military display, where the cavalry charges and the flying artillery especially excited their wonder. A visit to the Newcastle coal-mines was also undertaken. The whole party visited the North Seaton Colliery, and the chief envoy and five of his suite descended the mine, in order to see its working with their own eyes. Their own country, among other mineral products, contains a plentiful supply of coal, but the Japanese know very little of the proper modes of working it. It was also considered desirable that they should visit Liverpool, in order that they might have the opportunity of seeing our finest shipping port. From Liverpool they were taken to Birmingham, and, last sight of all, they were taken to see the great festival of "Derbee." Great, indeed, was their wonder at what they saw and heard at Epsom.

The embassy left England for Holland after spending some six weeks among us. It is certain they will not soon forget their visit to this country. Our Government afforded them every opportunity of acquainting themselves with what was most likely to prove of interest to them here; and they availed themselves of the privilege to the fullest extent. The shrewdness they displayed in their inquiries was very striking. It was remarked during their visits to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, that no visitors among our own countrymen, or foreigners, had displayed such earnest and untiring interest, even in the most minute detail connected with the manufacture of the Armstrong gun, as the Japanese. Arrived at home, what news they must have had to tell of the many wonderful sights seen in England, France, Holland, Prussia, Russia, and Portugal, if their poor heads did not become addled with it all! On their arrival in this country, however, they were informed that we had regular postal communication twice a month with China, and that it would be as well if they gave their Government some account of what they were seeing and doing. The envoys caught at the hint, and during their stay in England regularly forwarded voluminous despatches by every mail to their own country

"But I only think of a guileless host
Killed by the shame of a daughter lost,
And a mother with too soon silvered head,
Who weeps for a daughter worse than dead."

Maladetta.

Beautiful Sin, with her eyes cast down,
And her braided hair so glossy and brown!
I see her still as she passes away,
The fairest face I have seen to-day,
With a look, though lowly and meek to me,
Royal and proud as a queen's might be.

Beautiful Sin, with her eyes cast down,
And her jewelled arm, and her costly gown,
Sitting alone in the lustrous light,
The fairest face I have seen to-night!
I see her still, as the music pleads,
Beautiful all but the life she leads.

She went from our village years ago,
Cast out by her kindred to bear her woe;
And she knew me well in the crowded street:
I know her now that again we meet.
And ah! that maiden, fit heir for a crown,
Must meet my gaze with her eyes cast down.

The music swells and the music falls,
And peals in proud pæans along the walls,
But I only think of a guileless host
Killed by the shame of a daughter lost,
And a mother with too soon silvered head,
Who weeps for a daughter worse than dead.

And who is cursed to his heart within
That foully he tempted her steps to sin?
I saw him there, with small thought of amends,
Joyous, unpunished, ringed round with friends.
It seemeth all well that the felon go:
The world is judge, and it judgeth so.

The music swells and the music falls,
And its last note wails to the lofty walls:
Beautiful Sin, it is time to go home,
Outcast of Aidenn, waif of the foam!
Who in life's agony ever will hie
To lean his head on thy breast and die!

WILLIAM SMITH.

A Meditation; on Skeletons—and some other Things.

I was looking, the other day, at some skeletons of sparrows and mice, which an ingenious friend of mine, who is a lover of zoology, had very cleverly dissected and set up in all the glory of brilliant glass-cases, as ornaments to his bachelor apartments. And really very pretty ornaments they were. Did you ever study the skeleton of a mouse? If so, you must have been struck with the carnivorous aspect of the creature thus denuded of its outer flesh. It might pass for a tiger in miniature. And as for the sparrows, their stuck-up, self-satisfied appearance, the pert and knowing look they put on, when thus reduced to their rudiments, surpasses imagination. The essence of the moral qualities of the bird seems almost to be concentrated in its bones. One can see that with such a foundation they could not be anything but what they are.

After admiring them for a time, I fell into a meditation on skeletons in general; and I found the subject, as I thought of it, became full of interest and suggestiveness. How come we and the animals that resemble us to have skeletons at all?

The natural impression given us by looking at a skeleton is evidently not the truth. As we gaze on the solid framework of bone, presenting in so distinct an outline the contour of the living form, it seems to us as if it had been laid down as a basis on which the creature's structure was built up; that the bones were first marshalled in their place, and then clothed with flesh, like the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision. But it is clear that nothing can be more false than this impression. So far from the bones being laid down first, they are altogether a secondary formation: they are rather a deposit from the growing tissues than a framework on which they are built. Of bone properly so called, there is none whatever until a comparatively advanced period of growth, and its formation is preceded by a peculiar structure (termed cartilage), which is itself one of the last formed substances within the body.

But not only can we thus recognize the skeleton as a derived and secondary structure, built up within themselves by the living parts around, but we can trace in thought (though our senses cannot follow it) the mode of its origin. Here again our natural ideas would mislead us. Speaking according to our impressions, we should assign its production to the action of the vital force, and regard it as a direct exhibition of the formative power of life. But the truth is the very opposite again of this. Bone is formed in living structures by a precipitation of solid matter, which is virtually a process like that of excretion, or the casting off of waste materials. And we know by the phenomena of disease, and of

natural decay, that the production of bony matter is a result of the loss and failure of vitality. Excessive *ossification* is one of the most frequent signs of the decay of vital power in old age; and a formation of bone (through weakness of life) in the arteries, the heart, and elsewhere, is a not uncommon cause of death.

This excess of bone is called degeneration; it is a descent and fall from the true vital level, and brings the parts and organs which are subjected to it so much nearer the condition of dead and unorganized matter. The elasticity and pliancy of life are lost, and the power of fulfilling its functions by just so much impaired. And the characters of bone itself indicate the same relations. It approaches the mineral not only in its hardness and its composition, but in its structure. It is an approximation to that crystalline arrangement, in the opposition to which consists one of the chief marks of the living tissue. Bone, therefore, is a step downwards from the living towards the inorganic state.

Surely in this aspect the formation of the skeleton presents itself in a most interesting light, opening a new vista to thought. Let us consider the facts for a moment. The whole bony structure of an animal consists of a substance due to a decadence or withdrawal of vitality; and thus, as it is laid down within the growing body, it marks and demonstrates such decadence. The skeleton, in fact, marks certain lines of ebbing of the vital force. It comes, and only could come, into being thus. And so we find another proof of the opposite processes going on in the body. Here is a tangible demonstration of the fact, unrecognized, however, till its significance had been anticipated; showing how much sharper thought is than sense. We exhume, as it were, from the body the evidence of former life, as travellers exhume the ruins of buried cities.

Is it not a curious result we thus arrive at? We are accustomed to think of the body as the product of an active power, as a revelation and embodiment of life. And we are right; it is so. But here, essential to it, constituting its fundamental portion, without which all the rest were utterly waste and useless, we find that which is the result of the very opposite: of the absence and ceasing of life. Built up in the living framework we find the product of decay. Life reposes on it, not only in the sense, often noted, of springing from and being nourished by decaying matter, but in a mechanical sense also. The basis of the structure that it builds is laid by its own failure. The fact is surely full of an interest and significance which extend beyond the region of physical into that of moral thought; and it would be so even if it stood alone. It would be evidence sufficient of a law, of a resource, as beautiful as it is curious; of an economy and an elegance, if we may venture the expression, in nature, which the mind cannot rest upon without delight.

Of an economy, I say. For it is an instance not only of the use of an *absence*—of the withdrawal of a power—to produce a desired effect; but besides this, of that which we see so often in nature—so much oftener than in any of our own works, and the discovery of which ever fills us

with an especial feeling of satisfaction—the use of some element or process which is otherwise necessarily present, to perform essential, or at least useful offices.

The skeleton results from comparative failure and absence of vital action; it is formed by processes which are, so far as they are special or distinctive, processes of decay, so that no force is expended in producing it. It comes as the decay of the body comes when life has fled. We might parallel it to the building of a pier by dropping stones into the water. No more *power* is needed to deposit them when once they are brought to the right place. The skeleton, we may say, is formed in the body by "dropping stones."

But more than this: this decay is a necessary part of life itself; it is already present as an essential element in the chain of the vital processes. Without decadence no active vitality is possible: the downward movement ever co-exists with the upward, by a necessity which penetrates to the very essence of material things. But this decadence, which is never absent, is thus turned to account. The very loss and failure of vitality are bidden to subserve its purposes and fulfil its needs. Decay shall render its meed to the stability of that body of which it seems to be the enemy. Out of the destroyer comes forth strength.

The law is a glorious one. The law, I say; for it *is* a law, and all the thoughts which it suggests are re-echoed from every region of the frame, and by every pulse of life. It is a law that failure and absence of the vital force, and processes of decay, should have a large and varied part in the formation, shaping, and strengthening of the living body. It is one of those natural laws, self-evident when they are known, and of a most fascinating simplicity, but which become recondite and hard to see almost from their very simpleness, and which men so often fail to grasp from inability to comprehend the perfect ease and perfect knowledge of which nature is the fruit, and which the play of her forces exhibits to our view.

Nay, do we speak of play in Nature, of easy, sportive, unconstrained performance? It is the very soul of genius, too; the perfectness of art, the fulness of that law which is the highest liberty. This "play-impulse," which, as Schiller truly says, is the soul of art, is the soul also of Nature's vigorous life. Nor in associating the two are we wandering absolutely from our subject. For has not every work of art its skeleton? Every poem, every essay, nay, every article? Dissect it, and you shall find—if it have any force or substance in it, if it can stand upon its feet, if it have head or body, or if its hands lay hold either of the subject or the reader—dissect it, and you shall find its skeleton. But there are two ways in art, though but one in nature, in which the skeleton may be formed. Talent does as nature seems to do, but does not; constructs it first and clothes it. Genius does as nature does. From its living creation as it grows, the skeleton crystallizes out, itself living and the result of life, as the superstructure is. So it is one with nature, truly; and the world, recognizing the kinship, gives it thence its name.

And is it not the same with Constitutions too? In the body of the State do not the framework of its laws and usages, the rules which determine the distribution of power between the governing bodies, and the privileges which are claimed by each, constitute that which answers to the skeleton? And as in life physical, so in life political, must not this framework grow, and not be laid down beforehand? As the out-birth of the natural flowings and ebbings of human passion, determined by mutual efforts and concessions, by exertions and withdrawals of power, they are built vitally into the very substance of the State, and knit it together in living strength. These broad lines mark the spots over which flowed the most stormy tides of a previous age; the areas in which were waged the hottest strifes. They are marks of a vigorous and super-abounding life, which has learnt to abstain as well as to act; to yield and to forego, as well as to assert itself. Where they exist most perfectly, no brain has thoughtfully contrived them, nor any hand cunningly elaborated their mechanism. Such a Constitution is organic; a fruit of life and not of ingenuity. And so it is that it subserves with vital ease the functions which the community performs.

But to return to the organic body: instances of the law we have noted, that failure of the vital force has a constant office in the processes of life, are everywhere. A few of them it will be interesting to recal. Every now and then we hear of a child whose fingers are *webbed*, like the feet of an aquatic bird; that is, they are united together by folds of skin that forbid their separate use. The noble human hand is thus debarred from its office, and stripped of its prerogative. But by what means? Strictly by want of a due failure of vitality, by absence of decay. For the liberation of the fingers, and the shaping of the hand into the comely and commodious instrument it is, is committed to this agency. At their first development the fingers are always thus tied together, and they are set free only by a breaking down and removal of the material that forms the intervening membrane.

Another instance of the same process is furnished by the function of sight. At an early period of its formation the eye is an opaquely closed cavity, which would be useless for vision because incapable of admitting light. A membrane passes across its anterior portion, and obliterates the pupil. This condition lasts longer in some other animals than it does in man, and so it is that puppies and kittens are born blind, and only gain their sight when they are a few days old. The usefulness of all the exquisite and complicated mechanism of the eye is dependent at last upon a little process of decay, which gives the finishing touch to its perfection. By this decay, that membrane is broken down, and, as it is said, absorbed; that is, it is taken up atom by atom and re-conveyed into the blood.

These, however, are but instances of a widely operative law. The body is carved and modelled by decay. The failure and negation of the vital force, in the appointed places, are like the artist's chisel by which it is sculptured into grace.

In regard to the skeleton, many other interesting questions suggest themselves; and many to which I know no answer yet. We cannot help asking, for example, why its form is such as it is; why these "lines of ebbing of the vital force" have left *these* ripples and no others? For my own part I can hardly help likening them to the *nodal lines* by which vibrating plates divide themselves, and on which sand spread on their surface gathers and lies still. Why does the body of all the higher tribes of animals thus subdivide and partition itself off? Do we not feel that an answer to this question is possible, though we cannot give it? And a few vague suggestions are not beyond our power. Thus it is a well-known fact that bones are larger and stronger in proportion to the size and vigour of the muscles that are attached to them; and that they are increased in size by increased activity and growth of the corresponding muscles. Again we know that *tendon* sometimes takes the place of bone; what is bone in some animals being replaced by tendon in others. Thus in the crocodiles there are ribs attached to the spinal cord below the chest, and closing in the lower part of the body. In man the positions of these ribs are marked by bands of tendon.

And considering the skeleton as a whole, it is curious to note that its position in respect to the other portions of the body is, in the lower animals, the very opposite of that which it appears to occupy in the higher. In all the higher groups—that is, in all animals possessing a back-bone—the skeleton, with the exception of the skull, is placed *within* the body; but in all the groups below these, when it exists at all, it is external, surrounding and including all the soft parts; and the muscles are attached to it from within, as is well seen in the oyster or the crab. In fact, in its earliest condition (if we may consider the lower animals to exhibit this) the skeleton is a capsule or protecting enclosure for the body; and this relation is still visible in many of the higher orders, as in the shell, or "carapace," of the tortoise, and the bony plates which guard the head of the sturgeon. Now in the form of an external investiture it is clearly exhibited as an excretion from the animal that wears it, it is an evident casting off of materials of a lowered vitality. Its formation may be compared to the shedding of the skin of the caterpillar or the snake, or to the hardening of the capsule of the chrysalis. Altogether different from this appears to be the position of the skeleton in the mammalia. Yet it is not truly so different if we regard its chief portions in their essential relations. Dividing the body into head, trunk, and limbs, we find the bony portion in the two former segments discharging an office, if not occupying a position, essentially the same as that which it discharges in the lower tribes. The skull surrounds and protects the brain, the spinal column surrounds and protects the spinal cord. The nervous centres in the higher animals bear the same relation to their skeleton as the whole body of the lower animals bears to theirs. It is only in the limbs that this relation is not preserved. The skeleton, therefore, is still a capsule, still formed around included parts which its office is to support and to protect,

even in the highest realms of life. And it may be that the position which it thus holds is connected, in the latter cases also, with the process of decay by which its earthy composition is determined. May not, in short, the lower animal, external skeleton and all, be represented to the imagination as absorbed and embedded in the higher?

There is one suggestion more that may, perhaps without too great a licence of the fancy, be made upon this point. The articulated—that is, the ringed or jointed—form of the skeleton in all the higher group of animals is very marked. The spine, with which we may include the head, consists of a series of bony rings, which cannot but be compared to the "segments" of the insect tribe. The ribs attached to these rings present a series of parallel and consecutive divisions; the bones of the extremities are divided by their joints. Now may we venture to connect with this "segmentation," in our thoughts, a parallel on which the fancy cannot but dwell with pleasure, however doubtfully the intellect may regard it? How like a vast dragon, or icy serpent, the glacier lies in its lair in the mountain gully, or, as if endowed with a slow, cold-blooded life, glides downward towards the plain. Do we recognize the horrid likeness? There is another point of resemblance. The monster is ribbed like a living creature too: segmented like, though unlike, the spine. Now what are these markings athwart its bosom? Mr. Tyndal has brought evidence to show that they represent lines of greatest pressure, and result from a thawing of the ice due to that pressure, and followed by a renewed freezing. May we connect these two cases in our thoughts, and imagine that the lines of segmentation in the skeleton denote lines of greatest pressure, and mark a changed vital process due thereto?

But perhaps the most interesting thought which these ideas suggest relates to the connection of disease with life. Disease, we may say, in such facts as these, justifies itself, gives an account of its presence, makes good its claim to be. Of the maladies to which life succumbs, scarcely any are more frequent, or more insidiously fatal, than two processes of decay which we have found playing so essential a part in the very formation of the living frame. Defect and failure of the vital force manifests itself in these appointed ways. Bone intrudes where soft and plastic structures are required, and by its dull resistance checks and benumbs the bounding stream of life. Or the living structure softens, and the firmly tenacious, though elastic, tissue of the artery or the muscle becomes relaxed, and fat usurps its place: fat, as the first stage towards utter wasting away and loss. The function accordingly fails, or the weakened organ gives way before some unusual strain. Then death ensues, and we say, and justly say, "Behold disease!" True, it is disease; yet it is a kind of disease that has been minister to health, and has alone made possible the activities of life.

Nor is this relation confined to these two instances alone. True, all disease is a defect of life; a partial dying, a failure of force where it is needed to sustain the frame which it has raised. But never does this

failure come to mar and to destroy, but it recals unnumbered instances in which the like failure has been rich in benefits. All study of the ills that flesh is heir to teaches no surer lesson than that every process of disease has its counterpart in healthful life.

Nor, perhaps, is it impossible to trace a deeper reason here. By the mysterious necessity of things which ever binds opposites together, and will let us have no light without its shadow, we know it is determined—pre-determined ere ever the first living creature drew its breath—that life must depend on death, and growth spring from decay. Disease, decay—we think of them as enemies, but they are in truth our earliest nurses. They cherished our infant life, therefore they come to gather our last breath.

Our last breath, do we call it? Is it not our first true breathing rather? The heralds of life throng around the death-bed, and the same hands that nurtured our earliest days minister to our last. It is even so: so it should be, and must. Death and decay, heralds of life they were—and are; where the new life dawns and the trembling spirit thrills on the brink of a new world, there the appointed forerunners and ministers of life must be. Without death we could not enter upon life; without processes which are essentially those which we know as processes of disease, we never could have drawn our vital breath; it is by loss we gain, by failure we succeed.

Dying is a birth we witness from the outer side; we see but the departing, not the coming life. Even as in this life, so called, it is but the one side we see, and that—is it not the wrong? Is it not in the dying breath, the sinking pulse, the strife abandoned, that life is revealed?—a life of higher energies and wider sphere, of which the yielded breath and fading strength of man may well give promise.

The ministers of life are these that wait around the dying couch: of fearful seeming, but true friends; waiting on us indeed, unseen, through all our journey, but then achieving all their work when the highest triumph is to be won, the final victory gained

The Strange Story of the Marquise de Douhault.

Adelaide de Champignelles, the daughter of Rogres de Champignelles and Jeanne de Laubrière, was born on the 7th of October, 1741. Her father's name, or title as we may call it, preceded by the aristocratic particle *de*, was derived from the small country town of Champignelles, about nine leagues from Auxerre, where the family château and estates were situate. According to custom, she received her education in a convent, seeing very little of the world, except the world of nuns and father-confessors, and knowing nothing of the world's selfishness.

On the 30th of August, 1764, she left the convent to marry a wealthy nobleman, the Marquis de Douhault. It was what the French call a suitable match; in which class of matches the suitableness consists in the rank and fortune of the parties.

Love had little—that is to say, nothing—to do with the marriage; though Madame la Marquise de Douhault began her wedded life with the hope of being able to love her husband. But no such happiness was in store for her. Very shortly after the wedding, the bride discovered that the bridegroom was afflicted with epilepsy! The hoped-for hours of tenderness were replaced by fearful scenes of horror. Recovering from the shock of this awful blow, she accepted her sorrowful lot in silence, continuing to fulfil her duties as a wife quietly, without outward complaint. But in 1765 her husband's malady suddenly degenerated into furious insanity. His excitement and violence were such that it became dangerous to wait upon him. Madame de Douhault did her utmost to soothe him during his fits of mania; but one day, while interfering to prevent his cruel treatment of a man-servant, she received a sword wound in her right breast.

In April, 1766, the two families agreed, under legal authority, to seclude M. de Douhault at Charenton, near Paris, in which asylum he survived, always insane, for nearly one-and-twenty years, having died there in March, 1787. His wife, at five-and-twenty the widow of a living husband, continued to reside at the Château du Chazelet, an estate belonging to the marquis. During all those sad one-and-twenty years she led an exemplary and benevolent life.

To her sorrow, Mdme. de Douhault had an only brother—M. de Champignelles. Her father, M. de Champignelles the elder, had died in May, 1784, that is, about three years before her husband's death. According to her account, his death was hastened by grief at the unkind conduct of his son, who turned him out of the hotel which he occupied, by substituting his own name for his father's in a renewal of the lease. The father's death gave occasion for the settlement of the mother's claims, which entitled

her to a life interest in all her husband's property, on the condition of paying to her son an income of 4,000 francs a year, and to her daughter the sum of 40,000 francs, the half of her dowry, which had never been paid.

But a son who had cheated his father was not likely to respect the rights either of his mother or his sister. At the settlement he contrived to terrify the former into accepting an allowance from him of about eleven thousand francs a year, he taking possession of all the estates. Madame de Douhault, in easy circumstances, and without children, made no great resistance to this lion-like partition of the spoil. He thus got into his own hands the whole of the paternal inheritance, to the half of which his sister had an equal right, besides her claim of forty thousand francs now, and as much more at her mother's death.

As might have been expected, the greedy bargain once made, and the source of the funds within his grasp, the bad son paid his mother's income badly. More than once Madame de Champignelles found herself in need; more than once she was compelled to raise money by getting her former valet-de-chambre to pledge or sell her jewellery. She was obliged to deny herself luxuries, and to underlet rooms in her residence. In her correspondence with her daughter she bitterly complained of her melancholy isolation in Paris, while her proper place was to remain as mistress at the Château de Champignelles, where any other son would have affectionately installed her. For a time she hoped for better things, but by degrees the truth broke on her mind that with ingratitude in a selfish child there is no hope. With this sad conviction forced upon her, she entreated her daughter to join her in instituting legal steps to recover their rights, which she repented of having yielded so easily.

Before coming to a decision which must be the commencement of a family struggle, Madame de Douhault wrote to her brother, urging him, in friendly terms, to put an end to the cause of complaint. His reply was redoubled harshness. He even offered the patrimonial estates for sale, the report of which increased the mother's alarm, and determined the daughter to take a decided step.

Such was the state of affairs, when Madame de Douhault informed her mother that she would arrive in Paris by the beginning of 1788 to consult about the measures most expedient to adopt. The son was thus threatened either with having to restore to his mother the life-enjoyment of the property, or with having to share it with his sister. In either case his sister was an inconvenience. Her interference was inopportune, her claims unpleasant. The most fortunate thing for him would be to get rid of both. Nevertheless *he* also expressed his desire that the meeting and consultation should take place. Instead of seeming to fear their results, he even urged their realization.

Another circumstance ought to be mentioned, which may explain the motives of other actors in this domestic drama. At her husband's death Madame de Douhault had caused to be drawn up, in the presence of the heirs of the deceased, an inventory of the inheritance which she had the

right to enjoy for her life. Her claims thus substantiated, she became a fixture upon the estate—an annuitant, whose longevity would be burdensome, and whose decease would be a gain to the next expectants. It was at the close of the December following that she left Chazelet on a visit to her mother, to consult with her respecting their family concerns.

If we may believe the Woman without a Name who will shortly appear upon the scene, Madame de Douhault, when about to start for Paris, felt a secret presentiment of evil, an inexplicable repugnance to take the journey. Her nearest friends and relations approved of the undertaking: still, in her farewell visits to her neighbours, she could not conceal her involuntary fears, for which she could show no definite motive. Her cousin, a magistrate, reassured her, attributing her vague inquietude to a temporary derangement of health; in spite of which, she could not help deferring her departure till the last minute possible.

At length, with great regret, she started. In travelling to Paris her habit was to sleep at Orleans, at the house of M. du Lude, her great-nephew *on her husband's side*, and consequently one of the parties who would come in for a share of her husband's property, after her decease. That gentleman happened then to be at Argenton, on the way to Orleans, and she wrote to invite him to accompany her thither. He declined to do so, on some frivolous pretext; and curiously enough, she was informed at Argenton that he had started for Orleans immediately after receiving her invitation. At Argenton she sent back her own coachman, and went on with post-horses. On reaching Orleans, she drove at once to M. du Lude's house, as usual. This time, alleging sundry reasons, he excused himself from entertaining her, indicating, instead of his own, the house of one M. de la Roncière, where he said a chamber was prepared for her, and also advising her to send her servant elsewhere, to give the less trouble to the De la Roncières.

Not a little astonished at this reception, she went where she was told, and found a chamber on the ground-floor, looking into the court-yard. Here, say her brother and his partisans, she fell ill, and died on the 18th of January, 1788. Her funeral took place on the 21st; the French bury their dead sooner than we do. So far there is nothing very extraordinary in the lady's biography. Other women have had afflicted husbands, have conducted themselves worthily under the affliction, and have died while travelling. Our wonder is now to begin.

On the 17th of October, 1791, a veiled personage, dressed in black, presented herself at the gate of the Château de Champignelles. On her demanding admission, the porter replied, "Madame, my master, M. de Champignelles, has forbidden me to allow any one to enter without a written order from himself."

"But don't you know me, Saint-Loup?" she asked, raising her veil. "I am the Marquise de Douhault, your master's sister."

"The marquise died some time ago. You had better withdraw, madame; I have my orders."

The lady returned to the town of Champignelles, where she had arrived in a carriage and had passed the night at the principal inn.

The next morning, at the ten o'clock mass, she entered the church, which was crowded with townspeople and the dependants of the château. She raised her veil, knelt before a tomb inscribed with the name of Rogres de Champignelles, and prayed, shedding many tears. The persons present, in astonishment, watched her with the greatest attention. Several of them exclaimed aloud, "What a striking likeness to the late Madame la Marquise de Douhault!"

But in that very church, and not very long since, a funeral service had been celebrated for the repose of the marquise's soul. Nevertheless, the stranger's figure, her walk, her features—everything—so perfectly recalled the deceased to mind, that during the mass more than one of the congregation could not help muttering, "She may be dead; but one would say that this is our marquise all the same."

When mass was over, knots of people waited at the door, to see the lady walk out of church. She was accompanied by a femme-de-chambre. One of the spectators, bolder than the rest, accosted the servant, and inquired her mistress's name. "You ought to know her better than I do," was the answer given.

At this, several persons who had had more frequent intercourse than the others with Mdlle. de Champignelles, approached the lady. "Yes, my friends," she said, "I am indeed the Marquise de Douhault; my childhood was passed in this domain, where I am now refused admittance."

Her voice, too, was the voice of Mademoiselle de Champignelles. She dissipated all further doubt by addressing each individual by name and reminding them of circumstances which could only be known to the daughter of their former lord. Hesitation was no longer possible. The whole town was convinced of the marquise's actual return in the flesh. The bells rang to celebrate the event. During the course of several days, the marquise was visited by many persons belonging to the neighbourhood. All who had known the Marquise de Douhault recognized her in the person who now claimed the name. The National Guard fêted the recovered lady; the municipal officers, the head of the police, wished to give every possible authenticity to her almost general recognition by the inhabitants. They therefore published, to the sound of the drum, a request that every one who did recognize her should make declaration to that effect before the municipality.

On the 23rd of October the inquiry was opened. Ninety-six inhabitants of the town and its environs testified to the lady's existence and to her identity with the person who appeared in their presence. This result was officially recorded. Immediately afterwards, she summoned the Sieur de Champignelles, her brother, before the Bureau de Conciliation, as detaining her goods under an illegal title. This summons having had no effect, she transferred the suit to the Tribunal of the district of Saint-Fargeau, in order to be reinstated in all her rights, titles, and goods, and

to recover five hundred thousand francs, as damages. A memoir which she published in support of her claims explains how, supposed to be dead and buried at Orleans, she was still alive.

On the 15th of January, 1788—dates are of importance in this tangled tale—it appears that she prepared to leave Orleans for Paris. That day, Madame de la Roncière invited her to take a farewell drive along the quays of the Loire. Two other ladies were of the party. During the drive, Madame de la Roncière offered Madame de Douhault a pinch of snuff; immediately after taking which she was seized with so violent a headache that she begged to be driven back to the house at once. They gave her a footbath, and she then fell into a profound slumber. Was the snuff poisoned, and the lady a tool of M. de Champignelles?

Afterwards? A wide blank here occurs in Madame de Douhault's recollections. All she knew was that she awoke in the Salpêtrière, at Paris—a hospital for female lunatics and a prison for female criminals!

By an effort of memory, she was able vaguely to call to mind that, after the slumber at Orleans, which lasted for more than a day, she had a lucid interval, during which Madame de la Roncière urged her to set off for Paris that very evening. She was not allowed to see her femme-de-chambre. She had a confused remembrance of taking a basin of broth from that lady's hands; of going to Paris, where the image of her brother passed before her eyes; of police-agents arresting her and carrying her off in a closed carriage.

At the Salpêtrière she gradually regained the sad possession of her faculties. Her reason returned, clear and bright, causing her to feel her situation the more acutely. She expressed her astonishment, protested, told them who she was. They replied that she was mistaken; that her name was Anne Buirette. After seventeen months of horrible seclusion, during which time all her letters were intercepted, she succeeded in acquainting a powerful friend, Madame de Polignac, with the infamous sequestration practised on her; adding that the Minister who had granted such an arbitrary order must have been deceived into yielding it. [Those were still the days of lettres-de-cachet.] Madame de Polignac got the order revoked; and on the 13th of July, 1789, a Chevalier de Saint-Louis came to the prison and announced to Madame de Douhault that she was free. He accompanied her to the bottom of the Jardin des Plantes, and left her there to shift for herself. The captive of the Salpêtrière found herself alone in Paris, ignorant of passing events, on the eve of a terrible revolution, when the people were preluding to the capture of the Bastille by burning the Barrières.

Meanwhile, at Orleans, Madame de Douhault was said to have died of a disease which the doctors qualified as "lethargic." Seals were put on her effects and papers, and on her furniture at Chazelet. Her funeral was proceeded with, and a certificate of burial drawn up. On the 25th of January they obtained from Madame de Champignelles, the mother, who was bewailing the loss of a beloved daughter, an authorization to remove

the seals. M. de Champignelles proceeded, *with Madame de Douhault's other heirs*, to divide the inheritance left by his sister.

She herself had not the slightest suspicion that her brother had been the cause of her detention. She was not aware that she was legally dead, and her first thought was to fly to him. He would not recognize her, refused any explanation, and had her turned out of the house as a mad woman, as an adventuress. Comprehending nothing about such a reception, she betook herself to an uncle, a commandant. He received her coldly. Like M. de Champignelles, he did not know her; and, nevertheless, he asked her to dinner. With tears in her eyes she refused, exclaiming, "I shall find a refuge with my mother!" "Your mother!" replied the commandant. "Your mother is dead."

In her desolation, she hastened to Madame de Polignac, then at Versailles. There she was recognized by numerous persons of the highest distinction, amongst others by the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe. The whole Court were unanimous in believing that the prisoner rescued from the Salpêtrière was no other than Adelaide de Champignelles.

Madame de Douhault did not wish to be in too great a hurry to raise a judicial scandal involving the honour of two families. All her friends and protectors advised her to confide in the goodness and justice of the King. But very soon the King himself was powerless, the Court dispersed. In February, 1790, she resolved to bring a civil action. Through the treachery of those whom she trusted as her advocates, she was sent for a month to the prison of La Force. There, she claimed the assistance of Bailly, who was then Mayor of Paris. Bailly knew her, and wished to aid her; but he found that he had to reckon with people from whose violence he was unable eventually to rescue his own head. On leaving La Force, she learned by accident that the commandant had deceived her, and that her mother was still alive, although broken down by age and sorrow. One touching and final interview only was allotted to them for the interchange of their mutual confidences. M. de Champignelles was informed of the meeting. He closed his mother's doors against his sister. A few days afterwards, Mdme. de Champignelles really died, and Mdme. de Douhault fell seriously ill. Such are the facts on which that lady grounded her protest against the Register of Death drawn up at Orleans.

M. de Champignelles at first attempted a summary reply to these accusations. In a complaint addressed to M. Delessart, the Minister of the Interior, he treated the public inquiry and recognition at Champignelles as a guilty act,—as an attempt to obtain forcible possession of the château. The claimant, he said, had appeared at the gate of that residence accompanied by three hundred armed men, in order to compel the steward to yield it. He insisted that the municipality was bound to protect his property against all aggression of the kind.

These tactics not succeeding, he was obliged to follow other forms of law. In February, 1792, he was permitted to have an interrogatory put to the plaintiff, which consisted of one hundred and fourteen questions,

thereby putting the lady into the position of the accused party or the prisoner. Now in France, the presiding judge, so far from being, as in England, the counsel for the prisoner, is his most severe cross-examiner. From the very first, Madame de Douhault—for so we are obliged to call her—could not help perceiving that a change of circumstances had taken place, that the court was against her, and that the interrogating judge believed that he had sufficient grounds for taxing her with falsehood. He could and would see in her no other than a certain Anne Buirette, who, it appeared, was imprisoned in the Salpêtrière on the 3rd of January, 1786.

To the majority of these questions Madame de Douhault replied quite satisfactorily. They minutely tested her recollection of names, faces, costumes, and facts which could prove her identity. On most of them she was imperturbable; no one, it seemed, but the real marquise could give so complete an account of her past life as she did. But when they talked to her about her entrance into the Salpêtrière, she became confused, and unfortunately adopted [38th Answer] the very date, January 3, 1786, which was signalized as that of the incarceration of Anne Buirette, who, according to M. de Champignelles' system of defence, was in fact the real plaintiff. From that moment the judges considered themselves absolved from further investigation; this answer decided everything. The plaintiff, imprisoned in La Salpêtrière from 1786 to 1789, could not be Madame de Douhault, whom authentic documents proved to be living at Chazelet in 1786 and 1787. The judges did not take any note that the Anne Buirette in question was twenty-eight years of age at the time of her entrance into the Salpêtrière, whilst at that date Madame de Douhault was forty-five, and now was evidently past fifty. They did not consider that a single incorrect answer out of one hundred and fourteen ought not to cancel all the rest. After that answer, every one of M. de Champignelles' assertions was unhesitatingly accepted. The plaintiff's counsel was gained over by the defendant to acts of treachery. Letters badly written and spelt, purporting to be from her, were produced in court, which she asserted to be forgeries. The Commissaire du Roi in his speech denounced her as a vulgar impostor.

Madame de Douhault had blue eyes, limped slightly in her walk, had on her right breast the scar of the sword-cut, and on her left hand a well-known scar from the bite of a little dog, on her right arm the scars of a surgical cautery. The plaintiff bore the very same marks; but all material proofs were in vain. The unfortunate answer to the 38th Question put an end to everything. In May, 1792, the tribunal of Saint-Fargeau pronounced that the plaintiff had been "imprisoned for swindling in the Salpêtrière from the 3rd of January, 1786, until the 16th of October, 1789, under the name of Anne Buirette;" that she could not therefore be the late Madame de Douhault; that she had no right to demand that the Sieur de Champignelles should answer *her* interrogatories, since, whatever might be the facts elicited by his answers, "they could be

of no consequence to a stranger." It was resolving the question at issue by the question itself.

We cannot follow all the subsequent legal struggles. A Councillor of State declared that the Saint-Fargeau judgment contained "three disgusting falsehoods." Twenty-one witnesses deposed that they had been threatened and tampered with by the defendant. All was to no purpose; at every step uprose the unlucky answer to the 38th Question.

In this singular case, truth and equity were sacrificed to forms of law. In July, 1808, there appeared an admirable *Consultation on the Douhault Judgments*, by M. Romain Desèze, the courageous defender of Louis XVI., in which he says that there exists neither in the forms of French legislation nor in the power of any court of law, any resource by which the plaintiff could appeal against the sentences which formally refused her the name she claimed, and which prohibited her from assuming it. Those sentences were beyond the reach of any kind of legal attack. The case had passed through the entire series of courts; all had successively rejected the claim. Consequently, it was formally decided by every tribunal which had the right to interfere, that the plaintiff was not the Widow de Douhault, and that she could not take that quality and title without committing a criminal usurpation.

Nevertheless, when they gave their decision that the plaintiff was not the Widow de Douhault, none of the tribunals which rejected her claim were able to say *who* she was, to what class of society she belonged, the place of her birth, where she had lived, whether she were widow, wife, or maid, what she had done during the fifty years that preceded her claim, or what had been her social condition during that period. Here, then, was a woman without a name, without a station, without a title, without an origin; she belonged to nobody; she could claim no relation; she had no position whatever in the world; she could not appear before a tribunal under any denomination; she could not perform any act of civil life; she was nothing, nobody, a nonentity.

Madame de Douhault, or whoever she was, had enjoyed for some years the interest of an "inscription" in the "Grand Livre" of France—say, of a sum invested in Government securities. The proprietor of the "inscription"—the person who had the reversion of the principal—wanted to sell that reversion, as he had a perfect right to do; to effect which it was necessary that the life-tenant should sign the transfer, which was impossible. How could she sign with a name which legal judgments had forbidden her to take? And, as those judgments had not assigned to her any other name, the transfer could not be effected. The Government security—a form of property naturally transmissible and circulable—was obliged to remain unsold.

What means could be employed to remedy this anomalous position, which is unexampled in the annals of justice? The French lawyers puzzled their brains, and came to the conclusion that they were at a dead lock, at a stand-still, at the end of a blind alley. That ill-omened date, the

3rd of January, 1786, remained like a stone fastened to a drowning man. The defendant would not allow it to drop. There was no remedy, according to due course of law. "In all contests," said one legal luminary, "there is a term where the magistrate's inquiries must stop." "We can only," said another, "treat human affairs *humanly*. In questions of fact, we are obliged to judge, not according to the eternal truth of things, but according to their shadows, their figures, their appearances. If we have erred in the Douhault affair, we have erred *according to rule*, and *our error consequently does not exist in the eyes of the law*." A third authority clenched the nail with—"One of the commonest maxims in law is, that a thing once judged ought to pass for the truth, and that a sentence has power of making white black, and black white."

And then they adduced the very natural and very innocently simple argument, "Who can believe that any one holding so distinguished a position as M. de Champignelles, &c., would ever dare, &c., by such odious means, &c., to stifle the voice of nature, &c., and degrade and rob his unfortunate sister, whose only crime was the wealth she possessed and was entitled to?"

Her friends urged that, if she were not the Widow de Douhault, she must necessarily be somebody else. How was it that, in the course of so searching an inquiry, her real name was not discovered? A life of more than fifty years could not be passed without leaving a trace. It is the only trial in which an impostor has been condemned for assuming a false name without the discovery of his real name and origin. But here, the only safe ground to act upon, namely, the impostor's *veritable* individuality, is altogether wanting.

Legal consultations could get no further than to ascertain that, although every point in the case indicated the possibility of the reversal of the sentence, the means of proceeding to that reversal were not to be found in existing legislation. So late as 1809, ten eminent Paris jurisconsults, assembled in the conviction of the plaintiff's good faith, were unable to untie the Gordian knot. Their belief in her claim was supported by an eleventh lawyer, who had known her well before her troubles, and who was convinced of her identity by her voice, her figure, her features, and her conversation.

Nor was the difficulty summarily removed, as it might have been, by the interference of the Head of the State. The lady who claimed to be Madame de Douhault remained, to the end of her days, a woman without a name. A drama played on the Boulevard, *La Fausse Marquise*, publicly taxed her with imposture; and when the authorities interfered to put a stop to the scandal, the piece prohibited in Paris was acted for a considerable time afterwards at Orleans, through the influence of the triumphant family. And when Madame de Douhault gave up the ghost, no one dare inscribe *any* name upon her tombstone.

Revelations of Prison Life.

The thief has now been so long under observation as a study, so much has been written of his life, manners, and conversation, that plain men are satisfied at last with their knowledge of the subject. So far as the general public is concerned, however, this knowledge ceases at the prison door. The art of thieving, the tricks of the trade, have been made familiar enough, and our own readers know how interesting as well as instructive they are; but the thief once laid in gaol, it seems to be assumed that there is an end of his ingenuities, that he can no longer be mischievous or entertaining. This is altogether a mistake; a mistake which reports leave undispelled and officials are slow to expound, but which we take the liberty to correct—chiefly on the information of convicts themselves.

Notoriously, the most remarkable thing about prison life at present is, that it has no terrors for the regular practitioners of crime. They have found it out; and they know that, like other dispensations of fortune, it is capable of much amelioration to a constant, patient, ingenious nature. Now the qualities which make a successful pickpocket or housebreaker are exactly those best fitted to soften the rigours of confinement; while, as for the rest, there is plenty of leisure in gaol for the exercise of such devices as may serve to make a convict comfortable. To begin with, the regular hand is familiar, either by experience or the information of his comrades, with the "ins and outs" of every prison in the kingdom. He knows governors and gaolers-in-chief by nicknames; and has so often discussed the particular hardships and amenities of their several establishments, that he can enter none without a considerable degree of useful preparation. Just as commercial travellers debate the merits of hotels, so do gaol-birds discuss the comparative advantages of lodging in this or that prison.

Not that there seems to be much use in carrying information into a gaol, any more than into an hotel, without money. If, indeed, I am embarked in a small line of business, with a prospect of only brief periods of confinement, command of cash is not of much importance; but if I work at my "nefarious trade" under a contingency of long sentences, then it is; for thieves whose experience cannot be doubted do say that the discipline of many prisons may be eased by money, and the rigorous gaoler be much mollified. So much is this the case, that the convict's first consideration as he rides from the Old Bailey in the black van is, how to get money; if, indeed, he or his friends have not arranged all that before. If possible, he will carry money into gaol with him, concealed in ways so painstaking and desperate sometimes as to leave us in no doubt

about its value to him. To honest and simple-minded folk outside it may seem that money is as useless in a prison cell as in the grave: the thief is guided by a different opinion. Of course he is searched upon delivery at the gaol door, but what if he has *swallowed* a pound or two, for instance? That is by no means an untried expedient; and when a warder finds a new comer fallen suddenly ill, and unwilling to have the assistance of a doctor, he is at no loss to divine the cause. He has witnessed such fits of indisposition before, and knows that if he makes no fuss about it, his silence may be handsomely rewarded when the attack is over.

The warders, and the instructors, too, perhaps, make the weakness of domestic discipline in gaols. The warder has opportunities of private intercourse with his prisoners every day, and I do not know of any system of inspection by which this intercourse is restricted within safe limits. The consequence is, that if a warder chooses to increase his income by a little bribery, he has small difficulty in working out his desire; the bribe is always ready to his hand, and with a moderate degree of caution he can earn and take it undetected. No doubt there are many warders who do *not* choose to be bribed, and as a body, they are a steady, faithful set of men; but I question whether there is a gaol in the country which could not furnish an exception to the rule, and more than one.

These exceptions are known to the rogues with whom they deal as "right-screws." They receive money from the prisoner's friends, and expend it for him (of course, with certain abatements) in the purchase of meat, drink, and tobacco. They also traffic very profitably in "cross-stiffs." A cross-stiff, the reader should be told, is a letter written secretly by or for a prisoner, and smuggled out of the gaol precincts by a "right-screw;" and it is easy to see how letters like these, sent by prisoners to their friends before trial, may serve guilt and embarrass justice. "Sometimes," a thief informs me, "we tell our pals how they are to go on to get us off—whether or not they are to work back, which means, to restore the stolen things, or try for a compromise. Many old hands have escaped this way; or if working back is not to be done, the thief is often able, in cases where the goods remain concealed, to make arrangements to get them secured and disposed of as he thinks best.

"We have to pay dearly, though, for the right-screw's services. To get a cross-stiff out costs us from half-a-crown to five shillings, according to the sort of letter it is, and how we can afford to pay for it. If you write to your friends for a little money, and the right-screw undertakes to bring it in, *that* has to be paid for smartly. Out of five pounds, say, the warder takes twenty-five shillings; though the regular deduction is one-third of the whole amount. But that is not enough: whatever little comforts the right-screw buys for you out of the rest of the money he puts toll on. Tobacco which he buys at threepence an ounce he charges us from a shilling to half-a-crown for; and half a pint of rum generally comes to three shillings by the time we get it. It is the same with any

extra food we may have brought in; and the prices are pretty much alike in penal servitude, on the public works, and in prisons generally. Of course the warders have to take care of themselves while they play this game. Not that *we* are likely to tell on them. Though very grasping, they are very convenient, and a right-screw and an old stager in my line soon come to understand each other, and get on snug and comfortable. But what follows? Others have to suffer. You see, a warder's nothing if he isn't 'active.' Some governors like noisy warders, and all of them have to be kept square by a show of zeal. But if the right-screw never reports *us*, if he regularly gives his paying friends a character for work and good conduct, he *must* complain of somebody, and the flats naturally have to pay the piper. They are the ones that get reported; right or wrong, they are always in trouble, getting the hardest work, and a bad character into the bargain. The warder squares the account that way. To be sure, the worst thieves are really the best behaved in prison generally. It does not pay to be knocked about, and the way to get the most comfort is to take things quietly."

Intrigues and quarrels are always rife amongst warders, instructors, and prisoners. "Serving one another out," and "paying each other off," appear to be very much the business and recreation of these various bodies. The thieves, impatient of an officer more than commonly obnoxious, will conspire together, "plant something on him," and sometimes succeed in getting him dismissed. No snare is too dangerous, lies are never thought too black or too numerous, to ruin such an offender, or at any rate to confound and humiliate him. A certain instructor had conceived a great contempt for the thief's craft. He wondered, and never ceased expressing his wonder, that any one could be dull enough to have his pocket picked with his eyes open. But he presently found that *he* had been robbed, and carried his complaint to a clever old thief in whose cell he worked.

"I'm in a pretty mess! Got robbed of two sovereigns last night, and can't imagine how! I was to have bought two pigs this week, and if I don't take them home my wife will find me out, and *then* I shall have it!"

"You robbed! don't tell me,—you are too knowing. The fact is, you have been in bad company. No wonder you don't like to go home without the pigs!"

"Nothing of the kind. I did go into a public-house for a glass of ale certainly, and there were two or three men and women standing there; but I declare I never sat down, and came away as soon as I had drunk my beer. My wife is so jealous, that is the worst of it! I shall never have any more peace."

"You talk uncommonly like a guilty man, I must say. However, it ain't for me to go lecturing of any party in your situation—more the other way; and in fact I'll lend you some money to get out of the scrape."

"You!"

"Well, don't holler! You've heard of a man's having money in gaol before now, I suppose. Here's a couple of sovs., and mind you go straight home. But perhaps I had better lend you a purse to take care of 'em in."

Whereupon the thief delivered to the instructor his own money and his own purse, together with a strongly worded recommendation not to boast of his cleverness so much in future. The overjoyed and slightly humiliated instructor said he wouldn't; and at the same time pledged himself that his obliging pupil should have a banquet of eggs, rum, and pudding at the first opportunity. Soon after the prisoner's discharge, a note for the governor was found in his cell, to this effect:—

My Dear Sir,

Take my ventilator out, and you will find some egg-shells and an empty bottle. I am sorry, though, that I was too thirsty to leave you any rum as a return for all your kindness.

Yours truly,
The Bird what's Flown.

Scarcely less welcome to the thief in gaol than rum and tobacco is a little gossip; this the right-screw also indulges him with, and assists the circulation of messages amongst other gentlemen, his friends in confinement. But thieves have many ingenious methods of communication with each other, independent of their warder's aid. So ingenious are these methods, indeed, that the silent system has become a farce, almost, to those who are in the secret. When (to use their own slang) convicts are "doing their separates," they take exercise together in the prison-yards; and this privilege affords sufficient opportunity for conversation, though they are forbidden to utter a syllable. They talk in dumb show; and many defy the vigilance of all the warders in Europe to prevent them. With their mouths half open, they can speak to a companion hard by without detection, for the lips and the lower jaw are never moved. If the other fails to catch the low, hollow sound addressed to him, he puts a finger into his ear and shakes it as if it were itching. The dumb alphabet and gesture-language of the gaol is very complete. When one prisoner wishes to inform another that somebody is dead, he spells the name on his fingers, then rests his head upon his hands and stamps on the ground: so-and-so is dead and buried. Or if a mutual friend has been transported, the informant rubs his leg, spelling out the unfortunate's name, as before. Imprisonment for so many years is expressed by placing a corresponding number of fingers on the ear—Bill Sykes has got three 'ear!—for months, a similar sign on the mouth does duty. If I have received a letter, and wish to convey information of that fact to some friend in the exercise-yard, I cough to attract his observation, and then scribble on my hand. I signify that I have received a newspaper by seeming to read from my palm. Have I been favoured with a visit, I put my finger to my eye. If I have become possessed of tobacco I reveal the happy fact by rubbing my nose. I pretend to whip when I have been flogged, and explain that I have been put on short allowance by placing

my hands upon my bereaved stomach. To indicate that I have sent a letter, I write on my hand, and feign to toss the writing to the air. My missis has been "lagged," and I challenge my friend's sympathy by pressing both palms upon my breast. If I wish to intimate that I have been reported, I touch my collar. Perhaps I have to see the governor or the deputy-governor: in the one case I hold up my index finger and put it to my eye—in the other I apply the second finger in like manner: an impending interview with the magistrates is signified by touching the peak of my cap.

These signs were revealed to me by a thief, who appeared to have no hesitation in making them known. I sent them to a warder to be tested; and in less than a fortnight he saw most of them in operation in the exercise-yard. Give every man a separate yard to exercise in, and then you would not stop their intercourse. Conversation is carried on in the chapels. There it is that, by a peculiar coughing, or sneezing, arranged beforehand, a thief learns whether his wife or his crony has been taken. Then the singing is a most convenient cover for conversation; and the longer the hymn, of course the more agreeable it is to the singers. "What are you in for?" "How much have you got to serve?" and so on, is substituted for the devotional language of the hymn; and, sung with a solemn unmoved visage, passes undistinguished. Resolve that there shall be no singing and no responses in chapel; confine your prisoners each strictly to his cell, and still you will find some means of social converse unchecked. Sometimes they talk through the cell ventilators, for instance; and here it is, by the way, that they smoke their pipes. There is a strong current of air through the ventilators; and by judiciously placing his nose in the draught, the smoker contrives to get rid of the tell-tale odour which otherwise would witness to his stolen joys.

But there is one system of prison converse which distances all others for ingenuity: it is known as the telegraph. Prisoners are often heard tapping more or less gently in their cells. It sounds like the objectless occupation of idle hands, or an accompaniment to some wearily whistled tune, which no warder is bound to take cognizance of. In fact, it is the clicking of the telegraph, and this is how it is worked. The staples upon which the bed-hooks hang penetrate the walls that divide the cells; and iron is so facile a conductor of sound that, for that matter, there might just as well be no masonry between the prisoners at all. The slightest tap on a staple in one cell is distinctly heard in the other; and it is only necessary, therefore, to arrange a code of alphabetical rap-signals, and conversation is easy enough, though not very fluent. Two neighbouring prisoners have a mind to talk. One of them gives his staple a few smart raps to engage the other's attention, and then they begin. "What are you in for?" is the first question; and the inquirer taps off, in regular quick strokes, every letter in the alphabet till he comes to the twenty-third, *w*. There he pauses for a moment, and then begins again: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, which is *h*; and so on till "what" is spelled out. A

few very rapid strokes signify that the word is complete; and as soon as the other party to the conversation telegraphs that he has got the word all right (which is done by repeating those rapid strokes on *his* side the wall), the next word is forthwith commenced. But sometimes the operator gives a tap too many in the middle of a word, which would confuse it altogether, of course, if provision had not been made for so likely an accident. The remedy is simple. With the instrument he taps with, the operator rubs the staple, as if erasing the wrongful letter; his friend on the other side repeats the rub, in token that he understands the signal, and the mistake is audibly corrected.

It is obvious that this system of telegraphy must be very slow at first, but time is only worth killing in gaol, and when once the prisoner has become familiar with the telegraph, he works it with astonishing rapidity, as I can myself testify; for I have both heard and seen it in operation. It appears to be commonly known amongst professional thieves, and sometimes to occasional offenders: obviously an advantage to those who are in the secret, for the more widely it is known the more frequent is the chance of conversation. Not that it is absolutely necessary for communication between two prisoners that they should reside in neighbouring cells. A flat between two sharps by no means spoils the harmony of social intercourse, as might have been supposed. The knowing ones may be five cells apart, and still carry on conversation. A warder one day informed me that, to his great astonishment, he had been told by a prisoner all that had passed in several interviews between himself (the warder) and another culprit whose cell was five walls off! The officer was sure that the men had never seen or spoken to each other; and yet all that had passed in the one's cell was known to the other. It was a startling case, but I discovered the explanation, and put it beyond doubt. I requested the warder to place an officer in an empty cell, and himself to go into another, five distant; they were then to rap on the wall and listen for a response. The experiment succeeded to admiration: every tap delivered upon the wall of one cell was distinctly heard in the other. It is idle to talk of the separate system after this.

Thieves have a native horror of work, and to escape the light tasks of prison labour will not only feign sickness but produce it. To secure the enjoyment of nothing-to-do in hospital, with the snugger lodging and better food of that institution, a man will purposely expose himself to cold, and catch it severely. But if hospital comforts are to be obtained by feigning, that method is preferred of course. Blood-spitting is a very favourite device; or a poignant pain in the chest. Soap-pills taken in sufficient quantity are highly esteemed as productive of a large amount of showy but safe sickness. On convict stations—Bermuda, for example—a sick band is occasionally made up. The conspiracy is usually set afoot by some old thief, who, having taken thought, proposes to his companions that "we have a day in the bay to-morrow, my boys, for the good of our health." If no extraordinary concurrence of circumstances forbids the

plan, it is agreed upon; and then comes a distribution of complaints. To one a touch of lumbago is assigned; another appropriates a splitting headache, with dizziness and singing in the ears. A third proposes for himself acute pains in the chest; but this is objected to by the rest of the party, on the ground that he has had that complaint too often already. Various suggestions are made, suitable to his constitution; he takes his choice, and at length every man is fitted with a disease more or less to his liking. They then "go sick" to the doctor, who often sees through the plot of course; but it does *not* follow of course that he sends the impostors back to their tasks. Most medical men concerned with the criminal classes are obliged to make doubtful concessions now and then "for the sake of peace."

Since the thief succeeds so well in making a joke of the elaborate solitary system, we can scarcely expect him to leave his ingenuity unexercised in other penal situations. On public works, in the convict ship, and at the foreign station, he is generally found equal to all emergencies; the farther he advances in the school of punishment, the more corrupt, the more daring, and the more crafty he becomes. Reformation at the public works of Chatham, and Portland, and Dartmoor, is out of the question. All sorts of criminals are thrown together in an indiscriminate herd, where penitence is laughed out of countenance or persecuted to death. Evasion of discipline is easier than ever; and the culprit who was not sharp enough to secure his own indulgence in the first stage of his punishment, finds ready means of doing so after escaping separate confinement for the public works. We have all heard, and all thought, of the terrible disturbance that broke out at Chatham a little while since. That mutiny was known by the criminal class at large to have been determined upon long before it occurred. And what was the real cause of the outbreak? A large number of men, by no means stupid or ignorant of their situation, create a riot. They know they are quite unlikely to get any advantage out of it—that, on the other hand, it will probably end, so far as they are concerned, in their being tied up to the triangles, and soundly flogged; and yet they create the riot. It is obvious at once that there must have been extraordinary provocation for so desperate a rebellion; and the thieves say that their madness was occasioned by the extortion of corrupt officers! These friends of the poor prisoner, who stretched a point of duty to bring in a little money, a little rum and tobacco, to ameliorate the hardships of his condition, would at last only consent to do so at such a figure as exasperated him to madness. Out of five pounds sent by a prisoner's friends, the obliging go-between would sometimes appropriate four! The convicts would bear it no longer—so they aver—and in their desperation got up the riot.

But this is only the testimony of thieves and desperadoes, it may be said. The reply is pertinent, but it is not at all conclusive. I can only say, I know that thievedom foretold the riot long before it happened; that I know the cause as I have stated it was then assigned for the event; and

that directly after the mutiny, a very significant printed paper was enclosed in convicts' letters, and circulated in prisons. The following is a copy of this paper :—

"Notice and Caution to Friends of Prisoners.

"Some persons employed about the prison have obtained money from friends of prisoners, and have used it for their own purposes, or have given a part of it to the prisoners contrary to the regulations and to law, which has caused the prisoners to be punished, and to forfeit many advantages. Several persons have been detected and committed to gaol for this offence. Friends of prisoners are therefore seriously cautioned against sending money to prisoners in any way except by letter addressed to them directly through the post-office. All such letters will be opened by the governor, and the receipt of them acknowledged by the prisoner, and the money will be credited to his account. Friends of prisoners are recommended immediately to enclose to the governor any letter or other application they may receive, whether it be for money or on any other subject.

"F. and T., 50,000, 5—61."

Out of doors the Chatham uproar has never yet been fairly understood; but all this makes its provocation clear, I think. I have heard of a case in which fifty pounds were sent to a prisoner, and not a farthing of the money reached him. He learned that it *had* been sent only when, drafted from gaol to a convict station, his friends took leave of him on board ship.

It is a common belief among criminals that no prisoner escapes from gaol without the assistance or connivance of some of the officers. This doctrine is too sweeping to be accepted altogether : the truth is, probably, that most and not all escapes are favoured by the kindness or cupidity of warders. It has often been discovered that escaping prisoners have found friends awaiting them without the walls : how did these people become acquainted with the project of escape, and the hour at which it was to be attempted? Some cases of this sort, with very interesting particulars, might be instanced here, but it would be dangerous to do so. On public works facilities of escape are more easily arranged than in gaols; but the price is high. Twenty pounds, fifty pounds, a hundred pounds, have been paid by a runaway for being placed in circumstances favourable to escape. An old offender, talking of these things with me, said, waggishly, "If some things are known to the law-makers, some things are also known to the law-breakers."

The "accidents" on public works are not always to be credited with that innocent appellation : sometimes they are deliberate murders. Spite and hatred are passions easily engendered in convict gangs, and unfortunate is he who arouses them. His enemies will have the pleasure of seeing him die, or of being brought near to death. They are lowering a stone, perhaps, which the victim is to receive below. The stone is launched without warning ; or the lowering tackle gives way ; at any rate, the mass falls on the man, and he is killed.

Life on board a convict-ship is prettily illustrated in the following account, with which a thief of great experience and long standing has favoured me:—

"Some of the greatest villains on the face of the earth are to be found aboard a convict-ship. Their conversation is awful to hear—it is so filthy and blasphemous. Here and there amongst them you may find men who are really anxious to reform, and have brought a taste of religion with them out of some model prison. These men are called "joeys" by the ruffians they are packed with, and who persecute them out of their senses almost. If a joey is only caught saying his prayers, woe to him. It might be supposed that there is some protection for a man of this sort, if he appeals for it: nothing of the kind. There is no officer on duty between decks. The sentinel cannot get to the persecuting mob, and he doesn't want to; he enjoys the sport too much himself. An old gentleman with a short temper is a perfect godsend to his fellow convicts: he is kept in an everlasting rage, and the more he froths and swears, the more fun there is, of course. Honour among thieves I've heard of, and believe partly; but there's little of that in a convict-ship. They rob and plunder one another without mercy, and nothing is too hot or too heavy for them. It is this plundering and tormenting that causes so many disturbances on board. It is here, too, that old grudges are paid off. If one man has done another any injury in the prison they came from—betrayed anything for instance—his life is not worth much when they come together on board ship. A mob of enemies is soon enlisted against him, who rob him of his food, garotte him, beat him unmercifully. These pranks are generally played in the dark. The poor fellow reports his tormentors to the doctor perhaps; but if he does, so much the worse for him. He has to suffer double then, for mischief-making. So he finds at last he had better take his miseries quietly; though it is not easy to do so when it comes to scalding. That is a favourite way of ill-using a black sheep. A man comes down the ladder with a bucket of boiling tea or water, and if any one he has got a grudge against happens to be near enough for the purpose, he has an accident, tumbles off the ladder and souses his "mark" in the boiling liquor. He may get scalded himself in the tumble, but he will run the risk of that if he feels pretty sure of having his revenge. All sorts of gambling goes on in a convict-ship, cards, dice, and dominoes being made out of almost anything the men can lay hands on. Those who would read to each other are annoyed by the roughs; their scripture-reader is made a laughing-stock of. Tobacco, pipes, and grog are to be got by paying a good price to the sailors; and so with gambling, and rioting, and worse, the voyage is got over. Convicts ought to have some employment on board ship; that, and gratuities for good conduct, would make a reformation, I am confident."

On the foreign convict stations the same corruption breeds. The professional rogue there, as elsewhere, does his utmost to avoid punishment, and to increase his skill in the practice of crime. They have their

pastimes, too, as well as their punishments: flogging is one of them. Whenever a felon is to be flogged, his comrades seize the occasion for a little excitement, and make bets as to whether he will cry out or not. If he utters the faintest groan, money is won and lost, and the unhappy wretch is degraded at once in public estimation. Any expression of suffering is thought so disgraceful, that to redeem his character the sufferer will sometimes bring down the lash upon himself again, only to show that he *can* bear it without a cry. The flogger probably knows that this is a redemption flogging, and lays on with all his strength, determined to make the martyr "squeak." The blood flows, the flesh is torn, the teeth are grinding together, every muscle quivers with pain; but the candidate for double honours will die rather than give way to the groans with which his chest is heaving. The ordeal is satisfactorily accomplished, and a collection is then made for the hero, the flogger himself sometimes gracefully heading the list. It will be seen that this is not so much discipline as "jolly fun."

Another popular amusement is the "heel and toe march." The convicts have to walk a mile or two to their work. When they have got some little distance on the road, an old "lag" and recognized leader bawls out, "Now, my boys, heel and toe!" "Heel and toe! heel and toe!" shout the approving gang, and the game commences. A halt is made, and the convicts form in single line, each man putting the heel of his right foot close against the toe of the left. "March, boys! steady!" is now the cry; whereupon the heel of the left foot is brought forward to the toe of the right, and so the jovial gang "march on," at the rate of half a mile an hour! The heel and toe march has produced some rather heavy flogging in Bermuda; but it is a favourite pastime, nevertheless.

Rows about rations are of frequent occurrence of course, and they are enjoyed as a relief to the monotony of convict life. If a serious riot can be got up, so much the better; if not, then a mock indignation-meeting can be held. There is old Jerry, who has so long been accustomed to convict rations that his hands are as capable of weighing them as any Government pair of scales whatever. He finds that he has been defrauded of his allowance by half an ounce, and getting on his legs he addresses his companions on the subject. Such a speech has been reported to me as follows: "Gentlemen, this here dinner ain't weight; and it's not the first time I have been short. Now I don't wish to get our superiors here anyways into trouble"—(*A voice.*—"They are not our superiors—they are our servants, paid by Government to take care of us.")—"but such is their neglect of duty that I shall feel bound to bring the matter afore the House of Commons. (Hear, hear!) The nation pays for our victuals, and it would be ungrateful on our parts not to look after it." (Cheers. "Old England for ever.") "Meantime, as I said before, this dinner ain't weight, and I shall go to the officers and call their polite attention to it."

Amidst cries of "It's of no use," the old rogue betakes himself to an officer, and presently returns with the mistake corrected. "You see,

gentlemen," he exclaims, again haranguing his companions, "I have succeeded in making our servants do their duty. But as for you, you'll put up with anything; the honour of Old England is not safe in your hands. However—sorry to drink your health in water only, but here's to you, all the same—may we never want a right-screw in prison nor the needful out of it." (Cheers, followed by "Britons never shall be slaves.")

It must not be supposed, however, that the private occupations of convicts are entirely devoted to amusement. They love business as well as pleasure, and lose no opportunity of "doing a good thing." A returned convict once told me (and I do not doubt his statement), that a felon on a certain foreign station had contrived to set up a press for the manufacture of counterfeit half-sovereigns; and that the enterprising possessor of this machine not only coined many pieces, but passed them. It is difficult to suppose that *that* could be done without the connivance of officers.

Here I shall conclude, leaving the reader to make his own reflections, and draw his own inferences. Two things he has mainly to guard against —one, the supposition that there is no hardship in convict life, for it is full of affliction; the other, the dream of *reforming* criminals by any mode of prison discipline now practised. The habitual thief in gaol often exhibits a well-simulated life of repentance for convenience sake; but within, the real elements of his character grow and wanton unrestrained. Confined to his own resources, thrown back upon himself, he is not at all improved by the process. Rogues sequestered in solitary cells *ought* to occupy their thoughts with repentance, no doubt; but, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, their cogitations take a directly opposite course. Here is the written testimony of one of them. He says the thoughts of the prisoner "are always occupied with what he has been, and what he may be, in his career of crime. He runs over his past life, thoroughly examines his mistakes, guards and strengthens his weak points, and resolves to be more skilful next time. What college is to the student, that prison is to the thief. His prison days are his thief-making days. Most new dodges are invented and planned in prison. At night he dreams of trials, successes, flying over the prison walls, and perdition. He lies upon his bed for hours together, thinking and dreaming of what he will do when he gets at large. He reads only to kill time; his thoughts are rummaging among his past blunders, and elaborating plans for the future."

Very difficult to deal with is such a man, whether kept in solitude or herded with his fellows; but it is well to learn as much about him as we can, and there are some particulars in this paper which are very worthy of attention, I venture to think.

The Mental Condition of Babies.

Philosophers are far from unanimous respecting the blank-paper stage of the infant mind; and among men and women not addicted to philosophical speculation there is a long-standing controversy on the subject. To an unimpassioned spectator the small citizen struggling in its cot, somewhat purple and pulpy in general aspect, and when in the nurse's arms somewhat "wobbly" as to its head, is, if not the centre of many emotions and much interest, an object of some curiosity, and suggests inevitable reflections respecting its mental condition. Its pretensions to intellectual eminence, though artfully, and sometimes vociferously, asserted by the women, are dubiously received by the men. The dispute waxes remonstrant on the one side, half playful on the other; or if the male sceptic has not the courage of his opinion, but acquiesces in the more emphatic statements of the nurse, mother, sisters, aunts, and gossips, the acquiescence is languid, and betrays its secret misgiving. This must cease. Baby's pretensions must be settled. Hypocrisy at the cradle is intolerable. The men must no longer be out-talked and out-voted; they must be convinced. It is thought that their sagacity in this particular is frustrated by their general and comprehensive ignorance of babies. "Men know nothing of babies." Hence, no doubt their obtuseness in failing to perceive the slight but unmistakable indications so certainly seized on by women. They do not even vividly detect that marked resemblance of feature and expression which women always discover in baby—"the very image of its father." Often when called upon to admire "the smile," they fail to see in it anything but a feeble grimace; nay, we have even known a man —with the courage of his opinion—to mutter, "gripes."

To end this controversy, we must appeal to science, with her passionless experimental methods, equally regardless of the fluttering agitations and flattering self-delusions of maternal instinct, and of the combative opinionativeness of men always ready to presuppose irrationality in woman. Science sets aside emotion, and sees only the logical connection between a premiss and its conclusion. Her verdict, therefore, may be invoked; and thus fresh interest (with more quiet) be established round the cradle.

No one, perhaps, has ever ventured in plain language to deny that babies are from the first in possession of minds; but the loose indistinctness of an inexact philosophy admits of many phrases pointing in that direction; and the famous phrase of the mind being a blank sheet of paper—*tabula rasa*—upon which experience scribbles preliminary pothooks, then large text, round hand, and finally running hand, is one

which science discloses to be very inaccurate. Very far from a *tabula rasa* is the mind of a new-born infant. It is from the first equipped with sensibilities and organized tendencies, which not only vindicate its psychological character, but at once manifest its *individual* peculiarities. On two blank pages the same pen will draw the same characters; but from two infant minds the same experience will elicit different results. When philosophers talk about the senses as the scribes which write upon the *tabula rasa*, they mostly forget that the senses do not exist before the soul, nor apart from it; they are simply the several modes of the soul's activity. The eye is an organ apart from the soul; but the sense of sight is, of course, inseparable from sensation; and sensation is the soul in action.

Blank paper?—No. *Sensitive* surface?—Yes. The mind is not yet full-statured, but it is present. Just as the infant body has its complement of vitality, and of the chief organs by which that vitality will manifest itself—yet, owing to these organs not having attained their maturity of energy, the manifestations are correspondingly imperfect, falling short of the standard of adult energy—so likewise the infant has its complement of *mentality*, and the chief organs by which that mentality will manifest itself, when full-statured, equipped with developed faculties, strengthened by exercise and experience. If the baby cannot reason, neither can it walk. If it cannot speak, neither can it drive a tandem. These are the arts of well-equipped energies. But the sensibilities and energies by which in after life both will be accomplished are present from the first.

Baby is not vigorous in body or mind. Beautiful exceedingly—no doubt; and *so* intelligent; but not vigorous. Immature; pulpy; greater at squalling than at ratiocination; helpless, except through its very weakness. Could we overlook the blessed moral influences which result from this helplessness, combined with the inheritance of maternal tenderness, we should consider that baby made his *début* too soon. It is otherwise with the young alligator; that young animal, having but a small inheritance of tenderness to which an appeal can successfully be made in its early struggles, emerges from the egg nearly as intelligent (the intelligence of an alligator, you will observe!) as its parents, and will snap at you directly it steps forth. The young chick, also, passes from its shell and unerringly picks up a grain of seed, *not* mistaking it, as you might, for a grain of sand; nor missing its aim, but so regulating the amount of muscular energy that it pecks with accuracy. Contrast with this the first appearance of an Aristotle, or a Cromwell! "Tears, idle tears" are to be his part in his life; cries, lusty cries, rehearse that part; his opening speech is a wail, most unmusical, most melancholy. In this, it is true, he acquits himself with some vigour: he gives his whole mind to it.

And here a parenthesis: That man squalls on first coming into the turbulent and tearful world is a fact which in all ages has seemed significant to thoughtful minds; but it remained for Hegel to detect its inner

meaning—its deeper depth. He saw in those initiatory squalls "the revelation of man's higher nature." Through this "ideal activity" the babe manifests himself to be "penetrated by the conviction of his right to claim the satisfaction of his needs from the outer world—that the independence of the outer world vanishes in the presence of man, sinks into servile insignificance. Hence the impetuous, imperious tone."* The Germans are certainly profounder than we.

But if it be undeniable that the mental, as the bodily, manifestations of the new-born infant are imperfect, and if it be questioned whether the amount of intelligence detected by mothers and nurses can be recognized by the severer eye of Science, it is certain that philosophers have been hopelessly wrong in *their* estimates. There is more activity and more individuality than they have been willing to admit. Many philosophers have asserted that the Sensibility of the infant was almost wholly *indeterminate;* that the special sensibilities on which depend the variety of our sensations did not exist otherwise than in a latent potential condition. Even Cabanis, who denied that the mind was a *tabula rasa*, held that Taste, Scent, Hearing, and Sight were either wanting, or at the best but faintly possible, in the new-born infant. Other writers have attempted to assign the dates—the number of days and weeks—which must elapse before these special Senses acquire their activity. Now the mothers of Cornhill, and its "circumambient" parishes, will lend us, we trust, a ready ear when we affirm, first, that such opinions are mere guesses, founded sometimes on *à priori* views, sometimes on superficial observations; secondly, that the precision of scientific research discloses their utter inaccuracy, and vindicates the baby's claim to manifold sensibilities.

The first person who, to our knowledge, has examined this question in a scientific spirit, is Dr. Kussmaul, of Erlangen, who has recorded his conclusions in a little tract.† He first bethought him of making new-born infants subjects of *experiment.* This would, no doubt, have drawn upon him the voluble execrations of outraged womankind, were it not for one mollifying circumstance. Experiment on babies! We remember that, in a communication we submited to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the mention of experiments performed on sleeping children was not very well received by some mothers, although the experiments carried with them no operation more formidable than tickling the sleepers' cheeks. The sanctity of the infant was felt to have been violated! Perhaps, also, the experiments being mentioned in conjunction with others on decapitated frogs and salamanders, the timorous imagination at once conjured up visions of remorseless physiologists decapitating babies to detect the laws of nervous action. Yet although Dr. Kussmaul has been far more adventurous, he will no doubt be

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* Hegel, *Werke*, vii. 93.

† Kussmaul, *Untersuchungen über das Seelenleben des Neugeborenen Menschen*: 1859.

forgiven for the sake of the results which so triumphantly vindicate the psychological integrity of the infant. But whether he be forgiven or not, we shall unhesitatingly lay hold of his results, and present them to our readers. Let us forget for a moment that the subjects of experiment were babies; or let us consider that, as they were German babies, their national devotion to philosophic truth may have condoned the offence.

More than twenty of both sexes, newly born, were subjected to similar experiments. To test their possession of the special sensibility called Taste, camel's-hair brushes were dipped in warm sweet and bitter solutions, and a drop of each was let fall on the tongue. In every case the effects observed were precisely analogous to the effects on adults. When the sweet solution was applied, the infants thrust out their lips, pressed the tongue between them, and began to suck and swallow. When the bitter solution was applied, the infants' faces were contracted: if only a slight amount of the bitter were given, only the nostrils and upper lip were drawn up; if a stronger dose, the eyebrows were wrinkled and the eyelids firmly closed, the œsophagus contracted, the mouth opened, and the tongue was stretched out to its full length. Sometimes the head was vehemently shaken—as with adults when suffering from disgust.

As expressions determined by the sense of Taste, these are unmistakable; and not only were they observed in children a few hours old, before having sucked, but were equally observed in children prematurely born. Very noticeable it is that among the subjects thus experimented on there were marked individual differences. Some took the sweet solution with evidences of the liveliest satisfaction, and began to suck with an energy far surpassing that of their companions. In others, one drop of the bitter solution produced more effect than three or four drops on less sensitive tongues. Thereby you perceive the nonsense talked by sceptical men who brutally repress feminine enthusiasm by asserting that "all babies are alike." When a fond pride singles out a baby as surpassing other babies in liveliness and intelligence, it cannot be pooh-poohed, unless upon the general ground that somehow *every* baby is discovered to have this pre-eminence. No: babies are not all alike; there are babies of genius, and babies of less fiery energy. Dr. Kussmaul mentions one case of a boy, aged four days, weighing seven pounds, who, on receiving a drop of the sweet solution, not only began sucking and swallowing, but passed from his previous state of quiet into one of restlessness, turning his head now right, now left, as if seeking his mother. Here it was evident that a sensation *recalled* a former sensation, and awakened the *desire* for fuller satisfaction, and as there was no mother at hand to satisfy this awakened desire, our young philosopher thrust his thumb in his mouth and sucked that: comforting, if not nutritive!

This very boy offers a curious case of the variations of individual sensibility, for the bitter solution seemed to produce no disagreeable sensation in him. After having had as much as five drops of the bitter solution —the largest dose Dr. Kussmaul ever gave—he manifested no disgust,

but continued sucking, as if it had been sweet. Astonished at such insensibility in a child so sensitive to other tastes, Dr. Kussmaul tried the effect of an acid applied to the edge of the tongue; even this had but a slight effect. Here we see a case of sensibility to sweets co-existing with an insensibility to bitters.

In one or two cases another paradoxical effect was noticed. The sweet solutions produced reactions somewhat similar to the bitter. These might have led a less sagacious experimenter to doubt his previous interpretations; they only made him examine more closely. He then found that they were due either to the influence of a pre-existing sensation of bitterness carried over into that of sweetness, or else to the effect of surprise. Thus, when an infant reacted energetically against the bitter sensation, he manifested similar reactions when a sweet solution was applied; but these became fainter with each successive application, and, at last, the sweet was followed by the usual contented sucking and swallowing. Again it was observed that if the face was distorted on a first application of the sweet, on a second application it disappeared, and the sucking began; hence the inference that the first expression was that of the shock of surprise.

Reviewing these curious experiments, it appears that as regards the special sense of Taste, the new-born infant is well equipped. Instead of the indeterminate sensibility which is usually assigned to this early period, we see evidences of a very determinate sensibility: not only is Taste discriminated as a special sensation from other sensations, such as those of Touch, Temperature, Pain, and Hunger; but within this speciality of Taste distinctions are established—the sweet and bitter are discriminated. Nor is this all. *Expression*, as all psychologists know, constitutes an important part of our mental activity: and in the new-born infant we see abundant evidence that the Sense of Taste sets in action the special muscles of Expression by which the sensation discharges itself. The sensation excites an emotion of pleasure or disgust; the emotion diffuses itself through the group of muscles subordinated to its expression.

Dr. Kussmaul also experimented on the sense of Touch; but as no one denies that babies possess it, we need not here record his experiments. Let us simply notice the sensibility of the eyelashes. These are the eyes' protectors; and the importance of their sensibility is great. In the infant, as in the adult, they close on the faintest touch; but in the infant their closure is only determined by sensation, never, as in adults, by intelligence. Every one knows how the impact of a grain of dust, an insect, or even a gust of air, causes the eyelashes to close—as the leaves of the Sensitive Plant close when an insect touches its hairs; every one knows how the sensation of dryness, caused by the evaporation from the surface of the eye, makes it necessary for us to wink every minute. But these are actions strictly determined by a sensation. There are also winking actions determined by ideas: as, for example, when we wink at some one by way of mute telegraphy; or when an object approaches, without

touching the eye. The baby, not having as yet ideas requiring telegraphic signals of a mute kind, nor having ideas of danger, only winks when the sensibility of the eyelid is excited. You cannot resist winking when a friend approaches his finger to your eye, let him assure you never so earnestly that he will not touch it; but the baby allows you to approach your finger as close as may be, without touching, and never winks. Here, then, is a clear and delicate test by which may be ascertained the early stages of psychological development: the baby which winks from an idea of danger has arrived at a new epoch of mental complexity. Meanwhile, from the first the sensibility of its eyelashes is exquisite. It may be shown by a simple experiment. Breathe on the forehead, or cheek, of the new-born child, and its eyelids will close, or, if closed, will tremble. Nor is this the effect of temperature, as may be proved by an "experiment of control." Take a tube, and through it breathe upon various parts of the face; so long as the eyelashes are untouched, no winking will be seen, but directly one of the lashes is moved, down goes the lid.

Passing to the sense of Temperature, it is unnecessary to appeal to anything beyond the daily experience of the nursery. The delight of baby in a warm bath, and its energetic disgust in the cold bath, settle that question.

The sense of Smell, although present, seems but imperfectly developed. It is, however, one which there is difficulty in testing. If powerful scents are brought under the noses of sleeping children they become unquiet, move head and arms, wrinkle their faces, and compress the eyelids. The effect, however, rapidly disappears: after about three applications, the child sleeps on as if insensible.

The sense of Sight, in as far as it involves the mere sensibility of the eye to light, is very keen; but the power of seeing is a much more complex affair, and is of later growth. We have no means of tracing its early stages.

The sense of Hearing is the only one of the special senses in which the infant seems absolutely deficient, probably because the adjustment of its delicate mechanism is not yet complete. Certain it is, that the most discordant noises produce no visible effect on the sleeping infant; and therefore the somewhat superfluous solicitude of mothers and nurses "not to wake baby" may be deferred till a later date.

Hunger and Thirst begin to agitate creation's lord about six hours after birth; sometimes not until twelve and even four-and-twenty hours. They are manifested by restlessness and motions of sucking. The head is turned to the right and then to the left, as if in search. The hands wander over the face, and getting into the mouth are sucked. If now left to itself, without food, baby soon falls asleep again, soon to re-awake with greater agitations, which finally rise to the climax of a squall. If now you put a finger in his mouth he will suck vigorously, but on detecting the imposture, he relinquishes your finger, and tries the comfort of a more vigorous cry. If you again stroke his lips, he clutches the delusive finger, and again sucks with a noble confidence, again to be

deceived, and again to utter his protest—this time in terms unmistakable in their anger. He may perhaps struggle and cry himself once more to sleep; but is soon awake again. *Qui dort, dine,* is a proverb which may feed philosophers and Frenchmen, but not baby. "Penetrated," as Hegel says, "with the conviction of his right to claim the universe in satisfaction of his needs," he shows a fiery temper when that "universe" is withheld.

Dr. Kussmaul narrates an interesting case. A pretty lively maiden, born at seven in the morning, had quickly and repeatedly exhibited unequivocal signs of wanting her share of the "universe," and of having her imperious needs. But she was not fed till noon. About this period, before feeding, she became very restless, moving her head with searching inquiry, and crying lustily. During a brief interval of quiet, he gently stroked her left cheek with his finger, without touching her lips. Swiftly turning her head on this side, she seized his finger, and began sucking it. He removed it, and stroked her right cheek. As swiftly she turned on this side, and again seized his finger. Again he withdrew his finger, and stroked the opposite cheek. It was astonishing to see the rapidity and certainty with which she followed the movements. But now her energy took another form: her temper was fairly roused—as, indeed, the temper of an angel must have been under such provocations,—and, with violent struggles in her whole body, she ceased to pay any heed to the deceptive finger, no matter whether it stroked her cheeks or her lips. She was then pacified by being put to her mother.

We said before that babies exhibited marked individual differences. They do so even in the action of sucking. Some have a talent for it; others are so stupid as not only to be slow in learning it, but never *thoroughly* to acquire the art; just as there are men and women who never learn to eat with cleanliness and propriety.

Reviewing these evidences, we cannot escape the conclusion that, from the first, a baby manifests the special sensibilities which are, as it were, the *pabulum* of the mind, and through which it gains its knowledge of the external world. Not only are the Senses active, but Desire, Will, and Expression also manifest themselves; and all these are manifested in such varying degrees as to indicate marked individualities in several infants. Thus far Science leads us. If we wish to penetrate farther, and learn the condition of the "higher faculties," we are left without our experimental guide, and must rely on inference. Up to this point we have had some means of testing our inferences. The organs of sense, when stimulated, respond in the baby very much as in the adult. The emotions find their well-known expressions. This language we can interpret. But how are we to interpret the language of the higher faculties, supposing them to be in action? What can we know of the baby's imagination, abstraction, or comparison? We may warrantably reject the old notion of the mind being from the first well furnished with truths of wide generality—"innate ideas," as they were called; but the advance of psychology,

founded on physiology, has made it pretty certain that if not furnished with ready-made truths, if not enriched with innate ideas, the mind is from the first furnished with hereditary tendencies and aptitudes, even in directions purely intellectual. Inasmuch as Memory presupposes the experiences which are remembered, Abstraction presupposes the experiences which furnish the materials, and Ratiocination presupposes the experiences which furnish the propositions, we are forced to conclude that these actions of the soul emerge gradually; but the various epochs of their emergence and development are necessarily hidden from us.

According to the Platonic theory so magnificently expounded in Wordsworth's ode, the intellectual condition of the baby is transcendentally superior to that of the philosopher; for he has just quitted the higher world of existences, and has descended amid the shadows, the Phenomena. That solemn, silent baby, in his nurse's arms, looking at this world with calm abstracted eyes, is, perhaps, resisting our endeavours to make him

> Forget the glories he hath known,
> And that imperial palace whence he came.

The dandling motions and the cooing nonsense supposed to be best adapted to his intellectual appreciation are probably perplexing his memories of the Ideal world. Who knows of what he is meditating, as

> He lies
> Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
> With light upon him from his father's eyes?

If he is conscious of the previous state of existence, what a mist of vanishing and futile shadows must *this* world appear to him. And if Plato be right, if Wordsworth be right, a new solemnity surrounds the cradle.

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar;
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home.
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy,
> But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy;
> The Youth, who daily farther from the East
> Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended;
> At length the Man perceives it die away
> And fade into the light of common day.

'Devotedly attached to the young man!"

The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER XXV.

Adolphus Crosbie Spends an Evening at his Club.

CROSBIE, as he was being driven from the castle to the nearest station, in a dog-cart hired from the hotel, could not keep himself from thinking of that other morning, not yet a fortnight past, on which he had left Allington; and as he thought of it he knew that he was a villain. On this morning Alexandrina had not come out from the house to watch his departure, and catch the last glance of his receding figure. As he had not started very early she had sat with him at the breakfast table; but others also had sat there, and when he got up to go, she did no more than smile softly and give him her hand. It had been already settled that he was to spend his Christmas at Courcy; as it had been also settled that he was to spend it at Allington.

Lady Amelia was, of all the family, the most affectionate to him, and perhaps of them all she was the one whose affection was worth the most. She was not a woman endowed with a very high mind or with very noble feelings. She had begun life trusting to the nobility of her blood for everything, and declaring somewhat loudly among her friends that her father's rank and her mother's birth imposed on her the duty of standing closely by her own order. Nevertheless, at the age of thirty-three she had married her father's man of business, under circumstances which were not altogether creditable to her. But she had done her duty in her new sphere of life with some constancy and a fixed purpose; and now that her sister was going to marry, as she had done, a man much below herself in

social standing, she was prepared to do her duty as a sister and a sister-in-law.

"We shall be up in town in November, and of course you'll come to us at once. Albert Villa, you know, in Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood. We dine at seven, and on Sundays at two; and you'll always find a place. Mind you come to us, and make yourself quite at home. I do so hope you and Mortimer will get on well together."

"I'm sure we shall," said Crosbie. But he had had higher hopes in marrying into this noble family than that of becoming intimate with Mortimer Gazebee. What those hopes were he could hardly define to himself now that he had brought himself so near to the fruition of them. Lady De Courcy had certainly promised to write to her first cousin who was Under-Secretary of State for India, with reference to that secretaryship at the General Committee Office; but Crosbie, when he came to weigh in his mind what good might result to him from this, was disposed to think that his chance of obtaining the promotion would be quite as good without the interest of the Under-Secretary of State for India as with it. Now that he belonged, as we may say, to this noble family, he could hardly discern what were the advantages which he had expected from this alliance. He had said to himself that it would be much to have a countess for a mother-in-law; but now, even already, although the possession to which he had looked was not yet garnered, he was beginning to tell himself that the thing was not worth possessing.

As he sat in the train, with a newspaper in his hand, he went on acknowledging to himself that he was a villain. Lady Julia had spoken the truth to him on the stairs at Courcy, and so he confessed over and over again. But he was chiefly angry with himself for this,—that he had been a villain without gaining anything by his villany; that he had been a villain, and was to lose so much by his villany. He made comparison between Lily and Alexandrina, and owned to himself, over and over again, that Lily would make the best wife that a man could take to his bosom. As to Alexandrina, he knew the thinness of her character. She would stick by him, no doubt; and in a circuitous, discontented, unhappy way, would probably be true to her duties as a wife and mother. She would be nearly such another as Lady Amelia Gazebee. But was that a prize sufficiently rich to make him contented with his own prowess and skill in winning it? And was that a prize sufficiently rich to justify him to himself for his terrible villany? Lily Dale he had loved; and he now declared to himself that he could have continued to love her through his whole life. But what was there for any man to love in Alexandrina De Courcy?

While resolving, during his first four or five days at the castle, that he would throw Lily Dale overboard, he had contrived to quiet his conscience by inward allusions to sundry heroes of romance. He had thought of Lothario, Don Juan, and of Lovelace; and had told himself that the world had ever been full of such heroes. And the world, too, had treated such heroes well; not punishing them at all as villains, but caressing

them rather, and calling them curled darlings. Why should not he be a curled darling as well as another? Ladies had ever been fond of the Don Juan character, and Don Juan had generally been popular with men also. And then he named to himself a dozen modern Lotharios,—men who were holding their heads well above water, although it was known that they had played this lady false, and brought that other one to death's door, or perhaps even to death itself. War and love were alike, and the world was prepared to forgive any guile to militants in either camp.

But now that he had done the deed he found himself forced to look at it from quite another point of view. Suddenly that character of Lothario showed itself to him in a different light, and one in which it did not please him to look at it as belonging to himself. He began to feel that it would be almost impossible for him to write that letter to Lily, which it was absolutely necessary that he should write. He was in a position in which his mind would almost turn itself to thoughts of self-destruction as the only means of escape. A fortnight ago he was a happy man, having everything before him that a man ought to want; and now—now that he was the accepted son-in-law of an earl, and the confident expectant of high promotion—he was the most miserable, degraded wretch in the world!

He changed his clothes at his lodgings in Mount Street and went down to his club to dinner. He could, at any rate, do nothing that night. His letter to Allington must, no doubt, be written at once; but, as he could not send it before the next night's post, he was not forced to set to work upon it that evening. As he walked along Piccadilly on his way to St. James's Square, it occurred to him that it might be well to write a short line to Lily, telling her nothing of the truth,—a note written as though his engagement with her was still unbroken, but yet written with care, saying nothing about that engagement, so as to give him a little time. Then he thought that he would telegraph to Bernard and tell everything to him. Bernard would, of course, be prepared to avenge his cousin in some way, but for such vengeance Crosbie felt that he should care little. Lady Julia had told him that Lily was without father or brother, thereby accusing him of the basest cowardice. "I wish she had a dozen brothers," he said to himself. But he hardly knew why he expressed such a wish.

He returned to London on the last day of October, and he found the streets at the West End nearly deserted. He thought, therefore, that he should be quite alone at his club, but as he entered the dinner room he saw one of his oldest and most intimate friends standing before the fire. Fowler Pratt was the man who had first brought him into Sebright's, and had given him almost his earliest start on his successful career in life. Since that time he and his friend Fowler Pratt had lived in close communion, though Pratt had always held a certain ascendancy in their friendship. He was in age a few years senior to Crosbie, and was in truth a man of better parts. But he was less ambitious, less desirous of shining in the world, and much less popular with men in general. He was possessed of a moderate private fortune on which he lived in a

quiet, modest manner, and was unmarried, not likely to marry, inoffensive, useless, and prudent. For the first few years of Crosbie's life in London he had lived very much with his friend Pratt, and had been accustomed to depend much on his friend's counsel; but latterly, since he had himself become somewhat noticeable, he had found more pleasure in the society of such men as Dale, who were not his superiors either in age or wisdom. But there had been no coolness between him and Pratt, and now they met with perfect cordiality.

"I thought you were down in Barsetshire," said Pratt.

"And I thought you were in Switzerland."

"I have been in Switzerland," said Pratt.

"And I have been in Barsetshire," said Crosbie. Then they ordered their dinner together.

"And so you're going to be married?" said Pratt, when the waiter had carried away the cheese.

"Who told you that?"

"Well, but you are? Never mind who told me, if I was told the truth."

"But if it be not true?"

"I have heard it for the last month," said Pratt, "and it has been spoken of as a thing certain; and it is true; is it not?"

"I believe it is," said Crosbie, slowly.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you, that you speak of it in that way? Am I to congratulate you, or am I not? The lady, I'm told, is a cousin of Dale's."

Crosbie had turned his chair from the table round to the fire, and said nothing in answer to this. He sat with his glass of sherry in his hand, looking at the coals, and thinking whether it would not be well that he should tell the whole story to Pratt. No one could give him better advice; and no one, as far as he knew his friend, would be less shocked at the telling of such a story. Pratt had no romance about women, and had never pretended to very high sentiments.

"Come up into the smoking-room and I'll tell you all about it," said Crosbie. So they went off together, and, as the smoking-room was untenanted, Crosbie was able to tell his story.

He found it very hard to tell;—much harder than he had beforehand fancied. "I have got into terrible trouble," he began by saying. Then he told how he had fallen suddenly in love with Lily, how he had been rash and imprudent, how nice she was—"infinitely too good for such a man as I am," he said;—how she had accepted him, and then how he had repented. "I should have told you beforehand," he then said, "that I was already half-engaged to Lady Alexandrina De Courcy." The reader, however, will understand that this half-engagement was a fiction.

"And now you mean that you are altogether engaged to her?"

"Exactly so."

"And that Miss Dale must be told that, on second thoughts, you have changed your mind?"

"I know that I have behaved very badly," said Crosbie.

"Indeed you have," said his friend.

"It is one of those troubles in which a man finds himself involved almost before he knows where he is."

"Well; I can't look at it exactly in that light. A man may amuse himself with a girl, and I can understand his disappointing her and not offering to marry her,—though even that sort of thing isn't much to my taste. But, by George, to make an offer of marriage to such a girl as that in September, to live for a month in her family as her affianced husband, and then coolly go away to another house in October, and make an offer to another girl of higher rank——"

"You know very well that that has had nothing to do with it."

"It looks very like it. And how are you going to communicate these tidings to Miss Dale?"

"I don't know," said Crosbie, who was beginning to be very sore.

"And you have quite made up your mind that you'll stick to the earl's daughter?"

The idea of jilting Alexandrina instead of Lily had never as yet presented itself to Crosbie, and now, as he thought of it, he could not perceive that it was feasible.

"Yes," he said, "I shall marry Lady Alexandrina;—that is, if I do not cut the whole concern, and my own throat into the bargain."

"If I were in your shoes I think I should cut the whole concern. I could not stand it. What do you mean to say to Miss Dale's uncle?"

"I don't care a —— for Miss Dale's uncle," said Crosbie. "If he were to walk in at that door this moment, I would tell him the whole story, without——"

As he was yet speaking, one of the club servants opened the door of the smoking-room, and seeing Crosbie seated in a lounging chair near the fire, went up to him with a gentleman's card. Crosbie took the card and read the name. "Mr. Dale, Allington."

"The gentleman is in the waiting-room," said the servant.

Crosbie for the moment was struck dumb. He had declared that very moment that he should feel no personal disinclination to meet Mr. Dale, and now that gentleman was within the walls of the club, waiting to see him!

"Who's that?" asked Pratt. And then Crosbie handed him the card. "Whew-w-w-hew," whistled Pratt.

"Did you tell the gentleman I was here?" asked Crosbie.

"I said I thought you were upstairs, sir."

"That will do," said Pratt. "The gentleman will no doubt wait for a minute." And then the servant went out of the room. "Now, Crosbie, you must make up your mind. By one of these women and all her friends you will ever be regarded as a rascal, and they of course will look out to punish you with such punishment as may come to their hands. You must now choose which shall be the sufferer."

The man was a coward at heart. The reflection that he might, even

now, at this moment, meet the old squire on pleasant terms,—or at any rate not on terms of defiance, pleaded more strongly in Lily's favour than had any other argument since Crosbie had first made up his mind to abandon her. He did not fear personal ill-usage;—he was not afraid lest he should be kicked or beaten; but he did not dare to face the just anger of the angry man.

"If I were you," said Pratt, "I would not go down to that man at the present moment for a trifle."

"But what can I do?"

"Shirk away out of the club. Only if you do that it seems to me that you'll have to go on shirking for the rest of your life."

"Pratt, I must say that I expected something more like friendship from you."

"What can I do for you? There are positions in which it is impossible to help a man. I tell you plainly that you have behaved very badly. I do not see that I can help you."

"Would you see him?"

"Certainly not, if I am to be expected to take your part."

"Take any part you like,—only tell him the truth."

"And what is the truth?"

"I was part engaged to that other girl before; and then, when I came to think of it, I knew that I was not fit to marry Miss Dale. I know I have behaved badly; but, Pratt, thousands have done the same thing before."

"I can only say that I have not been so unfortunate as to reckon any of those thousands among my friends."

"You mean to tell me, then, that you are going to turn your back on me?" said Crosbie.

"I haven't said anything of the kind. I certainly won't undertake to defend you, for I don't see that your conduct admits of defence. I will see this gentleman if you wish it, and tell him anything that you may desire me to tell him."

At this moment the servant returned with a note for Crosbie. Mr. Dale had called for paper and envelope, and sent up to him the following missive: "Do you intend to come down to me? I know that you are in the house." "For heaven's sake go to him," said Crosbie. "He is well aware that I was deceived about his niece,—that I thought he was to give her some fortune. He knows all about that, and that when I learned from him that she was to have nothing——"

"Upon my word, Crosbie, I wish you could find another messenger."

"Ah! you do not understand," said Crosbie in his agony. "You think that I am inventing this plea about her fortune now. It isn't so. He will understand. We have talked all this over before, and he knew how terribly I was disappointed. Shall I wait for you here, or will you come to my lodgings? Or I will go down to the Beaufort, and will wait for you there." And it was finally arranged that he should get himself out of this club and wait at the other for Pratt's report of the interview.

"Do you go down first," said Crosbie.

"Yes: I had better," said Pratt. "Otherwise you may be seen. Mr. Dale would have his eye upon you, and there would be a row in the house." There was a smile of sarcasm on Pratt's face as he spoke which angered Crosbie even in his misery, and made him long to tell his friend that he would not trouble him with this mission,—that he would manage his own affairs himself; but he was weakened and mentally humiliated by the sense of his own rascality, and had already lost the power of asserting himself, and of maintaining his ascendancy. He was beginning to recognize the fact that he had done that for which he must endure to be kicked,—to be kicked morally if not materially; and that it was no longer possible for him to hold his head up without shame.

Pratt took Mr. Dale's note in his hand and went down into the strangers' room. There he found the squire standing, so that he could see through the open door of the room to the foot of the stairs down which Crosbie must descend before he could leave the club. As a measure of first precaution the ambassador closed the door; then he bowed to Mr. Dale, and asked him if he would take a chair.

"I wanted to see Mr. Crosbie," said the squire.

"I have your note to that gentleman in my hand," said he. "He has thought it better that you should have this interview with me;—and under all the circumstances perhaps it is better."

"Is he such a coward that he dare not see me?"

"There are some actions, Mr. Dale, that will make a coward of any man. My friend Crosbie is, I take it, brave enough in the ordinary sense of the word, but he has injured you."

"It is all true, then?"

"Yes, Mr. Dale; I fear it is all true."

"And you call that man your friend! Mr. ———; I don't know what your name is."

"Pratt;—Fowler Pratt. I have known Crosbie for fourteen years,—ever since he was a boy; and it is not my way, Mr. Dale, to throw over an old friend under any circumstances."

"Not if he committed a murder."

"No; not though he committed a murder."

"If what I hear is true, this man is worse than a murderer."

"Of course, Mr. Dale, I cannot know what you have heard. I believe that Mr. Crosbie has behaved very badly to your niece, Miss Dale; I believe that he was engaged to marry her, or, at any rate, that some such proposition had been made."

"Proposition! Why, sir, it was a thing so completely understood that everybody knew it in the county. It was so positively fixed that there was no secret about it. Upon my honour, Mr. Pratt, I can't as yet understand it. If I remember right, it's not a fortnight since he left my house at Allington,—not a fortnight. And that poor girl was with him on the morning of his going as his betrothed bride. Not a fortnight since!

And now I've had a letter from an old family friend telling me that he is going to marry one of Lord De Courcy's daughters! I went instantly off to Courcy, and found that he had started for London. Now, I have followed him here; and you tell me it's all true."

"I am afraid it is, Mr. Dale; too true."

"I don't understand it; I don't, indeed. I cannot bring myself to believe that the man who was sitting the other day at my table should be so great a scoundrel. Did he mean it all the time that he was there?"

"No; certainly not. Lady Alexandrina De Courcy was, I believe, an old friend of his;—with whom, perhaps, he had had some lover's quarrel. On his going to Courcy they made it up; and this is the result."

"And that is to be sufficient for my poor girl?"

"You will, of course, understand that I am not defending Mr. Crosbie. The whole affair is very sad,—very sad, indeed. I can only say, in his excuse, that he is not the first man who has behaved badly to a lady."

"And that is his message to me, is it? And that is what I am to tell my niece? You have been deceived by a scoundrel. But what then? You are not the first! Mr. Pratt, I give you my word as a gentleman I do not understand it. I have lived a good deal out of the world, and am, therefore, perhaps, more astonished than I ought to be."

"Mr. Dale, I feel for you ——"

"Feel for me! What is to become of my girl? And do you suppose that I will let this other marriage go on;—that I will not tell the De Courcys, and all the world at large, what sort of a man this is;—that I will not get at him to punish him? Does he think that I will put up with this?"

"I do not know what he thinks; I must only beg that you will not mix me up in the matter—as though I were a participator in his offence."

"Will you tell him from me that I desire to see him?"

"I do not think that that would do any good."

"Never mind, sir; you have brought me his message; will you have the goodness now to take back mine to him?"

"Do you mean at once,—this evening;—now?"

"Yes, at once—this evening,—now;—this minute."

"Ah; he has left the club; he is not here now; he went when I came to you."

"Then he is a coward as well as a scoundrel." In answer to which assertion, Mr. Fowler Pratt merely shrugged his shoulders.

"He is a coward as well as a scoundrel. Will you have the kindness to tell your friend from me that he is a coward and a scoundrel,—and a liar, sir."

"If it be so, Miss Dale is well quit of her engagement."

"That is your consolation, is it? That may be all very well now-a-days; but when I was a young man, I would sooner have burnt out my tongue than have spoken in such a way on such a subject. I would, indeed. Good-night, Mr. Pratt. Pray make your friend understand that he has not yet seen the last of the Dales; although, as you hint, the

ladies of that family will no doubt have learned that he is not fit to associate with them." Then, taking up his hat, the squire made his way out of the club.

"I would not have done it," said Pratt to himself, "for all the beauty, and all the wealth, and all the rank that ever were owned by a woman."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lord de Courcy in the Bosom of his Family.

Lady Julia De Guest had not during her life written many letters to Mr. Dale of Allington, nor had she ever been very fond of him. But when she felt certain how things were going at Courcy, or rather, as we may say, how they had already gone, she took pen in hand, and sat herself to work, doing, as she conceived, her duty by her neighbour.

My dear Mr. Dale (she said),

I believe I need make no secret of having known that your niece Lilian is engaged to Mr. Crosbie, of London. I think it proper to warn you that if this be true Mr. Crosbie is behaving himself in a very improper manner here. I am not a person who concern myself much in the affairs of other people; and under ordinary circumstances, the conduct of Mr. Crosbie would be nothing to me,—or, indeed, less than nothing; but I do to you as I would wish that others should do unto me. I believe it is only too true that Mr. Crosbie has proposed to Lady Alexandrina De Courcy, and been accepted by her. I think you will believe that I would not say this without warrant, and if there be anything in it, it may be well, for the poor young lady's sake, that you should put yourself in the way of learning the truth.

Believe me to be yours sincerely,

Courcy Castle, Thursday. Julia De Guest.

The squire had never been very fond of any of the De Guest family, and had, perhaps, liked Lady Julia the least of them all. He was wont to call her a meddling old woman,—remembering her bitterness and pride in those now long bygone days in which the gallant major had run off with Lady Fanny. When he first received this letter, he did not, on the first reading of it, believe a word of its contents. "Cross-grained old harridan," he said out loud to his nephew. "Look what that aunt of yours has written to me." Bernard read the letter twice, and as he did so his face became hard and angry.

"You don't mean to say you believe it?" said the squire.

"I don't think it will be safe to disregard it."

"What! you think it possible that your friend is doing as she says."

"It is certainly possible. He was angry when he found that Lily had no fortune."

"Heavens, Bernard! And you can speak of it in that way?"

"I don't say that it is true; but I think we should look to it. I will go to Courcy Castle and learn the truth."

The squire at last decided that he would go. He went to Courcy Castle, and found that Crosbie had started two hours before his arrival.

He asked for Lady Julia, and learned from her that Crosbie had actually left the house as the betrothed husband of Lady Alexandrina.

"The countess, I am sure, will not contradict it, if you will see her," said Lady Julia. But this the squire was unwilling to do. He would not proclaim the wretched condition of his niece more loudly than was necessary, and therefore he started on his pursuit of Crosbie. What was his success on that evening we have already learned.

Both Lady Alexandrina and her mother heard of Mr. Dale's arrival at the castle, but nothing was said between them on the subject. Lady Amelia Gazebee heard of it also, and she ventured to discuss the matter with her sister.

"You don't know exactly how far it went, do you?"

"No; yes;—not exactly, that is," said Alexandrina.

"I suppose he did say something about marriage to the girl?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he did."

"Dear, dear! It's very unfortunate. What sort of people are those Dales? I suppose he talked to you about them."

"No, he didn't; not very much. I daresay she is an artful, sly thing! It's a great pity men should go on in such a way."

"Yes, it is," said Lady Amelia. "And I do suppose that in this case the blame has been more with him than with her. It's only right I should tell you that."

"But what can I do?"

"I don't say you can do anything; but it's as well you should know."

"But I don't know, and you don't know; and I can't see that there is any use talking about it now. I knew him a long while before she did, and if she has allowed him to make a fool of her, it isn't my fault."

"Nobody says it is, my dear."

"But you seem to preach to me about it. What can I do for the girl? The fact is, he don't care for her a bit, and never did."

"Then he shouldn't have told her that he did."

"That's all very well, Amelia; but people don't always do exactly all that they ought to do. I suppose Mr. Crosbie isn't the first man that has proposed to two ladies. I dare say it was wrong, but I can't help it. As to Mr. Dale coming here with a tale of his niece's wrongs, I think it very absurd,—very absurd indeed. It makes it look as though there had been a scheme to catch Mr. Crosbie, and it's my belief that there was such a scheme."

"I only hope that there'll be no quarrel."

"Men don't fight duels now-a-days, Amelia."

"But do you remember what Frank Gresham did to Mr. Moffat when he behaved so badly to poor Augusta?"

"Mr. Crosbie isn't afraid of that kind of thing. And I always thought that Frank was very wrong,—very wrong indeed. What's the good of two men beating each other in the street?"

"Well; I'm sure I hope there'll be no quarrel. But I own I don't

like the look of it. You see the uncle must have known all about it, and have consented to the marriage, or he would not have come here."

"I don't see that it can make any difference to me, Amelia."

"No, my dear, I don't see that it can. We shall be up in town soon, and I will see as much as possible of Mr. Crosbie. The marriage, I hope, will take place soon."

"He talks of February."

"Don't put it off, Alley, whatever you do. There are so many slips, you know, in these things."

"I'm not a bit afraid of that," said Alexandrina, sticking up her head.

"I daresay not; and you may be sure that we will keep an eye on him. Mortimer will get him up to dine with us as often as possible, and as his leave of absence is all over, he can't get out of town. He's to be here at Christmas, isn't he?"

"Of course he is."

"Mind you keep him to that. And as to these Dales, I would be very careful, if I were you, not to say anything unkind of them to any one. It sounds badly in your position." And with this last piece of advice Lady Amelia Gazebee allowed the subject to drop.

On that day Lady Julia returned to her own home. Her adieux to the whole family at Courcy Castle were very cold, but about Mr. Crosbie and his lady-love at Allington she said no further word to any of them. Alexandrina did not show herself at all on the occasion, and indeed had not spoken to her enemy since that evening on which she had felt herself constrained to retreat from the drawing-room.

"Good-by," said the countess. "You have been so good to come, and we have enjoyed it so much."

"I thank you very much. Good morning," said Lady Julia, with a stately courtesy.

"Pray remember me to your brother. I wish we could have seen him; I hope he has not been hurt by the—the bull." And then Lady Julia went her way.

"What a fool I have been to have that woman in the house," said the countess, before the door was closed behind her guest's back.

"Indeed you have," said Lady Julia, screaming back through the passage. Then there was a long silence, then a suppressed titter, and after that a loud laugh.

"Oh, mamma, what shall we do?" said Lady Amelia.

"Do!" said Margaretta; "why should we do anything? She has heard the truth for once in her life."

"Dear Lady Dumbello, what will you think of us?" said the countess, turning round to another guest, who was also just about to depart. "Did any one ever know such a woman before?"

"I think she's very nice," said Lady Dumbello, smiling.

"I can't quite agree with you there," said Lady Clandidlem. "But I

do believe she means to do her best. She is very charitable, and all that sort of thing."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Rosina. "I asked her for a subscription to the mission for putting down the Papists in the west of Ireland, and she refused me point-blank."

"Now, my dear, if you're quite ready," said Lord Dumbello, coming into the room. Then there was another departure; but on this occasion the countess waited till the doors were shut, and the retreating footsteps were no longer heard. "Have you observed," said she, to Lady Clandidlem, "that she has not held her head up since Mr. Palliser went away?"

"Indeed I have," said Lady Clandidlem. "As for poor Dumbello, he's the blindest creature I ever saw in my life."

"We shall hear of something before next May," said Lady De Courcy, shaking her head; "but for all that she'll never be Duchess of Omnium."

"I wonder what your mamma will say of me when I go away to-morrow," said Lady Clandidlem to Margaretta, as they walked across the hall together.

"She won't say that you are going to run away with any gentleman," said Margaretta.

"At any rate not with the earl," said Lady Clandidlem. "Ha, ha, ha! Well, we are all very good-natured, are we not? The best is that it means nothing."

Thus by degrees all the guests went, and the family of the De Courcys was left to the bliss of their own domestic circle. This, we may presume, was not without its charms, seeing that there were so many feelings in common between the mother and her children. There were drawbacks to it, no doubt, arising perhaps chiefly from the earl's bodily infirmities. "When your father speaks to me," said Mrs. George to her husband, "he puts me in such a shiver that I cannot open my mouth to answer him."

"You should stand up to him," said George. "He can't hurt you, you know. Your money's your own; and if I'm ever to be the heir, it won't be by his doing."

"But he gnashes his teeth at me."

"You shouldn't care for that, if he don't bite. He used to gnash them at me; and when I had to ask him for money I didn't like it; but now I don't mind him a bit. He threw the peerage at me one day, but it didn't go within a yard of my head."

"If he throws anything at me, George, I shall drop upon the spot."

But the countess had a worse time with the earl than any of her children. It was necessary that she should see him daily, and necessary also that she should say much that he did not like to hear, and make many petitions that caused him to gnash his teeth. The earl was one of those men who could not endure to live otherwise than expensively, and yet was made miserable by every recurring expense. He ought to have known by this time that butchers, and bakers, and corn-chandlers, and coal-merchants will not supply their goods for nothing; and yet it always

seemed as though he had expected that at this special period they would do so. He was an embarrassed man, no doubt, and had not been fortunate in his speculations at Newmarket or Homburg; but, nevertheless, he had still the means of living without daily torment; and it must be supposed that his self-imposed sufferings, with regard to money, rose rather from his disposition than his necessities. His wife never knew whether he were really ruined, or simply pretending it. She had now become so used to her position in this respect, that she did not allow fiscal considerations to mar her happiness. Food and clothing had always come to her,—including velvet gowns, new trinkets, and a man-cook,—and she presumed that they would continue to come. But that daily conference with her husband was almost too much for her. She struggled to avoid it; and, as far as the ways and means were concerned, would have allowed them to arrange themselves, if he would only have permitted it. But he insisted on seeing her daily in his own sitting-room; and she had acknowledged to her favourite daughter, Margaretta, that those half-hours would soon be the death of her. "I sometimes feel," she said, "that I am going mad before I can get out." And she reproached herself, probably without reason, in that she had brought much of this upon herself. In former days the earl had been constantly away from home, and the countess had complained. Like many other women she had not known when she was well off. She had complained, urging upon her lord that he should devote more of his time to his own hearth. It is probable that her ladyship's remonstrances had been less efficacious than the state of his own health in producing that domestic constancy which he now practised; but it is certain that she looked back with bitter regret to the happy days when she was deserted, jealous, and querulous. "Don't you wish we could get Sir Omicron to order him to the German Spas?" she had said to Margaretta. Now Sir Omicron was the great London physician, and might, no doubt, do much in that way.

But no such happy order had as yet been given; and, as far as the family could foresee, paterfamilias intended to pass the winter with them at Courcy. The guests, as I have said, were all gone, and none but the family were in the house when her ladyship waited upon her lord one morning at twelve o'clock, a few days after Mr. Dale's visit to the castle. He always breakfasted alone, and after breakfast found in a French novel and a cigar what solace those innocent recreations were still able to afford him. When the novel no longer excited him and when he was saturated with smoke, he would send for his wife. After that, his valet would dress him. "She gets it worse than I do," the man declared in the servants' hall; "and minds it a deal more. I can give warning, and she can't."

"Better? No I ain't better," the husband said, in answer to his wife's inquiries. "I never shall be better while you keep that cook in the kitchen."

"But where are we to get another if we send him away?"

"It's not my business to find cooks. I don't know where you're to

get one. It's my belief you won't have a cook at all before long. It seems you have got two extra men into the house without telling me."

"We must have servants, you know, when there is company. It wouldn't do to have Lady Dumbello here, and no one to wait on her."

"Who asked Lady Dumbello? I didn't."

"I'm sure, my dear, you liked having her here."

"D—— Lady Dumbello," and then there was a pause. The countess had no objection whatsoever to the above proposition, and was rejoiced that that question of the servants was allowed to slip aside, through the aid of her ladyship.

"Look at that letter from Porlock," said the earl; and he pushed over to the unhappy mother a letter from her eldest son. Of all her children he was the one she loved the best; but him she was never allowed to see under her own roof. "I sometimes think that he is the greatest rascal with whom I ever had occasion to concern myself," said the earl.

She took the letter and read it. The epistle was certainly not one which a father could receive with pleasure from his son; but the disagreeable nature of its contents was the fault rather of the parent than of the child. The writer intimated that certain money due to him had not been paid with necessary punctuality, and that unless he received it, he should instruct his lawyer to take some authorized legal proceedings. Lord De Courcy had raised certain moneys on the family property, which he could not have raised without the co-operation of his heir, and had bound himself, in return for that co-operation, to pay a certain fixed income to his eldest son. This he regarded as an allowance from himself; but Lord Porlock regarded it as his own, by lawful claim. The son had not worded his letter with any affectionate phraseology. "Lord Porlock begs to inform Lord De Courcy———" Such had been the commencement.

"I suppose he must have his money; else how can he live?" said the countess, trembling.

"Live!" shouted the earl. "And so you think it proper that he should write such a letter as that to his father!"

"It is all very unfortunate," she replied.

"I don't know where the money's to come from. As for him, if he were starving, it would serve him right. He's a disgrace to the name and the family. From all I hear, he won't live long."

"Oh, De Courcy, don't talk of it in that way!"

"What way am I to talk of it? If I say that he's my greatest comfort, and living as becomes a nobleman, and is a fine healthy man of his age, with a good wife and a lot of legitimate children, will that make you believe it? Women are such fools. Nothing that I say will make him worse than he is."

"But he may reform."

"Reform! He's over forty, and when I last saw him he looked nearly sixty. There;—you may answer his letter; I won't."

"And about the money?"

"Why doesn't he write to Gazebee about his dirty money? Why does he trouble me? I haven't got his money. Ask Gazebee about his money. I won't trouble myself about it." Then there was another pause, during which the countess folded the letter, and put it in her pocket.

"How long is George going to remain here with that woman?" he asked.

"I'm sure she is very harmless," pleaded the countess.

"I always think when I see her that I'm sitting down to dinner with my own housemaid. I never saw such a woman. How he can put up with it! But I don't suppose he cares for anything."

"It has made him very steady."

"Steady!"

"And as she will be confined before long it may be as well that she should remain here. If Porlock doesn't marry, you know——"

"And so he means to live here altogether, does he? I'll tell you what it is,—I won't have it. He's better able to keep a house over his own head and his wife's than I am to do it for them, and so you may tell them. I won't have it. D'ye hear?" Then there was another short pause. "D'ye hear?" he shouted at her.

"Yes; of course I hear. I was only thinking you wouldn't wish me to turn them out,—just as her confinement is coming on."

"I know what that means. Then they'd never go. I won't have it; and if you don't tell them I will." In answer to this Lady De Courcy promised that she would tell them, thinking perhaps that the earl's mode of telling might not be beneficial in that particular epoch which was now coming in the life of Mrs. George.

"Did you know," said he, breaking out on a new subject, "that a man had been here named Dale, calling on somebody in this house?" In answer to which the countess acknowledged that she had known it.

"Then why did you keep it from me?" And that gnashing of the teeth took place which was so specially objectionable to Mrs. George.

"It was a matter of no moment. He came to see Lady Julia De Guest."

"Yes; but he came about that man Crosbie."

"I suppose he did."

"Why have you let that girl be such a fool? You'll find he'll play her some knave's trick."

"Oh, dear, no."

"And why should she want to marry such a man as that?"

"He's quite a gentleman, you know, and very much thought of in the world. It won't be at all bad for her, poor thing. It is so very hard for a girl to get married now-a-days without money."

"And so they're to take up with anybody. As far as I can see, this is a worse affair than that of Amelia."

"Amelia has done very well, my dear."

"Oh, if you call it doing well for your girls, I don't. I call it doing uncommon badly; about as bad as they well can do. But it's your affair. I have never meddled with them, and don't intend to do it now."

"I really think she'll be happy, and she is devotedly attached to the young man."

"Devotedly attached to the young man!" The tone and manner in which the earl repeated these words were such as to warrant an opinion that his lordship might have done very well on the stage had his attention been called to that profession. "It makes me sick to hear people talk in that way. She wants to get married, and she's a fool for her pains;—I can't help that; only remember that I'll have no nonsense here about that other girl. If he gives me trouble of that sort, by —— I'll be the death of him. When is the marriage to be?"

"They talk of February."

"I won't have any tomfoolery and expense. If she chooses to marry a clerk in an office, she shall marry him as clerks are married."

"He'll be the secretary before that, De Courcy."

"What difference does that make? Secretary, indeed! What sort of men do you suppose secretaries are? A beggar that came from nobody knows where! I won't have any tomfoolery;—d'ye hear?" Whereupon the countess said that she did hear, and soon afterwards managed to escape. The valet then took his turn; and repeated, after his hour of service, that "Old Nick" in his tantrums had been more like the Prince of Darkness than ever.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"On my Honour, I do not understand it."

In the meantime Lady Alexandrina endeavoured to realize to herself all the advantages and disadvantages of her own position. She was not possessed of strong affections, nor of depth of character, nor of high purpose; but she was no fool, nor was she devoid of principle. She had asked herself many times whether her present life was so happy as to make her think that a permanent continuance in it would suffice for her desires, and she had always replied to herself that she would fain change to some other life if it were possible. She had also questioned herself as to her rank, of which she was quite sufficiently proud, and had told herself that she could not degrade herself in the world without a heavy pang. But she had at last taught herself to believe that she had more to gain by becoming the wife of such a man as Crosbie than by remaining as an unmarried daughter of her father's house. There was much in her sister Amelia's position which she did not envy, but there was less to envy in that of her sister Rosina. The Gazebee house in St. John's Wood Road was not so magnificent as Courcy Castle; but then it was less dull, less embittered by torment, and was moreover her sister's own.

"Very many do marry commoners," she had said to Margaretta.

"Oh, yes, of course. It makes a difference, you know, when a man has a fortune."

Of course it did make a difference. Crosbie had no fortune, was not even so rich as Mr. Gazebee, could keep no carriage, and would have no country house. But then he was a man of fashion, was more thought of in the world than Mr. Gazebee, might probably rise in his own profession,—and was at any rate thoroughly presentable. She would have preferred a gentleman with 5,000*l.* a year; but then as no gentleman with 5,000*l.* a year came that way, would she not be happier with Mr. Crosbie than she would be with no husband at all? She was not very much in love with Mr. Crosbie, but she thought that she could live with him comfortably, and that on the whole it would be a good thing to be married.

And she made certain resolves as to the manner in which she would do her duty by her husband. Her sister Amelia was paramount in her own house, ruling indeed with a moderate, endurable dominion, and ruling much to her husband's advantage. Alexandrina feared that she would not be allowed to rule, but she could at any rate try. She would do all in her power to make him comfortable, and would be specially careful not to irritate him by any insistance on her own higher rank. She would be very meek in this respect; and if children should come she would be as painstaking about them as though her own father had been merely a clergyman or a lawyer. She thought also much about poor Lilian Dale, asking herself sundry questions, with an idea of being high-principled as to her duty in that respect. Was she wrong in taking Mr. Crosbie away from Lilian Dale? In answer to these questions she was able to assure herself comfortably that she was not wrong. Mr. Crosbie would not, under any circumstances, marry Lilian Dale. He had told her so more than once, and that in a solemn way. She could therefore be doing no harm to Lilian Dale. If she entertained any inner feeling that Crosbie's fault in jilting Lilian Dale was less than it would have been had she herself not been an earl's daughter,—that her own rank did in some degree extenuate her lover's falseness,—she did not express it in words even to herself.

She did not get very much sympathy from her own family. "I'm afraid he does not think much of his religious duties. I'm told that young men of that sort seldom do," said Rosina. "I don't say you're wrong," said Margaretta. "By no means. Indeed, I think less of it now than I did when Amelia did the same thing. I shouldn't do it myself, that's all." Her father told her that he supposed she knew her own mind. Her mother, who endeavoured to comfort and in some sort to congratulate her, nevertheless, harped constantly on the fact that she was marrying a man without rank and without a fortune. Her congratulations were apologetic, and her comfortings took the guise of consolation. "Of course you won't be rich, my dear; but I really think you'll do very well. Mr. Crosbie may be received anywhere, and you never need be ashamed of him." By which the countess implied that her elder married daughter was occasionally called on to be ashamed of her husband. "I wish he

could keep a carriage for you, but perhaps that will come some day." Upon the whole Alexandrina did not repent, and stoutly told her father that she did know her own mind.

During all this time Lily Dale was as yet perfect in her happiness. That delay of a day or two in the receipt of the expected letter from her lover had not disquieted her. She had promised him that she would not distrust him, and she was firmly minded to keep her promises. Indeed no idea of breaking it came to her at this time. She was disappointed when the postman would come and bring no letter for her,—disappointed, as is the husbandman when the longed-for rain does not come to refresh the parched earth; but she was in no degree angry. "He will explain it," she said to herself. And she assured Bell that men never recognized the hunger and thirst after letters which women feel when away from those whom they love.

Then they heard at the Small House that the squire had gone away from Allington. During the last few days Bernard had not been much with them, and now they heard the news, not through their cousin, but from Hopkins. "I really can't undertake to say, Miss Bell, where the master's gone to. It's not likely the master 'd tell me where he was going to; not unless it was about seeds or the likes of that."

"He has gone very suddenly," said Bell.

"Well, miss, I've nothing to say to that. And why shouldn't he go sudden if he likes? I only know he had his gig, and went to the station. If you was to bury me alive I couldn't tell you more."

"I should like to try," said Lily as they walked away. "He is such a cross old thing. I wonder whether Bernard has gone with my uncle." And then they thought no more about it.

On the day after that Bernard came down to the Small House, but he said nothing by way of accounting for the squire's absence. "He is in London, I know," said Bernard.

"I hope he'll call on Mr. Crosbie," said Lily. But on this subject Bernard said not a word. He did ask Lily whether she had heard from Adolphus, in answer to which she replied, with as indifferent a voice as she could assume, that she had not had a letter that morning.

"I shall be angry with him if he's not a good correspondent," said Mrs. Dale, when she and Lily were alone together.

"No, mamma, you mustn't be angry with him. I won't let you be angry with him. Please to remember he's my lover and not yours."

"But I can see you when you watch for the postman."

"I won't watch for the postman any more if it makes you have bad thoughts about him. Yes, they are bad thoughts. I won't have you think that he doesn't do everything that is right."

On the next morning the postman brought a letter, or rather a note, and Lily at once saw that it was from Crosbie. She had contrived to intercept it near the back door, at which the postman called, so that her mother should not watch her watchings, nor see her disappointment if

none should come. "Thank you, Jane," she said, very calmly, when the eager, kindly girl ran to her with the little missive; and she walked off to some solitude, trying to hide her impatience. The note had seemed so small that it amazed her; but when she opened it the contents amazed her more. There was neither beginning nor end. There was no appellation of love, and no signature. It contained but two lines. "I will write to you at length to-morrow. This is my first day in London, and I have been so driven about that I cannot write." That was all, and it was scrawled on half a sheet of note-paper. Why, at any rate, had he not called her his dearest Lily? Why had he not assured her that he was ever her own? Such expressions, meaning so much, may be conveyed in a glance of the pen. "Ah," she said, "if he knew how I hunger and thirst after his love!"

She had but a moment left to her before she must join her mother and sister, and she used that moment in remembering her promise. "I know it is all right," she said to herself. "He does not think of these things as I do. He had to write at the last moment,—as he was leaving his office." And then, with a quiet, smiling face, she walked into the breakfast-parlour.

"What does he say, Lily?" asked Bell.

"What would you give to know?" said Lily.

"I wouldn't give twopence for the whole of it," said Bell.

"When you get anybody to write to you letters, I wonder whether you'll show them to everybody?"

"But if there's any special London news, I suppose we might hear it," said Mrs. Dale.

"But suppose there's no special London news, mamma. The poor man had only been in town one day, you know: and there never is any news at this time of the year."

"Had he seen uncle Christopher?"

"I don't think he had; but he doesn't say. We shall get all the news from him when he comes. He cares much more about London news than Adolphus does." And then there was no more said about the letter.

But Lily had read her two former letters over and over again at the breakfast-table; and though she had not read them aloud, she had repeated many words out of them, and had so annotated upon them that her mother, who had heard her, could have almost re-written them. Now, she did not even show the paper; and then her absence, during which she had read the letter, had hardly exceeded a minute or two. All this Mrs. Dale observed, and she knew that her daughter had been again disappointed.

In fact that day Lily was very serious, but she did not appear to be unhappy. Early after breakfast Bell went over to the parsonage, and Mrs. Dale and her youngest daughter sat together over their work. "Mamma," she said, "I hope you and I are not to be divided when I go to live in London."

"We shall never be divided in heart, my love."

"Ah, but that will not be enough for happiness, though perhaps enough to prevent absolute unhappiness. I shall want to see you, touch you, and pet you as I do now." And she came and knelt on the cushion at her mother's feet.

"You will have some one else to caress and pet,—perhaps many others."

"Do you mean to say that you are going to throw me off, mamma?"

"God forbid, my darling. It is not mothers that throw off their children. What shall I have left when you and Bell are gone from me?"

"But we will never be gone. That's what I mean. We are to be just the same to you always, even though we are married. I must have my right to be here as much as I have it now; and, in return, you shall have your right to be there. His house must be a home to you,—not a cold place which you may visit now and again, with your best clothes on. You know what I mean, when I say that we must not be divided."

"But Lily ——"

"Well, mamma?"

"I have no doubt we shall be happy together,—you and I."

"But you were going to say more than that."

"Only this,—that your house will be his house, and will be full without me. A daughter's marriage is always a painful parting."

"Is it, mamma?"

"Not that I would have it otherwise than it is. Do not think that I would wish to keep you at home with me. Of course you will both marry and leave me. I hope that he to whom you are going to devote yourself may be spared to love you and protect you." Then the widow's heart became too full, and she put away her child from her that she might hide her face.

"Mamma, mamma, I wish I was not going from you."

"No, Lily; do not say that. I should not be contented with life if I did not see both my girls married. I think that it is the only lot which can give to a woman perfect content and satisfaction. I would have you both married. I should be the most selfish being alive if I wished otherwise."

"Bell will settle herself near you, and then you will see more of her and love her better than you do me."

"I shall not love her better."

"I wish she would marry some London man, and then you would come with us, and be near to us. Do you know, mamma, I sometimes think you don't like this place here."

"Your uncle has been very kind to give it to us."

"I know he has; and we have been very happy here. But if Bell should leave you ——"

"Then should I go also. Your uncle has been very kind, but I sometimes feel that his kindness is a burden which I should not be strong enough to bear solely on my own shoulders. And what should keep me here, then?" Mrs. Dale as she said this felt that the "here" of which she spoke extended beyond the limits of the home which she held through the charity of her brother-in-law. Might not all the world, as far as she

was concerned in it, be contained in that here? How was she to live if both her children should be taken away from her? She had already realized the fact that Crosbie's house could never be a home to her,—never even a temporary home. Her visits there must be of that full-dressed nature to which Lily had alluded. It was impossible that she could explain this to Lily. She would not prophesy that the hero of her girl's heart would be inhospitable to his wife's mother; but such had been her reading of Crosbie's character. Alas, alas, as matters were to go, his hospitality or inhospitality would be matter of small moment to them.

Again in the afternoon the two sisters were together, and Lily was still more serious than her wont. It might almost have been gathered from her manner that this marriage of hers was about to take place at once, and that she was preparing to leave her home. "Bell," she said, "I wonder why Dr. Crofts never comes to see us now?"

"It isn't a month since he was here, at our party."

"A month! But there was a time when he made some pretext for being here every other day."

"Yes, when mamma was ill."

"Ay, and since mamma was well, too. But I suppose I must not break the promise you made me give you. He's not to be talked about even yet, is he?"

"I didn't say he was not to be talked about. You know what I meant, Lily; and what I meant then, I mean now."

"And how long will it be before you mean something else? I do hope it will come some day,—I do indeed."

"It never will, Lily. I once fancied that I cared for Dr. Crofts, but it was only fancy. I know it, because ——" She was going to explain that her knowledge on that point was assured to her, because since that day she had felt that she might have learned to love another man. But that other man had been Mr. Crosbie, and so she stopped herself.

"I wish he would come and ask you himself."

"He will never do so. He would never ask such a question without encouragement, and I shall give him none. Nor will he ever think of marrying till he can do so without,—without what he thinks to be imprudence as regards money. He has courage enough to be poor himself without unhappiness, but he has not courage to endure poverty with a wife. I know well what his feelings are."

"Well, we shall see," said Lily. "I shouldn't wonder if you were married first now, Bell. For my part, I'm quite prepared to wait for three years."

Late on that evening the squire returned to Allington, Bernard having driven over to meet him at the station. He had telegraphed to his nephew that he would be back by a late train, and no more than this had been heard from him since he went. On that day Bernard had seen none of the ladies at the Small House. With Bell at the present moment it was impossible that he should be on easy terms. He could not meet her

alone without recurring to the one special subject of interest between them, and as to that he did not choose to speak without much forethought. He had not known himself, when he had gone about his wooing so lightly, thinking it a slight thing, whether or no he might be accepted. Now it was no longer a slight thing to him. I do not know that it was love that made him so eager ;—not good, honest, downright love. But he had set his heart upon the object, and with the wilfulness of a Dale was determined that it should be his. He had no remotest idea of giving up his cousin, but he had at last persuaded himself that she was not to be won without some toil, and perhaps also some delay.

Nor had he been in a humour to talk either to Mrs. Dale or to Lily. He feared that Lady Julia's news was true,—that at any rate there might be in it something of truth ; and while thus in doubt he could not go down to the Small House. So he hung about the place by himself, with a cigar in his mouth, fearing that something evil was going to happen, and when the message came for him, almost shuddered as he seated himself in the gig. What would it become him to do in this emergency if Crosbie had truly been guilty of the villany with which Lady Julia had charged him ? Thirty years ago he would have called the man out, and shot at him till one of them was hit. Now-a-days it was hardly possible for a man to do that; and yet what would the world say of him if he allowed such an injury as this to pass without vengeance ?

His uncle, as he came forth from the station with his travelling-bag in his hand, was stern, gloomy, and silent. He came out and took his place in the gig almost without speaking. There were strangers about, and therefore his nephew at first could ask no question, but as the gig turned the corner out of the station-house yard he demanded the news.

"What have you heard ?" he said. But even then the squire did not answer at once. He shook his head, and turned away his face, as though he did not choose to be interrogated.

"Have you seen him, sir ?" asked Bernard.

"No; he has not dared to see me."

"Then it is true ?"

"True ?—yes, it is all true. Why did you bring the scoundrel here ? It has been your fault."

"No, sir; I must contradict that. I did not know him for a scoundrel."

"But it was your duty to have known him before you brought him here among them. Poor girl ! how is she to be told ?"

"Then she does not know it ?"

"I fear not. Have you seen them ?"

"I saw them yesterday, and she did not know it then; she may have heard it to-day."

"I don't think so. I believe he has been too great a coward to write to her. A coward indeed ! How can any man find the courage to write such a letter as that ?"

By degrees the squire told his tale. How he had gone to Lady Julia, had made his way to London, had tracked Crosbie to his club, and had there learned the whole truth from Crosbie's friend, Fowler Pratt, we already know. "The coward escaped me while I was talking to the man he sent down," said the squire. "It was a concerted plan, and I think he was right. I should have brained him in the hall of the club." On the following morning Pratt had called upon him at his inn with Crosbie's apology. "His apology!" said the squire. "I have it in my pocket. Poor reptile; wretched worm of a man! I cannot understand it. On my honour, Bernard, I do not understand it. I think men are changed since I knew much of them. It would have been impossible for me to write such a letter as that." He went on telling how Pratt had brought him this letter, and had stated that Crosbie declined an interview. "The gentleman had the goodness to assure me that no good could come from such a meeting. 'You mean,' I answered, 'that I cannot touch pitch and not be defiled!' He acknowledged that the man was pitch. Indeed, he could not say a word for his friend."

"I know Pratt. He is a gentleman. I am sure he would not excuse him."

"Excuse him! How could any one excuse him? Words could not be found to excuse him." And then he sat silent for some half mile. "On my honour, Bernard, I can hardly yet bring myself to believe it. It is so new to me. It makes me feel that the world is changed, and that it is no longer worth a man's while to live in it."

"And he is engaged to this other girl?"

"Oh, yes; with the full consent of the family. It is all arranged, and the settlements, no doubt, in the lawyer's hands by this time. He must have gone away from here determined to throw her over. Indeed, I don't suppose he ever meant to marry her. He was just passing away his time here in the country."

"He meant it up to the time of his leaving."

"I don't think it. Had he found me able and willing to give her a fortune he might, perhaps, have married her. But I don't think he meant it for a moment after I told him that she would have nothing. Well, here we are. I may truly say that I never before came back to my own house with so sore a heart."

They sat silently over their supper, the squire showing more open sorrow than might have been expected from his character. "What am I to say to them in the morning?" he repeated over and over again. "How am I to do it? And if I tell the mother, how is she to tell her child?"

"Do you think that he has given no intimation of his purpose?"

"As far as I can tell, none. That man Pratt knew that he had not done so yesterday afternoon. I asked him what were the intentions of his blackguard friend, and he said that he did not know,—that Crosbie would probably have written to me. Then he brought me this letter. There it is," and the squire threw the letter over the table; "read it and

let me have it back. He thinks probably that the trouble is now over as far as he is concerned."

It was a vile letter to have written,—not because the language was bad, or the mode of expression unfeeling, or the facts falsely stated,—but because the thing to be told was in itself so vile. There are deeds which will not bear a gloss,—sins as to which the perpetrator cannot speak otherwise than as a reptile; circumstances which change a man and put upon him the worthlessness of vermin. Crosbie had struggled hard to write it, going home to do it after his last interview on that night with Pratt. But he had sat moodily in his chair at his lodgings, unable to take the pen in his hand. Pratt was to come to him at his office on the following morning, and he went to bed resolving that he would write it at his desk. On the next day Pratt was there before a word of it had been written.

"I can't stand this kind of thing," said Pratt. "If you mean me to take it, you must write it at once." Then, with inward groaning, Crosbie sat himself at his table, and the words at last were forthcoming. Such words as they were! "I know that I can have no excuse to make to you,—or to her. But, circumstanced as I now am, the truth is the best. I feel that I should not make Miss Dale happy; and, therefore, as an honest man, I think I best do my duty by relinquishing the honour which she and you had proposed for me." There was more of it, but we all know of what words such letters are composed, and how men write when they feel themselves constrained to write as reptiles.

"As an honest man!" repeated the squire. "On my honour, Bernard, as a gentleman, I do not understand it. I cannot believe it possible that the man who wrote that letter was sitting the other day as a guest at my table."

"What are we to do to him?" said Bernard, after a while.

"Treat him as you would a rat. Throw your stick at him, if he comes under your feet; but beware, above all things, that he does not get into your house. That is too late for us now."

"There must be more than that, uncle."

"I don't know what more. There are deeds for committing which a man is doubly damned, because he has screened himself from overt punishment by the nature of his own villany. We have to remember Lily's name, and do what may best tend to her comfort. Poor girl! poor girl!"

Then they were silent, till the squire rose and took his bed candle. "Bernard," he said, "let my sister-in-law know early to-morrow that I will see her here, if she will be good enough to come to me after breakfast. Do not have anything else said at the Small House. It may be that he has written to-day."

Then the squire went to bed, and Bernard sat over the dining-room fire, meditating on it all. How would the world expect that he should behave to Crosbie? and what should he do when he met Crosbie at the club?

DRIFTING AWAY.

THE

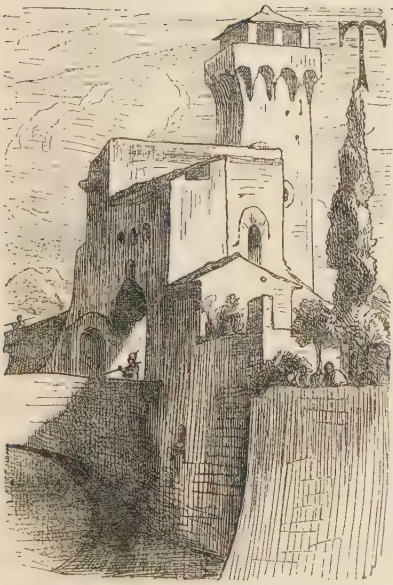
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1863.

Romola.

CHAPTER LVII.

Why Tito was Safe.



TITO had good reasons for saying that he was safe. In the last three months, during which he had foreseen the discovery of the Medicean conspirators as a probable event, he had had plenty of time to provide himself with resources. He had been strengthening his influence at Rome and at Milan, by being the medium of secret information and indirect measures against the Frate and the popular party; he had cultivated more assiduously than ever the regard of this party by showing subtle evidence that his political convictions were entirely on their side; and all the while, instead of withdrawing his agency from the Mediceans, he had sought to be more actively employed and exclusively trusted by them. It was easy to him to keep up this triple game. The principle of duplicity admitted by the Mediceans on their own behalf deprived them of any standard by which they could measure the trustworthiness of a colleague who had not, like themselves, hereditary interests, alliances, and prejudices, which were intensely Medicean. In their minds to deceive the opposite party was fair stratagem, to deceive their own party

was a baseness to which they felt no temptation; and in using Tito's facile ability they were not keenly awake to the fact that the absence of traditional attachments which made him a convenient agent was also the absence of what among themselves was the chief guarantee of mutual honour. Again, the Roman and Milanese friends of the aristocratic party, or *Arrabbiati*, who were the bitterest enemies of Savonarola, carried on a system of underhand correspondence and espionage, in which the deepest hypocrisy was the best service, and demanded the heaviest pay; so that to suspect an agent because he played a part strongly would have been an absurd want of logic. On the other hand, the Piagnoni of the popular party who had the directness that belongs to energetic conviction, were the more inclined to credit Tito with sincerity in his political adhesion to them, because he affected no religious sympathies.

By virtue of these conditions the last three months had been a time of flattering success to Tito. The result he most cared for was the securing of a future position for himself at Rome or at Milan, for he had a growing determination, when the favourable moment should come, to quit Florence for one of those great capitals where life was easier, and the rewards of talent and learning were more splendid. At present, the scale dipped in favour of Milan; and if within the year he could render certain services to Duke Ludovico Sforza, he had the prospect of a place at the Milanese court, which outweighed the advantages of Rome.

The revelation of the Medicean conspiracy, then, had been a subject of forethought to Tito; but he had not been able to foresee the mode in which it would be brought about. The arrest of Lamberto dell' Antella with a tell-tale letter on his person, and a bitter rancour against the Medici in his heart, was an incalculable event. It was not possible, in spite of the careful pretexts with which his agency had been guarded, that Tito should escape implication: he had never expected this in case of any wide discovery concerning the Medicean plots. But his quick mind had soon traced out the course that would secure his own safety with the fewest unpleasant concomitants. It is agreeable to keep a whole skin; but the skin still remains an organ sensitive to the atmosphere.

His reckoning had not deceived him. That night before he returned home, he had secured the three results for which he most cared: he was to be freed from all proceedings against him on account of complicity with the Medicean; he was to retain his secretaryship for another year, unless he previously resigned it; and, lastly, the price by which he had obtained these guarantees was to be kept as a State secret. The price would have been thought heavy by most men; and Tito himself would rather not have paid it.

He had applied himself first to win the mind of Francesco Valori, who was not only one of the Ten under whom he immediately held his secretaryship, but one of the special council appointed to investigate the evidence of the plot. Francesco Valori, as we have seen, was the head of the Piagnoni, a man with certain fine qualities that were not incom-

patible with violent partisanship, with an arrogant temper that alienated his friends, nor with bitter personal animosities—one of the bitterest being directed against Bernardo del Nero. To him, in a brief private interview, after obtaining a pledge of secrecy, Tito avowed his own agency for the Mediceans—an agency induced by motives about which he was very frank, declaring at the same time that he had always believed their efforts futile, and that he sincerely preferred the maintenance of the popular government; affected to confide to Valori, as a secret, his own personal dislike for Bernardo del Nero; and after this preparation, came to the important statement that there was another Medicean plot, of which, if he obtained certain conditions from the government, he could by a journey to Siena, and into Romagna where Piero de' Medici was again trying to gather forces, obtain documentary evidence to lay before the council. To this end it was essential that his character as a Medicean agent should be unshaken for all Mediceans, and hence the fact that he had been a source of information to the authorities must be wrapped in profound secrecy. Still, some odour of the facts might escape in spite of precaution, and before Tito could incur the unpleasant consequences of acting against his friends, he must be assured of immunity from any prosecution as a Medicean, and from deprivation of office for a year to come.

These propositions did not sound in the ear of Francesco Valori precisely as they sound to us. Valori's mind was not intensely bent on the estimation of Tito's conduct; and it *was* intensely bent on procuring an extreme sentence against the five prisoners. There were sure to be immense efforts to save them; and it was to be wished (on public grounds) that the evidence against them should be of the strongest, so as to alarm all well-affected men at the dangers of clemency. The character of legal proceedings at that time implied that evidence was one of those desirable things which could only be come at by foul means. To catch a few people and torture them into confessing everybody's guilt was one step towards justice; and it was not always easy to see the next unless a traitor turned up. Lamberto dell' Antella had been tortured in aid of his previous willingness to tell more than he knew; nevertheless, additional and stronger facts were desirable, especially against Bernardo del Nero, who, so far as appeared hitherto, had simply refrained from betraying the late plot after having tried in vain to discourage it; for the welfare of Florence demanded that the guilt of Bernardo del Nero should be put in the strongest light. So Francesco Valori zealously believed; and perhaps he was not himself aware that the strength of his zeal was determined by his hatred. He decided that Tito's proposition ought to be accepted, laid it before his colleagues without disclosing Tito's name, and won them over to his opinion. Late in the day Tito was admitted to an audience of the Special Council, and produced a deep sensation among them by revealing another plot for ensuring the mastery of Florence to Piero de' Medici, which was to have been carried into execution in the middle of this very month of August. Documentary evidence on this subject would do more

than anything else to make the right course clear. He received a commission to start for Siena by break of day; and, besides this, he carried away with him from the council chamber a written guarantee of his immunity and of his retention of office.

Among the twenty Florentines who bent their grave eyes on Tito, as he stood gracefully before them, speaking of startling things with easy periphrasis, and with that apparently unaffected admission of being actuated by motives short of the highest which is often the intensest affectation, there were several whose minds were not too entirely pre-occupied for them to pass a new judgment on him in these new circumstances; they silently concluded that this ingenious and serviceable Greek was in future rather to be used for public needs than for private intimacy. Unprincipled men were useful, enabling those who had more scruples to keep their hands tolerably clean in a world where there was much dirty work to be done. Indeed, it was not clear to respectable Florentine brains, unless they held the Frate's extravagant belief in a possible purity and loftiness to be striven for on this earth, how life was to be carried on in any department without human instruments whom it would not be unbecoming to kick or to spit upon in the act of handing them their wages. Some of these very men who passed a tacit judgment on Tito were shortly to be engaged in a memorable transaction that could by no means have been carried through without the use of an unscrupulousness as decided as his; but, as their own bright Pulci had said for them, it is one thing to love the fruits of treachery, and another thing to love traitors.

> Il tradimento a molti piace assai,
> Ma il traditore a ognun non piacque mai.

The same society has had a gibbet for the murderer and a gibbet for the martyr, an execrating hiss for a dastardly act, and as loud a hiss for many a word of generous truthfulness or just insight: a mixed condition of things which is the sign, not of hopeless confusion, but of struggling order.

For Tito himself, he was not unaware that he had sunk a little in the estimate of the men who had accepted his services. He had that degree of self-contemplation which necessarily accompanies the habit of acting on well-considered reasons, of whatever quality; and if he could have chosen, he would have declined to see himself disapproved by men of the world. He had never meant to be disapproved; he had meant always to conduct himself so ably that if he acted in opposition to the standard of other men they should not be aware of it; and the barrier between himself and Romola had been raised by the impossibility of such concealment with her. He shrank from condemnatory judgments as from a climate to which he could not adapt himself. But things were not so plastic in the hands of cleverness as could be wished, and events had turned out inconveniently. He had really no rancour against Messer Bernardo del Nero; he had a personal liking for Lorenzo Tornabuoni and Giovanni Pucci. He had served them very ably, and in such a way that if their party had

been winners he would have merited high reward; but was he to relinquish all the agreeable fruits of life because their party had failed? His proffer of a little additional proof against them would probably have no influence on their fate; in fact, he felt convinced they would escape any extreme consequences; but if he had not given it, his own fortunes, which made a promising fabric, would have been utterly ruined. And what motive could any man really have, except his own interest? Florentines whose passions were engaged in their petty and precarious political schemes might have no self-interest separable from family pride and tenacity in old hatreds and attachments; a modern simpleton who swallowed whole one of the old systems of philosophy, and took the indigestion it occasioned for the signs of a divine afflux or the voice of an inward monitor, might see his interest in a form of self-conceit which he called self-rewarding virtue; fanatics who believed in the coming scourge and renovation might see their own interest in a future palm branch and white robe: but no man of clear intellect allowed his course to be determined by such puerile impulses or questionable inward fumes. Did not Pontanus, poet and philosopher of unrivalled Latinity, make the finest possible oration at Naples to welcome the French king, who had come to dethrone the learned orator's royal friend and patron? and still Pontanus held up his head and prospered. Men did not really care about these things, except when their personal spleen was touched. It was weakness only that was despised; power of any sort carried its immunity; and no man, unless by very rare good fortune, could mount high in the world without incurring a few unpleasant necessities which laid him open to enmity, and perhaps to a little hissing, when enmity wanted a pretext.

It was a faint prognostic of that hissing, gathered by Tito from certain indications when he was before the council, which gave his present conduct the character of an epoch to him, and made him dwell on it with argumentative vindication. It was not that he was taking a deeper step in wrong-doing, for it was not possible that he should feel any tie to the Mediceans to be stronger than the tie to his father; but his conduct to his father had been hidden by successful lying: his present act did not admit of total concealment—in its very nature it was a revelation. And Tito winced under his new liability to disesteem.

Well! a little patience, and in another year, or perhaps in half a year, he might turn his back on these hard, eager Florentines, with their futile quarrels and sinking fortunes. His brilliant success at Florence had had some ugly flaws in it: he had fallen in love with the wrong woman, and Baldassarre had come back under incalculable circumstances. But as Tito galloped with a loose rein towards Siena, he saw a future before him in which he would no longer be haunted by those mistakes. He had much money safe out of Florence already; he was in the fresh ripeness of eight-and-twenty; he was conscious of well-tried skill. Could he not strip himself of the past, as of rehearsal clothing, and throw away the old bundle, to robe himself for the real scene?

It did not enter into Tito's meditations on the future, that, on issuing from the council chamber and descending the stairs, he had brushed against a man whose face he had not stayed to recognize in the lamplight. The man was Ser Ceccone—also willing to serve the State by giving information against unsuccessful employers.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A Final Understanding.

Tito soon returned from Siena, but almost immediately set out on another journey, from which he did not return till the seventeenth of August. Nearly a fortnight had passed since the arrest of the accused, and still they were in prison, still their fate was uncertain. Romola had felt during this interval as if all cares were suspended for her, other than watching the fluctuating probabilities concerning that fate. Sometimes they seemed strongly in favour of the prisoners; for the chances of effective interest on their behalf were heightened by delay, and an indefinite prospect of delay was opened by the reluctance of all persons in authority to incur the odium attendant on any decision. On the one side there was a loud cry that the Republic was in danger, and that lenity to the prisoners would be the signal of attack for all its enemies; on the other, there was the certainty that a sentence of death and confiscation of property passed on five citizens of distinguished name, would entail the rancorous hatred of their relatives on all who were conspicuously instrumental to such a sentence.

The final judgment properly lay with the Eight, who presided over the administration of criminal justice; and the sentence depended on a majority of six votes. But the Eight shrank from their onerous responsibility, and asked in this exceptional case to have it shared by the Signoria (or the Gonfaloniere and the eight Priors). The Signoria in its turn shrugged its shoulders, and proposed the appeal to the Great Council. For, according to a law passed by the earnest persuasion of Savonarola nearly three years before, whenever a citizen was condemned to death by the fatal six votes (called the *sei fave* or *six beans*, beans being in more senses than one the political pulse of Florence), he had the right of appealing from that sentence to the Great Council.

But in this stage of the business, the friends of the accused resisted the appeal, determined chiefly by the wish to gain delay; and, in fact, strict legality required that sentence should have been passed prior to the appeal. Their resistance prevailed, and a middle course was taken: the sentence was referred to a large assembly convened on the seventeenth, consisting of all the higher magistracies, the smaller council or senate of eighty, and a select number of citizens.

On this day Romola, with anxiety heightened by the possibility that

before its close her godfather's fate might be decided, had obtained leave to see him for the second time, but only in the presence of witnesses. She had returned to the Via de' Bardi in company with her cousin Brigida, still ignorant whether the council had come to any decisive issue; and Monna Brigida had gone out again to await the momentous news at the house of a friend belonging to one of the magistracies, that she might bring back authentic tidings as soon as they were to be had.

Romola had sunk on the first seat in the bright saloon, too much agitated, too sick at heart to care about her place, or be conscious of discordance in the objects that surrounded her. She sat with her back to the door, resting her head on her hands. It seemed a long while since Monna Brigida had gone, and Romola was expecting her return. But when the door opened she knew it was not Monna Brigida who entered.

Since she had parted from Tito on that memorable night, she had had no external proof to warrant her belief that he had won his safety by treachery; on the contrary, she had had evidence that he was still trusted by the Mediceans and was believed by them to be accomplishing certain errands of theirs in Romagna, under cover of fulfilling a commission of the government. For the obscurity in which the evidence concerning the conspirators was shrouded allowed it to be understood that Tito had escaped any implication.

But Romola's suspicion was not to be dissipated: her horror of his conduct towards Baldassarre projected itself over every conception of his acts; it was as if she had witnessed him committing a murder and had had a diseased impression ever after that his hands were covered with fresh blood.

As she heard his step on the stone floor, a chill shudder passed through her; she could not turn round, she could not rise to give any greeting. He did not speak, but after an instant's pause took a seat on the other side of the table just opposite to her. Then she raised her eyes and looked at him; but she was mute. He did not show any irritation, but said, coolly—

"This meeting corresponds with our parting, Romola. But I understand that it is a moment of terrible suspense. I am come, however, if you will listen to me, to bring you the relief of hope."

She started, and altered her position, but looked at him dubiously.

"It will not be unwelcome to you to hear—even though it is I who tell it—that the council is prorogued till the twenty-first. The Eight have been frightened at last into passing a sentence of condemnation, but the demand has now been made on behalf of the condemned for an appeal to the Great Council."

Romola's face lost its dubious expression; she asked eagerly—

"And when is it to be made?"

"It has not yet been granted; but it *may* be granted. The council is to meet again on the twenty-first to deliberate whether the appeal shall be allowed or not. In the meantime there is an interval of three days in

which chances may occur in favour of the prisoners—in which interest may be used on their behalf."

Romola started from her seat. The colour had risen to her face like a visible thought, and her hands trembled. In that moment her feeling towards Tito was forgotten.

"Possibly," said Tito, also rising, "your own intention may have anticipated what I was going to say. You are thinking of the Frate."

"I am," said Romola, looking at him with surprise. "Has he done anything? Is there anything to tell me?"

"Only this. It was Messer Francesco Valori's bitterness and violence which chiefly determined the course of things in the council to-day. Half the men who gave in their opinion against the prisoners were frightened into it, and there are numerous friends of Fra Girolamo both in this Special Council and out of it who are strongly opposed to the sentence of death—Piero Guicciardini, for example, who is one member of the Signoria that made the stoutest resistance; and there is Giovan Battista Ridolfi, who, Piagnone as he is, will not lightly forgive the death of his brother Niccolò."

"But how can the Appeal be denied," said Romola, indignantly, "when it is the law—when it was one of the chief glories of the popular government to have passed the law?"

"They call this an exceptional case. Of course there are ingenious arguments, but there is much more of loud bluster about the danger of the republic. But, you see, no opposition could prevent the assembly from being prorogued, and a certain powerful influence rightly applied during the next three days might determine the wavering courage of those who desire that the Appeal should be granted, and might even give a check to the headlong enmity of Francesco Valori. It happens to have come to my knowledge that the Frate has so far interfered as to send a message to him in favour of Lorenzo Tornabuoni. I know you can sometimes have access to the Frate: it might at all events be worth while to use your privilege now."

"It is true," said Romola, with an air of abstraction. "I cannot believe that the Frate would approve denying the Appeal."

"I heard it said by more than one person in the court of the Palazzo, before I came away, that it would be to the everlasting discredit of Fra Girolamo if he allowed a government which is almost entirely made up of his party, to deny the Appeal, without entering his protest, when he has been boasting in his books and sermons that it was he who got the law passed.* But, between ourselves, with all respect for your Frate's ability, my Romola, he had got into the practice of preaching that form of human

* The most recent, and in several respects the best, biographer of Savonarola, Signor Villari, endeavours to show that the Law of Appeal ultimately enacted, being wider than the law originally contemplated by Savonarola, was a source of bitter annoyance to him, as a contrivance of the aristocratic party for attaching to the measures of the popular government the injurious results of licence. But in taking this view the

sacrifices called killing tyrants and wicked malcontents which some of his followers are likely to think inconsistent with lenity in the present case."

"I know, I know," said Romola, with a look and tone of pain. "But he is driven into those excesses of speech. It used to be different. I *will* ask for an interview. I cannot rest without it. I trust in the greatness of his heart."

She was not looking at Tito; her eyes were bent with a vague gaze towards the ground, and she had no distinct consciousness that the words she heard came from her husband.

"Better lose no time, then," said Tito, with unmixed suavity, moving his cap round in his hands as if he were about to put it on and depart. "And now, Romola, you will perhaps be able to see, in spite of prejudice, that my wishes go with yours in this matter. You will not regard the misfortune of my safety as an offence."

Something like an electric shock passed through Romola: it was the full consciousness of her husband's presence returning to her. She looked at him without speaking.

"At least," he added, in a slightly harder tone, "you will endeavour to base our intercourse on some other reasoning than that because an evil deed is possible, *I* have done it. Am I alone to be beyond the pale of your extensive charity?"

The feeling which had been driven back from Romola's lips a fortnight before rose again with the gathered force of a tidal wave. She spoke with a decision which told him that she was careless of consequences.

"It is too late, Tito. There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten. And now I know everything. I know who that old man was: he was your father, to whom you owe everything—to whom you owe more than if you had been his own child. By the side of that, it is a small thing that you broke my trust and my father's. As long as you deny the truth about that old man, there is a horror rising between us: the law that should make us one can never be obeyed. I too am a human being. I have a soul of my own that abhors your actions. Our union is a pretence—as if a perpetual lie could be a sacred marriage."

Tito did not answer immediately. When he did speak it was with a calculated caution, that was stimulated by alarm.

"And you mean to carry out that independence by quitting me, I presume?"

"I desire to quit you," said Romola, impetuously.

"And supposing I do not submit to part with what the law gives me some security for retaining? You will then, of course, proclaim your

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estimable biographer lost sight of the fact that, not only in his sermons but in a deliberately prepared book (the *Compendium Revelationum*) written long after the Appeal had become law, Savonarola enumerates among the benefits secured to Florence, "*the Appeal from the Six Votes, advocated by me, for the greater security of the citizens.*"

reasons in the ear of all Florence. You will bring forward your mad assassin, who is doubtless ready to obey your call, and you will tell the world that you believe his testimony because he is so rational as to desire to assassinate me. You will first inform the Signoria that I am a Mediccan conspirator, and then you will inform the Mediccans that I have betrayed them, and in both cases you will offer the excellent proof that you believe me capable in general of everything bad. It will certainly be a striking position for a wife to adopt. And if, on such evidence, you succeed in holding me up to infamy, you will have surpassed all the heroines of the Greek drama."

He paused a moment, but she stood mute. He went on with the sense of mastery.

"I believe you have no other grievance against me except that I have failed in fulfilling some lofty indefinite conditions on which you gave me your wifely affection, so that, by withdrawing it, you have gradually reduced me to the careful supply of your wants as a fair Piagnone of high condition and liberal charities. I think your success in gibbeting me is not certain. But doubtless you would begin by winning the ear of Messer Bernardo del Nero?"

"Why do I speak of anything?" cried Romola, in anguish, sinking on her chair again. "It is hateful in me to be thinking of myself!"

She did not notice when Tito left the room, or know how long it was before the door opened to admit Monna Brigida. But in that instant she started up and said,

"Cousin, we must go to San Marco directly. I must see my confessor, Fra Salvestro."

CHAPTER LIX.

PLEADING.

THE morning was in its early brightness when Romola was again on her way to San Marco, having obtained through Fra Salvestro, the evening before, the promise of an interview with Fra Girolamo in the chapter-house of the convent. The rigidity with which Savonarola guarded his life from all the pretexts of calumny made such interviews very rare, and whenever they were granted, they were kept free from any appearance of mystery. For this reason the hour chosen was one at which there were likely to be other visitors in the outer cloisters of San Marco.

She chose to pass through the heart of the city that she might notice the signs of public feeling. Every loggia, every convenient corner of the piazza, every shop that made a rendezvous for gossips, was astir with the excitement of gratuitous debate; a languishing trade tending to make political discussion all the more vigorous. It was clear that the parties for and against the death of the conspirators were bent on making the

fullest use of the three days' interval in order to determine the popular mood. Already handbills were in circulation; some presenting, in large print, the alternative of justice on the conspirators or ruin to the republic, others in equally large print urging the observance of the law and the granting of the Appeal. Round these jutting islets of black capitals there were lakes of smaller characters setting forth arguments less necessary to be read; for it was an opinion entertained at that time (in the first flush of triumph at the discovery of printing), that there was no argument more widely convincing than question-begging phrases in large type.

Romola, however, cared especially to become acquainted with the arguments in smaller type, and though obliged to hasten forward she looked round anxiously as she went that she might miss no opportunity of securing copies. For a long way she saw none but such as were in the hands of eager readers, or else fixed on the walls, from which in some places the *sbirri* were tearing them down. But at last, passing behind San Giovanni with a quickened pace that she might avoid the many acquaintances who frequented the piazza, she saw Bratti with a stock of handbills which he appeared to be exchanging for small coin with the passers-by. She was too familiar with the humble life of Florence for Bratti to be any stranger to her, and turning towards him she said, "Have you two sorts of handbills, Bratti? Let me have them quickly."

"Two sorts," said Bratti, separating the wet sheets with a slowness that tried Romola's patience. "There's 'Law,' and there's 'Justice.'"

"Which sort do you sell most of?"

"'Justice'—'Justice' goes the quickest,—so I raised the price and made it two danari. But then I bethought me the 'Law' was good ware too, and had as good a right to be charged for as 'Justice;' for people set no store by cheap things, and if I sold the 'Law' at one danaro, I should be doing it a wrong. And I'm a fair trader. 'Law,' or 'Justice,' it's all one to me; they're good wares. I got 'em both for nothing, and I sell 'em at a fair profit. But you'll want more than one of a sort?"

"No, no: here's a white quattrino for the two," said Romola, folding up the bills and hurrying away.

She was soon in the outer cloisters of San Marco, where Fra Salvestro was awaiting her under the cloister, but did not notice the approach of her light step. He was chatting, according to his habit, with lay visitors; for under the auspices of a government friendly to the Frate, the timidity about frequenting San Marco, which had followed on the first shock of the excommunication, had been gradually giving way. In one of these lay visitors she recognized a well-known satellite of Francesco Valori, named Andrea Cambini, who was narrating or expounding with emphatic gesticulation, while Fra Salvestro was listening with that air of trivial curiosity which tells that the listener cares very much about news and very little about its quality. This characteristic of her confessor, which was always repulsive to Romola, was made exasperating to her at

this moment by the certainty she gathered, from the disjointed words which reached her ear, that Cambini was narrating something relative to the fate of the conspirators. She chose not to approach the group, but as soon as she saw that she had arrested Fra Salvestro's attention, she turned towards the door of the chapter-house, while he, making a sign of approval, disappeared within the inner cloister. A lay brother stood ready to open the door of the chapter-house for her, and closed it behind her as she entered.

Once more looked at by those sad frescoed figures which had seemed to be mourning with her at the death of her brother Dino, it was inevitable that something of that scene should come back to her; but the intense occupation of her mind with the present made the remembrance less a retrospect than an indistinct recurrence of impressions which blended themselves with her agitating fears, as if her actual anxiety were a revival of the strong yearning she had once before brought to this spot—to be repelled by marble rigidity. She gave no space for the remembrance to become more definite, for she at once opened the handbills, thinking she should perhaps be able to read them in the interval before Fra Girolamo appeared. But by the time she had read to the end of the one that recommended the observance of the law, the door was opening, and doubling up the papers she stood expectant.

When the Frate had entered she knelt, according to the usual practice of those who saw him in private; but as soon as he had uttered a benedictory greeting she rose and stood opposite to him at a few yards' distance. Owing to his seclusion since he had been excommunicated, it had been an unusually long while since she had seen him, and the late months had visibly deepened in his face the marks of overtaxed mental activity and bodily severities; and yet Romola was not so conscious of this change as of another, which was less definable. Was it that the expression of serene elevation and pure human fellowship which had once moved her was no longer present in the same force, or was it that the sense of his being divided from her in her feeling about her godfather roused the slumbering sources of alienation, and marred her own vision? Perhaps both causes were at work. Our relations with our fellow-men are most often determined by coincident currents of that sort; the inexcusable word or deed seldom comes until after affection or reverence has been already enfeebled by the strain of repeated excuses.

It was true that Savonarola's glance at Romola had some of that hardness which is caused by an egoistic prepossession. He divined that the interview she had sought was to turn on the fate of the conspirators, a subject on which he had already had to quell inner voices that might become loud again when encouraged from without. Seated in his cell, correcting the sheets of his *Triumph of the Cross*, it was easier to repose on a resolution of neutrality.

"It is a question of moment, doubtless, on which you wished to see me, my daughter," he began, in a tone which was gentle rather from

self-control than from immediate inclination. "I know you are not wont to lay stress on small matters."

"Father, you know what it is before I tell you," said Romola, forgetting everything else as soon as she began to pour forth her plea. "You know what I am caring for—it is for the life of the old man I love best in the world. The thought of him has gone together with the thought of my father as long as I remember the daylight. That is my warrant for coming to you, even if my coming should have been needless. Perhaps it is: perhaps you have already determined that your power over the hearts of men shall be used to prevent them from denying to Florentines a right which you yourself helped to earn for them."

"I meddle not with the functions of the State, my daughter," said Fra Girolamo, strongly disinclined to reopen externally a debate which he had already gone through inwardly. "I have preached and laboured that Florence should have a good government, for a good government is needful to the perfecting of the Christian life; but I keep away my hands from particular affairs, which it is the office of experienced citizens to administer."

"Surely, father——" Romola broke off. She had uttered this first word almost impetuously, but she was checked by the counter agitation of feeling herself in an attitude of remonstrance towards the man who had been the source of guidance and strength to her. In the act of rebelling she was bruising her own reverence.

Savonarola was too keen not to divine something of the conflict that was arresting her—too noble, deliberately to assume in calm speech that self-justifying evasiveness into which he was often hurried in public by the crowding impulses of the orator.

"Say what is in your heart; speak on, my daughter," he said, standing with his arms laid one upon the other, and looking at her with quiet expectation.

"I was going to say, father, that this matter is surely of higher moment than many about which I have heard you preach and exhort fervidly. If it belonged to you to urge that men condemned for offences against the State should have the right to appeal to the Great Council—if—" Romola was getting eager again—"if you count it a glory to have won that right for them, can it less belong to you to declare yourself against the right being denied to almost the first men who need it? Surely that touches the Christian life more closely than whether you knew beforehand that the Dauphin would die, or whether Pisa will be conquered."

There was a subtle movement, like a subdued sign of pain, in Savonarola's strong lips, before he began to speak.

"My daughter, I speak as it is given me to speak—I am not master of the times when I may become the vehicle of knowledge beyond the common lights of men. In this case I have no illumination beyond what wisdom may give to those who are charged with the safety of the State.

As to the law of Appeal against the Six Votes, I laboured to have it passed in order that no Florentine should be subject to loss of life and goods through the private hatred of a few who might happen to be in power; but these five men, who have desired to overthrow a free government and restore a corrupt tyrant, have been condemned with the assent of a large assembly of their fellow-citizens. They refused at first to have their cause brought before the Great Council. They have lost the right to the appeal."

"How can they have lost it?" said Romola. "It is the right to appeal against condemnation, and they have never been condemned till now; and, forgive me, father, it *is* private hatred that would deny them the appeal; it *is* the violence of the few that frightens others; else why was the assembly divided again directly, after it had seemed to agree? And if anything weighs against the observance of the law, let this weigh *for* it—this, that you used to preach more earnestly than all else, that there should be no place given to hatred and bloodshed because of these party strifes, so that private ill-will should not find its opportunities in public acts. Father, you *know* that there is private hatred concerned here: will it not dishonour you not to have interposed on the side of mercy, when there are many who hold that it is also the side of law and justice?"

"My daughter," said Fra Girolamo, with more visible emotion than before, "there is a mercy which is weakness, and even treason against the common good. The safety of Florence, which means even more than the welfare of Florentines, now demands severity, as it once demanded mercy. It is not only for a past plot that these men are condemned, but also for a plot which has not yet been executed; and the devices that were leading to its execution are not put an end to: the tyrant is still gathering his forces in Romagna, and the enemies of Florence, that sit in the highest places of Italy, are ready to hurl any stone that will crush her."

"What plot?" said Romola, reddening, and trembling with alarmed surprise.

"You carry papers in your hand, I see," said Fra Girolamo, pointing to the handbills. "One of them will, perhaps, tell you that the government has had new information."

Romola hastily opened the handbill she had not yet read, and saw that the government had now positive evidence of a second plot, which was to have been carried out in this August time. To her mind it was like reading a confirmation that Tito had won his safety by foul means; his pretence of wishing that the Frate should exert himself on behalf of the condemned only helped the wretched conviction. She crushed up the paper in her hand, and, turning to Savonarola, she said, with new passion, "Father, what safety can there be for Florence when the worst man can always escape? And," she went on, a sudden flash of remembrance coming from the thought about her husband, "have not you yourself encouraged this deception which corrupts the life of Florence, by wanting more favour to be shown to Lorenzo Tornabuoni, who has worn two faces,

and flattered you with a show of affection, when my godfather has always been honest? Ask all Florence who of those five men has the truest heart, and there will not be many who will name any other name than Bernardo del Nero. You did interpose with Francesco Valori for the sake of one prisoner: you have *not* then been neutral; and you know that your word will be powerful."

"I do not desire the death of Bernardo," said Savonarola, colouring deeply. "It would be enough if he were sent out of the city."

"Then why do you not speak to save an old man of seventy-five from dying a death of ignominy—to give him at least the fair chances of the law?" burst out Romola, the impetuosity of her nature so roused that she forgot everything but her indignation. "It is not that you feel bound to be neutral; else why did you speak for Lorenzo Tornabuoni? You spoke for him because he is more friendly to San Marco; my godfather feigns no friendship. It is not then as a Medicean that my godfather is to die; it is as a man you have no love for!"

When Romola paused, with cheeks glowing, and with quivering lips, there was dead silence. As she saw Fra Girolamo standing motionless before her, she seemed to herself to be hearing her own words over again; words that seemed in this echo of consciousness to be in strange, painful dissonance with the memories that made part of his presence to her. The moments of silence were expanded by gathering compunction and self-doubt. She had committed sacrilege in her passion. And even the sense that she could retract nothing of her plea, that her mind could not submit itself to Savonarola's negative, made it the more needful to her to satisfy those reverential memories. With a sudden movement towards him, she said,

"Forgive me, father; it is pain to me to have spoken those words—yet I cannot help speaking. I am little and feeble compared with you; you brought me light and strength. But I submitted because I felt the proffered strength—because I saw the light. *Now* I cannot see it. Father, you yourself declare that there comes a moment when the soul must have no guide but the voice within it, to tell whether the consecrated thing has sacred virtue. And therefore I must speak."

Savonarola had that readily roused resentment towards opposition, hardly separable from a power-loving and powerful nature, accustomed to seek great ends that cast a reflected grandeur on the means by which they are sought. His sermons have much of that red flame in them. And if he had been a meaner man his susceptibility might have shown itself in irritation at Romola's accusatory freedom, which was in strong contrast with the deference he habitually received from his disciples. But at this moment such feelings were nullified by that hard struggle which made half the tragedy of his life—the struggle of a mind possessed by a never-silent hunger after purity and simplicity, yet caught in a tangle of egoistic demands, false ideas, and difficult outward conditions, that made simplicity impossible. Keenly alive to all the

suggestions of Romola's remonstrating words, he was rapidly surveying, as he had done before, the courses of action that were open to him, and their probable results. But it was a question on which arguments could seem decisive only in proportion as they were charged with feeling, and he had received no impulse that could alter his bias. He looked at Romola and said—

"You have full pardon for your frankness, my daughter. You speak, I know, out of the fulness of your family affections. But these affections must give way to the needs of the republic. If those men, who have a close acquaintance with the affairs of the State, believe, as I understand they do, that the public safety requires the extreme punishment of the law to fall on those five conspirators, I cannot control their opinion, seeing that I stand aloof from such affairs."

"Then you desire that they should die? You desire that the Appeal should be denied them?" said Romola, feeling anew repelled by a vindication which seemed to her to have the nature of a subterfuge.

"I have said that I do not desire their death."

"Then," said Romola, her indignation rising again, "you can be indifferent that Florentines should inflict death which you do not desire, when you might have protested against it—when you might have helped to hinder it, by urging the observance of a law which you held it good to get passed. Father, you used not to stand aloof: you used not to shrink from protesting. Do not say you cannot protest where the lives of men are concerned; say rather, you desire their death. Say rather, you hold it good for Florence that there shall be more blood and more hatred. Will the death of five Mediceans put an end to parties in Florence? Will the death of a noble old man like Bernardo del Nero save a city that holds such men as Dolfo Spini?"

"My daughter, it is enough. The cause of freedom, which is the cause of God's kingdom upon earth, is often most injured by the enemies who carry within them the power of certain human virtues. The wickedest man is often not the most insurmountable obstacle to the triumph of good."

"Then why do you say again, that you do not desire my godfather's death?" said Romola, in mingled anger and despair. "Rather, you hold it the more needful he should die because he is the better man. I cannot unravel your thoughts, father; I cannot hear the real voice of your judgment and conscience."

There was a moment's pause. Then Savonarola said, with keener emotion than he had yet shown,

"Be thankful, my daughter, if your own soul has been spared perplexity; and judge not those to whom a harder lot has been given. *You* see one ground of action in this matter. I see many. I have to choose that which will further the work entrusted to me. The end I seek is one to which minor respects must be sacrificed. The death of five men—were they less guilty than these—is a light matter weighed

against the withstanding of the vicious tyrannies which stifle the life of Italy, and foster the corruption of the Church; a light matter weighed against the furthering of God's kingdom upon earth, the end for which I live and am willing myself to die."

Under any other circumstances, Romola would have been sensitive to the appeal at the beginning of Savonarola's speech; but at this moment she was so utterly in antagonism with him, that what he called perplexity seemed to her sophistry and doubleness; and as he went on, his words only fed that flame of indignation, which now again, more fully than ever before, lit up the memory of all his mistakes, and made her trust in him seem to have been a purblind delusion. She spoke almost with bitterness.

"Do you then know so well what will further the coming of God's kingdom, father, that you will dare to despise the plea of mercy—of justice—of faithfulness to your own teaching? Has the French king then brought renovation to Italy? Take care, father, lest your enemies have some reason when they say, that in your visions of what will further God's kingdom you see only what will strengthen your own party."

"And that is true!" said Savonarola, with flashing eyes. Romola's voice had seemed to him in that moment the voice of his enemies. "The cause of my party *is* the cause of God's kingdom."

"I do not believe it!" said Romola, her whole frame shaken with passionate repugnance. "God's kingdom is something wider—else, let me stand outside it with the beings that I love."

The two faces were lit up, each with an opposite emotion, each with an opposite certitude. Further words were impossible. Romola hastily covered her head and went out in silence.

CHAPTER LX.

The Scaffold.

Three days later the moon that was just surmounting the buildings of the piazza in front of the Old Palace within the hour of midnight, did not make the usual broad lights and shadows on the pavement. Not a hand's breadth of pavement was to be seen, but only the heads of an eager struggling multitude. And instead of that background of silence in which the pattering footsteps and buzzing voices, the lute-thrumming or rapid scampering of the many night wanderers of Florence stood out in obtrusive distinctness, there was the background of a roar from mingled shouts and imprecations, tramplings and pushings, and accidental clashing of weapons, across which nothing was distinguishable but a darting shriek or the heavy dropping toll of a bell.

Almost all who could call themselves the public of Florence were awake at that hour, and either enclosed within the limits of that piazza, or

struggling to enter it. Within the palace were still assembled in the council chamber all the chief magistracies, the eighty members of the senate, and the other select citizens who had been in hot debate through long hours of daylight and torchlight whether the Appeal should be granted or whether the sentence of death should be executed on the prisoners forthwith, to forestal the dangerous chances of delay. And the debate had been so much like fierce quarrel that the noise from the council chamber had reached the crowd outside. Only within the last hour had the question been decided: the Signoria had remained divided, four of them standing out resolutely for the Appeal in spite of the strong argument that if they did not give way their houses should be sacked, until Francesco Valori, in brief and furious speech, made the determination of his party more ominously distinct by declaring that if the Signoria would not defend the liberties of the Florentine people by executing those five perfidious citizens, there would not be wanting others who would take that cause in hand to the peril of all who opposed it. The Florentine Cato triumphed. When the votes were counted again, the four obstinate white beans no longer appeared; the whole nine were of the fatal affirmative black, deciding the death of the five prisoners without delay—deciding also, only tacitly and with much more delay, the death of Francesco Valori.

And now, while the judicial Eight were gone to the Bargello to prepare for the execution, the five condemned men were being led barefoot and in irons through the midst of the council. It was their friends who had contrived this: would not Florentines be moved by the visible association of such cruel ignominy with two venerable men like Bernardo del Nero and Niccolò Ridolfi, who had taken their bias long before the new order of things had come to make Mediceanism retrograde—with two brilliant popular young men like Tornabuoni and Pucci, whose absence would be felt as a haunting vacancy wherever there was a meeting of chief Florentines? It was useless: such pity as could be awakened now was of that hopeless sort which leads not to rescue, but to the tardier action of revenge.

While this scene was passing upstairs Romola stood below against one of the massive pillars in the court of the palace, expecting the moment when her godfather would appear, on his way to execution. By the use of strong interest she had gained permission to visit him in the evening of this day, and remain with him until the result of the council should be determined. And now she was waiting with his confessor to follow the guard that would lead him to the Bargello. Her heart was bent on clinging to the presence of the childless old man to the last moment, as her father would have done, and she had overpowered all remonstrances. Giovan Battista Ridolfi, a disciple of Savonarola, who was going in bitterness to behold the death of his elder brother Niccolò, had promised that she should be guarded, and now stood by her side.

Tito, too, was in the palace; but Romola had not seen him. Since the evening of the seventeenth they had avoided each other, and Tito

only knew by inference from the report of the Frate's neutrality that her pleading had failed. He was now surrounded with official and other personages, both Florentine and foreign, who had been awaiting the issue of the long-protracted council, maintaining, except when he was directly addressed, the subdued air and grave silence of a man whom actual events are placing in a painful state of strife between public and private feeling. When an allusion was made to his wife in relation to those events, he implied that, owing to the violent excitement of her mind, the mere fact of his continuing to hold office under a government concerned in her godfather's condemnation, roused in her a diseased hostility towards him; so that for her sake he felt it best not to approach her.

"Ah, the old Bardi blood!" said Cennini, with a shrug. "I shall not be surprised if this business shakes *her* loose from the Frate, as well as some others I could name."

"It is excusable in a woman, who is doubtless beautiful, since she is the wife of Messer Tito," said a young French envoy, smiling and bowing to Tito, "to think that her affections must overrule the good of the State, and that nobody is to be beheaded who is anybody's cousin; but such a view is not to be encouraged in the male population. It seems to me your Florentine polity is much weakened by it."

"That is true," said Niccolò Macchiavelli; "but where personal ties are strong, the hostilities they raise must be taken due account of. Many of these halfway severities are mere hotheaded blundering. The only safe blows to be inflicted on men and parties are the blows that are too heavy to be avenged."

"Niccolò," said Cennini, "there is a clever wickedness in thy talk sometimes that makes me mistrust thy pleasant young face as if it were a mask of Satan."

"Not at all, my good Domenico," said Macchiavelli, smiling, and laying his hand on the elder's shoulder. "Satan was a blunderer, an introducer of *novità*, who made a stupendous failure. If he had succeeded, we should all have been worshipping him, and his portrait would have been more flattered."

"Well, well," said Cennini, "I say not thy doctrine is not too clever for Satan: I only say it is wicked enough for him."

"I tell you," said Macchiavelli, "my doctrine is the doctrine of all men who seek an end a little farther off than their own noses. Ask our Frate, our prophet, how his universal renovation is to be brought about: he will tell you, first, by getting a free and pure government; and since it appears that cannot be done by making all Florentines love each other, it must be done by cutting off every head that happens to be obstinately in the way. Only if a man incurs odium by sanctioning a severity that is not thorough enough to be final, he commits a blunder. And something like that blunder, I suspect, the Frate has committed. It was an occasion on which he might have won some lustre by exerting himself to maintain the Appeal; instead of that, he has lost lustre, and has gained no strength."

Before any one else could speak, there came the expected announcement that the prisoners were about to leave the council chamber; and the majority of those who were present hurried towards the door, intent on securing the freest passage to the Bargello in the rear of the prisoners' guard; for the scene of the execution was one that drew alike those who were moved by the deepest passions and those who were moved by the coldest curiosity.

Tito was one of those who remained behind. He had a native repugnance to sights of death and pain, and five days ago whenever he had thought of this execution as a possibility he had hoped that it would not take place, and that the utmost sentence would be exile: his own safety demanded no more. But now he felt that it would be a welcome guarantee of his security when he had learned that Bernardo del Nero's head was off the shoulders. The new knowledge and new attitude towards him disclosed by Romola on the day of his return, had given him a new dread of the power she possessed to make his position insecure. If any act of hers only succeeded in making him an object of suspicion and odium, he foresaw not only frustration, but frustration under unpleasant circumstances. Her belief in Baldassarre had clearly determined her wavering feelings against further submission, and if her godfather lived, she would win him to share her belief without much trouble. Romola seemed more than ever an unmanageable fact in his destiny. But if Bernardo del Nero were dead, the difficulties that would beset her in placing herself in opposition to her husband would probably be insurmountable to her shrinking pride. Therefore Tito had felt easier when he knew that the Eight had gone to the Bargello to order the instant erection of the scaffold. Four other men—his intimates and confederates—were to die, besides Bernardo del Nero. But a man's own safety is a god that sometimes makes very grim demands. Tito felt them to be grim: even in the pursuit of what was agreeable, this paradoxical life forced upon him the desire for what was disagreeable. But he had had other experience of this sort, and as he heard through the open doorway the shuffle of many feet and the clanking of metal on the stairs, he was able to answer the questions of the young French envoy without showing signs of any other feeling than that of sad resignation to State necessities.

Those sounds fell on Romola as if her power of hearing had been exalted along with every other sensibility of her nature. She needed no arm to support her; she shed no tears. She felt that intensity of life which seems to transcend both grief and joy—in which the mind seems to itself akin to elder forces that wrought out existence before the birth of pleasure and pain. Since her godfather's fate had been decided, the previous struggle of feeling in her had given way to an identification of herself with him in these supreme moments: she was inwardly asserting for him that, if he suffered the punishment of treason, he did not deserve the name of traitor; he was the victim to a collision between two kinds of faithfulness. It was not given to him to die for the noblest cause, and

yet he died because of his nobleness. He might have been a meaner man and found it easier not to incur this guilt. Romola was feeling the full force of that sympathy with the individual lot that is continually opposing itself to the formulæ by which actions and parties are judged. She was treading the way with her second father to the scaffold, and nerving herself to defy ignominy by the consciousness that it was not deserved.

The way was fenced in by three hundred armed men, who had been placed as a guard by the orders of Francesco Valori, for among the apparent contradictions that belonged to this event, not the least striking was the alleged alarm on the one hand at the popular rage against the conspirators, and the alleged alarm on the other lest there should be an attempt to rescue them in the midst of a hostile crowd. When they had arrived within the court of the Bargello, Romola was allowed to approach Bernardo with his confessor for a moment of farewell. Many eyes were bent on them even in that struggle of an agitated throng, as the aged man, forgetting that his hands were bound with irons, lifted them towards the golden head that was bent towards him, and then, checking that movement, leaned to kiss her. She seized the fettered hands that were hung down again, and kissed them as if they had been sacred things.

"My poor Romola," said Bernardo, in a low voice, "I have only to die, but thou hast to live—and I shall not be there to help thee."

"Yes," said Romola, hurriedly, "you *will* help me—always—because I shall remember you."

She was taken away and conducted up the flight of steps that led to the loggia surrounding the grand old court. She took her place there, determined to look till the moment when her godfather laid his head on the block. Now while the prisoners were allowed a brief interval with their confessor, the spectators were pressing into the court until the crowd became dense around the black scaffold, and the torches fixed in iron rings against the pillars threw a varying startling light at one moment on passionless stone carvings, at another on some pale face agitated with suppressed rage or suppressed grief—the face of one among the many near relatives of the condemned, who were presently to receive their dead and carry them home.

Romola's face looked like a marble image against the dark arch as she stood watching for the moment when her godfather would appear at the foot of the scaffold. He was to suffer first, and Battista Ridolfi, who was by her side, had promised to take her away through a door behind them when she should have seen the last look of the man who alone in all the world had shared her pitying love for her father. And still, in the background of her thought, there was the possibility striving to be a hope, that some rescue might yet come, something that would keep that scaffold unstained by blood.

For a long while there was constant movement, lights flickering, heads swaying to and fro, confused voices within the court, rushing waves

of sound through the entrance from without. It seemed to Romola as if she were in the midst of a storm or a troubled sea, caring nothing about the storm, but only about holding out a signal till the eyes that looked for it could seek it no more.

Suddenly there was stillness, and the very tapers seemed to tremble into quiet. The executioner was ready on the scaffold, and Bernardo del Nero was seen ascending it with a slow firm step. Romola made no visible movement, uttered not even a suppressed sound: she stood more firmly, caring for *his* firmness. She saw him pause, saw the white head kept erect, while he said in a voice distinctly audible,

"It is but a short space of life that my fellow-citizens have taken from me."

She perceived that he was gazing slowly round him as he spoke. She felt that his eyes were resting on her, and that she was stretching out her arms towards him. Then she saw no more till—a long while after as it seemed—a voice said, "My daughter, all is peace now. I can conduct you to your house."

She uncovered her head and saw her godfather's confessor standing by her, in a room where there were other grave men talking in subdued tones.

"I am ready," she said, starting up. "Let us lose no time."

She thought all clinging was at an end for her: all her strength now should be given to escape from a grasp under which she shuddered.

CHAPTER LXI.

Drifting Away.

On the eighth day from that memorable night Romola was standing on the brink of the Mediterranean, watching the gentle summer pulse of the sea just above what was then the little fishing village of Viareggio.

Again she had fled from Florence, and this time no arresting voice had called her back. Again she wore the grey religious dress; and this time, in her heart-sickness, she did not care that it was a disguise. A new rebellion had risen in her, a new despair. Why should she care about wearing one badge more than another, or about being called by her own name? She despaired of finding any consistent duty belonging to that name. What force was there to create for her that hallowed supreme motive which men call duty, but which can have no inward constraining existence save through some form of believing love? The bonds of all strong affection were snapped. In her marriage, the highest bond of all, she had ceased to see the mystic union which is its own guarantee of indissolubleness, had ceased even to see the obligation of a voluntary pledge: had she not proved that the things to which she had pledged herself were impossible? The impulse to set herself free had risen again

with overmastering force; yet the freedom could only be an exchange of calamity. There is no compensation for the woman who feels that the chief relation of her life has been no more than a mistake. She has lost her crown. The deepest secret of human blessedness has half whispered itself to her, and then for ever passed her by.

And now Romola's best support under that supreme woman's sorrow had slipped away from her. The vision of any great purpose, any end of existence which could ennoble endurance and exalt the common deeds of a dusty life with divine ardours, was utterly eclipsed for her now by the sense of a confusion in human things which made all effort a mere dragging at tangled threads; all fellowship, either for resistance or advocacy, mere unfairness and exclusiveness. What, after all, was the man who had represented for her the highest heroism: the heroism not of hard self-contained endurance, but of willing, self-offering love? What was the cause he was struggling for? Romola had lost her trust in Savonarola, had lost that fervour of admiration which had made her unmindful of his aberrations, and attentive only to the grand curve of his orbit. And now that her keen feeling for her godfather had thrown her into antagonism with the Frate, she saw all the repulsive and inconsistent details in his teaching with a painful lucidity which exaggerated their proportions. In the bitterness of her disappointment she said that his striving after the renovation of the Church and the world was a striving after a mere name which told no more than the title of a book: a name that had come to mean practically the measures that would strengthen his own position in Florence; nay, often questionable deeds and words, for the sake of saving his influence from suffering by his own errors. And that political reform which had once made a new interest in her life seemed now to reduce itself to narrow devices for the safety of Florence, in contemptible contradiction with the alternating professions of blind trust in the Divine care.

It was inevitable that she should judge the Frate unfairly on a question of individual suffering, at which *she* looked with the eyes of personal tenderness, and *he* with the eyes of theoretic conviction. In that declaration of his, that the cause of his party was the cause of God's kingdom, she heard only the ring of egoism. Perhaps such words have rarely been uttered without that meaner ring in them; yet they are the implicit formula of all energetic belief. And if such energetic belief, pursuing a grand and remote end, is often in danger of becoming a demon-worship, in which the votary lets his son and daughter pass through the fire with a readiness that hardly looks like sacrifice; tender fellow-feeling for the nearest has its danger too, and is apt to be timid and sceptical toward the larger aims without which life cannot rise into religion. In this way poor Romola was being blinded by her tears.

No one who has ever known what it is thus to lose faith in a fellow man whom he has profoundly loved and reverenced, will lightly say that the shock can leave the faith in the Invisible Goodness unshaken. With the sinking of high human trust, the dignity of life sinks too; we cease to

believe in our own better self, since that also is part of the common nature which is degraded in our thought; and all the finer impulses of the soul are dulled. Romola felt even the springs of her once active pity drying up, and leaving her to barren egoistic complaining. Had not *she* had her sorrows too? And few had cared for her, while she had cared for many. She had done enough; she had striven after the impossible, and was weary of this stifling crowded life. She longed for that repose in mere sensation which she had sometimes dreamed of in the sultry afternoons of her early girlhood, when she had fancied herself floating naïad-like in the waters.

The clear waves seemed to invite her: she wished she could lie down to sleep on them and pass from sleep into death. But Romola could not directly seek death; the fulness of young life in her forbade that. She could only wish that death would come.

At the spot where she had paused there was a deep bend in the shore and a small boat with a sail was moored there. In her longing to glide over the waters that were getting golden with the level sun-rays, she thought of a story which had been one of the things she had loved to dwell on in Boccaccio, when her father fell asleep and she glided from her stool to sit on the floor and read the *Decamerone*. It was the story of that fair Gostanza who in her love-lornness desired to live no longer, but not having the courage to attack her young life, had put herself into a boat and pushed off to sea; then, lying down in the boat, had wrapped her mantle round her head, hoping to be wrecked, so that her fear would be helpless to flee from death. The memory had remained a mere thought in Romola's mind, without budding into any distinct wish; but now, as she paused again in her walking to and fro, she saw gliding black against the red gold another boat with one man in it, making towards the bend where the first and smaller boat was moored. Walking on again, she at length saw the man land, pull his boat ashore, and begin to unlade something from it. He was perhaps the owner of the smaller boat also: he would be going away soon, and her opportunity would be gone with him—her opportunity of buying that smaller boat. She had not yet admitted to herself that she meant to use it, but she felt a sudden eagerness to secure the possibility of using it, which disclosed the half-unconscious growth of a thought into a desire.

"Is that little boat yours also?" she said to the fisherman, who had looked up, a little startled by the tall grey figure, and had made a reverence to this holy Sister wandering thus mysteriously in the evening solitude.

It *was* his boat; an old one, hardly sea-worthy, yet worth repairing to any man who would buy it. By the blessing of San Antonio, whose chapel was in the village yonder, his fishing had prospered, and he had now a better boat, which had once been Gianni's who died. But he had not yet sold the old one. Romola asked him how much it was worth, and then, while he was busy, thrust the price into a little satchel lying on

the ground and containing the remnant of his dinner. After that, she watched him furling his sail and asked him how he should set it if he wanted to go out to sea, and then, pacing up and down again, waited to see him depart.

The imagination of herself gliding away in that boat on the darkening waters was growing more and more into a longing, as the thought of a cool brook in sultriness becomes a painful thirst. To be freed from the burden of choice when all motive was bruised, to commit herself, sleeping, to destiny which would either bring death or else new necessities that might rouse a new life in her!—it was a thought that beckoned her the more because the soft evening air made her long to rest in the still solitude, instead of going back to the noise and heat of the village.

At last the slow fisherman had gathered up all his moveables and was walking away. Soon the gold was shrinking and getting duskier in sea and sky, and there was no living thing in sight, no sound but the lulling monotony of the lapping waves. In this sea there was no tide that would help to carry her away if she waited for its ebb; but Romola thought the breeze from the land was rising a little. She got into the boat, unfurled the sail, and fastened it as she had learned in that first brief lesson. She saw that it caught the light breeze, and this was all she cared for. Then she loosed the boat from its moorings, and tried to urge it with an oar, till she was far out from the land, till the sea was dark even to the west, and the stars were disclosing themselves like a palpitating life over the wide heavens. Resting at last, she threw back her cowl, and, taking off the kerchief underneath, which confined her hair, she doubled them both under her head for a pillow on one of the boat's ribs. The fair head was still very young and could bear a hard pillow.

And so she lay, with the soft night air breathing on her while she glided on the waters and watched the deepening quiet of the sky. She was alone now: she had freed herself from all claims, she had freed herself even from that burden of choice which presses with heavier and heavier weight when claims have loosed their guiding hold.

Had she found anything like the dream of her girlhood? No. Memories hung upon her like the weight of broken wings that could never be lifted—memories of human sympathy which even in its pains leaves a thirst that the Great Mother has no milk to still. Romola felt orphaned in those wide spaces of sea and sky. She read no message of love for her in that far-off symbolic writing of the heavens, and with a great sob she wished that she might be gliding into death.

She drew the cowl over her head again and covered her face, choosing darkness rather than the light of the stars, which seemed to her like the hard light of eyes that looked at her without seeing her. Presently she felt that she was in the grave, but not resting there: she was touching the hands of the beloved dead beside her, and trying to wake them.

Spiritualism.

THREE years ago an article was published in this Magazine under the title of "Stranger than Fiction," which contained a report of the writer's personal experience of one of Mr. Home's sittings, and which in some quarters has produced the remarkable inference that the CORNHILL MAGAZINE was a ghostly organ, favouring the pretensions of spirit-rappers and others of the same or analogous persuasions. This notion is worth noticing solely because it illustrates the excessive folly with which people are in the habit of arguing on such subjects. A respectable and, in general, credible witness wishes to inform the public that he saw certain very strange sights under circumstances which gave him full opportunities of observation. A Magazine, the object of which is to inform and amuse the public, inserts his account of what he saw and heard, without comment—*ergo*, the persons connected with the management of the magazine must not only believe this particular statement but must also be believers in the truth of the pretensions of the principal performer in the story, and of those of other persons of the same class. In fact, the conclusion is totally false. Strange as it may appear to those who believe whatever they hear, there is such a thing as a power of disbelieving evidence on the bare ground of its improbability, and without reference to the credit of the witness. It is perhaps not unfortunate for the world that it does contain some people who are not absolutely at the mercy of every respectable person who chooses to come and tell them an incredible story. It may also possibly contribute to the general comfort of society that people of this way of thinking do not always feel it necessary to be rude to a person whom they do not believe, and that they content themselves with not believing the story without, on that account, thinking the worse of the narrator. No doubt such conduct is unintelligible to heated partisans, or to those who do not much care what sort of opinions they admit into their heads. Such persons cannot understand the Scribe and the Pharisee who pass by on the other side. If you are not disposed to be a Good Samaritan pouring the oil and wine of submissive credulity into the wounds of their vanity, they would prefer you to be one of those who fall upon them by the wayside, and whom they may denounce as thieves and robbers.

In illustration of this matter we propose to consider in the present paper, what opinion a person of ordinary common sense would form of Spiritualism, a subject to which public attention has just been pointed in a somewhat marked manner by the publication of two or three works on the subject. The most pretentious, and the least satisfactory of these, is Mr. Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*. Mr. Home's *Autobiography*

is, as far as it goes, more important, because it is first-hand testimony; and Mr. Robert Dale Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, published two years ago, is certainly cautious and as moderate as a book can be which is one mass of marvels utterly incredible to the average human mind.

It may be convenient for the purposes of this paper to invert the usual order, and to begin by stating the conclusion which the writer personally draws from a pretty careful perusal of these books and other publications of the same kind. He does not believe a single word of them from one end to the other. The stories which they contain run off his mind like water off a duck's back, and appear to him altogether unworthy of credit.

The case of the spiritualists is that, *à priori*, there is no reason why spirits should not appear, and that there is abundance of specific evidence to show that they do, of the same sort that would be considered decisive on other important occasions, for instance in the administration of justice. It is the object of the books mentioned above to enforce these points. The work of Mr. Howitt is addressed principally to the general, and that of Mr. Owen to the particular, question. Mr. Howitt declares not only that on *à priori* grounds, there is no reason to suppose that spirits will not appear, but that the general inference to be derived from the history of mankind is that they will. He has industriously put together every supernatural history on which he has been able to lay his hands in any part of the world, and from the whole of them, collectively, he infers that the belief in supernatural appearances is justified not by this or that particular occurrence, but by the general and permanent convictions of the human race.

No kind of argument is either more popular than this or less deserving of attention. It is popular because it may always be alleged in favour of any common opinion, true or false. It is always probable that the reasons, whatever they may be, which have led one person to form an opinion, have had the same effect upon others, and hence, unless the mere fact that an opinion is held by A is proof that it is true, the fact that it is held by B, C, D, and so on up to Z, is no proof that it is true. If one person is mistaken a thousand may be, especially if the mistake of the one arises from any cause likely to act on very many. Who supposes that Buddhism is true because, perhaps, 300,000,000 people believe it, and because all their ancestors, for many centuries, have believed it? Even if the consent of a vast number of people had any tendency to prove the truth of the opinion held by them, it would be practically impossible to apply the test to any given instance; for in order to do so, it would be necessary to show that the persons cited as authorities all held identically the same opinion upon the point in question; and how is it possible to show this? What is the specific opinion which Mr. Howitt says has universally obtained with respect to supernatural appearances?

Apart, however, from this, it would be necessary to Mr. Howitt's argument to show, not only that there always have been people who believed in ghosts, but that there was never anybody who after argument disbelieved. It is scepticism, and not faith, which gives its value to a common opinion. Show that nobody ever tried to confute a common opinion, and you prove not that those who held it believed it on good grounds, but that no one can tell what grounds they had for believing it. The belief of hundreds of millions in a fact, of which the evidence has not been properly sifted, has no tendency to prove its truth. Is it any the more likely that there were seven kings of Rome, because for many centuries it was universally believed to be a fact that there were? A great majority of the population of Europe, at the present day, think that spirit-rapping, and all that relates to it, is absurd nonsense. Would Mr. Howitt accept their belief as evidence of the truth of their opinion?

Common opinion can, in practice, be used for testimonial purposes only by those who are willing to discredit their own witness. Mr. Howitt himself would not affirm the truth of the superstitions to which he appeals in support of his own thesis. In classical times, he tells us, people believed in omens, prodigies, oracles, witchcraft, and the like. Does he believe not only in the general inference, which he presses on his readers, but in the specific facts from which the inferences are drawn? Does he believe, for instance, in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, or in the dreadful feats which Horace ascribes to Canidia? Did she really pull the moon out of the sky? To let in the oracles and keep out Canidia and the Arabian Nights is to blow hot and cold.

For these reasons, it would seem that no weight at all ought to be attached to the strange array of quotations from histories of ancient times and remote places which Mr. Howitt's industry has brought together. All that can be said is, that there always have been ghost stories, and that they have generally been received with an amount of scepticism proportioned to the cultivation of the age.

The real interest of the question, and the gist of the whole discussion, lies in the offer made by men like Mr. Owen, to produce specific evidence of actual occurrences of the kind in question. They say we proffer to you evidence of apparitions and of cases of supernatural agency, such as would be sufficient to convict a man of murder, and we claim that you shall either believe what we say, or give a reason for not believing it. Our space confines us to some general observations, and a few specific illustrations. Neither Mr. Howitt nor Mr. Owen appear to give sufficient weight to the amount of simple lying that there is in the world. Happily, many people find it difficult to believe in downright wilful falsehood. To Mr. Owen, quietly speculating in his own study on these things, there is very probably something so repulsive and disgusting in the notion of a downright lie, that he feels great difficulty in imputing it to any apparently respectable and well-bred person. Still wilful lies are

undoubtedly told, and apart from general considerations on the comparative weight of human testimony on the one side, and improbabilities on the other, some cases may be mentioned in which the facts relied upon by the advocates of spiritualism appear to fall under that category.

A whole chapter of Mr. Howitt's book is devoted to the subject of the Cevenol prophets. His account of the subject is derived principally from M. Peyrat's *Pasteurs du Désert*, an instructive and interesting work. In a few words, the story is that the inhabitants of the Cevennes—a range of mountains lying between Auvergne on the north, and the plain of Languedoc on the south—driven to desperation by the cruelties of Louis XIV. and Baville, the intendant of the province, broke out into insurrection. They carried on a desperate civil war for two or three years, and were finally subdued by Marshal Villars as much by negotiation as by force. Their principal leaders were Cavallier, a baker's apprentice, and Roland Laporte, a peasant. These are unquestioned historical facts. The miraculous part of the story is, that the Cevenols were animated in their resistance, and were, indeed, enabled to carry it on, principally by the exhortations and miracles of prophets and seers, who foretold future events, and performed various prodigies. One man in particular, Clary by name, was said at a given time and place to have stood unharmed in the midst of a large fire. These stories rest on the authority of a book called *Théâtre Sacré des Cevennes*, published in English under the title of *A Cry from the Desert*, and written by two men, named Fage and Marion, who described themselves as eye-witnesses of the miracles in question. Mr. Howitt is apparently not aware of the fact that other eye-witnesses denied upon oath the truth of their statements, and in particular that Cavallier himself did so in the most unqualified manner, especially as to the miracle of Clary. The documents on the subject are rare, but they may be seen at the British Museum, in a book called *Nouveaux Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des trois Camisardes, ou l'on voit les Déclarations du Colonel Cavallier.* It was published in London in 1708. This case shows that the most explicit, circumstantial, and direct affirmation of the truth of a fact may be a simple falsehood, and throws considerable doubt on so much of the stories of Mr. Owen and Mr. Howitt as rest on the credit of particular persons who say we saw this or that. They also might be contradicted as well as Fage and Marion, if the proper trouble were taken, and if the eye-witnesses were still alive.

A single illustration shows how we are at the mercy of unknown people. One of Mr. Owen's best stories is as follows:—In October, 1857, a lady, Mrs. R—— (whose name Mr. Owen offers to give if necessary), was living at Ramhurst House, in Kent. The usual ghostly sounds were heard, rustling of silk dresses, knocks, footsteps, and voices at night, &c. About the middle of the month a Miss S—— came to stay at Ramhurst. Miss S—— "had been in the habit of seeing apparitions at times from early childhood." As she drove up to the house she

saw on the threshold the appearance of two figures, apparently an elderly couple, in an old-fashioned dress. Miss S—— saw the same apparition several times, and on one occasion the ghosts said they had been husband and wife, and were named Children. The husband's Christian name was Richard, and he died in 1753. On one occasion Mrs. R—— as she was coming down to dinner saw and walked through a female figure, over which was written in phosphoric letters, "Dame Children." The name of Children was altogether unknown, but on inquiry in the village it appeared that an old woman of seventy had known an old man fifty years before who had said he had kept the hounds of the Children family. In 1858 Mr. Owen heard this story and inquired into it further, and after much search found papers in the British Museum showing that a Mr. Richard Children settled at Ramhurst in 1718. These papers were in a collection called the Hasted Papers, and as Hasted had written a history of Kent Mr. Owen examined it, and there found, in an account of the parish of Leigh, that Mr. Richard Children of Ramhurst Manor House died in 1753. From all this Mr. Owen argues that Mrs. R—— and Miss S—— must have seen a ghost. In the absence of all information about Miss S——, except that she told this story, it is right to point out that if she happened to see Hasted's *History of Kent* before going on her visit, and looked, as she naturally might, to see what was said of the house to which she was going, she would at once get the opportunity of making up the story about Richard Children's ghost. Is it more likely that a ghost should appear, or that a lady should tell a falsehood, which to many minds might appear a harmless trick? Take out Richard Children and the date, and there is nothing very remarkable in the story.

Apart from questions as to the credit of particular witnesses, it must be added that neither Mr. Owen nor Mr. Howitt write in such a way as to give a very high impression of their accuracy. Mr. Owen has a trick which he ought carefully to unlearn if he wishes to make his statements of the effect of evidence really impartial. The following are instances of it:—A Mdlle. Clairon wrote an autobiography, in which she tells a story of the persecutions she underwent from a deceased lover, who used, amongst other things, to fire muskets at her window. The police, she says, tried to detect the trick, but in vain, and "the fact is attested by the official record on the registers of the police." She also says that various other persons saw what happened. On this, Mr. Owen observes —"The phenomena were observed not by Mdlle. Clairon only, but by numerous other witnesses, including the . . . . police officers of Paris. The record of them is still to be found in the archives of that police," &c. So, no doubt, she said; but it does not appear that Mr. Owen saw the archives for himself, or that they are still to be seen; nor does it appear that the other persons mentioned corroborated her story. The whole, therefore, rests on Mdlle. Clairon alone. Mr. Owen constantly repeats this fallacy.

As for Mr. Howitt, he is so set upon his ghosts that he seems to feel

that a ghost gives probability to a story, instead of taking it away. He actually goes so far as to argue in favour of the truth of the claims of modern Egyptian magicians from the magical stories in the *Arabian Nights*, which, he says, represent the state of belief amongst the people. When a man presents himself who is ready to believe in the roc's egg and Aladdin's palace, if any respectable witness will swear to them, there is very little good in arguing. How is anything whatever to be disproved?

After making every fair deduction on the scores of wilful falsehood, inaccuracy, and other analogous grounds, it must in honesty be admitted that a considerable number of the stories told by these gentlemen, especially by or about Mr. Home, do reduce the reader to the question whether he will reject the story simply on account of its inherent improbability. There are many of them which cannot be explained away to any purpose. They must be accepted, or rejected on the broad ground of their inherent incredibility. It may be interesting to mention some of these stories.

In September, 1857, Captain Wheatcroft (the name is given by Mr. Howitt, the initials only by Mr. Owen), of the 6th Dragoon Guards, went to India, leaving his wife at Cambridge. On the night between the 14th and 15th of November she dreamed that she saw her husband looking ill, on which she awoke, and saw his figure standing by her bedside. She assured herself that she was awake by rubbing the sheet, &c., and the figure remained distinctly visible for about a minute. Some time after news came of Captain Wheatcroft's death before Lucknow. Mr. Wilkinson, his solicitor, obtained a certificate of his death from the War Office. It dated his death on the 15th November. His widow declared that there must be a mistake as she saw the ghost on the 14th. Mr. Wilkinson happened to call on a lady who was in the habit of seeing visions, and told her this story as a wonderful thing. The lady said to her husband, "That must be the person I saw the evening we were talking about India, and you drew an elephant with a howdah on his back." She added, that the spirit told her husband he had been killed in India that afternoon. On being questioned as to the date, the lady said that she could not exactly remember it, but that just before the ghost came she had paid a bill for some German vinegar. The receipt was brought, and was dated November 14. In March, 1858, further news arrived to show that Captain Wheatcroft was killed on the 14th, and the War Office subsequently certified to that effect.

In this case the first appearance to the wife may be accounted for as a dream, natural enough under the circumstances, and there is not much in the continuance of the impression on the senses after waking; but if Mr. Wilkinson's account of his interview with the other lady is true, the evidence becomes very strong. That a person who professed to see ghosts should, when she heard of the appearance of one to somebody else, put in a claim to have seen it too, is not the point; but that she should forget the date, fix it by the receipt, and then be confirmed by the receipt, and that that date should turn out to be the true one, the official return being

incorrect, is just the sort of confirmation which would weigh very heavily with a jury in any trial, civil or criminal.

Another of Mr. Owen's stories is more curious, and might have been better attested if it had been investigated at the time. A merchant captain named Clarke told Mr. Owen in 1859, that in 1836 or '37 he had heard the following story from a man named Bruce, "as truthful and straightforward a man as ever I met in all my life." In 1828 Bruce was mate of a trading vessel. He went down into the cabin with the captain to calculate the day's work. When he had done, being surprised at the result of his calculation, he asked the captain what he made it. Getting no answer, he looked up and saw a figure, which he supposed to be the captain's, writing on the captain's slate. He spoke again twice, and the figure, looking up, appeared to be a perfect stranger. Bruce went upon deck and told the captain. After some conversation, they went down and found the slate with these words on it, "Steer to the Nor' West." The captain, suspecting the mate of having written it, made him and every other man on board who could write, write those words on the other side of the slate. The writing was quite different. They then determined to steer as directed, and in a short time fell in with a ship frozen to the ice of an iceberg (not, by the way, a very probable situation for a ship to be in). They took off the passengers. One of them the mate declared to be the man whom he had seen, and when he wrote "Steer to the North-West" on the slate, the handwriting corresponded exactly. The captain of the second ship said that about noon the passenger had fallen into a deep sleep for about an hour, and on waking said, "Captain, we shall be relieved this very day." He added, that he had dreamed he was on board a barque, which he accurately described, and that the barque was coming to their rescue. This case rests on Clarke's account of what Bruce said twenty years before Clarke reported it, about an event which, when Bruce first told the story, was eight or nine years old. Suppose Bruce's account to be corroborated by the production of the slate, by the two captains, the mysterious passenger, the men who had to write their names, and the log-books of the two vessels, and the evidence would be good enough to hang twenty men upon. As it is, the story goes for next to nothing.

The evidence of spirit-rappers, like Mr. Home, is, no doubt, the strongest case. A considerable number of the phenomena to which they testify must unquestionably be allowed to rest on good evidence, whether or not that evidence is to be believed. Take the case of our own contributor. He says, I went to such a place at such a time, and there I saw a table rise up till the top formed a plane inclined at an angle of 45°; "finally the whole structure stands on the extreme tip of a single claw." He also says that he saw Mr. Home rise off the ground to a height of four or five feet, and float about in the air. This does not rest on the evidence of our contributor alone. Dr. Gully, of Malvern, wrote a letter to the *Morning Star*, saying that he was present on the occasion, that the record made in the article was "in every particular correct," and that he and

our contributor "were neither asleep nor intoxicated, nor even excited." As to Mr. Home's moving about in the air, Dr. Gully says, "Only consider that here is a man between ten and eleven stone in weight floating about the room for many minutes in the tomblike silence which prevailed, broken only by his voice coming from different quarters of the room; is it probable, is it possible, that any machinery could be devised, not to speak of its being set up and previously made ready, in a room which was fixed upon as the place of meeting only five minutes before we entered it, capable of carrying such a weight about without the slightest sound of any description?" Here is direct evidence of the most positive kind to plain matters of fact. I saw a table in a certain position; I saw a human body move through the air; I had the opportunity of seeing machinery, &c.; I looked for it, and it was not there. This sort of evidence leaves no escape. It can be disbelieved only on the broad ground of the balance of improbabilities, and it is but a small sample of the amount of evidence tendered by spirit-rappers and their adherents. One consideration as to its force is conclusive. Concede, for the sake of argument, that the statements of our correspondent and Dr. Gully were true, what stronger evidence of their truth could be given?

Here, then, arises in the neatest form the question as to a conflict between evidence and probability. Two credible witnesses affirm that they saw a man float in the air under the circumstances stated. Do you believe it or not? The question must be put and answered by each person for himself. The writer of the present article has no hesitation in saying, No, I do not believe it. To explain and justify this answer, it is necessary to depart from the common form of composition. The reasons for belief are not the same in every case. One man may credit evidence which another person would disbelieve; one may take views as to the nature of belief which another would repudiate. It is therefore impossible to state the reasons for disbelief generally. They must have reference to the particular person disbelieving. Hence, if the question is to be really considered, the author, however unwillingly, must drop the impersonal tone. He must get into the witness-box and cross-examine himself. *Q.* Pray, sir, who and what are you?—*A.* It is no matter who or what I am, except that I am what you would call an educated person, and I view the subject merely as one of general curiosity. *Q.* Do you know anything of Dr. Gully?—*A.* I have had the pleasure of meeting him, and know him well by reputation. *Q.* Do you believe him to be a man of honour and veracity?—*A.* Unquestionably. *Q.* Do you believe he was present on the occasion to which he refers?—*A.* Yes. *Q.* And that he could see what passed, and was sober and unexcited.—*A.* Yes. *Q.* Do you believe that he publicly told a wilful lie about it?—*A.* No. *Q.* Yet you do not believe his statement?—*A.* No, I do not. *Q.* Then, how do you avoid the inference that he lied?—*A.* By not drawing any inference about it. *Q.* But are you not bound to draw it?—*A.* No; I am not sitting on a jury. *Q.* Suppose you were?—*A.* That would alter the case

entirely. *Q.* How so?—*A.* Because I should be forced by my oath to give a true verdict according to the evidence. *Q.* Then if you were on a jury, should you believe that Dr. Gully had told a lie?—*A.* In some cases I might have to act as if I thought so, but it would depend on the issue to be tried. Except for the purposes of the trial, my belief that Dr. Gully is a man of honour would be unaffected. *Q.* I do not understand how that can be. Is not a statement either true or false for all purposes whatever?—*A.* No doubt; but it does not follow that we must form the same opinion as to its truth or falsehood for all purposes whatever. I will put some cases.

An action is brought by Mr. Home for libel against some one who uses language which enables Mr. Home to give evidence of the truth of the statement that he floated in the air as alleged. He calls Dr. Gully, who swears to what he wrote. I should disbelieve the evidence and give a verdict for the defendant. It is for the plaintiff to prove his case, and no man's oath to such a fact would satisfy me of its truth.

At the sitting in question, while the room was darkened, a man was murdered. One of the party is charged by the rest with the crime. There is evidence of an *alibi* which, in ordinary cases, I should not trust. In cross-examination the persons present testify to the alleged wonders. This would shake their credit, and I should acquit the prisoner. He is entitled to the benefit of a doubt.

On the day and time of the sitting a murder is committed at York. The prisoner says, "I was then at Mr. Home's sitting in London." On cross-examining the witnesses for the prisoner they all assert that the alleged wonders took place. Here I should believe the *alibi* and acquit the prisoner, for the same reason as in the last case.

Dr. Gully is called as a witness on a trial, civil or criminal. When he is cross-examined to his credit it appears that he made the statements in question. I should not disbelieve him for that reason; for though I do not myself believe the statements to be true, I know that many respectable persons have made such statements.

Q. You think, then, that belief or disbelief is a matter of expediency?—*A.* I do. *Q.* Do you believe the multiplication table on that ground?—*A.* Yes. *Q.* Do you find it expedient to believe that twice two make five when you receive money, and that they make three when you pay bills?—*A.* In the long run I find it expedient to believe the truth, even when the apparent advantage is most strongly the other way. In regard to general rules like the multiplication table the evidence as to what is true is so strong that the consideration of expediency does not make itself sensibly felt, though I think I could show that it exists;* but human testimony as to isolated transactions is so weak that in almost every case the question of consequences has much to do with one's conclusion. *Q.* Viewing the matter as one of expediency, how do you make it out to

* See an Article on "Superstition" in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May, 1862.

be inexpedient that you personally should believe these statements? How would they hurt you if they were true?—*A.* Because they would tend to disturb all the assumptions on which I conduct my ordinary affairs. I always act on the assumption that we do not float in the air, but walk on the earth; that chairs and tables stand still where they are put, and do not climb on sofas, and that if my watch gets into your pocket it is because you put it there. I should like to see my servant tell me, "Please, sir, it was the spirits who broke the china, and it was my abandoned double who got drunk." Besides, in common with all educated men, I have an interest in physical science. That, at all events, has performed solid services. It has explained, and is explaining, the order of the universe. It has not only made life more comfortable, but, which is far more, has ennobled and purified the understanding, and freed it from every sort of degrading superstition. I don't like to be dragged down to the level of the believers in witchcraft and obi-men.

Q. Then you would not believe these things if ten people swore to them?—*A.* No. *Q.* If fifty did?—*A.* No. *Q.* Suppose you saw them yourself?—*A.* No one can answer for his own strength of mind and nerve; but I hope and believe that when the sharpness of the impression had worn off I should cease to think of it, and so, by degrees, come to doubt whether it had happened, and at last to disbelieve it. *Q.* Is there, then, no evidence whatever on which you would believe them?—*A.* Yes. Let them be explained, let them be brought into connection with the ordinary pursuits of life, and become a recognized part of its working apparatus, and then I will believe. If a spiritual telegraph is established which habitually anticipates electricity; if the detective police are replaced by immortal spies; if, in short, the spirits are harnessed to the wheels of life and become part of its recognized machinery, then I shall believe, but not otherwise.

Q. You profess a great respect for science, but I don't understand where you get your science if you are prepared to discredit your senses when they testify to anything unusual. Surely science is founded on the evidence of the senses?—*A.* My respect for science is founded on experience of its truth, and, to use a common phrase, of its fruitfulness. In deference to an established scientific rule I am quite ready to distrust my senses, if by that you mean the natural inferences from my senses. For instance, I should naturally infer from them that the sun moved and the earth stood still, but I believe the reverse. My faith in the general proposition is always stronger than my faith in propositions as to specific facts, so is that of every reasonable creature, as appears from this, that you cannot comprehend any specific proposition without some generality to which it is referred. The proposition "that is a tree" is unmeaning, unless you have a general notion corresponding to the word tree. How you get your general notions in the first instance is, perhaps, the most obscure of all metaphysical questions; but when you have got them they deserve far more authority than any assertion as to an isolated fact. If you suppose

them to be derived from experience, the basis of experience on which they rest is wider than that on which any specific proposition rests. If they are derived from the constitution of the mind itself, the evidence for them is higher in kind. *Q.* Yet all great scientific discoveries have been based on the observation of specific facts. What do you say to Franklin and the lightning, or Galvani and the frog's leg? Would you have denied that the frog's leg jerked?—*A.* No doubt the examination of specific facts is the first step towards discovery, and I freely admit that I think the spirit-rappers have made out a case for scientific inquiry. I have been considering how I and others like me—the unscientific world—ought to believe in the meantime. As to the frog's leg, if anything depended on it I might very probably have disbelieved it wrongly, but that does not show that I should have been wrong in disbelieving. *Q.* Why not?—*A.* Because by the application of the same rule I should generally have been right, and every rule leads you wrong at times. *Q.* You may, then, be wrong on this?—*A.* No doubt; but till spiritualism is as much recognized as galvanism I am not shown to be so. *Q.* Then your state of mind is one of provisional unbelief, but that provisional unbelief goes so far that you would not give it up even in obedience to your own senses?—*A.* Just so. I do not say that nobody ever will or can have good grounds to believe in these things, but I have not; and I would add that, if it is true that 3,000,000 people in America believe in them, I think it likely that 2,999,900 believe unwisely. Perhaps 100 may have earned a *primâ facie* right to believe. I don't admit that their opinion is true, but only that they may be able to put it on grounds which I could not refute if they were stated to me. *Q.* Your view would have some curious consequences in practice. What do you say that ordinary people ought to think on hearing that a man at York can speak to a man in London in a second?—*A.* Disbelieve it. *Q.* Yet it is true.—*A.* Yes; but as you put it it is not put in a credible form. You state only a bare result. If you stated in substance the means by which the result is obtained, you would make your statement probable, and the statement might then be provisionally believed. *Q.* Then you say the King of Siam was right in not believing in ice?—*A.* Yes; but the Dutch ambassador was a foolish fellow for not putting a porous earthen vessel, with a wet cloth round it, in a draught of air, and showing the king the frozen surface in the morning. If he had done so, and had pointed out to the king the fact that there were differences of temperature in his own country, &c., he might have put him in the wrong in not believing. Surely he would have been right in refusing, on the ambassador's authority, to believe in dragons.

Q. Do you believe in Julius Cæsar?—*A.* Yes. *Q.* Why?—*A.* Not on the strength of the veracity of any particular person, but because Julius Cæsar's life fits in with, and forms part of, a long continuous history, which is incidentally corroborated by laws, institutions, languages, &c., still existing and open to inspection. If some one spelt out an inscription on a pyramid saying that ten thousand years ago such a man reigned, and

fought battles, and made laws in the valley of the Nile, I should neither believe nor disbelieve it. The presumption that the fact was so would be the lightest possible. It would be little more than a guess. So if a single man told me anything about the state of affairs in the interior of Madagascar, I should pay little attention to what he said, especially if the story was an odd one.

Q. But what would you say to the Christian miracles? Does not the whole future of Christianity rest on the veracity of certain witnesses to isolated and transient facts?—*A.* I should be very sorry to think so; for if it did I am quite sure it would come to the ground. How it may have been with the first believers is another question, but in the present day the religion carries the miracles, and not the miracles the religion. People are Christians because the Christian account of life in general, and of the relations between God and man, appears to them, on the whole, the one which best suits the facts of life, and is thus, on the whole, the most probable. This renders it probable that God may have seen fit to set the system going by miraculous interpositions. *Q.* Then you think that it is possible that two thousand years hence people may believe in Joe Smith as an inspired prophet?—*A.* If Mormonism becomes the religion of the world, I have no doubt they will, but not otherwise; and I do not think that event very probable at present. Do you, or can any man, suppose that if the Christian religion were a mass of wickedness, if it enjoined impurity, dishonesty, and falsehood, the dead weight of the evidence would force mankind to believe it?

Q. Your general conclusion appears to be that the probability of an assertion, all things considered, is the great reason for believing it or not, and that a story *primâ facie* improbable ought not to be believed in general till some explanation is offered which brings it into harmony with the common course of events?—*A.* Yes. *Q.* You admit the fact that Mr. Home floated in the air to be sufficiently well attested to let in explanations, so that you would believe it if it were put into any assignable relation with a known agent, such as electricity or galvanism?—*A.* Yes. Give a reasonable explanation, and I should admit it instantly. *Q.* Why is not the theory that a spirit or spirits carried him a reasonable explanation?—*A.* Because, apart from these alleged facts, the truth of which is in dispute, there is no evidence that there are such things as spirits. *Q.* Do you not believe in the human soul?—*A.* Yes. *Q.* Then is not every instance in which a nurse carries a child about the room as much a case of a spirit carrying a body as Mr. Home's elevation could be?—*A.* No doubt. *Q.* Then why should not the spirits carry Mr. Home?—*A.* Because conclusions cannot carry premisses. Our notions about spirits are derived entirely from observations on matter,—matter is the hidden external cause to which we refer our sensations, and mind or spirit the hidden something which receives or perceives those sensations; but I know of no evidence, except the very stories in dispute, to show that there are things called ghosts flying about in the air; and, allowing

these stories to be true, they appear to me insufficient to prove it. Believers in ghosts affect to derive their belief from experience. In truth their belief is antecedent to their experience. They begin by believing in shadowy things in human shape, which they call spirits, and then, when they hear rapping, they say it must be a spirit that made it. In just the same way the pagans believed that there was a god called Apollo who presided over prophecies and oracles, and if any one doubted Apollo's existence they appealed to the prophecies and oracles to prove it. *Q.* Then do I understand you to say that you do not believe in a future state at all?—*A.* I think, on the contrary, that that belief is the most reasonable and most important of all human beliefs—as reasonable and important as a belief in a God. It is, however, a formless belief. That in some way or other conscious existence will continue after death, I firmly believe; but the conditions of it are matter of conjecture. We are altogether ignorant on the subject. We have no more reason to believe that a man on dying turns into what you call a spirit—that is, a thing like his former self, only thinner—than that he turns into a haystack. *Q.* Surely there are analogies which might lead to such a conclusion. There is the analogy of birth, there is also the chrysalis and the butterfly, and other things of the same kind?—*A.* If you positively will have some food for your imagination, that is as good as any other; only do not call a conjecture proof, and do not suppose that your conjecture is proved by a fact to which your conjecture gives form. You see these raps and table-turnings in the light of your previous theory, and jump at the conclusion which you wished to establish. If these things are to be treated as scientific proof of a future state, you must begin by discarding all your existing notions on the subject, and making your mind *tabula rasa* with respect to it. I fancy if you did you would look with less satisfaction both on the evidence and on the conclusion to which it points. *Q.* How so?—*A.* Because, assuming your stories to be true, and assuming them to furnish the grounds on which, as Mr. Howitt maintains from one end of his book to the other, atheism and materialism are to be rejected, you set up something instead which is, to my mind, far more dreary and repulsive than blank unbelief. Men, when they die, become, it appears, miserable things endowed with no one property worth having except the power of flying about like gnats. They are so stupid, that though they can go where they please, and do in some respects what they like, they never hit even upon the clumsy plan of the raps and the alphabet till a Yankee Quaker suggested it. This notable difficulty prevented them from communicating with the world for some centuries, and even now restrains their communications to a few people, most of whom are sickly or enthusiastic. Having arrived at the great discovery, they have nothing whatever to say which it is worth any human creature's while to learn. Mr. Home or his editor, indeed, expects "results in the highest style of sanctitude;" and to judge both from that particular phrase and also from general experience, they would be conveyed in the style of English which, in this lower sphere, is consecrated to

the Eureka shirts and the Idoneous trowsers. They have not even the poor ingenuity which would enable them to give proofs of the fact of their existence. When they are asked to tell something which would otherwise remain secret, they say no, we will tell what we choose. When they are called upon to show themselves to sceptics, or to stand forth in a tangible, permanent form, they have always an excuse. The eye of faith is necessary to discern them, or their spectators would be frightened if they did too much. They have had the awful experience of passing from one world to another, and they can tell us nothing about the world to which they have been removed. I once asked a friend who had had much to do with them if he could tell me anything about their habits and ways of life; had they professions, had they families, had they politics, had they literature? how did they pass their time, how did they employ their thoughts? Well, he answered, all I can say is, that one of them told me that they had no currency. This is the next world which you are trying to prove; these are our future prospects. It is dreary to believe that what we see and hear, and weigh and measure, is all that we have to look to. It is melancholy to think that when a man dies he is done with for ever; but at all events those who hold this belief do believe something solid. As far as they go their feet are on a rock. Whether death ends all or not, we can see, and hear, and feel, and count, and I believe that we can do more; that we can look forward to a future life, and look up to a greater Being than ourselves, and that we are entitled to do this on sound and reasonable grounds, such as we should act upon in other matters. But when, for these reasonable grounds, you substitute what you call your evidence; when you put aside the arguments of some of the greatest and wisest of our race and substitute for them the idiots who rap to those who are idle enough to listen—Mr. Home floating about the ceiling, with the ghosts holding up his coat-tails, tables climbing on to ottomans, and arm-chairs cracking their joints at their masters—I feel irresistibly impelled to say that, even if true, the whole affair is at most a witches' sabbath—that my only hope about it is that the proprietor of such exhibitions may soon claim his own, and that I, for one, in the meantime, shall simply dismiss from my mind the whole subject as a mass of rubbish which may be sifted by men who have a turn for picking stray valuables out of dust-bins, but is undeserving of the attention of any one who has any other way of employing his time.

Sibyl's Disappointment.

The gentlemen were still lingering over their wine or their conversation in the dining-room below, but the ladies had flocked upstairs into the little drawing-room, and were clustered over the ottoman and cushioned seats, which furnished the deep bay-window looking through the thick summer leafage of the trees in the Close towards the minster. The hour was drawing on towards sunset, the sunset of a rich August evening; and the crimson light that suffused the cloud-flakes of the sky reflected a soft roseate blush on all faces. These faces were five, two matronly, three youthful. Lady Anne Vernon, the dean's wife, and her widowed sister, Lady Mary Rivers, were the matrons; the maidens were their children, Julia and Isabel Vernon, and Sibyl Rivers.

Julia and Isabel Vernon were fine young women of four and five and twenty, well bred and well educated, but not dowered with the fatal gift of beauty; Sibyl Rivers was a spoilt child, lovely as a May morning, sweet as violets, fresh as dew; all manner of things fair and fragrant rose to the mind to compare with her.

The ladies' after-dinner talk was drowsy at the beginning, as such talk commonly is, but it brightened into vivacity by and by, over last night's race ball, where Sibyl had made her début, and had achieved without effort that intoxicating triumph and success which are all the more delicious from being wholly unanticipated.

"Yes, aunt Mary, Sir John Needham said, and Mr. Digby Stuart, whose word is law, solemnly agreed with him, that your Sibyl was the very prettiest three-year-old that had come out in Hillminster since Lady Raymond's year," said Julia Vernon, who was good-natured, and had no moral scruples about making Sibyl vain.

"If only this dear little head be not turned!" whispered Lady Mary, shaking her own as she stroked her daughter's glossy hair. The possessor of the dear little head in question shook it in reply, looking rosily delighted; but just in the crisis of her happy blush she caught her cousin Isabel watching her with cold, scornful eyes, and shuddered as old wives say we shudder when some foot treads on the place of our grave that is to be.

'Twas so strange, so very strange, she thought, this dread and repugnance she could not help feeling for Isabel; she remembered no sensation like it save one thrilling moment of terror in Wales, when she trod upon a snake, saw it rear its baleful head and hiss at her, then wriggle away through the tall grass, which stirred in its tops as the wind stirs it when it is low; and nestling lower amongst the cushions of the ottoman, she turned half

A Sorry Jest

away to avoid her cousin's gaze, and into the full light of the setting sun which wrapt her from head to foot in its warm glow.

"When you invited aunt Mary and Sibyl out of their seclusion in Wales to enjoy the modest gaieties of Hillminster, you did not think you were introducing so dangerous a rival amongst the well-known belles of your own town and county, did you, mamma?" went on Julia, appealing to Lady Anne with mock seriousness. "But you found out your mistake last night, when you saw how Sibyl's grace and newness piqued the jaded admiration of the men, while your own girls endured even more than their usual neglect. I always felt that mamma was deficient in the first qualifications of a chaperone, aunt Mary, and we suffer for it."

"My *dear* Ju!" remonstrated her mother, but Lady Mary smiled kindly on her outspoken niece.

She saw a vista opening out from that crowded whirl where her dear little Sibyl shone brightest and fairest, ending in a good husband and a happy home such as her own married life had never known. For Lady Mary had made a runaway match with a handsome Irish subaltern, and she had been reaping the consequences ever since in penury and neglect. Lieutenant Rivers died when Sibyl was about ten years old; and since that event, which nobody but his ill-used wife deplored, she had hidden herself in Wales, teaching her child herself, and doing her best to avoid those errors in the training of her darling which had been the source of her own long trials and troubles.

Thus far Sibyl had answered well to her loving care. She was not by any means a perfect character, for pride was rank in her; her feelings were impetuous, her passions strong, and her will weak. But she had no small jealousies, no irksome vanities.

The dean had taken to her with a spontaneous kindliness, Lady Anne Vernon caressed her, and her cousin Julia treated her with patient indulgence. Only Isabel stood coldly aloof. At first sight Sibyl had shrunk from *her* with a gesture of shuddering repulsion that was utterly inexplicable; for Isabel was prepared to give her as warm a welcome as the rest. She saw the expression of frightened antipathy, and was dismayed even more than she was bewildered. She could not interpret it, but neither could she forgive it. She laid up the remembrance secretly in her heart, unwitting yet of the soil fertile for evil in which she planted it; but it germinated there, and in due season brought forth leaf and bud, blossom and bitter poison-fruit, as all indulged hate and anger must unless God in His mercy give us grace and strength to pluck up the deadly growth by its roots.

Lady Anne Vernon had an evening party after the dinner, and as the rosy sunset yielded to twilight, the group ensconced in the pleasant window dropt off one by one to adjourn presently to the great drawing-room, where the coming guests were to be received. Some few arrived before the gentlemen made their appearance, the only noticeable person amongst them being old Sir Jasper Raymond's young wife.

Lady Raymond was the most popular woman in Hillminster. She had been popular as a girl, lovely and penniless, but she was even more popular now. She had had suitors galore, but the tale went, that with genuine feminine perversity she had set her heart on almost the only man of her acquaintance who was indifferent to her; which tale was not and could not be precisely correct, because no one save herself knew the true story of her love and her griefs, for the simple reason that she had never told it. But all the world was clear on one point—there had been *something* serious between her and Mr. Digby Stuart, of Alverston Priory, which had ended in *nothing*, and after an interval of a few months, her marriage at Nice with Sir Jasper Raymond was announced to the general confusion, surprise, and indignation of Hillminster. Why had she thrown herself away on a man of seventy? It was wicked, unnatural, monstrous! The men could not forgive the cruel sacrifice; the women, except a few, could not understand it.

Mr. Digby Stuart was still her friend, and her husband's friend, but gossip had never meddled indiscreetly with such honourable names. He was in the dining-room of the deanery now, and soon after nine had struck from the minster tower, he came in with the rest of the gentlemen, made his cordial greeting to Lady Raymond as to others of the evening guests, and the shrewdest observer or the most idly malicious could have found no whisper of doubt to circulate over the manner of their meeting. They were two who, if they could not have met thus innocently and without pain, would have parted to the uttermost ends of the earth that they might never meet at all.

Mr. Digby Stuart was a fine-looking person, distinguished in bearing, and serious in countenance, but with some play of sarcasm about his mouth, and a kindly penetration in his steady grey eyes. There was a mystery about him that he did not marry, being past thirty, the head of an old family, and in possession of a good estate. Several romances explanatory of the riddle had been coined for him, the most popular of which was that he had been a changeling at his birth, and that only on condition of his leading a single life, and leaving the property at his death to the lawful heritors thereof, was he suffered to continue now in undisturbed enjoyment of it. This grotesque story was as far wide of the truth as it well could be; but it served the purposes of conversation now and then, and there were perhaps one or two persons who even believed it.

Twelve o'clock had struck some time before the last carriage rolled away from the deanery door on this memorable night, from which dates the beginning of that sorry jest played out in cruel earnest, which I am about to narrate. But when are the eyes of seventeen drowsy? Sibyl Rivers was as wakeful as at the beginning of the evening; and though her mother gently admonished her that she had better come to bed, she must needs adjourn for five minutes' talk to her cousins' room. The five minutes lengthened out to half an hour, during which Isabel Vernon

found or invented occasion to make so many cold, disenchanting remarks, that the impression of pleasantness the evening had left on Sibyl's mind was quite rubbed off thereby.

"Mr. Digby Stuart says you are a pretty child," was one of these remarks. "He asked how old you were, and was surprised to hear you were more than fifteen. It is time you dropt your baby airs, though they suit your dimples very well. Still affectation of naturalness is as much affectation as any other grace you might choose to put on, and it looks silly when girls are grown up to women."

Sibyl pouted like six years old; she paid no heed to the latter clause of her cousin's speech, but replied to the former part with visible pique. "Mr. Digby Stuart did not talk to me as if I were a child," said she.

"*No?* I saw you listening to him, as if his commonplaces were pearls of wisdom dropt from the lips of a god."

"Isabel! He was only inviting mamma to go over to luncheon at Alverston to-morrow, and to take me. She knew the priory long ago in his father's time, and he wants to show her the improvements. He is very kind, and I was pleased to think of the excursion."

"Well, don't be *too* pleased, and don't run away with any delusion that he is *too* kind; for it is his way to be kind to everybody. How exquisite Lady Raymond was to-night, Julia!"

"Perfect—she always is."

Sibyl stood smothering her indignation for a minute or two while the sisters discussed Lady Raymond's dress in detail, and then saying, as by an irresistible impulse, "Oh, Isabel, how you hate me!" turned to leave the room. Julia looked up startled and interrogative, but Isabel only laughed.

"You silly child, as if I could hate anything like *you!*" sneered she; throwing into the *you* as much significance of scorn as the monosyllable accentuated by her bitter lips could convey.

Sibyl felt at once ashamed of her impetuous speech, and with hot tears in her eyes and a passionate red on her cheek, she sobbed good-night, and rushed away to her mother. Come into that quiet, kindly presence, her first words were again, "How cousin Isabel hates me!"

"My darling!" exclaimed Lady Mary, in a tone of deprecation, "you must not give way to such fancies. Why should your cousin Isabel hate you?"

"I don't know, but I am sure she does!" was the emphatic reply.

"Hush, hush, Sibyl! Say your prayers, my child, and ask God to keep you loving and true. *Hate*, darling,—you don't know what *hate* means."

Alverston Priory was about six miles up the river from Hillminster, and though not important enough to be a show-place, it was still one of the best and handsomest houses in that part of the county—a house, as

the neighbourhood agreed, that wanted only a mistress to make it perfection.

Lady Mary Rivers and Sibyl drove thither the next day, escorted by Lieutenant George Lansmere, a nephew of Lady Mary's, the second son of her eldest brother, the present earl. George Lansmere was just two-and-twenty, and held a commission in the cavalry regiment then stationed at Hillminster. It was very pleasant for the young officer in country-quarters to have a family of hospitable kinsfolk at the deanery. His cousins, Julia and Isabel, made much of him, and he submitted for some months to the flattering process with serene masculine assurance that such attentions were his due; but when Sibyl Rivers appeared on the scene he fell straightway into captivity to her bright eyes, and lost all thought and consideration for himself. He was genuinely and heartily in love, and to sit opposite the beaming face of his divinity, six miles out to Alverston and six miles home again to Hillminster, was, in the present state of his feelings, a paradisiacal delight. He was not a young man to set the world on fire, but he was honest and honourable; and Lady Mary Rivers, whose thoughts day and night rested in hopeful contemplation of her daughter's future, was by no means reluctant to encourage his tolerably evident pretensions.

By what mesmeric fatality is it that one man wins love unsought, possibly undesired, while another may wear himself out in devoted pains-taking efforts to gain the faintest response to his passion and not succeed? From the first hour of Sibyl Rivers meeting with Mr. Digby Stuart, her fancy had been attracted; her thoughts insensibly followed it, and when George Lansmere began his wooing her heart was gone. Neither coquette nor flirt was Sibyl; she reflected never, she only *felt;* and when George was most eager and assiduous she repaid him with gentle smiles and sweet kindness to compensate for her real indifference, and thus misled him perhaps further than the most elaborate wiles could have done.

On this day of her visit to Alverston Priory she was the same simple, childlike creature she had always been; a miracle of ignorance and unworldliness, with consciousness slowly awakening, and womanly instinct awakening with it, but utterly removed from speculation on possibilities or consequences. She was glad to be there; five minutes of listening to Mr. Digby Stuart's conversation with her mother, five minutes of slow sauntering by his side through the conservatory where he enriched her with a sprig of geranium, were sweeter in the passing and dearer in the remembrance than the longest and most joyous holidays of her past life.

It is hard work to amuse a preoccupied mind; and George Lansmere on the homeward drive was troubled twice or thrice with an intrusive suspicion that Sibyl was rather absent, but it never entered into his heart to conceive that she could be dreaming about that very grave and proud personage, the master of Alverston Priory. The dashing lieutenant of hussars would have felt small dread of such a rival, even had his imagination directed him to look out for one in that quarter; and when Sibyl

announced to Lady Anne Vernon, on reaching the deanery, that they had had "a most charming day!" perhaps he may be excused for the pleasing delusion that his own presence had contributed materially to its delightfulness.

The first to detect poor Sibyl's secret was Lady Raymond, who, with the inexplicable freemasonry of women who love, read its subtle signs with deepest dismay. She tried to save the child by hints and warnings, and pretty parables involving much literal truth personal to herself; but the only effect of these attempts was to make Sibyl shy of her; and she had not the courage, even had she the right, to speak openly. For a moment, a little moment and no more, she watched Mr. Digby Stuart with a jealous regard, but in his manner to Sibyl there was nothing more than in his manner to other girls; and whatever food for her dreams she had was evolved purely out of her own fervent fancy. If it be a reproach to a woman to love unsought, and the popular voice has decided that it is, then had Sibyl Rivers incurred it heavily.

With Lady Raymond her pitiful secret was safe, but it soon passed into the possession of her cousin Isabel Vernon, whose eyes were quickened to all opportunities of inflicting a quiet stab on the tender soul that instinctively distrusted her. She made the discovery in this wise:—One morning about midway the month of September, Mr. Digby Stuart rode over to the deanery to confer with the dean on some matter of public business. The ladies upstairs in the little drawing-room heard of his arrival, and Lady Anne Vernon sent down a message to the library bidding him stay to luncheon. An answer was returned that he was sorry, but being in some haste he must despatch his business and go. When she heard this Sibyl vanished from her nest amidst the cushions of the ottoman, and a few minutes afterwards Isabel silently followed her. She had seen Sibyl's breast rise and fall, her colour glow and fade during the passage of the messages to and fro between drawing-room and library, and a shrewd suspicion born of these emotional changes sprang into sudden and full vitality in her brain. "She is in love with Mr. Digby Stuart! Oh, the vain little Quixotic fool! She might as wisely cry for the moon at once!" thought she, and a mingling of something not unlike pity shot through her scorn; for Isabel's hate was not yet grown to that height which triumphs in the great calamity of its object, and much less was it grown to that height which expends itself in procuring such calamity.

Sibyl had betaken herself to her mother's room, whence, from the window in the high Gothic gable, she could see Mr. Digby Stuart ride through the Close, and then, over the tops of the houses in the precentor's court, watch him again if by chance he were returning at once to Alverston direct by the road; watch him a mile on his way until man and horse diminished to a mere speck in the distance. Isabel assured herself from her own window that he went that way; and then, passing through the pretty dressing-room that served Lady Mary Rivers as boudoir, she cautiously put aside the portière that separated it from the bedroom adjoining,

and came upon Sibyl unawares—upon Sibyl lost in sweet reverie, leaning her forehead against the glass, straining her eyes after the fast diminishing figure on the white high road, and deaf and blind to everything outside the sphere of her own thoughts.

Isabel stood for a full minute hushed and observant—time enough to repent, time enough to steal away, time enough to save her own soul from the first active step into a temptation that was to beguile her whither she would have shrunk from imagining even now; but the demon was strong in her at that instant, and stepping over the thick carpet with noiseless tread, she laid a hand on Sibyl's shoulder and whispered, with a laugh which made no pretence of masking her contempt, "I'm sure Mr. Digby Stuart would feel immensely flattered if he knew who takes such a tender interest in his comings and goings." Sibyl sprang back with an inarticulate sound between a cry and a sob, her visage blanched for a moment, then dyed scarlet with guilty blushes. She did not utter a word; and Isabel, eyeing her with a steady, sarcastic penetration, went on: "So this is the clue to your fits of pretty abstraction! I wish you joy of your love! Don't let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on your damask cheek; don't pine away in green and yellow melancholy, but let yourself go, let your hidden passion reveal itself. Men are mostly vain. If Mr. Digby Stuart were told who lavishes on him such deep devotion, his heart, though proverbially tough as bend leather, would surely yield."

"Isabel!" gasped Sibyl, in a tone and with a gesture which were of themselves an ample confession; and in that light her cousin understood, accepted, and responded to them.

"You have made me your confidante against your will," said she. "I don't covet the burden of sentimental secrets, but I suppose I must keep yours for the credit's sake of our sex. I declare I am very sorry for you, cousin Sibyl; for to speak the honest truth I believe you have no more chance of winning a return to your feelings than I have of becoming Empress of China. If Mr. Digby Stuart had been inclined to marry, he would not have let Lady Raymond slip through his fingers; and compare Lady Raymond with yourself. How came you ever to indulge in such a cruel delusion as that you could rival *her?*"

"I don't know; I don't know," muttered Sibyl, her lips parched, her eyes fixed, her heart in her bosom growing colder and heavier at every word, until it was cold and heavy as clay.

"Have you told aunt Mary?"

"No;" and Sibyl turned away from her questioner to hide the passion of tears she could no longer repress.

"If you do not wish all the world to know, you must exercise self-control; you must be on your guard," said Isabel, after a short pause. "There is nothing that lays a girl more open to ridicule than the imputation that she has fallen in love with a man who has shown her no preference; and I am sure Mr. Digby Stuart has shown *you* none.

Hush! this is like a baby! Don't let us have all the gossips in Hillminster set a-chatter! I'll lock the door, and then you can cry your cry out; but I hope nobody will come."

Nobody did come, and Sibyl's agony had its way. Isabel brought her some sal volatile and water to drink, and stood over her putting in words of wisdom and counsel at every lull in the storm; and when it was spent bathed her eyes, smoothed her hair, dressed her for a walk round the Close, tied a veil under her chin, and carried her off finally to evening prayers at the minster, without exciting a word of remark, so matter-of-fact and quiet were her manœuvres. Sibyl felt very humble and grateful now, in spite of her distrust. The reaction after her excitement left her depressed, shame-stricken, and trembling. Till to-day her secret had been the glory of her youth—now it was its bitterest blot. She could never have imagined the tortures that she felt because of it. Isabel had put it before her in its ugliest light. "If you betray me I shall die!" was her often reiterated moan. "If you betray me I shall die!"

Isabel experienced no pain at seeing her suffer; she was drifting before the evil impulses to which she had yielded at the beginning, and her heart, without preconcerting plans to harm the child, readily adopted the opportunities that circumstances presented. Had Sibyl been bolder, or less ingenuous, she would have stubbornly denied the charge, but it was now fully admitted, and she lay at her cousin's mercy. It seemed to her just then that though Isabel spoke satirically she was practically kind. "What should I do without you?" sighed she as they returned homewards across the Close. "Oh, what should I do without you?"

"It appears to me that you would still rather have kept your secret to yourself," was Isabel's response.

"Oh, yes! It did not make me wretched or afraid; it was easier to bear when no one knew it. Isabel, if you betray me I shall die!" That became Sibyl's one idea now—*concealment*. The unveiling of her love had profaned it, made it an absurdity, a mockery—something to be utterly, profoundly, and for ever ashamed of. *He* would despise it—despise her for giving it; so Isabel had told her, and Isabel knew how the world and the men of the world spoke of such unsought love. Henceforward Isabel must be her screen, her safety, her adviser; and if Isabel betrayed her she should die!

There was a dinner-party at the deanery that evening, consisting chiefly of the clergy and their wives, but George Lansmere was coming, and the dean had added Mr. Digby Stuart to the number of guests by an invitation given that morning and accepted conditionally. "It is not certain that he will be able to come," said the dean, only mentioning his impromptu invitation to Lady Anne when they assembled in the drawing-room before dinner. "It is not certain that he will be able to come, but I want him to meet Danvers—they were both Christchurch men, and of the same year." Danvers—the Reverend Canon Danvers—was the canon

newly come into residence, and also newly come into office; a stranger to Hillminster, but not to the diocese; a widower with two boys, and considerable private means independent of the emoluments of his position —a great acquisition in every way to the society of a cathedral town.

Sibyl heard the dean's announcement with a shudder; she turned hot, then cold, then glanced timidly towards Isabel, who was looking away from her, and making conversation with her sister over a new song. Presently the company began to arrive, George Lansmere as usual being the earliest. The young officer had not made satisfactory progress with Sibyl since the day of the drive to Alverston, and was sometimes almost like to be disheartened over his prospects. She was very uncertain; one day sweet and summery, the next, shy, impatient, or repellent. He had opened his mind to Lady Mary, who had exhorted him to have patience, and had privately lectured Sibyl on her capriciousness, and at this point they continued stationary; George's reflection being—"I don't think she cares for me, she has a fancy for some one else;" and her mother's equally grave and anxious, "I cannot understand why Sibyl does not take to George, unless she has conceived a secret attachment to some other person."

Mr. Digby Stuart did come, but not until he had been waited for ten minutes, and, while apologizing to Lady Anne Vernon for his tardiness, he continued to hold in his hand a spray of beautiful white flowers, very rare and choice, and of exquisite perfume, which he presently offered to Sibyl.

"It is the first bloom," said he. "You wished to see it in flower, if you recollect; and I promised you the earliest branch that came out in perfection." Sibyl blushed, and accepted it with a shy eagerness which escaped notice then, but which was pitifully remembered later; and in spite of all the foregone miseries and humiliations of the day, she felt inexpressibly happy until she caught Isabel watching her with cold eyes of scorn. "Delirious little fool!" Isabel thought, and her glance expressed her thought. She hated Sibyl vehemently, actively, at that instant, for her childish elation; and Sibyl, shrinking within herself again under her freezing contempt, felt all her temporarily vanished distrust return.

As luck or ill-luck would have it, Sibyl's place at dinner was between Mr. Digby Stuart and the new canon, and Isabel's place was opposite, between George Lansmere and a fat old married rector, very loquacious and fond of his jest. The natural consequences ensued. When the ladies returned to the drawing-room, Sibyl was pleasantly excited, and Isabel was dull, tired, and cross. Then again, in the drawing-room, Sibyl's gift, which her mother tenderly insisted on fixing in her hair, became a nucleus of conversation which ranged away to Alverston itself, coming round ever and again to that spray of white blossoms. "What a fuss about a flower!" said Isabel; "it was to be seen at Kew three years ago." She demolished the novelty of the flower; but she suggested to one or two commonplace minds then present that she was jealous of the distinction Mr. Digby Stuart had conferred on her pretty cousin.

That night, when the guests dispersed, Sibyl went straight to her mother's room. She would have given much to have her secret all to herself again; for she was afraid of Isabel. She took the white flower from her hair, and put it into a glass of water, first touching the sweet blossoms tenderly with her lips; a happy gleam passed over her face as she indulged in this caress, but it soon vanished, and the weary sadness that succeeded it was very pathetic. She knelt so long at her prayers that Lady Mary, at ease in her mind, tired and comfortable, fell fast asleep on her pillow, and only awoke in the dead of the night to hear Sibyl shuddering and sobbing in her dreams, and uttering broken words of piteous entreaty, the only sense of which to her mother's ears was—"If you betray me, I shall die; oh, Isabel, if you betray me, I shall die!" Lady Mary closed no eye again until Sibyl had been roused from her nightmare of dread, and had poured the story of her love and her grief into her mother's breast.

The following morning when Isabel met her aunt, she perceived at once that her interference with Sibyl was known and the manner of it strongly disapproved. She expected that Lady Mary would speak to her on the subject, but she did not, and then Isabel understood that it was to be left undiscussed. Sibyl was very quiet and subdued all day, and in the evening Lady Mary began to talk about carrying her off to the sea-side for a week or two before the cold autumnal winds began to blow—Sibyl was so fond of the sea. Isabel listened with a silent, expressive sneer, but Julia good-humouredly expostulated, saying that Lady Mary must not keep her cousin away from the October ball.

"I don't care for the October ball," sighed Sibyl, who would have done better not to have spoken just then.

"Eh, what?" cried the dean. "Not care for the October ball—the best ball of the year! Lady Mary, you must look after your missykin, who expresses such unnatural sentiments, or the next news will be that she has fallen in love at cross-purposes like the heroine in a novel!"

Sibyl grew scarlet, others looked confused too, and an awkward silence ensued, which was not broken until somebody proposed music. The rest of the evening passed off without incident.

Of course, as soon as they were in private Lady Anne Vernon asked explanation of her sister's sudden resolve; she was told that it was on Sibyl's account.

"I think it wise to take her away from Hillminster—at any rate, for a little while; for she has conceived an attachment that is never likely to prosper. Unless Isabel has told you, you will hardly guess for whom," said Lady Mary.

"Is it Mr. Digby Stuart?"

"Yes. But how do you know it?"

"The idea came into my head last night, and but for certain other circumstances I could imagine he had a predilection in her favour too. I am sure he admires her, and if he were free to marry, which from past

events it is commonly supposed he is not, I would never advise you to take her out of the way. I am sorry for you, Mary; I wish she could have loved George, poor child!"

And then it was decided that Sibyl had better go; whether ever to return to Hillminster or not, might be left for subsequent consideration. But she could not go for several days yet. Ladies travel with impedimenta which cannot be packed up at a moment's notice, and during those several days occurred certain circumstances which, trivial as they were in themselves, tended to increase the feverish ill-feeling of Isabel. She had acted a cruel part by Sibyl in making her feel herself degraded by her secret love, and Lady Mary's displeasure and resentment were evident. Then Mr. Danvers came to call, bringing his two pretty boys, and during his chat with Lady Anne Vernon, he committed them especially to Sibyl's care, and they made friends with her sweet face at once. Again, each afternoon on one pretence or another came poor George Lansmere, like a demented moth fluttering round a candle-flame that is dropping low in the silver socket; and though such frequent visits were unusual, Mr. Digby Stuart was to and fro every day between Hillminster and Alverston, and twice the dean brought him in to luncheon. Then he met Lady Mary and Sibyl in the High Street, attended them on a shopping expedition, and conducted them home to the deanery when it was over. The next morning he dropt in at eleven o'clock, and sat chatting in the little drawing-room for an hour with the girls.

"I don't know what to think, I never knew him do such a thing before," said Lady Anne, musingly, to her sister. "If it means anything, he will not be frustrated by your carrying Sibyl off, depend upon that. He will either follow you or write."

Lady Mary indulged in the pleasures of hope, too; she was very willing to believe what she would have liked to be true. Isabel looked on with jealous rage. Sibyl was almost happy, almost herself again, during those final days at the deanery; her childlike love was easily fed and satisfied.

"You are in a state of beatitude now; take care, or you will have to repent it in dust and ashes!" said Isabel to her, with a vicious glance and a tone of anything but blessing.

"Oh, Isabel, how you do hate me!" was Sibyl's indignant rejoinder.

This was on the last night of their being together. The next morning Isabel went out at a quarter before ten to minster prayers, and during her absence Lady Mary Rivers and her daughter left. The cousins thus parted without good-byes. Neither had good-by been said to Mr. Digby Stuart.

"He does not know where we are going, does he, mamma?" Sibyl asked on their way to the station.

"No, darling! he is not aware of our leaving Hillminster, unless you have told him."

"I have not told him, mamma."

"If he wishes to know he can find out by inquiring at the deanery. Aunt Anne has our address."

The same evening Lady Mary Rivers and Sibyl were at home in their pleasant lodgings at Scarbro.

Two days passed over without incident, bright September days, sunny in fading woods, sunny on lake-like sea. On the third night the wind changed and blew for storm. On the third morning a heap of letters was brought in by the landlady and ranged on the breakfast-table. When Lady Mary Rivers came downstairs with Sibyl, she took them all in her hand, looked them over, and tossed one lightly across to her daughter, saying: "From your cousin Isabel;" and then with a half-sigh of disappointed expectation opened another from Lady Anne Vernon, and plunged into its closely written pages, where she found enough to interest her, and take her attention entirely away from Sibyl, until she heard her cry in a voice of thrilling delight, "Mamma, mamma!" when, looking round, she saw her clutching her letter to her bosom, while her face grew rosy with blushes, and her eyes glistened through tears of unutterable joy.

"What is it, my own darling?"

Sibyl came and knelt down by her mother, and put the letter into her hands.

"My happy child, my fortunate child!" murmured Lady Mary as she read it. "My happy child, my fortunate child! How shall I thank heaven enough for sparing you the anguish of a wasted love?"

The letter was a proposal of marriage to Sibyl from Mr. Digby Stuart, couched in almost romantically tender terms; full of affectionate enthusiasm and professions of unalterable fidelity—a lover's letter to a girl of whose responsive love he entertains not the slightest doubt; a little reproachful now and then that she should have left Hillminster without warning him; but only reproachful as by right. Lady Mary remembered her Irish subaltern and her own courting days as her eye ran swiftly along the sweet, fervent lines, and blessed God who had given her darling such a joyful lot when she seemed to be hanging on the brink of a woman's sorest tragedy. It was a morning of quite delirious happiness for them both. Outside the rain lashed vehemently, the wind ravened, the sea was churned into yeasty mountains of foam; but indoors hope and love reigned supreme. Sibyl must answer her letter, and she needed no teaching how; her heart bade her respond to it with honest joy, and Lady Mary could not find in hers to curb the sweet utterance of such pure and fond affection. So the letter was written and sent, Sibyl carrying it to the post herself through the blustering storm, and her mother, after a gentle, ineffectual remonstrance, accompanying her.

By night she seemed to have lived half a life since the blissful morning, and by night she was a little weary; glad to lie by the fire and dream

silently over her glorious happiness. Lady Mary watched her with tender satisfaction, and suffered her to rest a long while undisturbed; but at length she asked, "By-the-by, Sibyl, what news had you from your cousin Isabel? I did not remember to inquire before."

"I had no letter from cousin Isabel; I had no letter but *this*." *This* was warmly hidden somewhere in the bosom of her dress.

"Indeed! the address struck me as being like her hand: she does write a bold hand like a man's."

Sibyl drew out the precious document to consider it, and took the opportunity of re-perusing it down to the last dear word. By that time she had forgotten her cousin Isabel and all about her; and with a kiss on the signature, and a sigh of intense joy, she restored it to its safe hiding-place, and fell into another delicious reverie.

All that night the winds beat and the tempest raged. Wrecks, broken wrecks, drifted in upon the strand, and still the gale gathered and grew until the morning.

"It has been an awful night," said Lady Mary; "and it is an awful morning. God have pity on all poor souls at sea!" She was standing at the window, gazing out on the writhing trees and shrubs of the cliff-gardens, and Sibyl stood by her with hand and chin resting on her mother's shoulder. Lady Mary, turning round by-and-by from her dreary contemplation, saw tears standing in her child's eyes, and asked, with sudden anxiety, what ailed her darling.

"I don't know, mamma, but I have had such cruel dreams. I cannot recal them, but I feel the pain, the dreadful pain and oppression of them yet," was the grievous reply; and then the brimming tears overflowed and fell.

Lady Mary did not try to rally Sibyl out of her weeping mood; a strange sense of trouble impending took possession of herself. She endeavoured to reason it down, and to think this depression was a simple consequence of yesterday's excitement; but do what she would, or say what she would, her feeling of uneasiness increased. She had a presentiment, as people say, that something was going to happen. "If it were fit weather we would walk on the cliff and get these cobwebs blown out of our brains," said she, as they sat down to breakfast. "How the blast howls in the chimney! I never heard it howl as it howls here."

So Lady Mary fancied; but the storm that was raging over Scarbro was raging all over the county, and all over the kingdom. Through the windy towers of Hillminster and through the creaking fir-woods at Alverston howled the blasts, with the same hoarse triumph as they howled round about the house by the sea, where she and Sibyl sat watching the livelong day.

At Hillminster all went on in the regular routine; at Alverston the master came downstairs in the morning quietly non-expectant, like a man who has little to hope and little to fear, either from the world within or the world without. The post-bag lay on the table, but he went first

to the window and scanned the weather, noted how the great trees swayed and bent before the long rush of the storm, then rose erect and tossed their wild hair, as if in frantic defiance of their tormentors.

The entrance of a servant bringing in breakfast caused him to relinquish his survey; and before seating himself at the well-spread table he unlocked the bag and drew forth its contents—*The Times*, the *Quarterly Review*, and a dozen or more letters, amongst them Sibyl's, conspicuous in its delicate, blush-tinted envelope. It was so different from the rest that Mr. Digby Stuart naturally singled it out, paused a moment over the unfamiliar writing, and then broke the seal. The servant had quitted the room, and he was alone—fortunately alone. As he read the first few lines a feeling of utter bewilderment came over him; he turned the page to look at the signature, and then a dark flush suffused his face, which deepened and deepened as the sense of the letter forced itself on his understanding, until no girl ever showed more cowed with shame and confusion than did he.

"What an infamous jest!" was his low-spoken comment. "What a cruel, infamous jest!"

Mr. Digby Stuart was not a vain man, but he knew at once this letter was no forgery; it was the naïve, happy response of an innocent girl to some base fabrication that had been but too successfully imposed upon her in his name. If he had been her mother he could not have felt more indignant and more pitying. Not a grain of contempt mingled with his wrath. "If it lay with me only to prevent it, she should never know what a wicked trick has been played upon her. She is a good little thing. It was such a pleasure to look at her blithe face, to listen to her blithe tongue!" He was about to take up the letter and read it again, but he checked himself—"What can I do? what ought I to do?" groaned he. "It is some woman, some malicious, bad woman who hates her, that has done it." He sat a long while considering, his breakfast untouched, his other letters unopened; and the longer he considered, the more painful and perilous appeared the way out of this atrocious dilemma. "I'll ride over to Hillminster, and consult Jessie; I must prevail on her to undertake it. I dare not face Lady Mary; and as for this child," he paused, with an exclamation of intolerable compassion and rage, his hand on the letter containing her fond confession, her innocent, joyous reciprocation of all the tender things said to her in the fictitious epistle which she had received as from himself. He rang the bell, and gave orders to have his horse saddled and brought round to the door within ten minutes; and at the end of that time he was mounted and galloping away to Hillminster, through the driving rain.

Sir Jasper Raymond's house was in the Close, not far from the deanery, and Mr. Digby Stuart's appearance there before ten o'clock in such inclement weather gave rise to some speculations amongst the inmates of other stately dwellings about the minster, who happened at that hour to be taking note of what was passing out of doors. He dis-

mounted, drenched and dripping, and, asking for Lady Raymond, was ushered into the library, where she joined him almost immediately.

"Jessie, I want your help," said he, advancing to meet her as she entered.

"It is always at your service, Philip; what is your present need? Sit down, pray; you look ill."

"Some person has played off a sorry jest upon Lady Mary Rivers' daughter and myself. I hardly know how to tell even you, Jessie, it is so cruelly mortifying: and I am at my wits' end how to act. Sibyl has written me a dear little letter in answer to one she believes me to have written to her, of which, God knows, I never thought or penned a line."

"It is Isabel Vernon," said Lady Raymond.

"*Isabel Vernon!* Her own cousin! A woman who must have known the sweet, innocent thing she is."

"Yes; Isabel hates Sibyl—only her own bitter heart can tell why—and this is her shameful revenge. The poor girl betrayed her secret to me early; and Isabel's sharp eyes spied it out a week ago. Let me see Sibyl's letter, then I can advise you better what steps to take."

Mr. Digby Stuart gave it reluctantly, but he did give it; and as Lady Raymond read it, womanly tears glittered in her eyes. Her sole comment, as she came to the conclusion, was—"If you were free, Philip, I would bid you make her your wife; you could not have a dearer or a better."

"But I am not free," was his response.

"You were kind to her; I observed that you liked to be near her, listening to her songs and her prattle."

"Yes, yes; I am conscious of it now. She pleased me—there can be no blame attached to her. Many a man has offered marriage to a woman, and been accepted on slighter grounds than I gave her. But, Jessie, it is not to excuse her I am here now—she needs no excuse to me of all the world. It is to entreat you to be my mediator; to entreat you to see Lady Mary, and explain the cruel jest that has been played upon the child. If any sacrifice within my power could spare it to them I would make it, but I am fast bound hand and foot."

Lady Raymond was frightened at his proposition. "Would it not be easier to compel Isabel Vernon to write, and own to her wicked mischief?" suggested she.

"Easier for us, certainly, but not for Sibyl or her mother. You have kind ways, Jessie; if any one can soften the pain of wounded love and pride, *you* can. Let me burn her poor little letter; it is sacred as a surprised secret of life and death." He took a few perfumed twigs from a spill-case on the chimney, lighted them at the fire, and held the letter in the flame, until it shrunk into tindery film, and fluttered down upon the ashes of the hearth.

"You wish me to go to them, and to-day?" said Lady Raymond.

"Yes, Jessie, I am requiring a hard thing of you!"

"My heart aches for Sibyl, Philip; have I not known the sorrow? but mine was the sorrow without the cruel shame that will embitter hers. I know not how she will bear it, for she is as proud and pure as she is passionate and tender. Isabel Vernon has one plea for her baseness—she does not know what love means. No woman who has ever loved could have played this sorry jest in such deadly earnest."

"Isabel Vernon's part can wait. You will go to Sibyl and Lady Mary?"

"Yes. Sir Jasper is not ailing much this morning; you must keep him company in my absence, and explain as far as needs. If I prepare now, I can start by the noon train which reaches Scarbro about five."

"God bless you, Jessie! you are a good woman. Trouble has made you very pitiful?" They shook hands on it, trusty friends now, who had been lovers once, and in half an hour Lady Raymond was on her way.

At Scarbro the hours had been strangely long with Sibyl and her mother; and neither had done much to occupy them. Sibyl watched the rain, and the trees, and the sea, with folded hands on her lap and frequent sighs. When it began to darken, Lady Mary bade her come away from the window to the fireside; but she either did not heed or did not hear, for she was still cowering within the curtains when the maid arrived to close them, and brought in lights. The room-door was left ajar while the young woman performed her duties, and during that moment a voice was heard on the stairs which caused Sibyl to start to her feet and cry: "It is Lady Raymond. Why does she come here?"

Her mother had no time to answer before Lady Raymond entered with an ineffectual pretence of ease which she soon dropt. She kissed Sibyl, who stood on the spot where she had risen and made no advance to greet her, and then seated herself beside Lady Mary, keeping fast hold of her tremulous hand.

"Tell us," whispered the mother faintly, glancing towards her daughter. "I guess, but tell us quickly."

"Lady Mary, that love-letter Sibyl replied to yesterday was not written by Mr. Digby Stuart, but by her cousin Isabel Vernon," answered Lady Raymond, forcing out the words with a choking sensation. She could not have added another syllable to soften them if her own life had depended on it, and for the next five minutes there was not a sound in the room. Lady Mary was the first to break the silence.

"Where is that letter, Sibyl? Let us show it to Lady Raymond," was what she said. Sibyl neither moved nor spoke. "My darling, give me the letter," repeated her mother, rising and going to her. Still Sibyl was mute and motionless. Her mother took it out of her bosom; she neither resisted nor uttered a word. Her mother kissed her cooingly as she would have kissed a baby, but she might as well have kissed a face of stone. "What is it? What ails her, Lady Raymond?" stammered she, greatly alarmed.

"It must be the shock; let us lay her down; when she gets leave to

cry she will be better." So they laid her down, and where they laid her there she remained, never closing eye or moving limb or lip, suddenly stricken as by a total suspension of every sense, every faculty. They watched by her the night through, and there was no change. They watched by her till the morning, and there was no change. They watched by her through the sunny autumnal day that came after the storm, and there was no change when the sun went down; there was no change any more on earth in the breathing statue that had been instinct once with youth and joyous love, and all the hopes of life in blossom-time.

And how did it all end? This is a true tale, and therefore it can have no end in particular; no neat tying up of loose tags; no decisive sentences of moral or poetical justice.

"I did it in jest. I never expected the letter would deceive her or aunt Mary either," was Isabel Vernon's quivering defence when her work was brought home to her. Good-natured persons gave her the benefit of the doubt.

Sibyl survived several years. Many expedients were devised to rouse her; cruel expedients they may seem to us. For a little while she was parted from her mother, and during that period Mr. Digby Stuart and her cousin Isabel were introduced into her presence, with some vague hope that the sight of them might break the spell that held fast-bound her powers of volition. All in vain. They were *alike* to her; him she had loved, and the woman who had done worse than slain her! Isabel disguised herself carefully in her dread of recognition; she need not have dreaded it; Sibyl did not know her own mother.

After a time, professional treatment failing, and the poor soul being quite harmless, Lady Mary took her home again, and they lived in an old-fashioned house, inclosed in a walled garden, in one of the quiet suburbs of Hillminster. George Lansmere once begged to be allowed to see her. "Why give yourself the pain, my dear boy?" Lady Mary said. "She will not remember you, nor will you remember her." But he did; he saw sweet Sibyl still in that passive figure sitting in the sun, burnt-brown her face as a gleaner's in the harvest-fields, with short rusted hair, and wide pathetic eyes, in which there was no expression but the expression of an animal, wounded, and in desperate pain. Whether she really suffered I cannot tell. Lady Mary long entertained hopes of her restoration; and when friends asked after her daughter, which they did often because it gratified her to know her darling was not forgotten, her usual reply was that she fancied she was a *little* clearer, a *little* brighter.

She had been in this state nearly seven years, when one Sunday morning—Easter-day morning it was—Lady Raymond was summoned from her pillow an hour before dawn, by a message from the old-fashioned house in the suburb. Through the still streets, ere the world was awake, she hurried; and when she entered the garden, where the first sun-rays were gleaming and the birds were all a-twitter, Lady Mary met her—

met her almost cheerfully. "Too late! you are too late, love; she is gone. It has pleased the good God to take her," said she; then replying to a felt but unspoken inquiry, she added, "No; she did not know me—not even at the last. But she will know me in heaven, she will know me again in heaven!"

Sir Jasper Raymond died in the autumn of the same year as Sibyl, and then the gossips began to say again that Mr. Digby Stuart would marry the widow; but he did not. *Why*, remained still their secret. It was not until nearly ten years after the holy Easter morning when Death came with his merciful order of release to Sibyl, that they were privately married in London. They were then no longer young, but Jessie was always a sweet and loving woman; they married as soon as he was *free*—free from *what* or from *whom* is matter of speculation to the general community of Hillminster still. But Lady Anne Vernon, and one or two others of Mrs. Digby Stuart's nearest and dearest friends, know now that their long separation was due to an old, old folly of his boyhood, when he was deluded into a secret marriage in Paris with a beautiful white witch of a woman, who shortly left him, and would afterwards neither live with him nor die to release him. She set up her tent in Rome, and held there a semi-vagabond court of all nations, maintained in part by his liberal allowance, but chiefly by the contributions levied on her train of Platonic admirers, artist folk, gamblers, and the like. She called herself by a picturesque title, and was eccentric rather than bad.

Julia Vernon married Mr. Danvers. She has no children of her own, but she is an excellent mother to his.

Isabel also married—well as to rank and fortune, very meanly as to mate. She also is childless, and on the face of her, she is an unhappy, dissatisfied woman, whom few persons love—she herself loving few or none.

The dean is dead, and Lady Anne lives with her sister Lady Mary, in the old-fashioned house in the suburb.

George Lansmere is lieutenant-colonel now by promotion won in the field of battle. He wears many decorations, amongst others the Cross of Valour, and a bit of glory in an ugly sword-cut across the left cheek and temple. He is still a bachelor, and his own mother being long since dead, he calls Lady Mary "mother;" when he has a few days' leave to spare, he goes *home* to her like a son.

This is all the end I have to tell to this story of a sorry jest played out in earnest.

Paint, Powder, Patches.

When Lord Foppington "entered into human nature," which is his grand euphuism for being born, his first object seems to have been to change his person as speedily as possible. The Foppington race, male and female, have followed the fashion with alacrity; but my lord was not the first of his race. In all times, and in as many climes, there has been a certain disinclination to leave matters as Nature gave them; and probably nothing has more extensively suffered, in this way, than the head.

If to the head nature gave one shape, to the face one complexion, to the hair one colour, to the ears one form, fashion forthwith held it as her privilege to give another. It was so of old, and it is so now.

The ladies and gentlemen of Pontus, for example, and of other Eastern cities were proud of such children as had sugar-loaf heads. It was a sign they were of the right *tap;* and when a child was born, it was the first duty of all concerned to mould its head into the figure of the conical cap once worn by Oriental potentates. In old days, in Belgium and Portugal, newly made mothers looked on with delight at the efforts made to shape the infant's head according to the prevailing fashion—the long, and not the high head being then deemed the most aristocratical. To help to the attainment of this effect, little babies were always put to sleep resting on their sides and temples. Ancient Germany had also an especial regard for her damsels, among whom short heads were the distinctions of beauty. If Pericles was satirized by the comedians of his time, it was because the old dame who assisted at his birth had left his head as she found it, and had not shaped it into the very round form which alone obtained favour in the eyes of the Athenian ladies, marriageable or not. It would take a volume to show merely the various fashions among heads, and I am induced to believe, that not only the dog-headed but the *headless* people, of whom we read in ancient authors, were so called from certain modes, according to which the former won their designation, and the latter so stooped, in order to look dignified, that their heads seemed, as old writers described them, not growing *on* their shoulders, but *out of* their breasts.

Then, what vexation must it have been to lovers who were poets, in those old benighted places, where to be bald was to be lovely! In those places, mostly in Asia, where relics of the fashion may still be met with, a nymph with flowing locks would have been a monster to be shunned by her disgusted swain. But a fine smooth, hairless pate, if you please, that was a matter to take a man's heart away. A young girl's head,

which she had rendered as bald and as ruddy as the sunny side of an apple, that was the magic by which disturbance was carried into the bosoms of adorers! Only to be permitted to touch this highly polished surface of all that was dear to him, was felicity to a wooer! but permission to touch with his lips the sinciput of the bald beloved—oh, the ecstasy is not to be told!

Montaigne, I think, was never so angry as when he referred to the old fashion of the Gauls who wore their hair long before and shaved it close behind. The philosophical essayist was not angry with his ancestors, but with his contemporaries. He lays it lustily on these wanton youths and effeminate gallants who had renewed the old barbarous fashion, or who at least had so far renewed it as to wear long dangling locks before, with a close crop behind; but fashion has gone even beyond this In South Africa it was formerly the custom to shave one side of the head and to wear curling locks over the other, precisely as the lay figure does in hairdressers' shops, whereby is represented the condition of an individual's head before and after using the fructifying pomade sold on the premises. In Gallia-Comata must have arisen the once famous race of French *friseurs*. Fashion gave a name to a country, and made glorious the calling of *artistes en cheveux*.

The European fashion of powdering the hair white was long an astonishment and a stumbling-block to other nations. To simulate an effect of old age seemed to them an absurdity worthy only of savages. When the ambassador of young George the Third exhibited his royal master's portrait to a mandarin, the latter only remarked, "This cannot be he, for you told me your king was young, whereas here is a grey-headed man." Eastern nations, indeed, wore powder also; but with them it was only for the purpose of turning the hair black, for which purpose we "savages" have, and always have had, certain devices. At the end of the last century there was a particular tinge of red hair (and very beautiful, but very rare, it is; you may see it in the pictures of old masters) which came into fashion. And to give this tinge to hair which did not possess it, a powder was invented by a French artist, and much patronized by Marie Antoinette. This was the *poudre-maréchale*. It was of a sparkling reddish brown, and had such an effect in heightening the complexion that actresses took to it kindly, and abused it outrageously.

Now this *poudre-maréchale* was only a return to that old mode whereby reddish hair was esteemed the only killing colour for a lady. But I think the old modish red (of the Saxon, for instance) was only red in the sense that gold is said to be so by the poets. Certainly golden hair was a snare to Saxon hearts, and the girls whose heads lacked that enchantment used to try to acquire it by sitting in the sun; and when that process failed they were wont to sprinkle their locks with powder of saffron, and in cases where this failed, with powder of sulphur. The old fathers vehemently censured this custom, and declared that hell-fire would come of it; but the female part of Tertullian's congregation *Gallicized* themselves with

saffron or sulphur powder only the more vehemently. We laugh at this vanity, but "jessamine butter," it is not to be forgotten, was largely used in King Charles's time, with a similar end in view. In the same king's reign first arose the fashion of using hot irons to frizzle the hair. After all, this was but a plagiarism from the Romans. The hair, which in Charles's time was brought down over the forehead, in both men and women, and almost down to the eyebrows, went up again under the Roundheads, who brought furrowed foreheads into fashion, as denoting righteousness.

Now, it was the delight of a Scythian, also, that the forehead should appear wrinkled. Aristophanes said of the Samians that they were the best-lettered nation he knew. The fact was, men and women, as if inaugurating patches, wore the impress of letters on their foreheads and cheeks. The eyebrows, too, have suffered as much abuse of nature as the forehead in which they are set. Some people reduced them to a line, others cultivated them into a ridge; Peruvian women cut them off and offered them to the sun, and in Purchas's *Pilgrims*, mention is made of some Eastern women who ran their eyebrows into triangles. But the prettiest story I know of eyebrows is of those which shaded the lovely eyes of the most lovely young Lady Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. Her sire bade her look with favour on a suitor unknown to her; but Lady Georgiana cared only to look with favour on Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland). When the duke first informed his daughter that the suitor of whom he approved would appear that day at dinner, and expressed a hope that, all wayward as she was, she would make herself agreeable to him, the young lady was resolved to do the very reverse. She went to her dressing-room, cut off her eyebrows, frightened her would-be lover by her strange appearance, and then ran away with the old lover, who was not in the least alarmed by it. The sacrifice of Peruvian eyebrows to the sun was a poor conceit, compared with this of Lady Georgiana Lennox to love; and it is pleasant to record that, in the latter case, they not only grew again, but with them abounding joy and ever increasing happiness—till her ladyship fell into the habit of taking six hundred drops of laudanum daily!

Then, what tricks used to be played with the eyelids—and, indeed, very pretty consequences are obtained by the discreet playing of them even now. It was far different of old, when Hottentot damsels contrived to turn them back over the brow, the under portion being laid back on to the cheek. *That* must have been a sight to move a lover! Painted eyelids, again, may have been perilous to look at; but I do not understand the idiosyncrasy of those Transatlantic Indians who loved their charmers best when their eyelids had no lashes to them. Such a fashion would have robbed of her charms that lady richly endowed in beauty of the eyes, who is mentioned by the Prince de Ligne, and who was so proud of her dowry, that if you asked how her ladyship did, she would answer, "I suffer a little in my superb eyes." The hussy! Thereby suffered myriads of men.

I do not know why the nose and the ears have been especially chosen for adornment by honest folk of old, and of small cultivation. Gold and silver and precious stones have been especially their portions. Nevertheless, if a Mogul lady had a nose from which a ring could hang, she would certainly cut it off. A couple of nostrils and no nose used to form the most perfect idea of beauty in the mind of a Tartar lady of good principles and unimpeachable taste. And I am inclined to think that I would rather make love to *her* than to those Eastern ladies mentioned by pagan, and those Western ladies noticed by early Christian and equally veracious, writers, whose ears, by artificial fashionable training, reached down to their feet, and were so broad that the fair one could wrap herself round with them, and hide a couple of friends beneath them, into the bargain!

Into what monstrosities the prettiest lips in the world may be turned we all know who have seen portraits of the Batuecas. Pretty cheeks, too, have suffered in this respect, and some have thought that patches were but the descendants of those cheek-scars which the primitive wives of primitive and *balafré'd* warriors used to inflict on themselves, in order to look like their much battered lords. This may have been so, but another origin, and indeed more than one, may be assigned to the fashion of wearing patches.

Nothing, I believe, is more certain than that the patches or scars, and the tattooing of savage tribes, were originally used by them to celebrate some particular event, to honour some great warrior, or to perpetuate the memory of some vast calamity. There is, however, another theory touching this question which I will briefly narrate.

Once upon a time—the chronology is fixed after some such fashion by Clearchus—a number of Thracian women fell captives into the hands of certain Scythian ladies. The prisoners were better favoured than their mistresses, and as this pleasant fact did not escape the admiring eyes of their masters, the Scythian ladies were sorely troubled thereat; and there was dissension in many a household.

The Scythian husbands, however, let their hard-featured wives rail on, but they made Hebes of their captive handmaidens, and as these lifted the cup to the brawny hands of their lords, the latter, with their habitual indifference to propriety, would pat the cheek of the bearers, look on their wives, and laugh "consumedly."

And the cheeks of these maidens, glowing as the rose in the diffusive rays of the sun, became hateful in the eyes of the much vexed matrons. How they might mar the beauty that was there enthroned became with the community of angry wives the most serious social question of the period. Jealousy sharpened their ingenuity; and the motion of a ruffled consort of one of the most faithless of the husbands, to cover the pretty cheeks of the captives with hideous spots, was unanimously adopted.

But what spots? The blooming Thracian girls would not drink strong drinks, like their thirsty and bloated owners, and thereby redden their noses or fix fever-patches on their cheeks. As for beating them, the eyes

of the weepers seemed all the brighter for the tears which fringed their lids—nay, one Scythian Lothario had been seen absolutely kissing them off. There was not much of the Samaritan spirit in him, but in this work of humanity the labour took the guise of a labour of love. The ladies were driven to their wits' ends!

At this juncture, one of the more angry fair, playing with the point of the dagger which she had drawn from her zone, remarked that she could cheerfully run an inch of it into the impertinent cheeks of these foreign hussies. This hint led to the suggestion of slashing their faces. The men were just then all absent, occupied in matters of hunting or of battle; what was easier than to seize the fair captives and make them ugly for ever?

Fear of their terrible consorts, however, restrained them for awhile; restrained them, indeed, until they resolved so to shape their act of vengeance that it should take the form of a compliment to their husbands. Thereupon, they seized the reluctant prisoners, bound them, and, with needles, pricked the right cheek of each into little patterns of sun, moon, and stars, which they filled up with dye; and, when the Scythian squires returned, after long absence from home, the ladies presented the Hebes, as new editions corrected and improved.

The accomplished fact was not accepted with alacrity by the gentlemen, and yet it led to a permanent fashion. The scattered figures were united by waving lines, symmetry was given to the pattern, which was extended to both cheeks, and the Scythian dames adopted it, by especial command of their tyrants. Thus was made the first attempt to introduce patches, not placed upon, but cut into, the flesh. It only partially succeeded; but it led to tattooing.

From Scythia to Ely, and from the "once upon a time" of Clearchus to the seventh century of the Christian era, is a wide step to make over time and space; but the step brings us to that queen and saint, Ethelreda, whose familiar Saxon name, St. Audry, and her own habits, as well as those bought and sold at the fair held on her festival day in June, have added to our vocabulary that very significant epithet, *tawdry*. Ethelreda had been a lively young lady, and had worn the only brilliant necklaces to be seen in the East Anglian court of her sire in Suffolk. But much dissipation and two husbands had made her look upon all worldly enjoyments as so much vanity, and the queen withdrawing from "society"—for that terrible institution was in force, even in those early days—shut herself up in a monastery, took to rigorous ways, renounced the use of water, except as a beverage, and became covered with spots about the neck and face, to her infinite peace of mind and general satisfaction.

St. Audry had no idea that these unsightly patches were the results of severity of life. She laid them to the account rather of luxury and vanity. "I was once too proud," she would say, "of those splendid carbuncles which my mother, Hereswylda, gave me when I married poor Toubercht; and now I have an assortment of them which I think more

beautiful still." Her nuns, for she was lady-abbess of her damp convent, thought, as they looked at her, that she would be none the less seemly to the eyes of beholders if she would but cover what she called her carbuncles, with patches. The royal lady-abbess would not hear of it, but thereby the wearing of patches became a symbol, if not of religion, at least of a desire to be considered religious. Lacking the carbuncles, people who admired Ethelreda wore the patches as if the wearers possessed those precious signs of a rigid rule of life which they pretended to cover. Common-sense folk, with reasonable ways of looking at a matter, pronounced this fashion as being a thoroughly *tawdry* affair.

There were others who ventured to suggest that there was greater beauty in cleanliness than in carbuncles or spots born of low diet and much dirt. These persons, with much freedom, spoke of the superiority of actual to metaphorical ablution; but thereat was St. Thomas of Ely sorely irritated. The dirt patches of Queen Ethelreda were to him as bright stars in a firmament of spiritual beauty. "Wash!" he would exclaim; "fie upon your washing! Besides, Ethelreda washed every hour, though ye know it not?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the captious folk, "then it certainly was not her face!"

"Face here, face there!" said St. Thomas; "the good queen and saintly lady washed her heart hourly; what profit would there have been to her in washing the body, after that? None! and water never touched it, except it fell upon her in the form of rain."

Accordingly, the personal cleanliness of the queen was accounted as unnecessary, seeing the amount of spiritual bathing to which she subjected her heart. How long Ethelreda's fashion prevailed it would be difficult to determine; perhaps the fact that her "spots" were lauded by Thomas of Ely led to the wearing of patches, not by ladies, but by men.

In Webster's time men wore patches for rheums; and Angelina, in the *Elder Brother*, alludes to patches being worn by men, in her speech to Eustace:—

> 'Tis not a face I only am in love with;
> Nor will I say your face is excellent,
> A reasonable hunting-face to court the wind with!
> No, nor your visits each day in new suits,
> Nor your black patches you wear variously,
> Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some lozenges,
> All which but show you still a younger brother.

The allusions to patches in Butler denote that the wearing of them by men had passed away, but that the fashion was, as in Beaumont and Fletcher's time, whose description refers to their own period, the same as to form and variety with that noticed in the above quotation. I think the fashion died out under the Commonwealth, but that it revived with the Restoration.

Quiet men and honest women, however, were not always in a hurry to accept the fashions stamped by the approval of such a court as that of Charles the Second. Patches, nevertheless, had a fascinating effect on some of the most honest but, in this respect, most yielding of women. Do you not remember that August morning of 1660, when Mrs. Pepys came downstairs to breakfast, and very much astonished the good, yet too gallant, little man, her husband? They had been five years married, and few had been the unloving words that had passed between them, though there had been a few small provocations on either side. In silent wonder Mr. Pepys looked at his lady. He makes no record of having uttered a word, but he registered his surprise in his diary. "This is the first day," he writes, on the 30th of August, "that ever I saw my wife wear black patches, since we were married!"

He manifestly did not approve of the new mode, and he marked its spread with something like wonder. In October, he visits his friend and patron Lord Sandwich, who *does* admire patches. My lord is establishing himself as a fine gentleman; he is looking out for a French cook, is about to engage a master of the horse, and Pepys heard him "talk very high, how he would have," not only the above appendages to a family of quality, but have also "his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange; but," adds Pepys, discerning the reason, "he has become a perfect courtier."

As with the patron, so with the client; and in this matter of patches, Pepys gradually became a perfect courtier too. Not all at once, however. It took him another month before he could well bring his mind to it; not that the strong-minded Mrs. Pepys had ceased to wear patches, but she had worn them without marital sanction, and she was a trifle unlovely in the eyes of her husband accordingly. That husband, however, was a philosopher, and magnanimously resolved to permit what he dared not positively forbid. In November he issued licence to his wife to do that which she had been doing and would have continued to do without it. But she gained something by accepting the permission without affecting to despise it, for Pepys remarks, with a pretty and unconscious simplicity, in November, "My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had ever given her leave to wear a black patch."

Of course, he now admired most what he had once despised. How could he ever have thought that patches marred the sunny Somersetshire beauty of his Elizabeth? They positively heightened it, and set her above princesses. When he saw the handsome Henrietta Duchess of Orleans, who had come on a visit to her brother, Charles the Second, and his own wife standing not far from her, at court, the power and excellent effect of the patch was established for ever in his mind. "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty," he says, ". . . but my wife standing near her, with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she!" Well said, Mr. Pepys! The Elizabeth St. Michel of his courting days queened it over Henrietta of England!

But what he had once disliked, and now admired in princesses, ladies generally, and his wife in particular, became intolerable in his eyes when it was assumed by women of less degree. In two years the patches had got among the milliners. One day in October, 1662, Mr. Pepys strolled about the Exchange, with this resulting profit to his lounge:—"Among other things observing one very pretty Exchange lass, with her face full of black patches, which was a strange sight."

The sight was no longer strange in Queen Anne's time. The ladies then had re-adopted patches. The *Spectator*, speaking as one of the four "Indian kings," or American chiefs, who were then being lionized about town, says:—"As for the women of the country, they look like angels; and they would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for the little black spots that break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face they are very apt to break out in another. Insomuch that I have seen a spot in the forehead in the afternoon which was upon the chin in the morning!"

Patches have gone so slowly out that they have not yet altogether expired. The "beauty spot," still used by humble belles in out-of-the-way districts, is the last relic of the old, often dying, but never entirely dead fashion.

In Congreve's *Way of the World* a lady asks if all the powder is out of her hair, and gentlemen are introduced who, previous to being admitted to the ladies, comb their powdered periwigs as they ascend the staircase. The use of powder was known in the army as early as 1655, and Southey's question, whether men or women first wore it, is therein solved. Powder was considered a great dignifier of the human head; but that depends on circumstances. A bald-headed monk is picturesque; powder him, and he becomes a caricature. The fact is, that powder cannot beautify without paint. A woman delicately powdered, artistically rouged, and her eyebrows left as nature coloured them, was a seductive picture in the Georgian era.

Of the early part of George the Third's reign there were not two beauties who painted, patched, and powdered more, or who needed it less, than Mrs. Hobart and Lady Coventry; the former, all in gauze and spangles, "like a spangled pudding," as a fine gentleman remarked; the latter, in a light blue dress, covered with round spots of silver, which made her look, according to George Selwyn, like "change for a guinea." Poor Lady Coventry! As long as paint could deceive her, she was slow to believe in consumption; but when the terrible truth forced itself upon her, she lay, all unpainted and unpowdered, gazing into a pocket-glass till she could bear no longer to contemplate the breaking-up of the wreck of herself. Nor would she offer that melancholy spectacle to the sympathy or indifference of others. She passed from couch and pocket-mirror to bed and closed curtains; and with no other light than that of a spirit-lamp beneath a kettle in her room, she received visitors and the

ministration of her servants, never doing more than passing her small hand between the curtains which hid for ever the living pale face of the once supreme beauty.

But this painting and powdering had its comic as well as its solemn side. There was no such a highly-coloured family in all Europe as that of the Duke of Modena. When young, he wore a lump of vermilion on one temple, that less notice might be taken of the wen on the other. When old, he married a more highly-painted woman than he had ever been a duke; and wits said, if they dared put their faces together, the colours would run together, like those on a couple of palettes in contact. The duke's sister, Benedetta, indulged in this fashion, the more extravagantly as she grew older; and Walpole describes her as painted and peeled like an old summer-house, with the bristles on her chin sprouting through the plaster. Travellers wended miles out of their way to see this gorgeously got-up family; but indeed there were similar exhibitions at home. When it took many hours to suit a lady's head and complexion to the humour in which she chose to be for the day, or to go with to court, the lady herself would sit up in state for an hour or two—an exhibition for her friends and her friends' servants. A lady's-maid excused herself for arriving late at a steward's-room party at Richmond, on the ground of her having gone to see the Duchess of Montrose, who was "only showed from two to four."

This duchess's contemporary, the old Duchess of Bedford, was a quicker or more careless dowager. We have an instance of this in her hurry at King George's coronation, when she got an idle lord to colour her wrinkled cheeks as she was passing through that appropriate locality, the Painted Chamber. "How do you look?" said her Grace of Queensberry. "Why, like an orange-peach, all red and yellow!" But this last peeress affected an extreme plainness. She went to church, like Madame Du Barry at Versailles, without rouge, or powder, or patches; and she went to court quite as meanly dressed as ever the famous Countess of Pembroke, of the previous century, was at home, namely, in a gown and petticoat of red flannel! And that, too, at a time when not only was luxury in dress at its highest, but kissing on the forehead was introduced for the reason mentioned by Lady Emily Gayville, in Burgoyne's comedy, *The Heiress:* "I perfectly acknowledge the propriety of the custom. It is almost the only spot on the face where the touch would not risk a confusion of complexions!"

It was an age, in short, when not only was there an abuse of paint, but an abuse of powder. Garrick dressed Hamlet absurdly enough; but in France, in Ducis' adaptation, Hamlet appeared on the stage in a powdered wig; but *so did Orestes;* O ye gods! Ay, as powdered as any French lacquey, who put on his powdering gown and mask as soon as he rose, dressed his head at daybreak as if he were going to carry it to court, went to his dirty work, and then waited at dinner, "frisé comme un bichon," with a three-days'-old pocket-handkerchief doing duty as a cravat!

Davenant, in a passage too long to quote, asserts that the practice of painting came to us from France. This is a bold assertion, considering that the first illustrious stranger who landed here from that country found our ancestors painted from head to foot, and, if not patched, very prettily tattooed. It is not clear to me that the British chiefs may not have been powdered also—after a manner; after that, for instance, of those Gaulish and some Germanic chiefs who powdered their hair with something resembling gold-dust. Be this as it may, painting the face certainly received its hardest blow in France. Tertullian never said anything smarter to the ladies of his congregation against wearing wigs—which might be made, he remarked, of the hair of dead people who were damned—than the Bishop of Amiens of a hundred years since said to a lady whose conscience was at issue with her desires touching the wearing of *rouge*. "Ah, ah!" exclaimed the good prelate, "one casuist affirms in one sense, a second casuist in another. I choose, my dear madam, a happy medium; I sanction *rouging*. Paint, dear daughter, paint, since you so wish; but only on one cheek, dear lady!" and the *chère dame* thereat laughed till she became as rosy as nature or modesty ever painted withal.

Perhaps, the witty and pleasantly cruel bishop was thinking of the passage in the prophet Jeremiah,—"Though thou rentest thy face with painting, in vain shalt thou make thyself fair. Thy lovers will despise thee." And this recollection of Jeremiah reminds me of another passage in Isaiah, which I may quote after all this gossiping, and so end seriously with the ladies, to whom at this moment I more especially address myself. The crown of the head of the daughters of Zion was threatened by the prophet, because of their vanity, their pride of dress and their haughty or affected carriage. They were menaced with the loss of all that is dear to merely vain women,—the long list has, doubtless, often been conned by my fair perusers. Did it ever strike them that one of the penalties for vanity to which the daughters of Zion were to be condemned has really, and for the same especial reason, fallen upon the daughters of the Gentiles? With some of them, at least, excess in style of dress, and heedlessness of peril where they wore it, have realized that part of the solemn prediction which says: "And it shall come to pass that there shall be *burning instead of beauty!*"

Newspaper Writers in Germany.

Fourteen thousand new books, it seems, compose the annual supply of solid reading in Germany, and journalism is represented by rather more than twelve hundred newspapers, of which two hundred and forty-nine are dailies. These last figures show us the activity of Germany Proper, excluding Posen on the part of Prussia, and all the non-German possessions of Austria. Who would not be tempted to give Germany the title of the republic of letters, but for the one circumstance which renders the name inappropriate—the existence of some thirty reigning sovereigns in that literary land?

When the first estate is thus predominant, the fourth must necessarily be depressed. And we see that the newspaper writers of Germany differ in many ways from the newspaper writers of England, just as the newspapers of the two countries are widely dissimilar. But the difference of type springs from a great variety of causes, some of which are as quickly detected in the newspapers themselves as they could be exposed in this article, being painfully forced on the most casual reader. The historian of early German journalism remarks that the meanest slave in India, so long as he can write, enjoys a freedom of the press that is denied to the most cultivated man in the most educated part of Europe. No one can have followed the course of the struggle in Prussia without being conscious of the narrow limits that are there accorded to the expression of opinion. In reproducing Lord Ellenborough's speech on Poland in February last, one of the most influential papers in Germany had to sacrifice the paragraph in which Prussia was warned of her approaching fate. "Here follows a passage which we shall not reproduce," says the editor; "suffice it that the orator alluded to the probability of a dangerous crisis taking place in Prussia itself." And yet this paper was not a Prussian newspaper, nor one that the Prussian Government would find it easy to attack; it was the *Augsburg Gazette*, the most generally circulated of all German newspapers, and published in the more tolerant Bavaria.

We know what stringent measures are enforced under the press laws of France, and are accustomed to read of first and second warnings, of newspapers existing only on ministerial sufferance, and of others suppressed by Imperial edict. But such despotism is unknown in Germany. Before 1848, indeed, journalism had a troubled life, and in many of the different States a rigid censorship existed. This formidable instrument appeared first in 1529, when the Diet of the Empire, assembled at Speier, decreed that all printed works were to be submitted to a judicious person appointed to examine them by the supreme authority. In the course of

time each separate State took into its own hands the work of legislating for all things published in its territory, and the press was free or shackled as the Government was liberal or illiberal. In Prussia the censorship was mild under Frederick the Great, but strict under his successor. In Austria it was extremely severe during the reign of Maria Theresa, but it almost disappeared under Joseph the Second. A store of anecdotes on the working of the Austrian censorship towards the end of the last century is given in the autobiography of a Viennese librettist and journalist of that time. According to his account, both press and stage were under the absolute authority of a mischievous stupidity. One censor would only allow the word God to be employed in the Court Theatre; would not tolerate a parody of "King Lear" because kings ought not to be made ridiculous; forbade Schiller's *Don Carlos* because the hero was in love with his stepmother, and had the murdered father in *The Robbers* turned into an uncle. The mildest possible jokes on the style of the official journal of Vienna were punished with a fine. All dedications were strictly forbidden, unless they were accompanied by the consent of the person to whom they were offered, and when a composer wrote a sonata to the manes of Hummel, the censor asked if the manes had accepted the dedication. Such was German censorship before the French Revolution. Under Napoleon the whole range of German literature was bound over to be subservient to France. The fate of Palm, a bookseller in Nuremberg, who was tried by a French court-martial, and shot, because he had forwarded to an Augsburg bookseller a pamphlet against Napoleon that he had received from some other firm, is sufficiently notorious, though the facts are often incorrectly stated. Even the *Almanach de Gotha* had to submit to the decrees of the conqueror, and to adopt a new standard of genealogy. But when Germany reappeared from under the flood of French dominion, the ancient censorship came up again little altered by its dive. Attempts were made at the Congress of Vienna to have liberal regulations issued for the press of Germany, but nothing came of them; and at the meetings of the Ministers of the Great Powers at Johannisberg, in 1824, and at Vienna, in 1834, increase of strictness was prescribed by Metternich and Russia. The present state of the press laws of Germany has not been clearly defined in any book that I can lay my hands on; but, as far as I can ascertain, it is by no means satisfactory. A virtual censorship exists, and is intrusted to the police, an official of which has the power of seizing the whole impression of any paper that attacks the home Government, or the Government of any of the States of the Bund. If the attack is unusually violent, amounting to treason against king or ministers, the paper may be sent to one of the upper courts for trial; in which case it has the constitutional safeguards of an open court and trial by jury. But the editor cannot appeal from the police seizure to a jury of his countrymen: he cannot claim the protection of the law unless he has done something to deserve its censure. His appeal goes to a superior officer of the police in the first instance, and to the president of

the district government in the second. If these two officials confirm the seizure, he has no redress, unless he chooses to bring the matter before the public and be punished constitutionally for objecting to an arbitrary confiscation. To quote one of Moore's satirical poems, the authorities "always have law on their side." Their powers are highly elastic, stretching widely for the Government, and contracting closely around the subject. Not only has every Government this power over its own papers, but it can confiscate any that come from the rest of Germany, can prosecute strange editors *in contumaciam*, or lodge a complaint against them before their native tribunals. A short time back two editors of Frankfort were sentenced, in their absence, to a term of imprisonment in Prussia; and all the Prussian officials were instructed to seize and imprison the said culprits if ever they set foot in the country. One of the senators of Bremen cannot come into Bavaria, because as editor of a Bremen paper he refused to give up the name of a Munich correspondent. This virtual exile may have its inconveniences, especially if an editor shuts all the States of Germany against himself, as Dick Swiveller shut all the streets of his neighbourhood. But the governments are only half contented with it, and greatly prefer having their editors on the spot. *The Times* correspondent told us the other day what was done with refractory journalists in Vienna; and although articles are not signed in Germany, the governments have a simple way of detecting their writers. A body of police is sent to search the newspaper office for the manuscript of an obnoxious article should the editor refuse the author's name; and if the MS. can be found, the handwriting is easily identified.

But restraints on the liberty of the press are not the only causes of the difference between German and English journalism. The number of independent States has led to a diffusion of newspaper activity over an immense surface, and to a consequent scattering both of ability and capital. As great intellects appear in the youth of nations when cultivation is not general, and all the power and knowledge of the time are concentrated in the heads of a few, so great newspapers flourish best where there is a decided centre, a necessary limit to competition, a fusion of the most striking talents. In Germany there are so many newspapers that the sale of one interferes with that of another, and the writers not being sufficiently paid by any one to confine themselves to it alone, must dilute their matter for a great many others. I have given the statistics for the whole of Germany at the beginning of this paper: of the chief States, Prussia has 528 newspapers, of which 71 are dailies; Austria Proper has 77, of which 38 are dailies; and Bavaria 138, of which 44 are dailies. The journals of Vienna and Berlin are of course very different from those of the smaller capitals, being supported by a more influential public, and living in the centre of action. But the newspapers which go most generally throughout Germany, and which chiefly represent its journalism abroad, are not those of Vienna and Berlin, but the *Augsburg Gazette* and the *Cologne Gazette*. And while many of the capitals of

smaller States have no daily newspapers (the principality of Lichtenstein being esteemed fortunate in not having any newspaper at all), some of the free towns publish more journals than they could support themselves, for the benefit of the States around them.

A picture of the newspaper office as it exists in Germany may best exemplify the journalistic life of the country. In the quietest part of a quiet old town is a house of quaint architectural build, its windows protected by wreathed ironwork, carrying the mind back to Quintin Matsys, the smith of Antwerp. You push open the large gate and find yourself in a vaulted hall, a court and garden in front of you, and the heavy stone staircase on one hand. The printing-office stands at the back of the house, flanked by an aged monastery. But for the speaking-tube which runs across the courtyard, connecting the editor's room with the printing-office, but for the clang of machinery, and the constant passage of messengers, you would think that all the buildings formed one monastic group, such is the mediæval air they breathe in their age and solitude. Up the staircase is the *redaction*, communicating on each side with the rooms of the principal editors. A couple of standing desks, a table in the middle littered with proofs, a row of shelves containing all the newspapers of the world, and the large mouth of a speaking trumpet, compose the furniture of this office. Respectable and cleanly boys—it is a profanation to call them printer's devils, or associate them with those grimy, villanous imps of whom we have portraits in our literary novels—come in with proofs for correction. A sub-editor is cutting out paragraphs from a German paper, or concocting the news of the day in alternations of written and printed characters. The French editor shows you the twelve Parisian daily newspapers out of which he has to extract the pith of French events, and weave it into a connected narrative between eight in the evening and a small hour of the morning. And oh! the mass of correspondence that has to be read, the mass of newspapers of all people, nations, and languages that must be skimmed over, before the German mind can have the full picture of the doings of the whole world, which is necessary to satisfy its thirst for knowledge.

The Viennese papers approach more nearly to the English type than those of the rest of Germany. This is no doubt owing in part to the size of the city, and the mode of life adopted by its inhabitants. The circulation of some of the chief papers in Vienna would not discredit London, and the fortunes that have been made by editors and publishers would create envy. The editor and owner of one paper is supposed to make 10,000*l.* a year, and has just married a countess. Another has retired from the post of editor with a fortune of 12,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* a year, and has his country seat in the neighbourhood of Vienna, with a park surrounding his mansion, and telegraphic communication between the house and the porter's lodge. The social harmony that prevails among journalists of Vienna is well known, and is one of the pleasantest features of the life of that capital. A society has been organized, the heads of which

are chosen from editors and writers, without any regard to their political views, and the bitterest foes in newspaper controversy meet there, *sans rancune*, on the most friendly footing. The example of Vienna has been followed in Berlin, while in some of the smaller towns of Germany difference of opinion leads to the most exaggerated bitterness. Not that the amenities of literature are preserved any the more for this social intercourse; but as contending armies paused in the heat of battle to drink of the same stream, and exchanged civilities till the trumpet should sound again, so one would gladly see controversialists meeting without hatred in the intervals of argument. Here, indeed, is a stray sample of German newspaper hostilities which might prove too bitter a pill for any friendly familiarity: "Wanted a publicist to collect materials for deciding the following wager:—That there have been 500 untruths published in the —— in the course of the last two years, not including those cases in which subsequent retractation was made. Honorarium 150 thalers, and 10 thalers more for every 25 untruths beyond the 500. Address to the office of this paper."

It is remarkable that most of the editors in Vienna are Jews, as also a large number of the contributors. In both classes are well-known names—names that appeared on the roll of the Frankfort Parliament of 1848, and are to be read in the records of the revolution of Vienna. As a general rule, in the Austrian capital, as in the other cities of Germany, the leading articles in each paper are written by the editor. There are some exceptions to this, but not many, and this fact constitutes a material difference between the German and the English custom. It makes the German newspaper a more personal concern; it concentrates the responsibility, and compels a more decided consistency. The law requires the editor to sign his name at the end of each number of the paper, and the system of marking every original contribution with a symbol that is almost equivalent to a signature makes the writers equally cautious. Thus it results that in Germany all the papers are classified by their *colour*. The line that each one has to take on a question is decided from the beginning, and it would ruin a paper to make any deviation from the principles by which it is known. It may be doubted how far this excessive consistency is to be valued for writer or for reader. Who would care to be bound over to defend during his lifetime a cause that he had adopted without due consideration? Who would care to read an article of which he could predict every turn of expression? The staff of English papers is generally so large that there is little danger of a narrow adherence to a single view. But the German papers scarcely know the meaning of a staff of writers; and, to carry out the simile, instead of being organized on the model of a regular army, they follow the volunteer principle. Some of them carry this principle so far as to dispense with regular leaders, and to rely on casual essays in their place. Instead of the stated leading-article writers to whom the quiet of Printing-house Square is essential, we have professors, or ex-statesmen,

or statesmen that are to be, living thirty or forty miles away from the newspaper office. Instead of the reporters whom *The Times* sends over the whole of England, we have voluntary correspondents settled in the various towns of Germany, and occupied in teaching, or in general literature, or in official life. Essay-writers and correspondents, alike, have their symbol, which is prefixed to every article. Those who particularly wish to be known make use of their initials; others take a single letter from the Greek alphabet, while the greater number resort to hieroglyphics. Different combinations of stars are the most frequent; a single star is the editorial sign, meaning no more than that the article is original, and has passed through responsible hands.

The number of correspondents kept up by every paper, as shown in the rich variety of hieroglyphics, cannot but fill one with wonder at the literary resources of Germany. Perhaps in one copy of a daily journal you find three correspondents from Vienna, three from Berlin, and one apiece from Munich, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and other minor capitals, not to mention the free towns of North Germany. There is a correspondent in London, of course, and another in Paris, several in Poland, and at least half-a-dozen in Italy. The *Augsburg Gazette* is famed for the extent of its foreign relations, being supplied by two regular correspondents in America, and by casual writers dating from such distant quarters as Jerusalem and Hong Kong. A certain familiar publicity is maintained in the relations between editor and correspondents. It is not unusual to see at the foot of a letter some expression of the editor's desire to have more of the same nature, or a request that the correspondent will send his address, so that the editor may communicate with him personally. But however pleasant such a recognition of your merits may be, it is by no means agreeable if your faults are dwelt on with equal distinctness. When a statement is contradicted you read an editorial note, "We have requested this correspondent not to write to us again;" or, more painfully still, "We have turned off the correspondent in question." The English journalist must congratulate himself on being exempt from such a public dismissal, even if he complains of the obscurity in which his favourite compositions are hidden. Nor will he have less reason to be thankful when the question of payment is considered. The general rate in German newspapers is 5*l.* a sheet, which comes to about a penny a line. Foreign correspondents are paid rather better, especially those in the East and in America. In some cases so much is given per letter, irrespective of the length. A traveller in Italy will get twelve shillings a letter; some Government employé in one of the minor capitals has five shillings a letter, and keeps the paper "posted"—as the slang is—with all the gossip of the Court. It is easy to conceive that when such is the scale of payment adopted by the chief papers, the German journalist must have several strings to his bow. And it is well known that a man who corresponds with one paper has often five or six others to which he communicates the same facts with slight changes of phrase. A journalist living in Vienna

or Berlin, and employed on the staff of one of the newspapers there, will send letters over half Germany. The editor of one paper will act as correspondent of various others; or a sub-editor, whose leading articles are not appreciated at home, will find means to employ them abroad. Literary men in Berlin will no doubt remember an amusing occurrence of the year 1849, which caused a considerable stir at Stehely's, the confectioner's, where journalists most do congregate. A very hard-working, but not very brilliant, writer used to get others to assist him in disguising his letters. One day there was an important fact to announce, and nobody at hand to help him. The consequence was that a few days after, the Berlin letter in six different papers began with the striking phrase, "The bomb has exploded." If nothing else came of the explosion, the literary world of Berlin were pretty certain who had applied the match.

When I say that a Government employé supplies different newspapers with the gossip of the Court, I do not mean that Court secrets are betrayed. It is true that many of the German papers have an official connection, but this is shown in nothing more strongly than in their official reticence. The case of the late secretary of the Duke of Coburg may, perhaps, seem an exception; but it seldom happens that Government officials are less faithful to their regular master than to their casual employer. The correspondent shows a strange familiarity with unpublished despatches, is convinced that the Government intends to take certain steps, knows on the best authority that such and such rumours are unfounded. But if anything of real moment occurs in Court circles, if a scandal takes place which would make the fortune of a clubman, the correspondent is too well-bred to let a hint of it escape him. He chronicles royal appearances in the most fulsome tone; conveying the facts of the "Court Circular," in language to which Jenkins could never have aspired. But if a queen runs away from her husband, and all the world is talking about it, the correspondent seems to be in total ignorance. In all other cases, however, he is well-informed, and his letters are sufficiently full of accurate material to supply the foreign correspondents of other nations. In Berlin he is probably a member of the Chamber, and gets all the private details of political measures from the leaders of his party. The London correspondence of one of the chief German papers is supposed to emanate from the Privy Council. An occasional change of symbol is necessary with some of these writers, when they are near the persons of kings; but they are generally safe from detection, as it is notorious that German royalty never reads the papers.

But with the exception of these official persons, the German newspaper writer is more of a man of letters than his brethren in England. The journalistic mind, as it appears in some celebrated editors, is rather averse to literature in the abstract. It dwells almost exclusively on the subjects which are interesting at the present moment, the subjects which will serve for the next leading article. It pays more attention to contemporary history than to the good old times of chroniclers and antiquarians.

It considers books as objects for reviewing, great names as staple for allusion, and past events as commentaries or predictions. We constantly see writers of this class, whose utter distaste for everything literary, and limited acquaintance with the literature of the day, serve as singular comments on their employment. They may reasonably boast of being more akin to Macaulay than to Hallam; but to Macaulay without his chief characteristic. As there are two kinds of Ministers in France, those with a portfolio, and those with a voice, so might some English journalists be called Members of Parliament with a pen. I doubt if any such specimens are to be found in Germany. Journalism there is often taken up as a temporary support, as a means of increasing a professor's salary. One man who is engaged on a laborious work which will demand the best years of his life, devotes his spare half-hours to newspaper correspondence. Another, who is making grave researches in the archives of Italy or the Netherlands, contributes his passing impressions of travel, and is enabled to prosecute his scientific studies on the proceeds of his lighter labours. Perhaps the most striking example of this is to be found in Heine, who acted for a long time as Paris correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*, and the reprint of whose Paris letters has formed one of his best-known works. But from this habit a certain heaviness has resulted, which, together with an absence of direct interest, is still conspicuous in the German papers. Still the pressure of daily politics is gradually making itself felt, and is driving out the purely literary element, or confining it to the *feuilleton*. Much as we may regret the calmness and the exhaustiveness of early writers, compared with the reckless haste and the wilful one-sidedness for which they are too often exchanged, we cannot but accept the latter features as legitimate attendants of political growth, and we cannot expect even the blessings of constitutional liberty without a certain train of attendant vices.

The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Board.

CROSBIE, as we already know, went to his office in Whitehall on the morning after his escape from Sebright's, at which establishment he left the Squire of Allington in conference with Fowler Pratt. He had seen Fowler Pratt again that same night, and the course of the story will have shown what took place at that interview.

He went early to his office, knowing that he had before him the work of writing two letters, neither of which would run very glibly from his pen. One was to be his missive to the squire, to be delivered by his friend; the other, that fatal epistle to poor Lily, which, as the day passed away, he found himself utterly unable to accomplish. The letter to the squire he did write, under certain threats; and, as we have seen, was considered to have degraded himself to the vermin rank of humanity by the meanness of his production.

But on reaching his office he found that other cares awaited him,—cares which he would have taken much delight in bearing, had the state of his mind enabled him to take delight in anything. On entering the lobby of his office, at ten o'clock, he became aware that he was received by the messengers assembled there with almost more than their usual deference. He was always a great man at the General Committee Office; but there are shades of greatness and shades of deference, which, though quite beyond the powers of definition, nevertheless manifest themselves clearly to the experienced ear and eye. He walked through to his own apartment, and there found two official letters addressed to him lying on his table. The first which

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came to hand, though official, was small, and marked private, and it was addressed in the handwriting of his old friend, Butterwell, the outgoing secretary. "I shall see you in the morning, nearly as soon as you get this," said the semi-official note; "but I must be the first to congratulate you on the acquisition of my old shoes. They will be very easy in the wearing to you, though they pinched my corns a little at first. I dare say they want new soling, and perhaps they are a little down at heels; but you will find some excellent cobbler to make them all right, and will give them a grace in the wearing which they have sadly lacked since they came into my possession. I wish you much joy with them," &c. &c. He then opened the larger official letter, but that had now but little interest for him. He could have made a copy of the contents without seeing them. The Board of Commissioners had had great pleasure in promoting him to the office of secretary, vacated by the promotion of Mr. Butterwell to a seat at their own Board; and then the letter was signed by Mr. Butterwell himself.

How delightful to him would have been this welcome on his return to his office had his heart in other respects been free from care! And as he thought of this, he remembered all Lily's charms. He told himself how much she excelled the noble scion of the De Courcy stock, with whom he was now destined to mate himself; how the bride he had rejected excelled the one he had chosen in grace, beauty, faith, freshness, and all feminine virtues. If he could only wipe out the last fortnight from the facts of his existence! But fortnights such as those are not to be wiped out,—not even with many sorrowful years of tedious scrubbing.

And at this moment it seemed to him as though all those impediments which had frightened him when he had thought of marrying Lily Dale were withdrawn. That which would have been terrible with seven or eight hundred a year, would have been made delightful with twelve or thirteen. Why had his fate been so unkind to him? Why had not this promotion come to him but one fortnight earlier? Why had it not been declared before he had made his visit to that terrible castle? He even said to himself that if he had positively known the fact before Pratt had seen Mr. Dale, he would have sent a different message to the squire, and would have braved the anger of all the race of the De Courcys. But in that he lied to himself, and he knew that he did so. An earl, in his imagination, was hedged by so strong a divinity, that his treason towards Alexandrina could do no more than peep at what it would. It had been considered but little by him, when the project first offered itself to his mind, to jilt the niece of a small rural squire; but it was not in him to jilt the daughter of a countess.

That house full of babies in St. John's Wood appeared to him now under a very different guise from that which it wore as he sat in his room at Courcy Castle on the evening of his arrival there. Then such an establishment had to him the flavour of a graveyard. It was as though he were going to bury himself alive. Now that it was out of his reach, he thought of it as a paradise upon earth. And then he considered what sort of a

paradise Lady Alexandrina would make for him. It was astonishing how ugly was the Lady Alexandrina, how old, how graceless, how destitute of all pleasant charm, seen through the spectacles which he wore at the present moment.

During his first hour at the office he did nothing. One or two of the younger clerks came in and congratulated him with much heartiness. He was popular at his office, and they had got a step by his promotion. Then he met one or two of the elder clerks, and was congratulated with much less heartiness. "I suppose it's all right," said one bluff old gentleman. "My time is gone by, I know. I married too early to be able to wear a good coat when I was young, and I never was acquainted with any lords or lords' families." The sting of this was the sharper because Crosbie had begun to feel how absolutely useless to him had been all that high interest and noble connection which he had formed. He had really been promoted because he knew more about his work than any of the other men, and Lady De Courcy's influential relation at the India Board had not yet even had time to write a note upon the subject.

At eleven Mr. Butterwell came into Crosbie's room, and the new secretary was forced to clothe himself in smiles. Mr. Butterwell was a pleasant, handsome man of about fifty, who had never yet set the Thames on fire, and had never attempted to do so. He was perhaps a little more civil to great men and a little more patronizing to those below him than he would have been had he been perfect. But there was something frank and English even in his mode of bowing before the mighty ones, and to those who were not mighty he was rather too civil than either stern or supercilious. He knew that he was not very clever, but he knew also how to use those who were clever. He seldom made any mistake, and was very scrupulous not to tread on men's corns. Though he had no enemies, yet he had a friend or two; and we may therefore say of Mr. Butterwell that he had walked his path in life discreetly. At the age of thirty-five he had married a lady with some little fortune, and now he lived a pleasant, easy, smiling life in a villa at Putney. When Mr. Butterwell heard, as he often did hear, of the difficulty which an English gentleman has of earning his bread in his own country, he was wont to look back on his own career with some complacency. He knew that he had not given the world much; yet he had received largely, and no one had begrudged it to him. "Tact," Mr. Butterwell used to say to himself, as he walked along the paths of his Putney villa. "Tact. Tact. Tact."

"Crosbie," he said, as he entered the room cheerily, "I congratulate you with all my heart. I do, indeed. You have got the step early in life, and you deserve it thoroughly;—much better than I did when I was appointed to the same office."

"Oh, no," said Crosbie, gloomily.

"But I say, Oh, yes. We are deuced lucky to have such a man, and so I told the commissioners."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you."

"I've known it all along,—before you left even. Sir Raffle Buffle had told me he was to go to the Income-tax Office. The chair is two thousand there, you know; and I had been promised the first seat at the Board."

"Ah;—I wish I'd known," said Crosbie.

"You are much better as you are," said Butterwell. "There's no pleasure like a surprise! Besides, one knows a thing of that kind, and yet doesn't know it. I don't mind saying now that I knew it,—swearing that I knew it,—but I wouldn't have said so to a living being the day before yesterday. There are such slips between the cups and the lips. Suppose Sir Raffle had not gone to the Income-tax!"

"Exactly so," said Crosbie.

"But it's all right now. Indeed I sat at the Board yesterday, though I signed the letter afterwards. I'm not sure that I don't lose more than I gain."

"What! with three hundred a year more and less work?"

"Ah, but look at the interest of the thing. The secretary sees everything and knows everything. But I'm getting old, and, as you say, the lighter work will suit me. By the by, will you come down to Putney to-morrow? Mrs. Butterwell will be delighted to see the new secretary. There's nobody in town now, so you can have no ground for refusing."

But Mr. Crosbie did find some ground for refusing. It would have been impossible for him to have sat and smiled at Mrs. Butterwell's table in his present frame of mind. In a mysterious, half-explanatory manner, he let Mr. Butterwell know that private affairs of importance made it absolutely necessary that he should remain that evening in town. "And indeed," as he said, "he was not his own master just at present."

"By the by,—of course not. I had quite forgotten to congratulate you on that head. So you're going to be married? Well; I'm very glad, and hope you'll be as lucky as I have been."

"Thank you," said Crosbie, again rather gloomily.

"A young lady from near Guestwick, isn't it; or somewhere in those parts?"

"N—— no," stammered Crosbie. "The lady comes from Barsetshire."

"Why, I heard the name. Isn't she a Bell, or Tait, or Ball, or some such name as that?"

"No," said Crosbie, assuming what boldness he could command. "Her name is De Courcy."

"One of the earl's daughters?"

"Yes," said Crosbie.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I'd heard wrong. You're going to be allied to a very noble family, and I am heartily glad to hear of your success in life." Then Butterwell shook him very cordially by the hand,—having offered him no such special testimony of approval when under the belief that he was going to marry a Bell, a Tait, or a Ball. All the same, Mr. Butterwell began to think that there was something wrong. He had heard from an indubitable source that Crosbie had engaged himself to a

niece of a squire with whom he had been staying near Guestwick,—a girl without any money; and Mr. Butterwell, in his wisdom, had thought his friend Crosbie to be rather a fool for his pains. But now he was going to marry one of the De Courcys! Mr. Butterwell was rather at his wits' ends.

"Well; we shall be sitting at two, you know, and of course you'll come to us. If you're at leisure before that I'll make over what papers I have to you. I've not been a Lord Eldon in my office, and they won't break your back."

Immediately after that Fowler Pratt had been shown into Crosbie's room, and Crosbie had written the letter to the squire under Pratt's eye.

He could take no joy in his promotion. When Pratt left him he tried to lighten his heart. He endeavoured to throw Lily and her wrongs behind him, and fix his thoughts on his advancing successes in life; but he could not do it. A self-imposed trouble will not allow itself to be banished. If a man lose a thousand pounds by a friend's fault, or by a turn in the wheel of fortune, he can, if he be a man, put his grief down and trample it under foot; he can exorcise the spirit of his grievance, and bid the evil one depart from out of his house. But such exorcism is not to be used when the sorrow has come from a man's own folly and sin;—especially not if it has come from his own selfishness. Such are the cases which make men drink; which drive them on to the avoidance of all thought; which create gamblers and reckless prodigals; which are the promoters of suicide. How could he avoid writing this letter to Lily? He might blow his brains out, and so let there be an end of it all. It was to such reflections that he came, when he sat himself down endeavouring to reap satisfaction from his promotion.

But Crosbie was not a man to commit suicide. In giving him his due I must protest that he was too good for that. He knew too well that a pistol-bullet could not be the be-all and the end-all here, and there was too much manliness in him for so cowardly an escape. The burden must be borne. But how was he to bear it? There he sat till it was two o'clock, neglecting Mr. Butterwell and his office papers, and not stirring from his seat till a messenger summoned him before the Board. The Board, as he entered the room, was not such a Board as the public may, perhaps, imagine such Boards to be. There was a round table, with a few pens lying about, and a comfortable leathern arm-chair at the side of it, farthest from the door. Sir Raffle Buffle was leaving his late colleagues, and was standing with his back to the fire-place, talking very loudly. Sir Raffle was a great bully, and the Board was uncommonly glad to be rid of him; but as this was to be his last appearance at the Committee Office, they submitted to his voice meekly. Mr. Butterwell was standing close to him, essaying to laugh mildly at Sir Raffle's jokes. A little man, hardly more than five feet high, with small but honest-looking eyes, and close-cut hair, was standing behind the arm-chair, rubbing his hands together, and longing for the departure of Sir Raffle,

in order that he might sit down. This was Mr. Optimist, the new chairman, in praise of whose appointment the Daily Jupiter had been so loud, declaring that the present Minister was showing himself superior to all Ministers who had ever gone before him, in giving promotion solely on the score of merit. The Daily Jupiter, a fortnight since, had published a very eloquent article, strongly advocating the claims of Mr. Optimist, and was naturally pleased to find that its advice had been taken. Has not an obedient Minister a right to the praise of those powers which he obeys?

Mr. Optimist was, in truth, an industrious little gentleman, very well connected, who had served the public all his life, and who was, at any rate, honest in his dealings. Nor was he a bully, such as his predecessor. It might, however, be a question whether he carried guns enough for the command in which he was now to be employed. There was but one other member of the Board, Major Fiasco by name, a discontented, broken-hearted, silent man, who had been sent to the General Committee Office some few years before because he was not wanted anywhere else. He was a man who had intended to do great things when he entered public life, and had possessed the talent and energy for things moderately great. He had also possessed to a certain extent the ear of those high in office; but, in some way, matters had not gone well with him, and in running his course he had gone on the wrong side of the post. He was still in the prime of life, and yet all men knew that Major Fiasco had nothing further to expect from the public or from the Government. Indeed, there were not wanting those who said that Major Fiasco was already in receipt of a liberal income, for which he gave no work in return; that he merely filled a chair for four hours a day four or five days a week, signing his name to certain forms and documents, reading, or pretending to read, certain papers, but, in truth, doing no good. Major Fiasco, on the other hand, considered himself to be a deeply injured individual, and he spent his life in brooding over his wrongs. He believed now in nothing and in nobody. He had begun public life striving to be honest, and he now regarded all around him as dishonest. He had no satisfaction in any man other than that which he found when some event would show to him that this or that other compeer of his own had proved himself to be self-interested, false, or fraudulent. "Don't tell me, Butterwell," he would say—for with Mr. Butterwell he maintained some semi-official intimacy, and he would take that gentleman by the button-hole, holding him close. "Don't tell me. I know what men are. I've seen the world. I've been looking at things with my eyes open. I knew what he was doing." And then he would tell of the sly deed of some official known well to them both, not denouncing it by any means, but affecting to take it for granted that the man in question was a rogue. Butterwell would shrug his shoulders, and laugh gently, and say that, upon his word, he didn't think the world so bad as Fiasco made it out to be.

Nor did he; for Butterwell believed in many things. He believed in his Putney villa on this earth, and he believed also that he might achieve some sort of Putney villa in the world beyond without undergoing present martyrdom. His Putney villa first, with all its attendant comforts, and then his duty to the public afterwards. It was thus that Mr. Butterwell regulated his conduct; and as he was solicitous that the villa should be as comfortable a home to his wife as to himself, and that it should be specially comfortable to his friends, I do not think that we need quarrel with his creed.

Mr. Optimist believed in everything, but especially he believed in the Prime Minister, in the Daily Jupiter, in the General Committee Office, and in himself. He had long thought that everything was nearly right; but now that he himself was chairman at the General Committee Office, he was quite sure that everything must be right. In Sir Raffle Buffle, indeed, he had never believed; and now it was, perhaps, the greatest joy of his life that he should never again be called upon to hear the tones of that terrible knight's hated voice.

Seeing who were the components of the new Board, it may be presumed that Crosbie would look forward to enjoying a not uninfluential position in his office. There were, indeed, some among the clerks who did not hesitate to say that the new secretary would have it pretty nearly all his own way. As for "old Opt," there would be, they said, no difficulty about him. Only tell him that such and such a decision was his own, and he would be sure to believe the teller. Butterwell was not fond of work, and had been accustomed to lean upon Crosbie for many years. As for Fiasco, he would be cynical in words, but wholly indifferent in deed. If the whole office were made to go to the mischief, Fiasco, in his own grim way, would enjoy the confusion.

"Wish you joy, Crosbie," said Sir Raffle, standing up on the rug, waiting for the new secretary to go up to him and shake hands. But Sir Raffle was going, and the new secretary did not indulge him.

"Thank ye, Sir Raffle," said Crosbie, without going near the rug.

"Mr. Crosbie, I congratulate you most sincerely," said Mr. Optimist. "Your promotion has been the result altogether of your own merit. You have been selected for the high office which you are now called upon to fill solely because it has been thought that you are the most fit man to perform the onerous duties attached to it. Hum—h-m—ha. As regards my share in the recommendation which we found ourselves bound to submit to the Treasury, I must say that I never felt less hesitation in my life, and I believe I may declare as much as regards the other members of the Board."

And Mr. Optimist looked around him for approving words. He had come forward from his standing ground behind his chair to welcome Crosbie, and had shaken his hand cordially. Fiasco also had risen from his seat, and had assured Crosbie in a whisper that he had feathered his nest uncommon well. Then he had sat down again.

"Indeed you may, as far as I am concerned," said Butterwell.

"I told the Chancellor of the Exchequer," said Sir Raffle, speaking very loud and with much authority, "that unless he had some first-rate man to send from elsewhere I could name a fitting candidate. 'Sir Raffle,' he said, 'I mean to keep it in the office, and therefore shall be glad of your opinion.' 'In that case, Mr. Chancellor,' said I, 'Mr. Crosbie must be the man.' 'Mr. Crosbie shall be the man,' said the Chancellor. And Mr. Crosbie is the man."

"Your friend Sark spoke to Lord Brock about it," said Fiasco. Now the Earl of Sark was a young nobleman of much influence at the present moment, and Lord Brock was the Prime Minister. "You should thank Lord Sark."

"Had as much to do with it as if my footman had spoken," said Sir Raffle.

"I am very much obliged to the Board for their good opinion," said Crosbie, gravely. "I am obliged to Lord Sark as well,—and also to your footman, Sir Raffle, if, as you seem to say, he has interested himself in my favour."

"I didn't say anything of the kind," said Sir Raffle. "I thought it right to make you understand that it was my opinion, given, of course, officially, which prevailed with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Well, gentlemen, as I shall be wanted in the city, I will say good morning to you. Is my carriage ready, Boggs?" Upon which the attendant messenger opened the door, and the great Sir Raffle Buffle took his final departure from the scene of his former labours.

"As to the duties of your new office"—and Mr. Optimist continued his speech, taking no other notice of the departure of his enemy than what was indicated by an increased brightness of his eye and a more satisfactory tone of voice—"you will find yourself quite familiar with them."

"Indeed he will," said Butterwell.

"And I am quite sure that you will perform them with equal credit to yourself, satisfaction to the department, and advantage to the public. We shall always be glad to have your opinion on any subject of importance that may come before us; and as regards the internal discipline of the office, we feel that we may leave it safely in your hands. In any matter of importance you will, of course, consult us, and I feel very confident that we shall go on together with great comfort and with mutual confidence." Then Mr. Optimist looked at his brother commissioners, sat down in his arm-chair, and taking in his hands some papers before him, began the routine business of the day.

It was nearly five o'clock when, on this special occasion, the secretary returned from the board-room to his own office. Not for a moment had the weight been off his shoulders while Sir Raffle had been bragging or Mr. Optimist making his speech. He had been thinking, not of them, but of Lily Dale; and though they had not discovered his thoughts, they had perceived that he was hardly like himself.

"I never saw a man so little elated by good fortune in my life," said Mr. Optimist.

"Ah, he's got something on his mind," said Butterwell. "He's going to be married, I believe."

"If that's the case, it's no wonder he shouldn't be elated," said Major Fiasco, who was himself a bachelor.

When in his own room again Crosbie at once seized on a sheet of note-paper, as though by hurrying himself on with it he could get that letter to Allington written. But though the paper was before him, and the pen in his hand, the letter did not, would not, get itself written. With what words was he to begin it? To whom should it be written? How was he to declare himself the villain which he had made himself? The letters from his office were taken away every night shortly after six, and at six o'clock he had not written a word. "I will do it at home, to-night," he said to himself, and then, tearing off a scrap of paper, he scratched those few lines which Lily received, and which she had declined to communicate to her mother or sister. Crosbie, as he wrote them, conceived that they would in some way prepare the poor girl for the coming blow,—that they would, at any rate, make her know that all was not right; but in so supposing he had not counted on the constancy of her nature, nor had he thought of the promise which she had given him that nothing should make her doubt him. He wrote the scrap, and then taking his hat walked off through the gloom of the November evening up Charing Cross and St. Martin's Lane, towards the Seven Dials and Bloomsbury, into regions of the town with which he had no business, and which he never frequented. He hardly knew where he went or wherefore. How was he to escape from the weight of the burden which was now crushing him? It seemed to him as though he would change his position with thankfulness for that of the junior clerk in his office, if only that junior clerk had upon his mind no such betrayal of trust as that of which he was guilty.

At half-past seven he found himself at Sebright's, and there he dined. A man will dine, even though his heart be breaking. Then he got into a cab, and had himself taken home to Mount Street. During his walk he had sworn to himself that he would not go to bed that night till the letter was written and posted. It was twelve before the first words were marked on the paper, and yet he kept his oath. Between two and three, in the cold moonlight, he crawled out and deposited his letter in the nearest post-office.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JOHN EAMES RETURNS TO BURTON CRESCENT.

JOHN EAMES and Crosbie returned to town on the same day. It will be remembered how Eames had assisted Lord De Guest in the matter of the bull, and how great had been the earl's gratitude on the occasion. The

memory of this, and the strong encouragement which he received from his mother and sister for having made such a friend by his gallantry, lent some slight satisfaction to his last hours at home. But his two misfortunes were too serious to allow of anything like real happiness. He was leaving Lily behind him, engaged to be married to a man whom he hated, and he was returning to Burton Crescent, where he would have to face Amelia Roper,—Amelia either in her rage or in her love. The prospect of Amelia in her rage was very terrible to him; but his greatest fear was of Amelia in her love. He had in his letter declined matrimony; but what if she talked down all his objections, and carried him off to church in spite of himself!

When he reached London and got into a cab with his portmanteau, he could hardly fetch up courage to bid the man drive him to Burton Crescent. "I might as well go to an hotel for the night," he said to himself, "and then I can learn how things are going on from Cradell at the office." Nevertheless, he did give the direction to Burton Crescent, and when it was once given felt ashamed to change it. But, as he was driven up to the well-known door, his heart was so low within him that he might almost be said to have lost it. When the cabman demanded whether he should knock, he could not answer; and when the maid-servant at the door greeted him, he almost ran away.

"Who's at home?" said he, asking the question in a very low voice.

"There's missus," said the girl, "and Miss Spruce, and Mrs. Lupex. He's away somewhere, in his tantrums again; and there's Mr. ——"

"Is Miss Roper here?" he said, still whispering.

"Oh, yes! Miss Mealyer's here," said the girl, speaking in a cruelly loud voice. "She was in the dining-room just now, putting out the table. Miss Mealyer!" And the girl, as she called out the name, opened the dining-room door. Johnny Eames felt that his knees were too weak to support him.

But Miss Mealyer was not in the dining-room. She had perceived the advancing cab of her sworn adorer, and had thought it expedient to retreat from her domestic duties, and fortify herself among her brushes and ribbons. Had it been possible that she should know how very weak and cowardly was the enemy against whom she was called upon to put herself in action, she might probably have fought her battle somewhat differently, and have achieved a speedy victory, at the cost of an energetic shot or two. But she did not know. She thought it probable that she might obtain power over him and manage him; but it did not occur to her that his legs were so weak beneath him that she might almost blow him over with a breath. None but the worst and most heartless of women know the extent of their own power over men;—as none but the worst and most heartless of men know the extent of their power over women. Amelia Roper was not a good specimen of the female sex, but there were worse women than her.

"She ain't there, Mr. Eames; but you'll see her in the drawen-room,"

said the girl. "And it's she'll be glad to see you back again, Mr. Eames." But he scrupulously passed the door of the upstairs sitting-room, not even looking within it, and contrived to get himself into his own chamber without having encountered anybody. "Here's yer 'ot water, Mr. Eames," said the girl, coming up to him after an interval of half-an-hour; "and dinner'll be on the table in ten minutes. Mr. Cradell is come in, and so is missus's son."

It was still open to him to go out and dine at some eating-house in the Strand. He could start out, leaving word that he was engaged, and so postpone the evil hour. He had almost made up his mind to do so, and certainly would have done it, had not the sitting-room door opened as he was on the landing-place. The door opened, and he found himself confronting the assembled company. First came Cradell, and leaning on his arm, I regret to say, was Mrs. Lupex,—*Egyptia conjux!* Then there came Miss Spruce with young Roper; Amelia and her mother brought up the rear together. There was no longer question of flight now; and poor Eames, before he knew what he was doing, was carried down into the dining-room with the rest of the company. They were all glad to see him, and welcomed him back warmly, but he was so much beside himself that he could not ascertain whether Amelia's voice was joined with the others. He was already seated at table, and had before him a plate of soup, before he recognized the fact that he was sitting between Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Lupex. The latter lady had separated herself from Mr. Cradell as she entered the room. "Under all the circumstances perhaps it will be better for us to be apart," she said. "A lady can't make herself too safe; can she, Mrs. Roper? There's no danger between you and me, is there, Mr. Eames,—specially when Miss Amelia is opposite?" The last words, however, were intended to be whispered into his ear.

But Johnny made no answer to her; contenting himself for the moment with wiping the perspiration from his brow. There was Amelia opposite to him, looking at him—the very Amelia to whom he had written, declining the honour of marrying her. Of what her mood towards him might be, he could form no judgment from her looks. Her face was simply stern and impassive, and she seemed inclined to eat her dinner in silence. A slight smile of derision had passed across her face as she heard Mrs. Lupex whisper, and it might have been discerned that her nose, at the same time, became somewhat elevated; but she said not a word.

"I hope you've enjoyed yourself, Mr. Eames, among the vernal beauties of the country," said Mrs. Lupex.

"Very much, thank you," he replied.

"There's nothing like the country at this autumnal season of the year. As for myself, I've never been accustomed to remain in London after the breaking up of the *beau monde*. We've usually been to Broadstairs, which is a very charming place, with most elegant society, but now——" and she shook her head, by which all the company knew that she intended to allude to the sins of Mr. Lupex.

"I'd never wish to sleep out of London for my part," said Mrs. Roper. "When a woman's got a house over her head, I don't think her mind's ever easy out of it."

She had not intended any reflection on Mrs. Lupex for not having a house of her own, but that lady immediately bristled up. "That's just what the snails say, Mrs. Roper. And as for having a house of one's own, it's a very good thing, no doubt, sometimes; but that's according to circumstances. It has suited me lately to live in lodgings, but there's no knowing whether I mayn't fall lower than that yet, and have——" but here she stopped herself, and looking over at Mr. Cradell nodded her head.

"And have to let them," said Mrs. Roper. "I hope you'll be more lucky with your lodgers than I have been with some of mine. Jemima, hand the potatoes to Miss Spruce. Miss Spruce, do let me send you a little more gravy? There's plenty here, really." Mrs. Roper was probably thinking of Mr. Todgers.

"I hope I shall," said Mrs. Lupex. "But, as I was saying, Broadstairs is delightful. Were you ever at Broadstairs, Mr. Cradell?"

"Never, Mrs. Lupex. I generally go abroad in my leave. One sees more of the world, you know. I was at Dieppe last June, and found that very delightful—though rather lonely. I shall go to Ostend this year; only December is so late for Ostend. It was a deuced shame my getting December, wasn't it, Johnny?"

"Yes, it was," said Eames. "I managed better."

"And what have you been doing, Mr. Eames?" said Mrs. Lupex, with one of her sweetest smiles. "Whatever it may have been, you've not been false to the cause of beauty, I'm sure." And she looked over to Amelia with a knowing smile. But Amelia was engaged upon her plate, and went on with her dinner without turning her eyes either on Mrs. Lupex or on John Eames.

"I haven't done anything particular," said Eames. "I've just been staying with my mother."

"We've been very social here, haven't we, Miss Amelia?" continued Mrs. Lupex. "Only now and then a cloud comes across the heavens, and the lights at the banquet are darkened." Then she put her handkerchief up to her eyes, sobbing deeply, and they all knew that she was again alluding to the sins of her husband.

As soon as dinner was over the ladies with young Mr. Roper retired, and Eames and Cradell were left to take their wine over the dining-room fire,—or their glass of gin and water, as it might be. "Well, Caudle, old fellow," said one. "Well, Johnny, my boy," said the other. "What's the news at the office?" said Eames.

"Muggeridge has been playing the very mischief." Muggeridge was the second clerk in Cradell's room. "We're going to put him into Coventry and not speak to him except officially. But to tell you the truth, my hands have been so full here at home, that I haven't thought much about the office. What am I to do about that woman?"

"Do about her? How do about her?"

"Yes; what am I to do about her? How am I to manage with her? There's Lupex off again in one of his fits of jealousy."

"But it's not your fault, I suppose?"

"Well; I can't just say. I am fond of her, and that's the long and the short of it; deuced fond of her."

"But, my dear Caudle, you know she's that man's wife."

"Oh, yes, I know all about it. I'm not going to defend myself. It's wrong, I know,—pleasant, but wrong. But what's a fellow to do? I suppose in strict morality I ought to leave the lodgings. But, by George, I don't see why a man's to be turned out in that way. And then I couldn't make a clean score with old mother Roper. But I say, old fellow, who gave you the gold chain?"

"Well; it was an old family friend at Guestwick; or rather, I should say, a man who said he knew my father."

"And he gave you that because he knew your governor! Is there a watch to it?"

"Yes, there's a watch. It wasn't exactly that. There was some trouble about a bull. To tell the truth, it was Lord De Guest; the queerest fellow, Caudle, you ever met in your life; but such a trump. I've got to go and dine with him at Christmas." And then the old story of the bull was told.

"I wish I could find a lord in a field with a bull," said Cradell. We may, however, be permitted to doubt whether Mr. Cradell would have earned a watch even if he had had his wish.

"You see," continued Cradell, reverting to the subject on which he most delighted to talk, "I'm not responsible for that man's ill-conduct."

"Does anybody say you are?"

"No; nobody says so. But people seem to think so. When he is by I hardly speak to her. She is thoughtless and giddy, as women are, and takes my arm, and that kind of thing, you know. It makes him mad with rage, but upon my honour I don't think she means any harm."

"I don't suppose she does," said Eames.

"Well; she may or she mayn't. I hope with all my heart she doesn't."

"And where is he now?"

"This is between ourselves, you know; but she went to find him this afternoon. Unless he gives her money she can't stay here, nor, for the matter of that, will she be able to go away. If I mention something to you, you won't tell any one?"

"Of course I won't."

"I wouldn't have it known to any one for the world. I've lent her seven pounds ten. It's that which makes me so short with mother Roper."

"Then I think you're a fool for your pains."

"Ah, that's so like you. I always said you'd no feeling of real romance. If I cared for a woman I'd give her the coat off my back."

"I'd do better than that," said Johnny. "I'd give her the heart out of my body. I'd be chopped up alive for a girl I loved; but it shouldn't be for another man's wife."

"That's a matter of taste. But she's been to Lupex to-day at that house he goes to in Drury Lane. She had a terrible scene there. He was going to commit suicide in the middle of the street, and she declares that it all comes from jealousy. Think what a time I have of it—standing always, as one may say, on gunpowder. He may turn up here any moment, you know. But, upon my word, for the life of me I cannot desert her. If I were to turn my back on her she wouldn't have a friend in the world. And how's L. D.? I'll tell you what it is—you'll have some trouble with the divine Amelia."

"Shall I?"

"By Jove, you will. But how's L. D. all this time?"

"L. D. is engaged to be married to a man named Adolphus Crosbie," said poor Johnny, slowly. "If you please, we will not say any more about her."

"Whew—w—w! That's what makes you so down in the mouth! L. D. going to marry Crosbie! Why, that's the man who is to be the new secretary at the General Committee Office. Old Huffle Scuffle, who was their chair, has come to us, you know. There's been a general move at the G. C., and this Crosbie has got to be secretary. He's a lucky chap, isn't he?"

"I don't know anything about his luck. He's one of those fellows that make me hate them the first time I look at them. I've a sort of a feeling that I shall live to kick him some day."

"That's the time, is it? Then I suppose Amelia will have it all her own way now."

"I'll tell you what, Caudle. I'd sooner get up through the trap-door, and throw myself off the roof into the area, than marry Amelia Roper."

"Have you and she had any conversation since you came back?"

"Not a word."

"Then I tell you fairly you've got trouble before you. Amelia and Maria—Mrs. Lupex, I mean—are as thick as thieves just at present, and they have been talking you over. Maria—that is, Mrs. Lupex—lets it all out to me. You'll have to mind where you are, old fellow."

Eames was not inclined to discuss the matter any further, so he finished his toddy in silence. Cradell, however, who felt that there was something in his affairs of which he had reason to be proud, soon returned to the story of his own very extraordinary position. "By Jove, I don't know that a man was ever so circumstanced," he said. "She looks to me to protect her, and yet what can I do?"

At last Cradell got up, and declared that he must go to the ladies. "She's so nervous, that unless she has some one to countenance her she becomes unwell."

Eames declared his purpose of going to the divan, or to the theatre,

or to take a walk in the streets. The smiles of beauty had no longer charms for him in Burton Crescent.

"They'll expect you to take a cup of tea the first night," said Cradell; but Eames declared that they might expect it. "I'm in no humour for it," said he. "I'll tell you what, Cradell, I shall leave this place, and take rooms for myself somewhere. I'll never go into a lodging-house again."

As he so spoke, he was standing at the dining-room door; but he was not allowed to escape in this easy way. Jemima, as he went out into the passage, was there with a three-cornered note in her hand. "From Miss Mealyer," she said. "Miss Mealyer is in the back parlour all by herself."

Poor Johnny took the note, and read it by the lamp over the front door.

"Are you not going to speak to me on the day of your return? It cannot be that you will leave the house without seeing me for a moment. I am in the back parlour."

When he had read these words, he paused in the passage, with his hat on. Jemima, who could not understand why any young man should hesitate as to seeing his lady-love in the back parlour alone, whispered to him again, in her audible way, "Miss Mealyer is there, sir; and all the rest on 'em's upstairs!" So compelled, Eames put down his hat, and walked with slow steps into the back parlour.

How was it to be with the enemy? Was he to encounter Amelia in anger, or Amelia in love? She had seemed to be stern and defiant when he had ventured to steal a look at her across the dining-table, and now he expected that she would turn upon him with loud threatenings and protestations as to her wrongs. But it was not so. When he entered the room she was standing with her back to him, leaning on the mantel-piece, and at the first moment she did not essay to speak. He walked into the middle of the room and stood there, waiting for her to begin.

"Shut the door!" she said, looking over her shoulder. "I suppose you don't want the girl to hear all you've got to say to me!"

Then he shut the door; but still Amelia stood with her back to him, leaning upon the mantel-piece.

It did not seem that he had much to say, for he remained perfectly silent.

"Well!" said Amelia, after a long pause, and she then again looked over her shoulder. "Well, Mr. Eames!"

"Jemima gave me your note, and so I've come," said he.

"And is this the way we meet!" she exclaimed, turning suddenly upon him, and throwing her long black hair back over her shoulders. There certainly was some beauty about her. Her eyes were large and bright, and her shoulders were well turned. She might have done as an artist's model for a Judith, but I doubt whether any man, looking well into her face, could think that she would do well as a wife. "Oh, John, is it to be thus, after love such as ours?" And she clasped her hands together, and stood before him.

"I don't know what you mean," said Eames.

"If you are engaged to marry L. D., tell me so at once. Be a man, and speak out, sir."

"No," said Eames; "I am not engaged to marry the lady to whom you allude."

"On your honour?"

"I won't have her spoken about. I'm not going to marry her, and that's enough."

"Do you think that I wish to speak of her? What can L. D. be to me as long as she is nothing to you? Oh, Johnny, why did you write me that heartless letter?" Then she leaned upon his shoulder—or attempted to do so.

I cannot say that Eames shook her off, seeing that he lacked the courage to do so; but he shuffled his shoulder about so that the support was uneasy to her, and she was driven to stand erect again. "Why did you write that cruel letter?" she said again.

"Because I thought it best, Amelia. What's a man to do with ninety pounds a year, you know?"

"But your mother allows you twenty."

"And what's a man to do with a hundred and ten?"

"Rising five pounds every year," said the well-informed Amelia. "Of course we should live here, with mamma, and you would just go on paying her as you do now. If your heart was right, Johnny, you wouldn't think so much about money. If you loved me—as you said you did——" Then a little sob came, and the words were stopped. The words were stopped, but she was again upon his shoulder. What was he to do? In truth, his only wish was to escape, and yet his arm, quite in opposition to his own desires, found its way round her waist. In such a combat a woman has so many points in her favour! "Oh, Johnny," she said again, as soon as she felt the pressure of his arm. "Gracious, what a beautiful watch you've got," and she took the trinket out of his pocket. "Did you buy that?"

"No; it was given to me."

"John Eames, did L. D. give it you?"

"No, no, no," he shouted, stamping on the floor as he spoke.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Amelia, quelled for the moment by his energy. "Perhaps it was your mother."

"No; it was a man. Never mind about the watch now."

"I wouldn't mind anything, Johnny, if you would tell me that you loved me again. Perhaps I oughtn't to ask you, and it isn't becoming in a lady; but how can I help it, when you know you've got my heart. Come upstairs and have tea with us now, won't you?"

What was he to do? He said that he would go up and have tea; and as he led her to the door he put down his face and kissed her. Oh, Johnny Eames! But then a woman in such a contest has so many points in her favour.

CHAPTER XXX.

Is it from Him?

I have already declared that Crosbie wrote and posted the fatal letter to Allington, and we must now follow it down to that place. On the morning following the squire's return to his own house Mrs. Crump, the post-mistress at Allington, received a parcel by post directed to herself. She opened it, and found an enclosure addressed to Mrs. Dale, with a written request that she would herself deliver it into that lady's own hand at once. This was Crosbie's letter.

"It's from Miss Lily's gentleman," said Mrs. Crump, looking at the handwriting. "There's something up, or he wouldn't be writing to her mamma in this way." But Mrs. Crump lost no time in putting on her bonnet, and trudging up with the letter to the Small House. "I must see the missus herself," said Mrs. Crump. Whereupon Mrs. Dale was called downstairs into the hall, and there received the packet. Lily was in the breakfast-parlour, and had seen the post-mistress arrive;—had seen also that she carried a letter in her hand. For a moment she had thought that it was for her, and imagined that the old woman had brought it herself from simple good-nature. But Lily, when she heard her mother mentioned, instantly withdrew and shut the parlour door. Her heart misgave her that something was wrong, but she hardly tried to think what it might be. After all, the regular postman might bring the letter she herself expected. Bell was not yet downstairs, and she stood alone over the tea-cups on the breakfast-table, feeling that there was something for her to fear. Her mother did not come at once into the room, but, after a pause of a moment or two, went again upstairs. So she remained, either standing against the table, or at the window, or seated in one of the two arm-chairs, for a space of ten minutes, when Bell entered the room.

"Isn't mamma down yet?" said Bell.

"Bell," said Lily; "something has happened. Mamma has got a letter."

"Happened! What has happened? Is anybody ill? Who is the letter from?" And Bell was going to return through the door in search of her mother.

"Stop, Bell," said Lily. "Do not go to her yet. I think it's from—Adolphus."

"Oh, Lily, what do you mean?"

"I don't know, dear. We'll wait a little longer. Don't look like that, Bell." And Lily strove to appear calm, and strove almost successfully.

"You have frightened me so," said Bell.

"I am frightened myself. He only sent me one line yesterday, and now he has sent nothing. If some misfortune should have happened to him! Mrs. Crump brought down the letter herself to mamma, and that is so odd, you know."

"Are you sure it was from him?"

"No; I have not spoken to her. I will go up to her now. Don't you come, Bell. Oh! Bell, do not look so unhappy." She then went over and kissed her sister, and after that, with very gentle steps, made her way up to her mother's room. "Mamma, may I come in?" she said.

"Oh! my child!"

"I know it is from him, mamma. Tell me all at once."

Mrs. Dale had read the letter. With quick, glancing eyes, she had made herself mistress of its whole contents, and was already aware of the nature and extent of the sorrow which had come upon them. It was a sorrow that admitted of no hope. The man who had written that letter could never return again; nor if he should return could he be welcomed back to them. The blow had fallen, and it was to be borne. Inside the letter to herself had been a very small note addressed to Lily. "Give her the enclosed," Crosbie had said in his letter, "if you do not now think it wrong to do so. I have left it open, that you may read it." Mrs. Dale, however, had not yet read it, and she now concealed it beneath her handkerchief.

I will not repeat at length Crosbie's letter to Mrs. Dale. It covered four sides of letter-paper, and was such a letter that any man who wrote it must have felt himself to be a rascal. We saw that he had difficulty in writing it, but the miracle was, that any man could have found it possible to write it. "I know you will curse me," said he; "and I deserve to be cursed. I know that I shall be punished for this, and I must bear my punishment. My worst punishment will be this,—that I never more shall hold up my head again." And then, again, he said:—"My only excuse is my conviction that I should never make her happy. She has been brought up as an angel, with pure thoughts, with holy hopes, with a belief in all that is good, and high, and noble. I have been surrounded through my whole life by things low, and mean, and ignoble. How could I live with her, or she with me? I know now that this is so; but my fault has been that I did not know it when I was there with her. I choose to tell you all," he continued, towards the end of the letter, "and therefore I let you know that I have engaged myself to marry another woman. Ah! I can foresee how bitter will be your feelings when you read this; but they will not be so bitter as mine while I write it. Yes; I am already engaged to one who will suit me, and whom I may suit. You will not expect me to speak ill of her who is to be near and dear to me. But she is one with whom I may mate myself without an inward conviction that I shall destroy all her happiness by doing so. Lilian," he said, "shall always have my prayers; and I trust that she may soon forget, in the love of an honest man, that she ever knew one so dishonest as—Adolphus Crosbie."

Of what like must have been his countenance as he sat writing such words of himself under the ghastly light of his own small, solitary lamp? Had he written his letter at his office, in the daytime, with men coming

in and out of his room, he could hardly have written of himself so plainly. He would have bethought himself that the written words might remain, and be read hereafter by other eyes than those for which they were intended. But, as he sat alone, during the small hours of the night, almost repenting of his sin with true repentance, he declared to himself that he did not care who might read them. They should, at any rate, be true. Now they had been read by her to whom they had been addressed, and the daughter was standing before the mother to hear her doom.

"Tell me all at once," Lily had said; but in what words was her mother to tell her?

"Lily," she said, rising from her seat, and leaving the two letters on the couch; that addressed to the daughter was hidden beneath a handkerchief, but that which she had read she left open and in sight. She took both the girl's hands in hers as she looked into her face, and spoke to her. "Lily, my child!" Then she burst into sobs, and was unable to tell her tale.

"Is it from him, mamma? May I read it? He cannot be——"

"It is from Mr. Crosbie."

"Is he ill, mamma? Tell me at once. If he is ill I will go to him."

"No, my darling, he is not ill. Not yet;—do not read it yet. Oh, Lily! It brings bad news; very bad news."

"Mamma, if he is not in danger, I can read it. Is it bad to him, or only bad to me?"

At this moment the servant knocked, and not waiting for an answer half opened the door.

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Bernard is below, and wants to speak to you."

"Mr. Bernard! ask Miss Bell to see him."

"Miss Bell is with him, ma'am, but he says that he specially wants to speak to you."

Mrs. Dale felt that she could not leave Lily alone. She could not take the letter away, nor could she leave her child with the letter open.

"I cannot see him," said Mrs. Dale. "Ask him what it is. Tell him I cannot come down just at present." And then the servant went, and Bernard left his message with Bell.

"Bernard," she had said, "do you know of anything? Is there anything wrong about Mr. Crosbie?" Then, in a few words, he told her all, and understanding why his aunt had not come down to him, he went back to the Great House. Bell, almost stupefied by the tidings, seated herself at the table unconsciously, leaning upon her elbows.

"It will kill her," she said to herself. "My Lily, my darling Lily! It will surely kill her."

But the mother was still with the daughter, and the story was still untold.

"Mamma," said Lily, "whatever it is, I must, of course, be made to

know it. I begin to guess the truth. It will pain you to say it. Shall I read the letter?"

Mrs. Dale was astonished at her calmness. It could not be that she had guessed the truth, or she would not stand like that, with tearless eyes and unquelled courage before her.

"You shall read it, but I ought to tell you first. Oh, my child, my own one!" Lily was now leaning against the bed, and her mother was standing over her, caressing her.

"Then tell me," said she. "But I know what it is. He has thought it all over while away from me, and he finds that it must not be as we have supposed. Before he went I offered to release him, and now he knows that he had better accept my offer. Is it so, mamma?" In answer to this Mrs. Dale did not speak, but Lily understood from her signs that it was so.

"He might have written it to me myself," said Lily, very proudly. "Mamma, we will go down to breakfast. He has sent nothing to me, then?"

"There is a note. He bids me read it, but I have not opened it. It is here."

"Give it me," said Lily, almost sternly. "Let me have his last words to me;" and she took the note from her mother's hands.

"Lily," said the note, "your mother will have told you all. Before you read these few words you will know that you have trusted one who was quite untrustworthy. I know that you will hate me.—I cannot even ask you to forgive me. You will let me pray that you may yet be happy.—A. C." She read these few words, still leaning against the bed. Then she got up, and walking to a chair, seated herself with her back to her mother. Mrs. Dale moving silently after her stood over the back of the chair, not daring to speak to her. So she sat for some five minutes, with her eyes fixed upon the open window, and with Crosbie's note in her hand.

"I will not hate him, and I do forgive him," she said at last, struggling to command her voice, and hardly showing that she could not altogether succeed in her attempt. "I may not write to him again, but you shall write and tell him so. Now we will go down to breakfast." And so saying, she got up from her chair.

Mrs. Dale almost feared to speak to her, her composure was so complete, and her manner so stern and fixed. She hardly knew how to offer pity and sympathy, seeing that pity seemed to be so little necessary, and that even sympathy was not demanded. And she could not understand all that Lily had said. What had she meant by the offer to release him? Had there, then, been some quarrel between them before he went? Crosbie had made no such allusion in his letter. But Mrs. Dale did not dare to ask any questions.

"You frighten me, Lily," she said. "Your very calmness frightens me."

"Dear mamma!" and the poor girl absolutely smiled as she embraced her mother. "You need not be frightened by my calmness. I know the truth well. I have been very unfortunate;—very. The brightest hopes of my life are all gone;—and I shall never again see him whom I love beyond all the world!" Then at last she broke down, and wept in her mother's arms.

There was not a word of anger spoken then against him who had done all this. Mrs. Dale felt that she did not dare to speak in anger against him, and words of anger were not likely to come from poor Lily. She, indeed, hitherto did not know the whole of his offence, for she had not read his letter.

"Give it me, mamma," she said at last. "It has to be done sooner or later."

"Not now, Lily. I have told you all,—all that you need know at present."

"Yes; now, mamma," and again that sweet silvery voice became stern. "I will read it now, and there shall be an end." Whereupon Mrs. Dale gave her the letter and she read it in silence. Her mother, though standing somewhat behind her, watched her narrowly as she did so. She was now lying over upon the bed, and the letter was on the pillow, as she propped herself upon her arm. Her tears were running, and ever and again she would stop to dry her eyes. Her sobs too were very audible, but she went on steadily with her reading till she came to the line on which Crosbie told that he had already engaged himself to another woman. Then her mother could see that she paused suddenly, and that a shudder slightly convulsed all her limbs.

"He has been very quick," she said, almost in a whisper; and then she finished the letter. "Tell him, mamma," she said, "that I do forgive him, and I will not hate him. You will tell him that,—from me; will you not?" And then she raised herself from the bed.

Mrs. Dale would give her no such assurance. In her present mood her feelings against Crosbie were of a nature which she herself hardly could understand or analyze. She felt that if he were present she could almost fly at him as would a tigress. She had never hated before as she now hated this man. He was to her a murderer, and worse than a murderer. He had made his way like a wolf into her little fold, and torn her ewe-lamb and left her maimed and mutilated for life. How could a mother forgive such an offence as that, or consent to be the medium through which forgiveness should be expressed?

"You must, mamma; or, if you do not, I shall do so. Remember that I love him. You know what it is to have loved one single man. He has made me very unhappy; I hardly know yet how unhappy. But I have loved him, and do love him. I believe, in my heart, that he still loves me. Where this has been there must not be hatred and unforgiveness."

"I will pray that I may become able to forgive him," said Mrs. Dale.

"But you must write to him those words. Indeed you must, mamma! 'She bids me tell you that she has forgiven you, and will not hate you.' Promise me that!"

"I can make no promise now, Lily. I will think about it, and endeavour to do my duty."

Lily was now seated, and was holding the skirt of her mother's dress.

"Mamma," she said, looking up into her mother's face, "you must be very good to me now; and I must be very good to you. We shall be always together now. I must be your friend and counsellor; and be everything to you, more than ever. I must fall in love with you now;" and she smiled again, and the tears were almost dry upon her cheeks.

At last they went down to the breakfast-room, from which Bell had not moved. Mrs. Dale entered the room first, and Lily followed, hiding herself for a moment behind her mother. Then she came forward boldly, and taking Bell in her arms, clasped her close to her bosom.

"Bell," she said, "he has gone."

"Lily! Lily! Lily!" said Bell, weeping.

"He has gone! We shall talk it over in a few days, and shall know how to do so without losing ourselves in misery. To-day we will say no more about it. I am so thirsty, Bell; do give me my tea;" and she sat herself down at the breakfast-table.

Lily's tea was given to her, and she drank it. Beyond that I cannot say that any of them partook with much heartiness of the meal. They sat there, as they would have sat if no terrible thunderbolt had fallen among them, and no word further was spoken about Crosbie and his conduct. Immediately after breakfast they went into the other room, and Lily, as was her wont, sat herself immediately down to her drawing. Her mother looked at her with wistful eyes, longing to bid her spare herself, but she shrank from interfering with her. For a quarter of an hour Lily sat over her board, with her brush or pencil in her hand, and then she rose up and put it away.

"It is no good pretending," she said. "I am only spoiling the things; but I will be better to-morrow. I'll go away and lie down by myself, mamma." And so she went.

Soon after this Mrs. Dale took her bonnet and went up to the Great House, having received her brother-in-law's message from Bell.

"I know what he has to tell me," she said; "but I might as well go. It will be necessary that we should speak to each other about it." So she walked across the lawn, and up into the hall of the Great House. "Is my brother in the book-room?" she said to one of the maids; and then knocking at the door, went in unannounced.

The squire rose from his arm-chair, and came forward to meet her.

"Mary," he said, "I believe you know it all."

"Yes," she said. "You can read that," and she handed him Crosbie's letter. "How was one to know that any man could be so wicked as that?"

"And she has heard it?" asked the squire. "Is she able to bear it?"

"Wonderfully! She has amazed me by her strength. It frightens me; for I know that a relapse must come. She has never sunk for a moment beneath it. For myself, I feel as though it were her strength that enables me to bear my share of it." And then she described to the squire all that had taken place that morning.

"Poor child!" said the squire. "Poor child! What can we do for her? Would it be good for her to go away for a time? She is a sweet, good, lovely girl, and has deserved better than that. Sorrow and disappointment come to us all; but they are doubly heavy when they come so early."

Mrs. Dale was almost surprised at the amount of sympathy which he showed.

"And what is to be his punishment?" she asked.

"The scorn which men and women will feel for him; those, at least, whose esteem or scorn are matters of concern to any one. I know no other punishment. You would not have Lily's name brought before a tribunal of law?"

"Certainly not that."

"And I will not have Bernard calling him out. Indeed, it would be for nothing; for in these days a man is not expected to fight duels."

"You cannot think that I would wish that."

"What punishment is there, then? I know of none. There are evils which a man may do, and no one can punish him. I know of nothing. I went up to London after him, but he continued to crawl out of my way. What can you do to a rat but keep clear of him?"

Mrs. Dale had felt in her heart that it would be well if Crosbie could be beaten till all his bones were sore. I hardly know whether such should have been a woman's thought, but it was hers. She had no wish that he should be made to fight a duel. In that there would have been much that was wicked, and in her estimation nothing that was just. But she felt that if Bernard would thrash the coward for his cowardice she would love her nephew better than ever she had loved him. Bernard also had considered it probable that he might be expected to horsewhip the man who had jilted his cousin, and, as regarded the absolute bodily risk, he would not have felt any insuperable objection to undertake the task. But such a piece of work was disagreeable to him in many ways. He hated the idea of a row at his club. He was most desirous that his cousin's name should not be made public. He wished to avoid anything that might be impolitic. A wicked thing had been done, and he was quite ready to hate Crosbie as Crosbie ought to be hated; but as regarded himself, it made him unhappy to think that the world might probably expect him to punish the man who had so lately been his friend. And then he did not know where to catch him, or how to thrash him when caught. He was very sorry for his cousin, and felt strongly that Crosbie should not be allowed to escape. But what was he to do?

"Would she like to go anywhere?" said the squire again, anxious, if he could, to afford solace by some act of generosity. At this moment he would have settled a hundred a year for life upon his niece if by so doing he could have done her any good.

"She will be better at home," said Mrs. Dale. "Poor thing. For a while she will wish to avoid going out."

"I suppose so;" and then there was a pause. "I'll tell you what, Mary; I don't understand it. On my honour I don't understand it. It is to me as wonderful as though I had caught the man picking my pence out of my pocket. I don't think any man in the position of a gentleman would have done such a thing when I was young. I don't think any man would have dared to do it. But now it seems that a man may act in that way and no harm come to him. He had a friend in London who came to me and talked about it as though it were some ordinary, everyday transaction of life. Yes; you may come in, Bernard. The poor child knows it all now."

Bernard offered to his aunt what of solace and sympathy he had to offer, and made some sort of half-expressed apology for having introduced this wolf into their flock. "We always thought very much of him at his club," said Bernard.

"I don't know much about your London clubs now-a-days," said his uncle, "nor do I wish to do so if the society of that man can be endured after what he has now done."

"I don't suppose half-a-dozen men will ever know anything about it," said Bernard.

"Umph!" ejaculated the squire. He could not say that he wished Crosbie's villany to be widely discussed, seeing that Lily's name was so closely connected with it. But yet he could not support the idea that Crosbie should not be punished by the frown of the world at large. It seemed to him that from this time forward any man speaking to Crosbie should be held to have disgraced himself by so doing.

"Give her my best love," he said, as Mrs. Dale got up to take her leave; "my very best love. If her old uncle can do anything for her she has only to let me know. She met the man in my house, and I feel that I owe her much. Bid her come and see me. It will be better for her than moping at home. And Mary"—this he said to her, whispering into her ear—"think of what I said to you about Bell."

Mrs. Dale, as she walked back to her own house, acknowledged to herself that her brother-in-law's manner was different to her from anything that she had hitherto known of him.

During the whole of that day Crosbie's name was not mentioned at the Small House. Neither of the girls stirred out, and Bell spent the greater part of the afternoon sitting, with her arm round her sister's waist, upon the sofa. Each of them had a book; but though there was little spoken, there was as little read. Who can describe the thoughts that were passing through Lily's mind as she remembered the hours which she had

passed with Crosbie, of his warm assurances of love, of his accepted caresses, of her uncontrolled and acknowledged joy in his affection? It had all been holy to her then; and now those things which were then sacred had been made almost disgraceful by his fault. And yet as she thought of this she declared to herself over and over again that she would forgive him;—nay, that she had forgiven him. "And he shall know it, too," she said, speaking almost out loud.

"Lily, dear Lily," said Bell, "turn your thoughts away from it for a while, if you can."

"They won't go away," said Lily. And that was all that was said between them on the subject.

Everybody would know it! I doubt whether that must not be one of the bitterest drops in the cup which a girl in such circumstances is made to drain. Lily perceived early in the day that the parlour-maid well knew that she had been jilted. The girl's manner was intended to convey sympathy; but it did convey pity; and Lily for a moment felt angry. But she remembered that it must be so, and smiled upon the girl, and spoke kindly to her. What mattered it? All the world would know it in a day or two.

On the following day she went up, by her mother's advice, to see her uncle.

"My child," said he, "I am sorry for you. My heart bleeds for you."

"Uncle," she said, "do not mind it. Only do this for me,—do not talk about it,—I mean to me."

"No, no; I will not. That there should ever have been in my house so great a rascal——"

"Uncle! uncle! I will not have that! I will not listen to a word against him from any human being,—not a word! Remember that!" And her eyes flashed as she spoke.

He did not answer her, but took her hand and pressed it, and then she left him. "The Dales were ever constant!" he said to himself, as he walked up and down the terrace before his house. "Ever constant!"

On the Future Extinction of Blue Eyes.

To the many fervent admirers of blue eyes the possibility, nay, the probability, of black eyes one day having undivided empire cannot be a pleasant suggestion. Even those who loudly proclaim the superior splendour of dark eyes may hear of such a prophecy with misgiving. Tastes, we know, admit of no dispute, and we also know how incessantly they are disputed. On the colour of hair and eyes the dispute is animated. Yet Nature, in spite of a seeming impartiality in her acts, has a decided preference for black; and, if we are to trust a physiologist, has decreed their ultimate empire, if not the final extinction of the blue. This is not pleasant news. Let us hope it is not true. Even as a variety—apart from the preferences of individuals—one would like to preserve all the shades of blonde hair (except, perhaps, the *whitey-brown*), and all the tints of grey or blue eyes. Without whispering a word of treason against the lustrous splendour of black, we may own the magical thrill which responds to the tender violet, or the thoughtful grey. And if what we have to announce be true, if Nature really carries out her threat, and extinguishes the fair complexions, we must pity our remote descendants; in spite of their rich inheritance of civilization which will make them regard us as beggarly pioneers, they will have the drawback of living under the dynasty of universal black: *monarchia monochromatica!* Such is the conclusion we draw from the facts recorded by Dr. Bergholz of Venezuela, in the *Archiv für Anatomie*. They are interesting enough to be laid before our readers.

Observations of a loose empirical kind have more than once been directed to the gradual diminution of blue eyes in certain districts, where formerly they had been abundant; but such observations, even if accurately tabulated, and not merely relying on the approximative estimates of casual remark, would be of small value, so long as they were insulated from the probable causes of such diminution. So many causes might co-operate in such a result, that unless this result were directly and exclusively connected with some one known cause, it would remain an unfertile remark. Before any proposition respecting the future fate of fair complexions can wear a scientific aspect, it must base itself on the proved facts of physiological inheritance. That we do inherit from our parents and ancestors every physical peculiarity we exhibit, is a fact now beyond dispute.

In all thinking minds it is now firmly fixed, that nothing occurs in this world "by accident;" everything issues from inexorable law. However strange and seemingly capricious may be the forms and features of men, their dispositions and their aptitudes, however widely children of the

same nursery may differ among each other, not one of these peculiarities on which the differences rest, but owes its origin to the law of inheritance. From parents, from grandparents, from the race, and from the primeval stock, there flow streams of influence which determine, by a composition of forces, every detail of feature, every degree of talent, every predisposition to disease, and which mould the plastic organism into its individuality. These influences may be too complex and subtle to be uniformly appreciated; but they exist; they are inevitable; they are more or less appreciable. The discovery of the laws of inheritance is the problem for future science. At present we have only been able to discover that the laws exist, and to collect some of their manifestations in particular directions.

Here, then, we have a scientific basis. If all our physical peculiarities are inherited—if they all come to us from our parents and ancestors, sometimes obviously from the father, sometimes obviously from the mother, and sometimes obviously from the mingling of both—clearly the peculiarity of our complexions affords a striking illustration of the general law, all the more conspicuous and less liable to dispute because the facts are more easily recognizable. Whether a child has inherited the features, moral or physical, of one parent will often be disputable, because the appreciation of such features may be equivocal; but there can be no dispute as to whether the eyes are dark or light. Once agree as to the terms of the definition, and declare that by dark hair we exclude all shades of brown, and by dark eyes we exclude all shades of blue or grey, and the facts admit of no equivoque.

Hence the investigations of Dr. Bergholz have a peculiar value; and had they been more extensive, would have furnished very striking results: but as they are they point to curious reflections, one of these being the inevitable disappearance of blue eyes at some future date.

For the sake of compendious brevity, we shall reduce the results of Dr. Bergholz's researches under these two classes: A, in which the fathers were dark, and the mothers fair; B, in which the fathers were fair, and the mothers dark.

A. Fourteen families were examined in this class. They numbered forty-eight children. Of these forty-eight, there were twenty-nine with dark eyes, and only twenty-one with dark hair. This seeming discrepancy is owing to two causes: one being the curious fact that, on an average, the influence of the father predominates in the colour of the eyes, while the mother's influence predominates in the hair; the other cause being that hair, which ultimately becomes black, is, in childhood, often brown. Taking the colour of the eyes, as the least variable standard, we see twenty-nine out of forty-eight are dark.

B. Nine families were examined in this class; but even here, although the mothers were dark, the proportion is in favour of dark eyes. They had thirty-seven children; of these, twenty-one had dark eyes and seventeen dark hair.

Thus, out of eighty-five children issuing from contrasted parents, the

predominance of the dark over the fair is in the ratio of one hundred to seventy. So marked a predominance must, the author thinks, in time ultimately extinguish the fair. Intermarry how they will, the swarthy parents will gradually extend their hereditary predominance. It is no objection to such a conclusion that dark parents occasionally have blonde children; for blonde parents also occasionally have dark children.

With reference to the distribution of colour between the sexes, Class A gives twenty-eight sons and twenty daughters; Class B, twenty sons and seventeen daughters, thus divided :—

A. *Dark Hair.*		*Dark Eyes.*
Sons	13	16
Daughters	8	13
	21	29
Light Hair.		*Light Eyes.*
Sons	15	12
Daughters	12	7
	27	19

B. *Dark Hair.*		*Dark Eyes.*
Sons	6	11
Daughters	11	10
	17	21
Light Hair.		*Light Eyes.*
Sons	12	8
Daughters	8	7
	20	15

Now, although it would require a far more extensive induction to warrant our author's conclusion, yet, as a beginning, these figures are interesting. They show, moreover, a slight predominance of the male over the female influence.

This result must not too hastily be generalized; a more extensive induction might show that what here seems due to the influence of sex was due to other causes. Those who have studied the laws of inheritance are far from unanimous respecting the influences of sex; indeed, opinions diametrically opposite each show an array of striking facts. Popular prejudice, indeed, attributes to mothers the predominating influence in the production of genius; as we see in the dictum, that "all remarkable men have remarkable mothers." This is somewhat in accordance with Dryden's couplet :—

> No father can infuse or wit or grace;
> A mother comes across, and mars the race:

which is only partially true, and helps to explain why the children of great men are not often great; but the couplet would be equally true if the relative positions of father and mother were transposed. The fact is that both parents influence the offspring, and therefore either parent may mar the transmission of genius. With regard to the colour of hair and eyes, however, it seems that there is a predominating tendency in favour of the dark, and small as this is—one hundred to seventy—in course of time it must end in the final extinction of the fair. Happily, that time is immensely remote.

Eugenie de Guerin.

Who that had spoken of Maurice de Guérin could refrain from speaking of his sister Eugénie, the most devoted of sisters, one of the rarest and most beautiful of souls? "There is nothing fixed, no duration, no vitality in the sentiments of women towards one another; their attachments are mere pretty bows of ribbon, and no more. In all the friendships of women I observe this slightness of the tie. I know no instance to the contrary, even in history. Orestes and Pylades have no sisters." So she speaks of the friendships of her own sex. But Electra can attach herself to Orestes, if not to Chrysothemis. And to her brother Maurice Eugénie de Guérin was Pylades and Electra in one.

The name of Maurice de Guérin,—that young man so gifted, so attractive, so careless of fame, and so early snatched away; who died at 29; who, says his sister, "let what he did be lost with a carelessness so unjust to himself, set no value on any of his own productions, and departed hence without reaping the rich harvest which seemed his due;" who, in spite of his immaturity, in spite of his fragility, exercised such a charm, "furnished to others so much of that which all live by," that some years after his death his sister found in a country house where he used to stay, in the journal of a young girl who had not known him, but who heard her family speak of him, his name, the date of his death, and these words, "*il était leur vie* (he was their life);" whose talent, exquisite as that of Keats, with less of sunlight, abundance, and facility in it than that of Keats, but with more of distinction and power, had "that winning, delicate, and beautifully happy turn of expression" which is the stamp of the master,—is beginning to be well known to all lovers of literature. This establishment of Maurice's name was an object for which his sister Eugénie passionately laboured. While he was alive, she placed her whole joy in the flowering of this gifted nature; when he was dead, she had no other thought than to make the world know him as she knew him. She outlived him nine years, and her cherished task for those years was to rescue the fragments of her brother's composition, to collect them, to get them published. In pursuing this task she had at first cheering hopes of success; she had at last baffling and bitter disappointment. Her earthly business was at an end; she died. Ten years afterwards, it was permitted to the love of a friend, M. Trébutien, to accomplish for Maurice's memory what the love of a sister had failed to accomplish. But those who read, with delight and admiration, the journal and letters of Maurice de Guérin, could not but be attracted and touched by this sister Eugénie, who met them at every page. She seemed hardly less gifted, hardly less interesting,

than Maurice himself. And now M. Trébutien has done for the sister what he had done for the brother. He has published the journal of Mdlle. Eugénie de Guérin, and a few (too few, alas!) of her letters. The book has made a profound impression in France; and the fame which she sought only for her brother now crowns the sister also.

Parts of Mdlle. de Guérin's journal were several years ago printed for private circulation, and a writer in the *National Review* had the good fortune to fall in with them. The bees of our English criticism do not often roam so far afield for their honey, and this critic deserves thanks for having flitted in his quest of blossom to foreign parts, and for having settled upon a beautiful flower found there. He had the discernment to see that Mdlle. de Guérin was well worth speaking of, and he spoke of her with feeling and appreciation. But that, as I have said, was several years ago; even a true and feeling homage needs to be from time to time renewed, if the memory of its object is to endure; and criticism must not lose an occasion like the present, when Mdlle. de Guérin's journal is for the first time published to the world, of directing notice once more to this religious and beautiful character.

Eugénie de Guérin was born in 1805, at the château of Le Cayla, in Languedoc. Her family, though reduced in circumstances, was noble; and even when one is a saint one cannot quite forget that one comes of the stock of the Guarini of Italy, or that one counts among one's ancestors a Bishop of Senlis, who had the marshalling of the French order of battle on the day of Bouvines. Le Cayla was a solitary place, with its terrace looking down upon a stream-bed and valley; "one may pass days there without seeing any living thing but the sheep, without hearing any living thing but the birds." M. de Guérin, Eugénie's father, lost his wife when Eugénie was thirteen years old, and Maurice seven; he was left with four children, Eugénie, Marie, Erembert, and Maurice—of whom Eugénie was the eldest, and Maurice was the youngest. This youngest child, whose beauty and delicacy had made him the object of his mother's most anxious fondness, was commended by her in dying to the care of his sister Eugénie. Maurice at eleven years old went to school at Toulouse; then he went to the Collège Stanislas at Paris; then he became a member of a religious society, which M. de Lamennais had formed at La Chênaie in Brittany; afterwards he lived chiefly at Paris, returning to Le Cayla at the age of 29, to die. Distance, in those days, was a great obstacle to frequent meetings of the separated members of a French family of narrow means. Maurice de Guérin was seldom at Le Cayla after he had once quitted it, though his few visits to his home were long ones; but he passed five years—the period of his sojourn in Brittany, and of his first settlement in Paris—without coming home at all. In spite of the check from these absences, in spite of the more serious check from a temporary alteration in Maurice's religious feelings, the union between the brother and sister was wonderfully close and firm. For they were knit together, not only by the tie of blood and early attachment, but also by the tie of a common

genius. "We were," says Eugénie, "two eyes looking out of one forehead." She on her part brought to her love for her brother the devotedness of a woman, the intensity of a recluse, almost the solicitude of a mother. Her home duties prevented her from following the wish, which often arose in her, to join a religious sisterhood. There is a trace—just a trace—of an early attachment to a cousin; but he died when she was twenty-four. After that, she lived for Maurice. It was for Maurice that, in addition to her constant correspondence with him by letter, she began in 1834 her journal, which was sent to him by portions as it was finished. After his death she tried to continue it, addressing it "to Maurice in Heaven." But the effort was beyond her strength; gradually the entries become rarer and rarer; and, on the last day of December, 1840, the pen dropped from her hand: the journal ends.

Other sisters have loved their brothers, and it is not her affection for Maurice, admirable as this was, which alone could have made Eugénie de Guérin celebrated. I have said that both brother and sister had genius: M. Sainte Beuve goes so far as to say that the sister's genius was equal, if not superior, to her brother's. No one has a more profound respect for M. Sainte Beuve's critical judgments than I have; but it seems to me that this particular judgment needs to be a little explained and guarded. In Maurice's special talent, which was a talent for interpreting nature, for finding words which incomparably render the subtlest impressions which nature makes upon us, which bring the intimate life of nature wonderfully near to us, it seems to me that his sister was by no means his equal. She never, indeed, expresses herself without grace and intelligence; but her words, when she speaks of the life and appearances of nature, are in general but intellectual signs; they are not like her brother's—symbols equivalent with the thing symbolized. They bring the notion of the thing described to the mind, they do not bring the feeling of it to the imagination. Writing from the Nivernais—that region of vast woodlands in the centre of France—"It does one good," says Eugénie, "to be going about in the midst of this enchanting nature, with flowers, birds, and verdure all round one, under this large and blue sky of the Nivernais. How I love the gracious form of it, and those little white clouds here and there, like cushions of cotton, hung aloft to rest the eye in this immensity!" It is pretty and graceful, but how different from the grave and pregnant strokes of Maurice's pencil! "I have been along the Loire, and seen on its banks the plains where nature is puissant and gay; I have seen royal and antique dwellings, all marked by memories which have their place in the mournful legend of humanity—Chambord, Blois, Amboise, Chenonceaux; then the towns on the two banks of the river—Orleans, Tours, Saumur, Nantes; and, at the end of it all, the Ocean rumbling. From these I passed back into the interior of the country, as far as Bourges and Nevers, a region of vast woodlands, in which murmurs of an immense range and fulness" (*ce beau torrent de rumeurs*, as, with an expression worthy of Wordsworth, he elsewhere calls

them) "prevail and never cease." Words whose charm is like that of the sounds of the murmuring forest itself, and whose reverberations, like theirs, die away in the infinite distance of the soul.

Maurice's life was in the life of nature, and the passion for it consumed him; it would have been strange if his accent had not caught more of the soul of nature than Eugénie's accent, whose life was elsewhere. "You will find in him," Maurice says to his sister of a friend whom he was recommending to her, "you will find in him that which you love, and which suits you better than anything else—*l'onction, l'effusion, la mysticité.*" Unction, the pouring out of the soul, the rapture of the mystic, were dear to Maurice also; but in him the bent of his genius gave even to those a special direction of its own. In Eugénie they took the direction most native and familiar to them; their object was the religious life.

And yet, if one analyzes this beautiful and most interesting character quite to the bottom, it is not exactly as a saint that Eugénie de Guérin is remarkable. The ideal saint is a nature like Saint François de Sales or Fénélon; a nature of ineffable sweetness and serenity, a nature in which struggle and revolt is over, and the whole man (so far as is possible to human infirmity) swallowed up in love. Saint Theresa (it is Mdlle. de Guérin herself who reminds us of it) endured twenty years of unacceptance and repulse in her prayers; yes, but the Saint Theresa whom Christendom knows is Saint Theresa repulsed no longer; it is Saint Theresa accepted, rejoicing in love, radiant with ecstasy. Mdlle. de Guérin is not one of these saints arrived at perfect sweetness and calm, steeped in ecstasy; there is something primitive, indomitable in her, which she governs, indeed, but which chafes, which revolts; somewhere in the depths of that strong nature there is a struggle, an impatience, an inquietude, an ennui, which endures to the end, and which leaves one, when one finally closes her journal, with an impression of profound melancholy. "There are days," she writes to her brother, "when one's nature rolls itself up, and becomes a hedgehog. If I had you here at this moment, here close by me, how I should prick you! how sharp and hard!" "Poor soul, poor soul," she cries out to herself another day, "what is the matter, what would you have? Where is that which will do you good? Everything is green, everything is in bloom, all the air has a breath of flowers. How beautiful it is! well, I will go out. No, I should be alone, and all this beauty, when one is alone, is worth nothing. What shall I do then? Read, write, pray, take a basket of sand on my head like that hermit-saint, and walk with it? Yes, work, work! keep busy the body which does mischief to the soul! I have been too little occupied to-day, and that is bad for one, and it gives a certain ennui which I have in me time to ferment."

A certain ennui which I have in me: her wound is there. In vain she follows the counsel of Fénélon: "If God tires you, *tell Him that he tires you.*" No doubt she obtained great and frequent solace and restoration from prayer: "This morning I was suffering; well, at present I am calm,

and this I owe to faith, simply to faith, to an act of faith. I can think of death and eternity without trouble, without alarm. Over a deep of sorrow there floats a divine calm, a suavity which is the work of God only. In vain have I tried other things at a time like this: nothing human comforts the soul, nothing human upholds it:—

A l'enfant il faut sa mère,
A mon âme il faut mon Dieu."

Still the ennui reappears, bringing with it hours of unutterable forlornness, and making her cling to her one great earthly happiness—her affection for her brother—with an intenseness, an anxiety, a desperation in which there is something morbid, and by which she is occasionally carried into an irritability, a jealousy, which she herself is the first, indeed, to censure, which she severely represses, but which nevertheless leaves a sense of pain.

Mdlle. de Guérin's admirers have compared her to Pascal, and in some respects the comparison is just. But she cannot exactly be classed with Pascal, any more than with Saint François de Sales. Pascal is a man, and the inexhaustible power and activity of his mind leave him no leisure for ennui. He has not the sweetness and serenity of the perfect saint; he is, perhaps, "der strenge, kranke Pascal,—*the severe, morbid Pascal*"—as Goethe (and, strange to say, Goethe at twenty-three, an age which usually feels Pascal's charm most profoundly) calls him; but the stress and movement of the lifelong conflict waged in him between his soul and his reason keep him full of fire, full of agitation, and keep his reader, who witnesses this conflict, animated and excited; the sense of forlornness and dejected weariness which clings to Eugénie de Guérin does not belong to Pascal. Eugénie de Guérin is a woman, and longs for a state of firm happiness, for an affection in which she may repose: the inward bliss of Saint Theresa or Fénélon would have satisfied her; denied this, she cannot rest satisfied with the triumphs of self-abasement, with the sombre joy of trampling the pride of life and of reason underfoot, of reducing all human hope and joy to insignificance; she repeats the magnificent words of Bossuet, words which both Catholicism and Protestantism have uttered with indefatigable iteration: "On trouve au fond de tout le vide et le néant—*at the bottom of everything one finds emptiness and nothingness*," but she feels, as every one but the true mystic must ever feel, their incurable sterility.

She resembles Pascal, however, by the clearness and firmness of her intelligence, going straight and instinctively to the bottom of any matter she is dealing with, and expressing herself about it with incomparable precision; never fumbling with what she has to say, never imperfectly seizing or imperfectly presenting her thought. And to this admirable precision she joins a lightness of touch, a feminine ease and grace, a flowing facility which are her own. "I do not say," writes her brother Maurice, an excellent judge, "that I find in myself a dearth of expression; but I have not this abundance of yours, this productiveness of soul which streams

forth, which courses along without ever failing, and always with an infinite charm." And writing to her of some composition of hers, produced after her religious scruples had for a long time kept her from the exercise of her talent: "You see, my dear Tortoise," he writes, "that your talent is no illusion, since after a period I know not how long of poetical inaction, a trial to which any half-talent would have succumbed, it rears its head again more vigorous than ever. It is really heart-breaking to see you repress and bind down, with I know not what scruples, your spirit, which tends with all the force of its nature to develop itself in this direction. Others have made it a case of conscience for you to resist this impulse, and I make it one for you not to follow it." And she says of herself, on one of her freer days: "It is the instinct of my life to write, as it is the instinct of the fountain to flow." The charm of her expression is not a sensuous and imaginative charm like that of Maurice, but rather an intellectual charm; it comes from the texture of the style rather than from its elements; it is not so much in the words as in the turn of the phrase, in the happy cast and flow of the sentence. Recluse as she was, she had a great correspondence: every one wished to have letters from her; and no wonder.

To this strength of intelligence and talent of expression she joined a great force of character. Religion had early possessed itself of this force of character, and reinforced it: in the shadow of the Cevennes, in the sharp and tonic nature of this region of southern France, which has seen the Albigensians, which has seen the Camisards, Catholicism too is fervent and intense. Eugénie de Guérin was brought up amidst strong religious influences, and they found in her a nature on which they could lay firm hold. I have said that she was not a saint of the order of Saint François de Sales or Fénélon; perhaps she had too keen an intelligence to suffer her to be this, too forcible and impetuous a character. But I did not mean to imply the least doubt of the reality, the profoundness, of her religious life. She was penetrated by the power of religion; religion was the master-influence of her life; she derived immense consolations from religion, she earnestly strove to conform her whole nature to it; if there was an element in her which religion could not perfectly reach, perfectly transmute, she groaned over this element in her, she chid it, she made it bow. Almost every thought in her was brought into harmony with religion; and what few thoughts were not thus brought into harmony were brought into subjection.

Then she had her affection for her brother; and this, too, though perhaps there might be in it something a little over-eager, a little too absolute, a little too susceptible, was a pure, a devoted affection. It was not only passionate, it was tender. It was tender, pliant, and self-sacrificing to a degree that not in one nature out of a thousand—of natures with a mind and will like hers—is found attainable. She thus united extraordinary power of intelligence, extraordinary force of character, and extraordinary strength of affection; and all these under the control of a deep religious feeling.

This is what makes her so remarkable, so interesting. I shall try and

make her speak for herself, that she may show us the characteristic sides of her rare nature with her own inimitable touch.

It must be remembered that her journal is written for Maurice only; in her lifetime no eye but his ever saw it. "*Ceci n'est pas pour le public*," she writes; "*c'est de l'intime, c'est de l'âme, c'est pour un.*" "This is not for the public; it contains my inmost thoughts, my very soul; it is for *one*." And Maurice, this *one*, was a kind of second self to her. "We see things with the same eyes; what you find beautiful, I find beautiful; God has made our souls of one piece." And this genuine confidence in her brother's sympathy gives to the entries in her journal a naturalness and simple freedom rare in such compositions. She felt that he would understand her, and be interested in all that she wrote.

One of the first pages of her journal relates an incident of the home-life of Le Cayla, the smallest detail of which Maurice liked to hear; and in relating it she brings this simple life before us. She is writing in November, 1834:—

"I am furious with the grey cat. The mischievous beast has made away with a little half-frozen pigeon, which I was trying to thaw by the side of the fire. The poor little thing was just beginning to come round: I meant to tame him; he would have grown fond of me; and there is my whole scheme eaten up by a cat! This event, and all the rest of to-day's history, has passed in the kitchen. Here I take up my abode all the morning and a part of the evening, ever since I am without Mimi.* I have to superintend the cook; sometimes papa comes down and I read to him by the oven, or by the fireside, some bits out of the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*. This book struck Pierril† with astonishment. '*Que de mouts aqui dédins!* What a lot of words there are inside it!' This boy is a real original. One evening he asked me if the soul was immortal; then afterwards, what a philosopher was? We had got upon great questions, as you see. When I told him that a philosopher was a person who was wise and learned: 'Then, mademoiselle, you are a philosopher.' This was said with an air of simplicity and sincerity which might have made even Socrates take it as a compliment; but it made me laugh so much that my gravity as catechist was gone for that evening. A day or two ago Pierril left us, to his great sorrow: his time with us was up on Saint Brice's day. Now he goes about with his little dog, truffle-hunting. If he comes this way I shall go and ask him if he still thinks I look like a philosopher."

Her good sense and spirit made her discharge with alacrity her household tasks in this patriarchal life of Le Cayla, and treat them as the most natural thing in the world. She sometimes complains, to be sure, of burning her fingers at the kitchen fire. But when a literary friend of her brother expresses enthusiasm about her and her poetical nature: "The poetess," she says, "whom this gentleman believes me to be, is an ideal

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* The familiar name of her sister Marie.

† A servant-boy at Le Cayla.

being, infinitely removed from the life which is actually mine—a life of occupations, a life of household business, which takes up all my time. How could I make it otherwise? I am sure I do not know; and, besides, my duty is in this sort of life, and I have no wish to escape from it."

Among these occupations of the patriarchal life of the châtelaine of Le Cayla intercourse with the poor fills a prominent place :—

"To-day," she writes on the 9th of December, 1834, "I have been warming myself at every fireside in the village. It is a round which Mimi and I often make, and in which I take pleasure. To-day we have been seeing sick people, and holding forth on doses and sick-room drinks. 'Take this, do that;' and they attend to us just as if we were the doctor. We prescribed shoes for a little thing who was amiss from having gone barefoot; to the brother, who, with a bad headache, was lying quite flat, we prescribed a pillow; the pillow did him good, but I am afraid it will hardly cure him. He is at the beginning of a bad feverish cold, and these poor people live in the filth of their hovels like animals in their stable; the bad air poisons them. When I come home to Le Cayla I seem to be in a palace."

She had books, too ; not in abundance, not for the fancying them : the list of her library is small, and it is enlarged slowly and with difficulty. The *Letters of Saint Theresa*, which she had long wished to get, she sees in the hands of a poor servant girl, before she can procure them for herself. "What then?" is her comment: "very likely she makes a better use of them than I could." But she has the *Imitation*, the *Spiritual Works* of Bossuet and Fénélon, the *Lives of the Saints*, Corneille, Racine, André, Chenier, and Lamartine; Madame de Staël's book on Germany, and French translations of Shakspeare's plays, Ossian, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Scott's *Old Mortality* and *Redgauntlet*, and the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni. Above all, she has her own mind; her meditations in the lonely fields, on the oak-grown hill-side of "The Seven Springs;" her meditations and writing in her own room, her *chambrette*, her *délicieux chez moi*, where every night, before she goes to bed, she opens the window to look out upon the sky—the balmy moonlit sky of Languedoc. This life of reading, thinking, and writing, was the life she liked best, the life that most truly suited her. "I find writing has become almost a necessity to me. Whence does it arise, this impulse to give utterance to the voice of one's spirit, to pour out my thoughts before God and one human being? I say one human being, because I always imagine that you are present, that you see what I write. In the stillness of a life like this my spirit is happy, and, as it were, dead to all that goes on upstairs or downstairs, in the house or out of the house. But this does not last long. 'Come, my poor spirit,' I then say to myself, 'we must go back to the things of this world. And I take my spinning, or a book, or a saucepan, or I play with Wolf or Trilby. Such a life as this I call heaven upon earth."

Tastes like these, joined with a talent like Mdlle. de Guérin's, naturally

inspire thoughts of literary composition. Such thoughts she had, and perhaps she would have been happier if she had followed them; but she never could satisfy herself that to follow them was quite consistent with the religious life, and her projects of composition were gradually relinquished.

"Would to God that my thoughts, my spirit, had never taken their flight beyond the narrow round in which it is my lot to live. In spite of all that people say to the contrary, I feel that I cannot go beyond my needlework and my spinning without going too far: I feel it, I believe it: well, then, I will keep in my proper sphere; however much I am tempted, my spirit shall not be allowed to occupy itself with great matters until it occupies itself with them in Heaven."

And again:—

"My journal has been untouched for a long while. Do you want to know why? It is because the time seems to me misspent which I spend in writing it. We owe God an account of every minute; and is it not a wrong use of our minutes to employ them in writing a history of our transitory days?"

She overcomes her scruples, and goes on writing the journal; but again and again they return to her. Her brother tells her of the pleasure and comfort something she has written gives to a friend of his in affliction. She answers:—

"It is from the Cross that those thoughts come which your friend finds so soothing, so unspeakably tender. None of them come from me. I feel my own aridity; but I feel, too, that God, when He will, can make an ocean flow upon this bed of sand. It is the same with so many simple souls, from which proceed the most admirable things; because they are in direct relation with God, without false science and without pride. And thus I am gradually losing my taste for books; I say to myself, 'What can they teach me which I shall not one day know in Heaven? let God be my master and my study here!' I try to make Him so, and I find myself the better for it. I read little; I go out little; I plunge myself in the inward life. How infinite are the sayings, doings, feelings, events of that life! Oh, if you could but see them! But what avails it to make them known? God alone should be admitted to the sanctuary of the soul."

Beautifully as she says all this, one cannot, I think, read it without a sense of disquietude, without a presentiment that this ardent spirit is forcing itself from its natural bent, that the beatitude of the true mystic will never be its earthly portion. And yet how simple and charming is her picture of the life of religion which she chose as her ark of refuge, and in which she desired to place all her happiness:

"Cloaks, clogs, umbrellas, all the apparatus of winter, went with us this morning to Andillac, where we have passed the whole day; some of it at the curé's house, the rest in church. How I like this life of a country Sunday, with its activity, its journeys to church, its liveliness! You find all your neighbours on the road; you have a curtsey from

every woman you meet, and then, as you go along, such a talk about the poultry, the sheep and cows, the good man and the children! My great delight is to give a kiss to these children, and to see them run away and hide their blushing faces in their mother's gown. They are alarmed at *las doumaïsélos*,* as at a being of another world. One of these little things said the other day to its grandmother, who was talking of coming to see us: '*Minino*, you mustn't go to that castle; there is a black hole there.' What is the reason that in all ages the noble's château has been an object of terror? Is it because of the horrors that were committed there in old times? I suppose so."

This vague horror of the château, still lingering in the mind of the French peasant fifty years after he has stormed it, is indeed curious, and is one of the thousand indications how unlike aristocracy on the Continent has been to aristocracy in England. But this is one of the great matters with which Mdlle. de Guérin would not have us occupied; let us pass to the subject of Christmas in Languedoc:

"Christmas is come; the beautiful festival, the one I love most, and which gives me the same joy as it gave the shepherds of Bethlehem. In real truth, one's whole soul sings with joy at this beautiful coming of God upon earth,—a coming which here is announced on all sides of us by music and by our charming *nadalet*.† Nothing at Paris can give you a notion of what Christmas is with us. You have not even the midnight mass. We all of us went to it, papa at our head, on the most perfect night possible. Never was there a finer sky than ours was that midnight,—so fine that papa kept perpetually throwing back the hood of his cloak, that he might look up at the sky. The ground was white with hoar-frost, but we were not cold; besides, the air, as we met it, was warmed by the bundles of blazing torchwood which our servants carried in front of us to light us on our way. It was delightful, I do assure you; and I should like you to have seen us there on our road to church, in those lanes with the bushes along their banks, as white as if they were in flower. The hoar-frost makes the most lovely flowers. We saw a long spray so beautiful that we wanted to take it with us as a garland for the communion table, but it melted in our hands: all flowers fade so soon! I was very sorry about my garland; it was mournful to see it drip away, and get smaller and smaller every minute."

The religious life is at bottom everywhere alike; but it is curious to note the variousness of its setting and outward circumstance. Catholicism has these so different from Protestantism! and in Catholicism these accessories have, it cannot be denied, a nobleness and amplitude which in Protestantism is often wanting to them. In Catholicism they have, from the antiquity of this form of religion, from its pretensions to universality, from its really wide-spread prevalence, from its sensuousness, something European, august, and imaginative: in Protestantism they often have,

* The young lady.

† A peculiar peal rung at Christmas-time by the church-bells of Languedoc.

from its inferiority in all these respects, something provincial, mean and prosaic. In revenge, Protestantism has a future before it, a prospect of growth in alliance with the vital movement of modern society; while Catholicism appears to be bent on widening the breach between itself and the modern spirit, to be fatally losing itself in the multiplication of dogmas, Mariolatry, and miracle-mongering. But the style and circumstance of actual Catholicism is grander than its present tendency, and the style and circumstance of Protestantism is meaner than its tendency. While I was reading the journal of Mdlle. de Guérin, there came into my hands the memoir and poems of a young Englishwoman, Miss Emma Tatham; and one could not but be struck with the singular contrast which the two lives, in their setting rather than in their inherent quality, present. Miss Tatham had not, certainly, Mdlle. de Guérin's talent, but she had a sincere vein of poetic feeling, a genuine aptitude for composition. Both were fervent Christians, and so far, the two lives have a real resemblance; but in the setting of them, what a difference! The Frenchwoman is a Catholic in Languedoc; the Englishwoman is a Protestant at Margate—Margate, that brick-and-mortar image of English Protestantism, representing it in all its prose, all its uncomeliness,—let me add, all its salubrity. Between the external form and fashion of these two lives, between the Catholic Mdlle. de Guérin's *nadalet* at the Languedoc Christmas—her chapel of moss at Easter-time—her daily reading of the life of a saint, carrying her to the most diverse times, places, and peoples—her quoting, when she wants to fix her mind upon the staunchness which the religious aspirant needs, the words of Saint Macedonius to a hunter whom he met in the mountains, "I pursue after God, as you pursue after game"—her quoting, when she wants to break a village girl of disobedience to her mother, the story of the ten disobedient children whom at Hippo St. Augustine saw palsied;—between all this and the bare, blank, narrowly English setting of Miss Tatham's Protestantism, her "union in church-fellowship with the worshippers at Hawley-Square Chapel, Margate;" her "singing, with soft, sweet voice, the animating lines—

> My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
> 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below;"

her "young female teachers belonging to the Sunday-school," and her "Mr. Thomas Rowe, a venerable class-leader,"—what a dissimilarity! In the ground of the two lives, a likeness; in all their circumstance, what unlikeness! An unlikeness, it will be said, in that which is non-essential and indifferent. Non-essential—yes; indifferent—no. The signal want of grace and charm in English Protestantism's setting of its religious life is not an indifferent matter; it is a real weakness. *This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone.*

I have said that the present tendency of Catholicism—the Catholicism of the main body of the Catholic clergy and laity—seems likely to exaggerate rather than to remove all that in this form of religion is most repugnant to reason; but this Catholicism was not that of Mdlle. de Guérin.

The insufficiency of her Catholicism comes from a doctrine which Protestantism, too, has adopted, although Protestantism, from its inherent element of freedom, may find it easier to escape from it; a doctrine with a certain attraction for all noble natures, but, in the modern world at any rate, incurably sterile,—the doctrine of the emptiness and nothingness of human life, of the superiority of renouncement to activity, of quietism to energy; the doctrine which makes effort for things on this side of the grave a folly, and joy in things on this side of the grave a sin. But her Catholicism is remarkably free from the faults which Protestants commonly think inseparable from Catholicism; the relation to the priest, the practice of confession, assume, when she speaks of them, an aspect which is not that under which Exeter Hall knows them, but which—unless one is of the number of those who prefer regarding that by which men and nations die to regarding that by which they live—one is glad to study. "*La confession*," she says twice in her journal, "*n'est qu'une expansion du repentir dans l'amour:*" and her weekly journey to the confessional in the little church of Cahuzac is her "*cher pélerinage;*" the little church is the place where she has "*laissé tant de misères:*"—

"This morning," she writes one 28th of November, "I was up before daylight, dressed quickly, said my prayers, and started with Marie for Cahuzac. When we got there the chapel was occupied, which I was not sorry for. I like not to be hurried, and to have time, before I go in, to lay bare my whole soul before God. This often takes me a long time, because my thoughts are apt to be flying about like these autumn leaves. At ten o'clock I was on my knees, listening to words the most salutary that were ever spoken; and I went away feeling myself a better being. Every burden thrown off leaves us with a sense of brightness; and when the soul has laid down the load of its sins at God's feet, it feels as if it had wings. What an admirable thing is confession! What comfort, what light, what strength is given me every time after I have said, *I have sinned.*"

This blessing of confession is the greater, she says, "the more the heart of the priest to whom we confide our repentance is like that divine heart which 'has so loved us.' This is what attaches me to M. Bories." M. Bories was the curé of her parish, a man no longer young, and of whose loss, when he was about to leave them, she thus speaks:—

"What a grief for me! how much I lose in losing this faithful guide of my conscience, heart, and mind, of my whole self which God had appointed to be in his charge, and which let itself be in his charge so gladly! He knew the resolves which God had put in my heart, and I had need of his help to follow them. Our new curé cannot supply his place: he is so young! and then he seems so inexperienced, so undecided! It needs firmness to pluck a soul out of the midst of the world, and to uphold it against the assaults of flesh and blood. It is Saturday, my day for going to Cahuzac; I am just going there, perhaps I shall come back more tranquil. God has always given me some good thing there, in that chapel, where I have left behind me so many miseries."

Such is confession for her when the priest is worthy; and, when he is not worthy, she knows how to separate the man from the office :—

"To-day I am going to do something which I dislike; but I will do it, with God's help. Do not think I am on my way to the stake; it is only that I am going to confess to a priest in whom I have not confidence, but who is the only one here. In this act of religion, the man must always be separated from the priest, and sometimes the man must be annihilated."

The same clear sense, the same freedom from superstition, shows itself in all her religious life. She tells us, to be sure, how once, when she was a little girl, she stained a new frock, and on praying, in her alarm, to an image of the Virgin which hung in her room, saw the stains vanish: even the austerest Protestant will not judge such Mariolatry as this very harshly. But, in general, the Virgin Mary fills, in the religious parts of her journal, no prominent place; it is Jesus, not Mary. "Oh, how well has Jesus said: 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.' It is only there, only in the bosom of God, that we can rightly weep, rightly rid ourselves of our burden." And again: "The mystery of suffering makes one grasp the belief of something to be expiated, something to be won. I see it in Jesus Christ, the Man of Sorrow. *It was necessary that the Son of Man should suffer.* That is all we know in the troubles and calamities of life."

And who has ever spoken of justification more impressively and piously than Mdlle. de Guérin speaks of it, when, after reckoning the number of minutes she has lived, she exclaims :—

"My God, what have we done with all these minutes of ours, which Thou, too, wilt one day reckon? Will there be any of them to count for eternal life? will there be many of them? will there be one of them? 'If thou, O Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?' This close scrutiny of our time may well make us tremble, all of us who have advanced more than a few steps in life; for God will judge us otherwise than as he judges the lilies of the field. I have never been able to understand the security of those who place their whole reliance, in presenting themselves before God, upon a good conduct in the ordinary relations of human life. As if all our duties were confined within the narrow sphere of this world! To be a good parent, a good child, a good citizen, a good brother or sister, is not enough to procure entrance into the kingdom of heaven. God demands other things besides these kindly social virtues, of him whom he means to crown with an eternity of glory."

And, with this zeal for the spirit and power of religion, what prudence in her counsels of religious practice; what discernment, what measure! She has been speaking of the charm of the *Lives of the Saints*, and she goes on :—

"Notwithstanding this, the *Lives of the Saints* seem to me, for a great many people, dangerous reading. I would not recommend them to a

young girl, or even to some women who are no longer young. What one reads has such power upon one's feelings; and these, even in seeking God, sometimes go astray. Alas, we have seen it in poor C.'s case. What care one ought to take with a young person; with what she reads, what she writes, her society, her prayers, all of them matters which demand a mother's tender watchfulness! I remember many things I did at fourteen, which my mother, had she lived, would not have let me do. I would have done anything for God's sake; I would have cast myself into an oven, and assuredly things like that are not God's will: he is not pleased by the hurt one does to one's health through that ardent but ill-regulated piety which, while it impairs the body, often leaves many a fault flourishing. And, therefore, Saint François de Sales used to say to the nuns who asked his leave to go barefoot: 'Change your brains, and keep your shoes.'"

Meanwhile Maurice, in a five years' absence, and amid the distractions of Paris, lost, or seemed to his sister to lose, something of his fondness for his home and its inmates; he certainly lost his early religious habits and feelings. It is on this latter loss that Mdlle. de Guérin's journal oftenest touches,—with infinite delicacy, but with infinite anguish:—

"Oh! the agony of being in fear for a soul's salvation, who can describe it! That which caused our Saviour the keenest suffering, in the agony of his Passion, was not so much the thought of the torments he was to endure, as the thought that these torments would be of no avail for a multitude of sinners; for all those who set themselves against their redemption, or who do not care for it. The mere anticipation of this obstinacy and this heedlessness had power to make sorrowful, even unto death, the divine Son of Man. And this feeling all Christian souls, according to the measure of faith and love granted them, more or less share."

Maurice returned to Le Cayla in the summer of 1837, and passed six months there. This meeting entirely restored the union between him and his family. "These six months with us," writes his sister, "he ill, and finding himself so loved by us all, had entirely reattached him to us. Five years without seeing us had perhaps made him a little lose sight of our affection for him; having found it again, he met it with all the strength of his own. He had so firmly renewed, before he left us, all family ties, that nothing but death could have broken them." The separation in religious matters between the brother and sister gradually diminished, and before Maurice died it had ceased. I have elsewhere spoken of Maurice's religious feeling and its character. It is probable that his divergence from his sister in this sphere of religion was never so wide as she feared, and that his reunion with her was never so complete as she hoped. "His errors were passed," she says, "his illusions were cleared away; by the call of his nature, by original disposition, he had come back to sentiments of order. I knew all, I followed each of his steps; out of the fiery sphere of the passions (which held him but a little moment) I saw him pass into the sphere of the Christian life. It was a beautiful soul, the soul of

Maurice." But the illness which had caused his return to Le Cayla reappeared after he got back to Paris in the winter of 1837–8. Again he seemed to recover; and his marriage with a young Creole lady, Mdlle. Caroline de Gervain, took place in the autumn of 1838. At the end of September in that year Mdlle. de Guérin had joined her brother in Paris; she was present at his marriage, and stayed with him and his wife for some months afterwards. Her journal recommences in April, 1839; zealously as she had promoted her brother's marriage, cordial as were her relations with her sister-in-law, it is evident that a sense of loss, of loneliness, invades her, and sometimes weighs her down. She writes in her journal on the 4th of May:—

"God knows when we shall see one another again! My own Maurice, must it be our lot to live apart, to find that this marriage, which I had so much share in bringing about, which I hoped would keep us so much together, leaves us more asunder than ever? For the present and for the future, this troubles me more than I can say. My sympathies, my inclinations, carry me more towards you than towards any other member of our family. I have the misfortune to be fonder of you than of anything else in the world, and my heart had from of old built in you its happiness. Youth gone and life declining, I looked forward to quitting the scene with Maurice. At any time of life a great affection is a great happiness; the spirit comes to take refuge in it entirely. O delight and joy which will never be your sister's portion! Only in the direction of God shall I find an issue for my heart to love, as it has the notion of loving, as it has the power of loving."

From such complainings, in which there is undoubtedly something morbid,—complainings which she herself blamed, to which she seldom gave way, but which, in presenting her character, it is not just to put wholly out of sight,—she was called by the news of an alarming return of her brother's illness. For some days the entries in her journal show her agony of apprehension. "He coughs, he coughs still! Those words keep echoing for ever in my ears, and pursue me wherever I go; I cannot look at the leaves on the trees without thinking that the winter will come, and that then the consumptive die." Then she went to him and brought him back by slow stages to Le Cayla, dying. He died on the 19th of July, 1839.

Thenceforward the energy of life ebbed in her; but the main chords of her being, the chord of affection, the chord of religious longing, the chord of intelligence, the chord of sorrow, gave, so long as they answered to the touch at all, a deeper and finer sound than ever. Always she saw before her "that beloved pale face;" "that beautiful head, with all its different expressions, smiling, speaking, suffering, dying," regarded her always:—

"I have seen his coffin in the same room, in the same spot where I remember seeing, when I was a very little girl, his cradle, when I was brought home from Gaillac, where I was then staying, for his christening.

This christening was a grand one, full of rejoicing, more than that of any of the rest of us; specially marked. I enjoyed myself greatly, and went back to Gaillac next day, charmed with my new little brother. Two years afterwards I came home, and brought with me for him a frock of my own making. I dressed him in the frock, and took him out with me along by the warren at the north of the house, and there he walked a few steps alone, his first walking alone, and I ran with delight to tell my mother the news: 'Maurice, Maurice has begun to walk by himself!'—Recollections which, coming back to-day, break one's heart!"

The shortness and suffering of her brother's life filled her with an agony of pity. "Poor beloved soul, you have had hardly any happiness here below; your life has been so short, your repose so rare. O God, uphold me, stablish my heart in thy faith! Alas, I have too little of this supporting me! How we have gazed at him, and loved him, and kissed him—his wife, and we, his sisters; he lying lifeless in his bed, his head on the pillow as if he were asleep! Then we followed him to the churchyard, to the grave, to his last resting-place, and prayed over him, and wept over him; and we are here again, and I am writing to him again, as if he were staying away from home, as if he were in Paris. My beloved one, can it be, shall we never see one another again on earth?"

But in heaven?—and here, though love and hope finally prevailed, the very passion of the sister's longing sometimes inspired torturing inquietudes:—

"I am broken down with misery. I want to see him. Every moment I pray to God to grant me this grace. Heaven, the world of spirits, is it so far from us? O depth, O mystery of the other life which separates us! I, who was so eagerly anxious about him, who wanted so to know all that happened to him,—wherever he may be now, it is over! I follow him into the three abodes, I stop wistfully in the place of bliss, I pass on to the place of suffering—to the gulf of fire. My God, my God, no! Not there let my brother be! not there! And he is not: his soul, the soul of Maurice, among the lost . . . . horrible fear, no! But in purgatory, where the soul is cleansed by suffering, where the failings of the heart are expiated, the doubtings of the spirit, the half-yieldings to evil? Perhaps my brother is there and suffers, and calls to us amidst his anguish of repentance, as he used to call to us amidst his bodily suffering: 'Help me, you who love me.' Yes, beloved one, by prayer. I will go and pray; prayer has been such a power to me, and I will pray to the end. Prayer! Oh! and prayer for the dead! it is the dew of purgatory."

Often, alas, the gracious dew would not fall; the air of her soul was parched; the arid wind, which was somewhere in the depths of her being, blew. She marks in her journal the first of May, "this return of the loveliest month in the year," only to keep up the old habit: even the month of May can no longer give her any pleasure: "Tout est changé—*all is changed.*" She is crushed by "the misery which has nothing good in it, the tearless, dry misery, which bruises the heart like a hammer."

"I am dying to everything. I am dying of a slow moral agony, a condition of unutterable suffering. Lie there, my poor journal! be forgotten with all this world which is fading away from me. I will write here no more until I come to life again, until God re-awakens me out of this tomb in which my soul lies buried. Maurice, my beloved! it was not thus with me when I had *you!* The thought of Maurice could revive me from the most profound depression: to have him in the world was enough for me. With Maurice, to be buried alive would have not seemed dull to me."

And, as a burden to this funereal strain, the old *vide et néant* of Bossuet, profound, solemn, sterile :—

"So beautiful in the morning, and in the evening, *that!* how the thought disenchants one, and turns one from the world! I can understand that Spanish grandee, who, after lifting up the winding-sheet of a beautiful queen, threw himself into a cloister and became a great saint. I would have all my friends at La Trappe, in the interest of their eternal welfare. Not that in the world one cannot be saved, not that there are not in the world duties to be discharged as sacred and as beautiful as there are in the cloister, but . . . ."

And there she stops, and a day or two afterwards her journal comes to an end. A few fragments, a few letters carry us on a little later, but after the 22nd of August, 1845, there is nothing. To make known her brother's genius to the world was the one task she set herself after his death; in 1840 came Madame Sand's noble tribute to him in the *Revue des deux Mondes;* then followed projects of raising a yet more enduring monument to his fame, by collecting and publishing his scattered compositions: these projects, I have already said, were baffled; Mdlle. de Guérin's letter of the 22nd of August, 1845, relates to this disappointment. In silence, during nearly three years more, she faded away at Le Cayla. She died on the 31st of May, 1848.

M. Trébutien has accomplished the pious task in which Mdlle. de Guérin was baffled, and has established Maurice's fame; by publishing this journal he has established Eugénie's also. She was very different from her brother; but she too, like him, had that in her which preserves a reputation. Her soul has the same characteristic quality as his talent, —*distinction.* Of this quality the world is impatient; it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it: it ends by receiving its influence, and by undergoing its law. This quality at last inexorably corrects the world's blunders, and fixes the world's ideals. It procures that the popular poet shall not finally pass for a Pindar, nor the popular historian for a Tacitus, nor the popular preacher for a Bossuet. To the circle of spirits marked by this rare quality, Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin belong; they will take their place in the sky which these inhabit, and shine close to one another, *lucida sidera.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Correspondents.

'Tis in the middle of the night; and as with weary hand we write, "Here endeth C. M. volume seven," we turn our grateful eyes to heaven. The fainting soul, oppressèd long, expands and blossoms into song; but why 'twere difficult to state, since here commenceth volume eight.

And ah, what mischiefs him environ who claps the editorial tiar on! 'Tis but a paper thing, no doubt; but those who don it soon find out the weight of lead—ah me, how weary!—one little foolscap sheet may carry. Pleasing, we hear, to gods and men was Mr. William Gladstone when he calmed the paper-duty fuss; but oh, 'twas very hard on Us. Before he took the impost off, one gentleman was found enough (he *was* Herculean, but still!—) to bear the letters from Cornhill: two men are needed now, and these are clearly going at the knees.

Yet happy hearts had we to-day if one in fifteen hundred, say, of all the packets, white and blue, which we diurnally go through, yielded an ounce of sterling brains, or aught but headache for our pains. Ah, could the Correspondent see the Editor in his misery, no more injurious ink he'd shed, but tears of sympathy instead. What is this tale of straws and bricks? A hen with fifty thousand chicks clapt in Sahara's sandy plain to peck the wilderness for grain—in that unhappy fowl is seen the despot of a Magazine. Only one difference we find; but that is most important, mind. Instinct compels *her* patient beak; ours—in all modesty we speak—is kept by Conscience (sternly chaste) pegging the literary waste. Our barns are stored, our garners—well, the stock in them's considerable; yet when we're to the desert brought, again comes back the melting thought that somewhere in its depths may hide one little seed, which, multiplied in our half acre on Cornhill, might all the land with gladness fill. Experience then no more we heed; but, though we seldom find the seed, we read, and read, and read, and read.

Never of us shall it be said, we left a hopeful line unread. When to our groaning desk we turn, our bowels in two senses yearn: in one, at our own toils they sicken (alas, poor editor! poor chicken!), but on the whole they rumble most in grief for others' labour lost. It *is* so sad! Of bards a score, of rhapsodists a dozen more; of critics five; historians six; eight aspirants in politics; eleven doctors of revenue; twelve comic writers spic and span new; satirists (not the sort of men to be put off so lightly) ten; metaphysicians twenty-three—more than there *ever* used to be; novelists (female) forty-nine, and two male persons in that line—these at the present hour await the sentence of impartial Fate. The thought of all this useless toil—this waste of energy and oil, these fair ambitions fondly nurst, but

even in the cradle curst—is really grievous; pray believe, O brethren, that we really grieve.

But what is to be done? We know that long as words and waters flow, and people may to Fortune go by way of Paternoster Row, and gain is fame and fame is gain, we may importunate in vain: still on must roll the unfiltered flood, and leave us sticking in the mud. Well, we accept our fate; resigned to suffer meekly for mankind; and heaven forefend that we should ever discourage promising endeavour. It is our hope from day to day—the hope, our comfort and our stay—to find such promise, or a ghost of it: *we* promise that we'll make the most of it.

How gladly, too! Well, there be some who could unfold—but we'll be mum. B knows how we jumped at him; A!—we never shall forget the day when, sticking to our duties, we were busy drinking up the sea in quest of pearls, and haply came upon *that* pearl, that priceless gem! *Maman*, so fond, so young, so bright, you have kind secrets of delight, profoundly sweet, divinely dim, unshared, unguessed at even by *him;* but nobody can ever know the flattering thrill, the joyous throe which agitates this breast whene'er we scent a new contributor. You think, ma'am, that's exaggeration; but just conceive the situation. Suppose before you'd time to say "Blest hope!" the precious cherub lay—papa's own image!—in your arms; and then before those sweet alarms about the future of his nose, his locks, his toothy-pegs, arose—the loveliest curls entwined his pate, his pegs came, in a perfect set, the darling pug grew nobly Greek, the Dear got on his legs to speak, and talked and laughed, and leapt and ran, and in some thirty minutes' span became a handsome grave young man! Conceive that, madam, of your boy!—conceive your own swift shocks of joy, the dread that, oh, it cannot be! ceasing in splendid certainty!—this done, you possibly *may* know our flattering thrill and joyous throe.

For that's how geniuses are born to us upon the hill of Corn. Concealed from all the world they lie, in manuscript and modesty; we spy them out as Pharaoh's daughter spied little Moses near the water; and while we gaze, the glorious thing—poet philosopher and king, thinker of thoughts that father creeds—rises full-statured through the reeds. Our joy, our hope, our happiness, no common language can express. Ho, boy! bring hither wreaths of roses, one for us and one for Moses. He shall be crowned before we sleep! For now—ah, now we're all a-creep! Our very souls to gooseflesh turn lest other editors should learn what we have learned, and snatch the prize almost before our hungry eyes. 'Tis but a moment, and we stand before our genius hat in hand: ours, for in chains of gold he's bound!—ours, for with wreaths of CORN he's crowned!——There, modest spirit! that's the way we jumped at B and courted A: mere mortal men of art and sense, unspoiled by tinsel or pretence. If what they've done your pen can do, take courage and be courted too. The famous great we count our own; send us, kind heaven, the great unknown!

This is our worst disaster; when some new star swims into our ken, twinkles a little while, and then unluckily swims out again: and that will happen in the space of twenty periods—more or less. Again we search the rayless dark, again we catch the fitful spark! Blink! wink! 'tis gone! quenched in a sea of boundless mediocrity. Now that's provoking. There's a kind of marshy, foggy, fenny mind, whose Jack-o'-lantern wit deludes into the sappiest solitudes unwary females, guardsmen, all the innocent uncritical. They don't concern us; our lament is made for nobler spirits, spent in one expression to a page of unillumined verbiage. *We* flounder on with ardent stare, perfectly happy, for our share, to catch a thought, a gleam of wit from time to time, and ponder it. But for the rest, what can be done? O Lucifer! unhappy son of mornings always at the dawn, dispel the muddy vapours drawn from chaos that obscure your light, or hasten to go out in night. You only bother us; and yet—no, don't go out, but try to get less intermittent in your way of adding to the light of day. We'll wait; we'll keep the telescope of watchful, patient, eager hope upon your efforts, till we're sure you really must remain obscure; or till your evanescent rays kindle into a lasting blaze. Why not? The comets, people say, will all be planets one fine day; and we have known some authors very, very, *very* cometary, who have got steadier, and are a good large useful kind of star. Some brains to start with, and the rest is done by industry and taste. Who tries with these, and then complains of failure, starts without the brains.

But now what *have* we said? This is a most vexatious business! To swell the number of our foes, to fortify the hearts of those who are the terrors of our lot: that, most undoubtedly, was not what this discursion was begun for; but now we have done it, and are done for. Yes, we foreknow how it will be. "Metaphysicians twenty-three?" Metaphysicians by the gross! Sermons and satires by the toss! Ballads in faggots of a hundred! Heavens! how ingenuously we've blundered! The murder's out, the secret's said; and those reports so widely spread abroad by people whom we fee to charge us with ferocity, they all go for nothing. Very well, we cast away horn, hoof, and tail, and unreservedly confess ourselves a Sin of Tenderness. Our table groans, say: well, we own, that hearing it, we also groan. That's natural; but, we declare, we only groan—we never swear. Our great long-suffering is such that really we don't mind it much; and nothing can be more sincere, or serious, or blunt, than we are when we aver that since the wand of office came into our hand we've humbly served whoever sought to do us service: as we ought. But to those geniuses who will persist in torturing us still with odes to Memory: to My Aunt; Lines to X. Y. Z. Ampezant; the Skylark; Hints on Etiquette; Thoughts on the Policy of Pitt, the Currency, etcetera, we most respectfully demur, submitting, what they cannot learn too early, that the worm will turn!.

Ah, no more 'tis night, for there comes the morning debonair: Ave, O Aurora fair! What though every ballad-singer celebrates your rosy finger,—though the praises of your hair drive us daily to despair, Ave, O Aurora fair! Come and win the world from slumber, dulcetly, like our new number; for your beauties are our own, daughter of Hyperion! If you doubt us, only wait till you dawn on volume eight. You shall lead your jocund hours,—we our gay contributors; and heaven above and earth below in saffron rivalry shall glow. Pleased we see the various train in full rehearsal on the plain—with "pomp, and feast, and revelry—with masque and antic pageantry." Foremost in the bright array, noblest Fiction leads the way; next Romance, with mystic measure, thrills the soul with dreadful pleasure; while, with swift and gracious feet, trips the lively Novelette. Poesy, divinely bright, scatters roses red and white, where Science treads, correctly cool, a fascinating *pas de seul*. See where Satire, ever bland, walks with Essay hand in hand—Essay, she whose thoughtful mien sweetly sobers all the scene. Troop on troop they hither come to the sound of pipe and drum; and darkness, as they come, is hurled backward o'er a waking world.

With the waning of the moon wanes this literary lune. If Aurora would but stay!—but she hates the work-a-day, and the work-a-day is here, brazen, insatiate, severe. Sleep awhile, O weary brain, and wake to gravity again.

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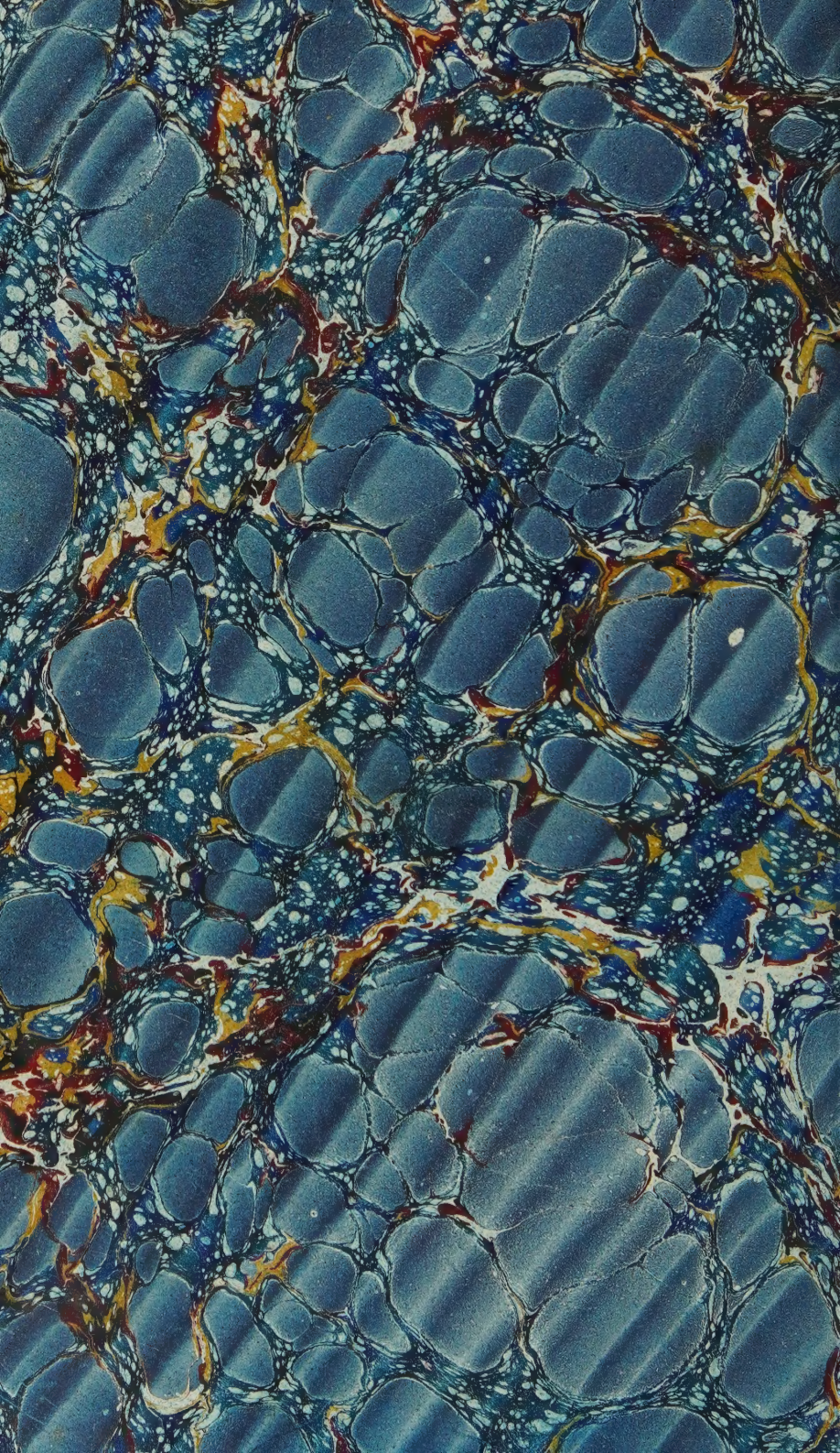

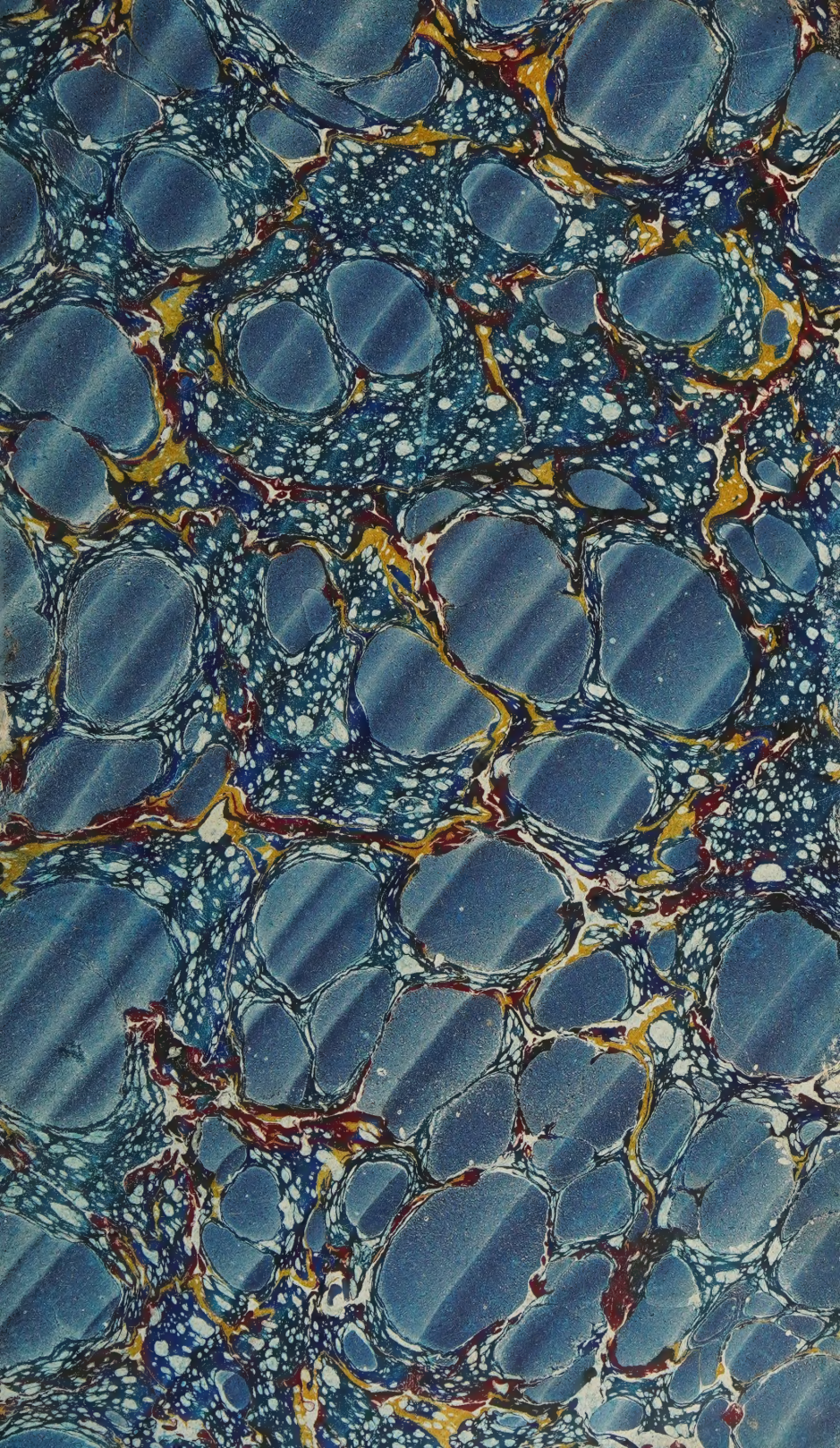

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